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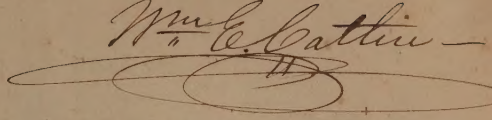

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ADVERTISEMENT.—VOLUME VII.

THE Publishers of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE take pleasure in presenting the accompanying Table of Contents and List of Illustrations, as evidence that their efforts to enhance the value of the Magazine have fully kept pace with its increasing circulation. While the general plan which was determined upon at the commencement of its publication has been adhered to, the Conductors have neglected to avail themselves of no facilities which enlarged experience has placed within their reach. The general mechanical appearance of the Magazine has been greatly improved, by substituting for the usual process of stereotyping its pages, the recent discovery of electrotyping, which insures that the later copies of the edition, however large, shall be as perfect as the earlier ones. Special attention has been given to the Pictorial Department. No feature of the Magazine has met with more general approval than the series of illustrated articles upon American Scenery and History. This series will form a prominent feature in the ensuing Volume. In the Literary Department, the object of the Conductors has been to furnish the best articles, whether of American or foreign origin. They have presented a larger proportion of original matter than heretofore, simply because they were able to procure better articles from American than from European sources. At no time have their resources in the Literary Department been so great as at the present, and their only embarrassment is found in the difficulty of making a selection from the articles placed at their disposal.

The Publishers again renew their thanks to the Press and to the Public for the unexampled favor which has been accorded to their efforts; and repeat their assurances that nothing shall be wanting on their part to secure the continuance and increase of that favor, which has enabled them to commence the Eighth Volume of their Magazine with an edition of One Hundred and Thirty-five Thousand Copies.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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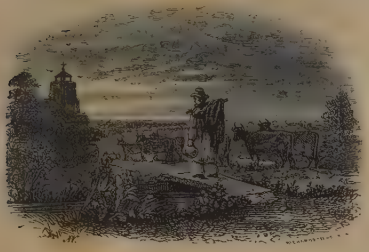
The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)
The Bosom of his Father, & his God.

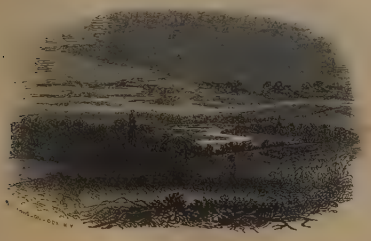
Your humble Servt T: Gray

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.—By Thomas Gray.



I.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.



II.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

III.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

IV.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

v.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

vi.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

vii.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

viii.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

ix.

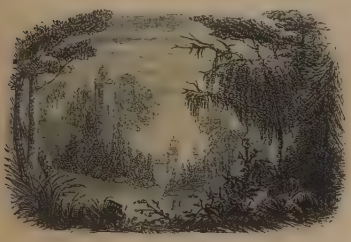
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

x.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?



XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

XIII.

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

XIV.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

XV.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

XVI.

Th' applause of listening senates to command;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

XVII.

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

XVIII.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

XIX.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

XX.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXI.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

XXII.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

XXIII.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

XXV.

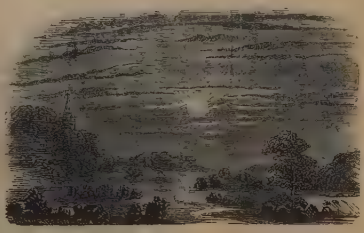
Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

XXVI.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

XXVII.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.



XXVIII.

"One morn, I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

XXIX.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

XXX.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

XXXI.

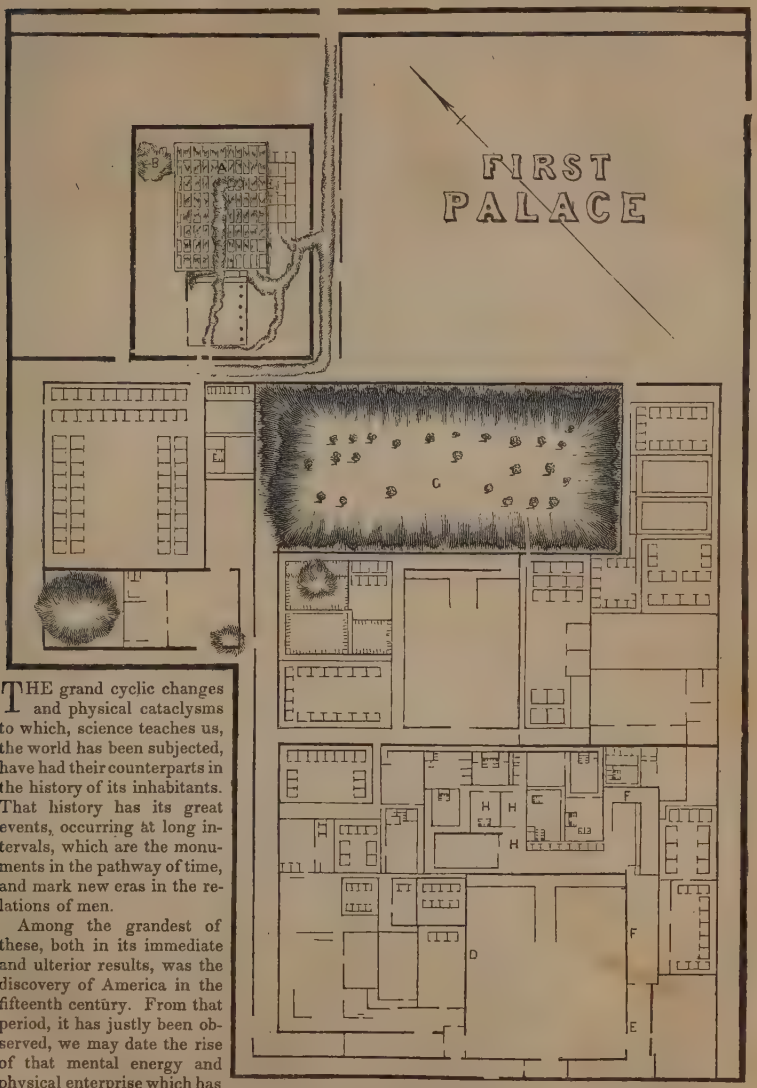
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

XXXII.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

STOKE-POGES CHURCH—SCENE OF THE ELEGY.

ANCIENT PERU—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS MONUMENTS.



THE grand cyclic changes and physical cataclysms to which, science teaches us, the world has been subjected, have had their counterparts in the history of its inhabitants. That history has its great events, occurring at long intervals, which are the monuments in the pathway of time, and mark new eras in the relations of men.

Among the grandest of these, both in its immediate and ulterior results, was the discovery of America in the fifteenth century. From that period, it has justly been observed, we may date the rise of that mental energy and physical enterprise which has since worked so wonderful changes in the condition of the human race. To the nations of Europe, then slowly rousing from their lethargic sleep of centuries, it gave a new and powerful impulse. It called into play the strongest incentives to human action; love of adventure, ambition, and avarice, all contributed to direct the attention and hopes of men to America. Thither flocked the boldest and most adventurous spirits of Europe, and half a century of startling events lifted the vail of night from a vast continent, unsurpassed in the extent and variety of its resources, abounding with treasures, and occupied by a new and strange people—here roaming in savage freedom, and there organized into nationalities rivaling, in their barbaric magnificence, the splendors of the Oriental world, far advanced in the arts, living

in large cities, constructing vast works of public utility, and sustaining comprehensive and imposing systems of religion and government.

Among these nations, two were pre-eminently distinguished for the extent of their territories and their superior development: the Aztecs occupying the high *plateau* of Mexico, and the Peruvians spreading themselves among the valleys and over the slopes of the Andes, in Peru. The early chroniclers have almost exhausted their rich and glowing language in describing the splendors of the empires of Atahuallpa and Montezuma; and the eloquent pen of Prescott has traced the story of their conquest and overthrow—an episode, in the history of the world, which surpasses romance in the marvelousness of its details, and in its deep and tragic interest. The imagination is bewildered in following the rapid and bloody steps of Cortez and Pizarro, whose adventurous spirits were neither overawed by obstacles nor dampened by reverses: and in the contemplation of their deeds we almost lose sight of the extraordinary people against whom they directed the force of their invincible arms. The subversion of these empires was so sudden and complete, that the chroniclers who followed the Spanish armies had scarcely time to record the manners and habits of their people under their more obvious and superficial aspects—none to devote to the investigation of the principles of their social and civil organizations, and the elucidation of their primitive history. To discover these principles, and clear up the mists which rest upon their origin and development, have been reserved for the labors of the student and archæologist in later times—these patient investigators who, from tangled traditions, imperfect records, and crumbling monuments, shall reconstruct the history, and vindicate the claims of these nations to a place beside the proudest of those which have disappeared from the earth, but whose deeds make up the story of the past, and whose memory shall endure to the end of time.

When the Spaniards reached Peru, the empire of the Incas extended from the equator southward over 37 degrees of latitude, and embraced not only the western slope of the Andes, but included that stupendous mountain-chain, and spread down its eastern declivities to those broad alluvions traversed by the Amazon, the Orinoco, and their gigantic tributaries, which intervene between the Andes and the sea. Although this vast empire was under a single system of laws, and formed, under its political aspect, a homogeneous nationality, yet its people were not of a single stock, but an aggregation of distinct families, with strongly-marked physical differences. These families had once constituted separate tribes, or nations, but had been reduced to the relations in which they were found, by an astute and profound system of policy, perhaps never equaled in its comprehensiveness and capacity for expansion, except by that under which we ourselves exist. Recent investigators have grouped these families under three grand denominations—the AYMARAES, the CHINCHAS, and the HUANCAS.

The first of these, or the *Aymaraes*, constituted the governing stock, the race of the Incas, or Peruvian emperors. They occupied the heights of Peru and Bolivia, elevated twelve thousand feet above the sea, and seem to have made the first and most decided advances in the arts and institutions of civilization. The second, or *Chinchas*, occupied the coast of the Pacific from Tumbes to the desert of Atacama, extending inward to the base of the Cordilleras. The third, or *Huancas*, which in respect of numbers exceeded either of the others, were scattered over the region comprehended between the Cordilleras and the Andes, between the Chinchas and Aymaraes. Lying next to the latter, they were the first subjected to their domination. It thus appears that Peru offers, in its internal history, another illustration of the axiom, that the most vigorous nations, both in respect of physical organization and intellect, are those who dwell in the more elevated and rugged portions of the earth, where the destitution of nature imposes the necessity of exertion as the price of human existence. The history of Peru is, therefore, the history of the Aymaraes—the conquerors, rulers, and civilizers of the other stocks; and of this race, the family of the Incas was the head and directing intelligence.

ORIGIN OF THE PERUVIANS.

The origin of the Peruvians, or rather of the Aymaraes, is involved in obscurity, but according to their traditions, there was a time when they were broken up into independent tribes, warring constantly against each other, and sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism. From this deplorable condition they were rescued by their tutelary divinity, the Sun, who sent down his own children to reform and instruct them. These were *Manco Capac* and his sister and wife, *Mamá Ocllo Huáco*. Starting from the Lake of Titicaca, this party journeyed northward until they reached the spot where the city of Cuzco, which afterward became the capital of the Inca empire, now stands. Here they collected together the neighboring savage hordes, and while Manco Capac taught the men agriculture and the useful arts, and inspired them with ideas of social and civil organization, Mamá Ocllo instructed the women to spin and weave, and inculcated modesty, grace, and the domestic virtues. From this celestial pair sprung the imperial line of the Incas, who, in virtue of their descent, were both the high priests of religion and the heads of the state.

In this tradition we trace only another version of the story of their civilization common to all primitive nations, and of that imposture of a celestial relationship, whereby designing rulers and cunning priests have sought to secure their ascendency among men, and which is still perpetuated in the doctrine of the "divine right" of kings. Manco Capac is the almost exact counterpart of the Chinese Fohi, the Hindoo Buddha, the terrestrial Osiris of Egypt, the terres-

trial Odin of Scandinavia, of Jutzalcoatl in Mexico, Votan in Central America, and Bochica among the Muyscas of Colombia. Among all these early nations, the blessings of civilization were supposed to have been conferred directly from Heaven, through the agency of beings half human, half divine, who were the chosen instruments of God in his communications with men. They appear suddenly, and, after a life of usefulness, often disappear mysteriously, or else become the founders of a line of rulers, concentrating in themselves the kingly and sacerdotal power.

But notwithstanding this tradition, there are many reasons for believing that, before the arrival of Manco Capac, the natives of Peru had reached a degree of cultivation, far advanced from barbarism. It will appear, as we proceed, that the most imposing monuments of Peru antedate the Inca empire, and that in the extension of that empire nations were brought under its rule, which were, to a certain degree, civilized, and in arts and government entitled to a respectable rank. And it may not unreasonably be suspected that the story of the extreme barbarism in which Manco Capac found the original inhabitants of the country, was an exaggeration of the Incas, to magnify the merit of the reformation which they had effected, and augment the gratitude of their subjects.

At first the rule of Manco Capac was limited to a few leagues around Cuzco, but by alliances and conquests it was gradually extended, until under Huayna Capac, it spread over forty degrees of latitude, and reached from the Pacific, southeast, to the pampas of Tucuman, and northeast to the Ucayali and Marañon. At that time it embraced upward of ten millions of inhabitants; but the number rapidly diminished after the conquest, until now it is probably less than five millions.

We have no means of determining the period of the appearance of the first Inca; for, notwithstanding their advance in other respects, the Peruvians had never acquired the art of writing, nor made any approach toward it, beyond their rude *quippus*, or knotted cords, of which we shall hereafter have occasion to speak. This period, nevertheless, has been placed about four centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards, in the year 1021. Yet writers have not been wanting, who have carried back the origin of the empire to the earliest assignable date, consistent with the received chronology, and placed the advent of Manco Capac within five hundred years of the flood.

THE INCAS.

The authority of the Peruvian monarchs was absolute; their will was the supreme law; they had no council of state, no ministers, nor institutions limiting the royal prerogative; and, although they sometimes consulted with their aged and more experienced subjects, it was from considerations of utility, and not in conformity with any organic law of the empire. The Inca held in his hand the lives and property of his vassals, and was regarded throughout his dominions as the supreme arbiter of all that breathed in the air or moved in the waters. "*The very birds suspend their flight when I command them*," was the vaunting exclamation of Atahullpa to the Spaniards.

Besides, as we have already said, the monarch of Peru was considered as son of the Sun, and descended in right line from Manco Capac, was the high priest and oracle of religion. Uniting the legislative and executive power, chief captain in war, absolute sovereign in peace, and the venerated pontiff of religion, he realized in himself the union of Pope and Emperor; and, with better reason than Louis XIV., might exclaim, "*I am the State!*" Clothed with such dignity and power, he received the blindest obedience from his subjects; his person was sacred, his body after death was regarded with pious veneration, and his memory religiously respected. The highest magnates of the empire could not appear shod in his presence, and when they had their audiences, were obliged to come bowing their bodies, and bearing a light load on their shoulders as a sign of their submission. The people themselves were not allowed even to approach the street in which the royal palace was situated, except with bare feet and uncovered heads.

Yet, if we may believe the early historians, the Incas were eminently paternal in their government, and, without an exception, animated by the tenderest regard for their subjects, among whom they were accustomed to mix, in order to correct abuses, and ameliorate the condition of the inferior classes. They presided at certain religious festivals, and on these occasions were accustomed to give banquets to their nobles and chief officers, and to propose and drink the healths of those whose conduct had inspired their esteem, or whose services commended them to distinction.

In common with the Oriental monarchs the Inca possessed an unlimited number of concubines, in some instances exceeding seven hundred, but he had only one legitimate wife, called *coya*, whose eldest son was heir to the throne. By a singular rule the *coya* was required to be the sister of the Inca. This incest, so repugnant to our notions of morality, by the concentration of blood in a single line, gave to the imperial family a peculiar physiognomy, which contributed still further to impress the people with the idea of their distinct and supernatural origin. The aristocracy of Peru consisted of five orders:

1. Incas, in whose veins flowed the royal blood, and who were derived from the same stock with the sovereign himself.

2. Incas by privilege; that is to say, the descendants of the principal vassals of the first Inca, to whom was conceded the right of using this title.

3. The heads of families, distinguished for their riches, valor, learning, or the merits of their ancestors.

4. Such as were invested with the first dignities and offices, civil and military.

5. The priests, and *amautes*, or learned men.

The youths of royal blood were carefully educated by the *amautes* or wise men, and prepared for the *huaracu*, an order analogous to that of knighthood in the middle ages. At the age of sixteen they were rigorously examined in Cuzco, in all that pertained to the art of war and government, and their capacities for endurance tested by fasts, and the severest privations. If they passed through these creditably, they were presented to the Inca, who bored their ears, and inserted in them golden rings, which were increased in size as they advanced in rank, until the distension of the cartilage became a positive deformity. It was not, however, so regarded by the Peruvians, with whom it passed as a mark of distinction. The Spaniards gave the name of *Orejones*, Big-ears, to those thus decorated.

The aspirants thus honored next turned to the nearest relative of the sovereign, who, unloosing the common sandals which they wore, dressed their feet in others of more costly materials. The neophyte was then invested with the girdle of manhood; on his head was placed a garland of flowers, emblematic of the gentle virtues which would through life be his brightest ornaments; in his hands were placed the arms which he was in future to wield in the service of his country; and the ceremony was complete as regarded the generality of the youths. At this stage of the proceedings, however, the heir to the throne, who until then was in nowise distinguished from his comrades, was further invested with a headdress, forming his peculiar insignia, and received the homage of the whole of the Inca nobility, who knelt at his feet and recognized him as their future sovereign. The whole assembly then proceeded to the great square of the city, where the public rejoicings began, and where the night was spent with dancing, music, feasting, and drinking.

CIVIL ORGANIZATION.

Nothing could be more complete than the civil organization of the Incas. The city of Cuzco, called by a name which signified that it was the centre not only of the kingdom but of the world, was in itself an epitome of the empire. In common with the country at large, it was divided into four quarters, from which great roads led off, North, East, South, and West. Its inhabitants were required to take up their abode in the quarters corresponding with the direction of their native provinces, and were then again arranged in localities to correspond with the relations of these provinces to each other. Each of the four grand divisions of the empire was under the government of a viceroy, and its inhabitants were divided into groups of 10,000 souls, each with its native chief and Inca governor. These groups were still further subdivided into thousands, hundreds, and tens, with their appropriate heads, whose duty it was to execute the orders of their superior, make known the wants of their people, ferret out crime and accuse offenders, register marriages, births, and deaths—in short, to carry out the minutest details of government. All were obliged, under the severest penalties, to make monthly reports to the officers above them, who in turn reported to their superiors, so that the Inca received monthly from his viceroys an abstract of all that had passed in his dominions.

In this organization we may trace some of the ideas which in our days have been denominated socialistic. Those ideas, however, were more clearly developed in the social organization of the Peruvians, and in their regulations concerning property. The right of the individual to a portion of the earth sufficient to support life, was as clearly recognized as his right to breathe the air of heaven. All lands capable of cultivation were divided into three parts; one pertained to the Sun, or the support of religion, another to the Inca, and the third to the people at large. Each Peruvian received a portion of land, called a *topu*, which was sufficient to produce the maize necessary for the support of a married man, without children. At the birth of a son he received another *topu*, and for each daughter half a *topu*. When the son married he received from his father the *topu* set apart for him at his birth. In the working of the lands the same wise provision was exercised. First the lands belonging to the protecting divinity were put under cultivation, and next those belonging to the old men, the sick, to widows and orphans, and to soldiers engaged in active service. These were worked by the sections in common, and after they were finished each individual was permitted to attend to his own land, but under the obligation to aid his neighbor who might be burthened with a large family—a fraternal custom which is still perpetuated among the Indians of Peru. After this the lands of the chiefs were planted, and finally those of the Inca, by the whole nation, with great ceremony, songs, and general rejoicings. If any one lacked seed he was supplied from the royal depositories.

All of the people, excepting the chiefs, officers, priests, and soldiers, from the age of twenty-five to fifty, were regarded as tributaries. Their tribute, however, consisted only in personal service. The field laborer worked a certain number of days on the lands of the Sun and the Inca; the silversmith a certain number in the fabrication of vases and idols for the temples; the potter in making vessels of clay for the public use and that of the court; and the members of the other trades each in his department. The materials were furnished by the state, and the workman while thus employed was supported at the public expense. All the grand works of general utility in the empire, the royal roads, the aqueducts, and bridges, as also the temples of the Sun, and the palaces of the Incas, were constructed in this manner.

The Peruvian youth were obliged to follow the professions of their fathers, nor were the sons of plebeians allowed to receive an education superior to their condition in life. The Indian could not change his residence without the

permission of his superior, which was seldom granted, although the Incas were accustomed to transfer entire communities from one province to another, generally to those newly conquered, for the greater security of the new dependency. Care, however, was always taken that the climate should be analogous, and the occupations of the people similar.

The Peruvian code was simple, its penalties severe. "Tell no lies;" "Do not kill;" were the concise terms in which the laws were promulgated. Idleness was severely punished; cheats were whipped and sometimes put to death; and the severest penalties existed against those who removed land-marks, diverted the water from their neighbor's lands to their own, or did any thing to prejudice their neighbor's crops. The homicide and robber were put to death. But the severest penalties were directed against those who sinned against religion, or the sacred majesty of the Inca. He who intrigued with a virgin of the Sun, or committed adultery with any of the women of the Inca, was not only buried or burned alive, but his wife, children, relatives, servants, and even his neighbors, and their very cattle, shared the same fate. Their houses were leveled, the trees which grew upon their lands cut down, and the lands themselves made desert, so that no vestige might remain to attest the horrid crime. The penalties which were decreed against provinces which rebelled against the Inca were scarcely less terrible. They were invaded, and all the males, old and young, mercilessly slain.

Among the most interesting of their regulations was the law concerning housekeepers, which apportioned the labor of individuals, commencing with those who had reached the age of five years. It provided that the people should eat with their doors open, so that certain officers, called by a name signifying "superintendents of the people," might at all times enter. These officers visited the temples, public edifices, and private houses, to see that they were kept clean and orderly. They chastised persons guilty of dirt and slovenliness on the spot, while they proclaimed the praise of those distinguished for their neatness. There was a law in behalf of invalids, which required that they should be supported by the public. It also provided that the lame, blind, deaf, idiot, and crippled should be invited to the public dinners which took place twice every month, so that in the general festivity they might in part forget their miserable condition. These dinners were instituted for the purpose of bringing the people of towns and neighborhoods together, so that, by association, animosities might be canceled, and good feeling promoted.

The administration of justice was prompt; all cases were obliged to be disposed of by the proper officer within five days after they were brought before him, and there was no appeal when judgment was once rendered.

As regards their military system, all Indians subject to tribute were obliged to serve a certain period in the army, and after that service expired, to drill at intervals, under the command of their centurions. The same order which prevailed in the civil, extended to the military organization; the soldiers were divided into tens, hundreds, and thousands, each division under an appropriate officer, and distinguished by the color of its uniform and its arms. In every part of the empire, generally on the public roads, at fixed distances apart, were depositories of arms and stores of every kind, in the greatest abundance, so that in passing through the country the largest army caused no damage to the inhabitants.

SYSTEM OF CONQUEST.

It was perhaps in their system of conquest that the Incas exhibited their greatest wisdom and profoundest policy. Their first effort, after the reduction of a neighboring nation or province, was to mould its people into their own system, and infuse among them their own spirit. In doing this they were careful to give no rude shock to their prejudices. The idols of the conquered people were brought, with every demonstration of respect, to Cuzco. Thither also were summoned the conquered chiefs, with their families, where they were treated with the greatest distinction and kindness, and after becoming sufficiently imbued with the institutions of the Inca, and impressed with his power, they were often reinstated at the head of their people as officers of the empire. Nor did the Inca omit any means to secure the good-will and allegiance of his new subjects. Their taxes were reduced, and the poor and suffering among them treated with the largest liberality. The language of the empire was taught to all the children, and made to supplant that of their fathers. And still more effectively to secure the new acquisitions from rebellion, large colonies of eight or ten thousand individuals, from tried and faithful provinces, were settled in the subjugated territory, while a corresponding number of the conquered people were transferred to the place which their removal had left vacant. To reconcile these colonists to their new conditions, they were invested with many privileges, and treated with marked partiality. And thus, by a complex system of liberality and severity, persuasion and force, the Inca empire was not only rapidly extended, but the reduced nations effectually amalgamated, and moulded into a compact whole.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

While the civil and social systems of Peru were wisely directed to the general physical amelioration of the people, they were not adapted to their intellectual development. Not content with concentrating in themselves the functions of government and religion, the Inca stock monopolized also the advantages of instruction and all that there was of science. The masses were taught to regard them with reverence as the sons of Heaven, the sources of power, and the fountains of intelligence. As a consequence, there was nothing of mental cultivation among the Peruvians at large; and little of what may be called learning among the Incas themselves. Without

a written language, they were unable to perpetuate ideas, and thus accumulate knowledge. Their wisdom was chiefly political and practical. Territorial extension being their leading object, military science received their closest attention. In Cuzco and all the other principal cities were institutions, under the direction of aged men of the royal blood, for instructing the youth in the art of war. But none were admitted to them except the sons of the aristocracy; for, as we have seen, the masses were obliged to follow the professions of their fathers.

It is worthy of remark, however, that the representation of the various sciences, so far as the sciences were understood, did not belong to the priesthood, but formed a distinct class, called *amautes*, who lived in the establishments for learning. They taught the civil law, astronomy, medicine, and the art of the *quippus*. Yet their knowledge in these departments was insignificant. They had the decimal system of numeration, but never proceeded beyond the first elements of arithmetic. They were unacquainted with theoretical geometry, although they made frequent practical application of its principles, and in the division of lands, construction of maps, and building of their edifices and public works, resolved some of its most difficult problems. Notwithstanding the pretended relation of their monarchs with the Sun, their knowledge of astronomy was very limited, and in this respect the *amautes* were much inferior to the Mexican priests. Their ignorance of mathematics did not permit them to calculate the annual movements of the sun, and they were compelled to resort to mechanical means to determine the principal variations in its course. They thus succeeded in fixing the epochs of the solstices and equinoxes. They noted the movements of Venus, the only planet which attracted their attention. Like the Chinese, they were greatly alarmed by the eclipses of the sun and moon, particularly those of the latter, which they believed then threatened to fall to the earth. To avert this, they sounded all their instruments of noise, shouted, and beat their dogs, to augment the general confusion, and avert the impending catastrophe. The phases of the moon (*quilla*) they explained by saying that when it commenced its decrease the moon was ill or dying, and when it increased that it was getting well.

The year was divided into lunar and solar months. All their labors were guided by the latter division. The time intervening between the end of the lunar and solar year was called, *puchuc quilla* (the superfluous moon), and entirely given up to diversions. The year commenced and ended with the winter solstice, and was divided into four parts, by the equinoxes and solstices. Montesinos tells us that the king Inti-Capac reformed the year, and fixed its length at 365 days and a quarter, and grouped the years into periods of tens, hundreds, and thousands, calling the latter *Capac huati*, "the powerful or great year of the Sun." The same author adds, that another emperor, who was an able astronomer, discovered the necessity of intercalating one day every four years, but abandoned this in favor of a mode recommended by the *amautes*, of intercalating one year at the end of four centuries. But Montesinos is not supported in his statements by other historians. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the months had each two names, one of which was not in the Quichua language, implying perhaps that this division of the year was of foreign origin.

POETRY AND MUSIC.

But if the Peruvians did not excel in the sciences, and the more solid branches of learning, they nevertheless had made some proficiency in intellectual accomplishments. Poetry is the most ancient form of literature, and constitutes the thread upon which, in the absence of written language, are strung the annals of nations and the heroic acts of individuals. And although but few of the poems of the Peruvians have descended to our times, yet enough remains to show that they were not deficient in historic interest, nor in grace of combination. The Quichua language was rich and flexible, and favored the efforts of the *amautes*, who composed the tragic and comic plays and songs with which the Incas were accustomed to amuse their subjects, on the occasions of their great religious and other festivals. Their talents, however, were chiefly devoted to dramatic compositions. After the termination of the seed-sowing for the Inca, which took place soon after the planting of the lands of the Sun and of the people, the latter were diverted with a series of instructive plays, acted in the public squares, the objects of which were the illustration of the social virtues, the relations and duties of one member of a family to the others, of the individual to the state, the subject to the monarch, and of men to their fellows. In the month of October, after the annual festival in honor of the dead, they had representations illustrative of the civil virtues of their forefathers, their obedience to the laws, and respect for the institutions of the Incas; and in the months dedicated to martial exercises, the plays had a corresponding martial tendency. It was thus that the Incas made the very amusements of the people a prop to their system.

Besides these dramatic poets, there was a class of song-writers who composed amatory songs and elegies, and were called *hararicus*, or inventors. It appears that the poets composed the music to their own songs. Their music, however, seems to have been more distinguished for its volume than its melody. Among their musical instruments were the trumpet, a variety of large and small flutes, the timbrel and tambourine, and the *tinga*, a kind of guitar of five or six strings. They, however, reached their greatest perfection in musical instruments, in the *huayrapuhura*, a species of Sirinx, or Pan's flute, made of tubes, either of cane or stone, of graduated lengths, fastened together. One of these, wrought from a single stone, a species of talc, is represented in the accompanying engraving (Fig. 1), where it is

represented half, or rather one fourth the actual size. It was found on the breast of a skeleton, in one of the *huacas*, or Peruvian tombs.

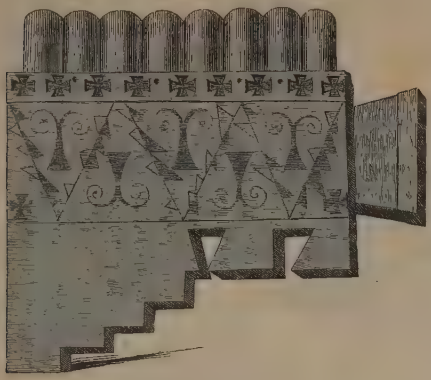


FIG. I.—PERUVIAN SIRINX.

ART IN GENERAL.

Art among the Peruvians reached a high degree of perfection, but rather in its useful than in its ornamental applications. The great practical objects of their works of industry and skill were never sacrificed to their ideas of beauty. In this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other nations, but yet a perfect consonance with their political system, under which the material condition of the people was the chief object of care, to the neglect of their mental expansion.

The industry of the Peruvians was thoroughly organized, and the cultivation of the land conducted on principles of the soundest economy. In many parts of Peru the upper layers of the soil were arid and barren. Here they removed these layers, and dug down until they reached a stratum sufficiently moist for cultivation. Thousands of these sunken areas, with their sides carefully supported by walls of brick and stone, are still to be seen in Peru. The mountain slopes they cut into terraces, and thus with the varying heights were able to cultivate the products as well of the Tropics as of the Temperate Zone. The dry plains, where the rain seldom or never falls, and which, since the conquest, have relapsed into barren wastes, bloomed like gardens, under the dominion of the Incas. By means of aqueducts, sometimes hundreds of miles in length, these plains were supplied with water from the mountains, while fish from the sea, and *guano* from the islands near the coast, were used to enrich the soil. These *guano* islands were under special laws. Certain small ones were assigned to single provinces, while some of the larger ones were divided between two or three, by monuments which it was death to remove. These islands were under the care of special officers, who saw that the precious manure should not be used carelessly or too profusely. Upon them, small temples were often erected, in which the people deposited offerings when they went to get their annual fertilizing supplies. And, as the Peruvians were chiefly agricultural, the Inca, like the Emperor of China, dignified the cultivation of the soil, and rendered it sacred by his own example. When the planting season came round, he went, in great state, to a certain spot of ground in the city of Cuzco, supposed to have been the first dedicated to the Sun in the empire, and there, with golden implements, turned up the earth and sowed a few seeds. Until this was done there could be no planting in his dominions.

The domestic animals of the Peruvians, indigenous to the country, were the llamas, alpacas, huanacos, and vicuñas, of which there were vast flocks. They, however, all belonged to the Sun and the Inca, and were under the charge of shepherds, who conducted them from one quarter of the empire to the other, according to the changes of the seasons. From the wool of these animals and from the cotton grown in the plains, were manufactured fabrics and tissues of great beauty. Their flesh was enjoyed by the people only on the occasions of the great religious festivals, when it was distributed with great ceremony. Ordinarily the food of the people was the maize, or Indian corn, of which Peru produced several varieties; but once a year great hunts were undertaken, for the purpose of killing animals whose flesh might serve for food. These hunts corresponded very nearly with what we would call *battues*, and it is said that sometimes as many as 50,000 or 60,000 men were called out to form the *cordon* or circle, which, gradually concentrating, drove the animals into a spot previously selected, when they fell an easy prey. The flesh of the deer and other animals thus killed, was distributed among the people, cut in thin slices, dried in the sun, and kept for future use.

To guard against the failure of crops, and for other emergencies, the Incas erected public magazines or store-houses in every province, in which were collected and preserved vast quantities of food and of manufactured articles. The produce of the lands of the Sun and of the Inca, not necessary for the support of the court and the priests, were placed in these depositories; and it is said that at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, they contained grain and other necessaries enough to sustain the entire population for seven years.

ARCHITECTURE.

The abodes of the Peruvians were exceedingly simple; and nearly their entire skill in architecture was expended on their public edifices. These were often of vast size, and built in a most substantial manner. The materials were the harder varieties of stones, such as porphyry and granite, and *adobes*, or unburnt bricks. In all cases the walls were of great thickness, but low, seldom exceeding fourteen feet in height. In some instances, the walls were composed of

tempered clay, mixed with pebbles and round stones. The porphyry and granite blocks used in the more stately edifices, were often of astonishing size. Acosta assured us, that some which he measured were thirty-eight feet long, eighteen broad, and six in thickness. They were not cut in uniform dimensions, but worked in a variety of forms, so that the walls resembled those of antiquity, called Cyclopean. The joints, however, were accurate; so accurate indeed, the old writers assure us, that it was impossible to insert the thinnest knife-blade between them. The accompanying engraving of a part of the fortification at the entrance of *Ollantaytambo*, by the Cuzco

FIG. 2.—PART OF WALL OF FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

side, will illustrate the size of the stones used in these works, and the mode of arrangement. So admirably were the stones joined, that it was long supposed that the Peruvians were unacquainted with mortar or cement, but it has been lately ascertained that they used a kind of thin bituminous cement, which, in a short time became as hard as the rock itself.

Two questions arise here, viz.: How the Peruvians succeeded in quarrying, transporting, and elevating such immense blocks of stone; and how they contrived to work them without the aid of tools of iron or steel? The answer to the first inquiry may perhaps be found in the institutions of the Incas. For the construction of private houses all the neighbors united their efforts, and for the construction of public edifices, the labors of the inhabitants of entire districts were called in requisition. Numbers thus supplied the lack of mechanical aid and appliances.

Iron, as we have already intimated, was unknown among the Peruvians. Its place was imperfectly supplied by instruments of copper alloyed with tin. But experiments made with instruments of this kind, found in the *huacas*, or graves, have shown that they are inadequate to work the hard stones made use of by the Peruvians in their public buildings. It is nevertheless evident that they used them to a certain extent, but probably only to break the stones and give them their first rude form. After this operation, it seems most likely they resorted to trituration or grinding with other stones, to reduce the blocks to even surfaces, and finally to polish them. This process is often practiced in our day, and is so natural an expedient that we may safely assume its existence among the Peruvians. The objection to this hypothesis, on the score of its slowness, finds its refutation in the Peruvian system, and the steady application and perseverance in labor, which that system so wonderfully enforced.

Specimens of all kinds of Peruvian Architecture, from the imposing palace to the rustic cabin, have been preserved to our times, and enable us, in conjunction with the accounts of the early authors, to give a general idea of them. The simple houses of the people at large, varied with their requirements and the materials of construction of the various provinces. On the coast, where the land is low and the climate hot, they were constructed of canes, elsewhere of adobes and stones. They were small, with few rooms, not communicating with each other, but each having an opening on a court or on the street, which answered the double purpose of door and window. The better class of houses had interior doors and many windows. In large towns the dwellings joined each other, as in our cities, forming regular streets. The towns themselves were much like those of the South of Europe, and those now existing throughout Spanish America. A public square, around which were built the principal edifices, occupied

the centre of the town, and from it led off four great streets in the direction of the cardinal points.

Among the ruins of the ancient towns in the departments of Junin and Ayacucho are the remains of dwellings of peculiar construction. Each one is square, sixteen or eighteen feet in height, with an interior diameter of six feet. The walls are a foot and a half thick, and upon the southern or western side pierced by a doorway, or rather opening, a foot and a half high and two feet wide. This leads to the first or lower room, which is five or six feet in height. The walls are naked, but sometimes have little niches, which seem to have been used as shelves, whereon to place articles of food, jars, and other objects of use. The roof of this room is of flat stones, with an aperture in the centre two feet in diameter, leading to a superior room, similar to the first, but lighted with little windows resembling loop-holes. It is roofed like the first, and above it is still a third room or story, covered by a roof of broad flag-stones, but lower than the others, and perhaps designed to receive provisions. It seems probable that the second room was used as a dormitory, the opening in the floor being covered by a large flat stone—one of this kind being invariably found in the apartment. The lower story or room seems to have been used for the purposes of ordinary occupation and a kitchen. The door was closed by a heavy stone in the interior. The floor of one of these structures was excavated by a recent traveler, who found, at a slight depth, various articles of pottery, and some human bones.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

The public edifices were of various kinds: the *tambos* or royal taverns, the store-houses, houses of public amusement, the baths, palaces of the Incas, monasteries, temples, and fortresses. The first of these, the *tambos*, were buildings destitute of architectural skill, built of rough stones or adobes, and inclosing an inner court of large size. In the midst of this court-yard was a high square structure, which answered the purpose of a watch-tower. These edifices had special apartments for the use of the Incas when traveling, and others for the soldiers of the army. They could accommodate from three to five thousand men, and were placed at easy distances of five or six leagues apart. The number in the empire was not far from four thousand. The royal store-houses were much like the *tambos* in their construction, excepting that there was a little fortress in the court-yard instead of a tower, in which a small garrison was constantly maintained. Erected in the immediate neighborhood of the principal curacas, they were devoted to receiving the tribute of the provinces, and the arms and supplies collected for the army. The arenas or theatres adjoined the public squares, and were chiefly distinguished for their size. They were buildings of but four walls and a roof; a sort of covered plaza, in which games and the public festivals were celebrated, when the rains prevented them from being observed in the open air. The public baths (*armanahuasi*) attracted attention by their exterior elegance, and rich interior decorations and furniture. The bathing tubs, lined with beautiful cement resembling marble, were supplied with water from figures of marble, basalt, gold, or silver, in the form of wild beasts, birds, and other animals. In each of these baths were many small chambers, probably designed for dressing rooms, which were adorned with statues in stone and metal. But although there are numerous thermal springs in Peru, they do not seem to have been made use of for bathing purposes.

The royal palaces were numerous; there were not less than two hundred of them on the road from Cuzco to Quito. They were not confined to the capitals or provinces, but were often built in the smaller towns, and in beautiful situations in the country. Some were very sumptuous; built of marble and other stones, worked in a superior manner: othere were very simple, and in appearance not superior to the *tambos*. Most of the more magnificent ones were built by the Inca Huaynacapac, who had a predilection for architecture, toward the close of the fifteenth century. Seen from a distance, none of the public buildings of Peru had an imposing appearance, like the teocallis of Mexico and Central America, because, although covering a considerable space of ground, they were low, seldom reaching beyond two or two and a half stories in height, and were roofed with thatch. The walls, too, although often admirable for the accurate fitting and high polish of the stones composing them, were too simple for effect, being without columns, cornices, reliefs, or other architectural ornaments. The entrance to these edifices was by a wide opening upon the eastern side, which was never arched, although sometimes approaching the Egyptian style in being narrower at the top than the bottom. Dr. Von Tschudi informs us, that it is a general error among writers, that the Peruvians were unacquainted with arches and vaults, "for in many of the *huacas* of stone we find vaulting of a superior order. It seems that they had the same method of constructing them which the Indians now make use of in building the vaults of their smelting furnaces: that is to form the arch over an adobe model of the size and shape desired. In some of the larger edifices," this author continues, "we find traces of the arch, but its application seems to have been exceedingly limited."

The interiors of the palaces were more complicated and interesting, and consisted of several large and a multitude of small apartments, the walls of which were often decorated with reliefs, niches filled with statues, and projections answering the purpose of shelves. In the finer structures the walls were entirely covered with small plates of gold and silver, and the floors of some of the rooms were literally plated with these metals, or elegantly paved, in mosaic, with marble of various colors. "Upon the walls," says Garcilasso, "they imitated all the plants and

vines of their country so well that they appeared to grow there; and wrought among them birds, butterflies, and snakes large and small, which appeared to run and twine about them as if suspended in the air."

The convents, or mansions of the Virgins of the Sun (*Pasña huasi*), were very large buildings, similar to the royal hostleries, and surrounded by high walls. The whole number in the empire amounted to twenty or twenty-five, and some of them contained as many as a thousand persons.

But the temples presented the best examples of Peruvian architecture, and among these the temples of the Sun were most remarkable. They were of three classes. Those of the first order had seven sections or divisions communicating interiorly. The principal division occupied the centre of the structure, and was dedicated to *Inti*, or the Sun. It had a broad door-way opening to the east, and was richest of all in its decorations. The second division was sacred to *Mama Quilla*, the Moon; the third to *Coyllur*, the Stars; the fourth to *Illapa*, the Lightning; the fifth to *Ckuichi*, the Rainbow; the sixth was devoted to the high priest and the assemblages for deliberation of priests of the Inca blood, and the seventh to those attached to the service of the temple. Besides these chapels, there were a number of small rooms for the servants of the temple generally. The temples of the Sun of the second class had only two principal parts, that of the luminary itself, and that of the Moon; while those of the third order had only a single chapel, dedicated to the Sun.

Among the temples, that of the Sun at Cuzco was without doubt the most magnificent. It was hardly less celebrated for its architecture than for its riches, and the few remains which have descended to us fully sustain the assertion of the early chroniclers that it was the "most wonderful temple of the New World." The accompanying engraving represents a part of the foundations of the temple, now surmounted by a convent of Dominican friars. In the language of Peru, this temple was called *Inti-huasi*, or House of the Sun, and the ward of the city in which it was built *Coricancha*, Place of Gold. It covered a considerable area, of upward of four hundred paces in circuit, and was entirely surrounded by a strong wall, two stages high, composed, as was the whole edifice, of large blocks of stone, accurately joined, and highly polished. This wall was surmounted by a kind of cornice or border of gold, a palm and a half broad, let in the stones. The especial sanctuary of the Sun, as we have already said, had a doorway opening toward the east. It was ceiled with cotton cloth of primrose hue, bordered with various and brilliant colors, which vailed the straw roof. A golden band bordered the walls, inside and out, where they joined the roof; and the inner walls were literally covered with plates of gold. This metal was called "the tears of the Sun," and was especially sacred to that luminary. Upon the western walls of the sanctuary, and facing the

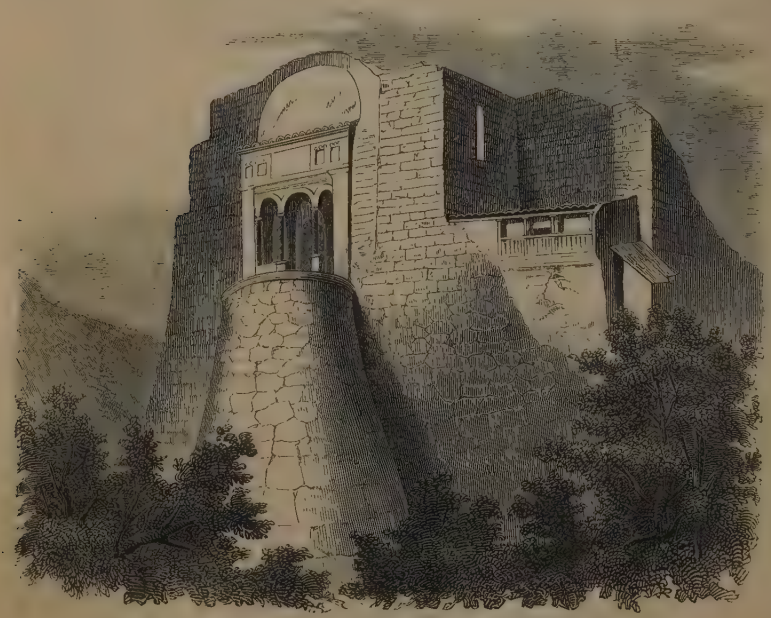


FIG. 3.—REMAINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN, IN CUZCO.

entrance, was the image of the Sun, made of a single great plate of gold, and representing a human face, surrounded with rays, heavily crusted with emeralds and other precious stones.* On both sides of the image were placed the embalmed bodies of the Incas, each seated upon a chair of gold. The chapel of the Moon was similar to that of the Sun, except that its ornaments were of silver, and that the image of that luminary on the wall had the face of a woman. Here were placed the embalmed bodies of the wives of the Incas. The chapel dedicated to the Stars resembled that of the Moon: it had a golden door, and was hung with cloth, spangled with stars. The chapel of the Lightning was ornamented with gold, and that of the Rainbow had the arch of promise brilliantly painted on its walls. "All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn: the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoir that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were to be found there—among which the llama with its golden fleece was most conspicuous—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which in this instance probably did not surpass the excellence of the material."

Besides the temples of the Sun, there were others dedicated to different divinities, which were unlike in their construction. Cieza de Leon mentions one in the island of Lampana, dedicated to the terrible *Tumpal*, God of War, which was made of black stone. Its interior was entirely dark, and the walls covered with horrible paintings. In it was an altar, upon which human sacrifices were made. There were still other temples, at Pachacamac and Tiaguanico, supposed to have been built before the foundation of the Inca dynasty, of which we shall speak when we come to describe the ancient monuments of Peru.

FORTIFICATIONS.

The system of fortification of the Peruvians, considering the weapons in use among them, displayed much military judgment and skill. The *pucaras*, or forts, in respect of position, were always well-chosen, and the natural advantages of the place invariably turned to good account. The most remarkable of these works was that of the capital, and it deserves to rank among the most marvelous results of the brute force of man. Tradition refers its commencement to the end of the 14th century, under the reign of the Inca Pachacutec. It was built upon a steep hill, called *Sacsahuaman*, a little to the north of the city of Cuzco. The declivity of this hill on the side of the town is very abrupt, and was defended by only a single wall, about a thousand feet in length. Upon the north, the slope was gentle, and this side, being most exposed, was defended by three walls, one within another, each enfiladed by bastions projecting thirty yards beyond the line. The remains of these outer walls are shown in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 4.)

FIG. 4.—REMAINS OF OUTER WALLS OF THE FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

The walls of this fortress, like those of most of the Peruvian edifices, were Cyclopean in structure. The stones were rough, and only worked at the points of junction, and for the breadth of the hand on their face, so that the polished lines of the joints presented a pleasing appearance. The size of the stones was astonishing; some were not less than fifty feet long, twenty-two broad, and six thick, and raised in the wall midway from its base to its summit. The subjoined engraving (Fig. 5), presenting an end view of the walls, illustrates their construction. In each of the walls was a narrow entrance, which could be closed with a single stone. But these walls did not constitute the entire strength of the fortress. Within them, were four smaller forts or strongholds, two round and two square, and destined to receive the royal family, the priests, and the treasures of the empire, in times of danger. Subterranean passages led from these to the palace of the Inca, and the

* According to the Padres Acosta and Calancha, this figure of the Sun fell to the lot of Captain Sierra in the distribution of the spoils of the temple, who gambled it away in a single night. Hence in Peru it is common for a gambler, in expressing his determination and perseverance, to say, "I shall play the Sun before I go."

FIG. 5.—END VIEW OF THE WALLS OF THE FORTRESS OF CUZCO.

temple of the Sun, so arranged that they could be closed on the inside with vast curtains of stone. The fortresses of the empire were not all of the same character, but varied in form and size according to the circumstances of the case. Some were of large dimensions, and inclosed cultivated grounds, for the support of their garrisons, while others were mere towers. Of the latter character is the tower of *Chupan*, situated on the banks of the Marañon, upon the edge of a high, abrupt precipice, and entirely commanding the road at its feet. See Fig. 6.

FIG. 6.—TOWER OF CHUPAN.

AQUEDUCTS.

The hydraulic works of the ancient Peruvians merit our attention alike from their admirable construction, their extent, and their usefulness. In all these respects they were unsurpassed by any similar works of ancient or modern times. They were sometimes mere open cuts, but were generally subterranean—and of such solid construction that many of them are still in perfect order. Among them, those in the valley of Nasca, which give it rare fertility, are most remarkable. They are lined with flat stones, from four to six feet long, and three broad, accurately joined—the interior height of the passage being from six to eight feet. One built by the Inca Viracocha, led from the high grounds of Parco to Rucanas, a distance of seventy-five miles; and another traversed almost all Contisuya, and extended, from north to south, more than four hundred and fifty miles, running along the summits of the highest hills, and terminating at Quechuas. Old Garcilasso says of these aqueducts, "They may well be compared to the miraculous fabrics which have been the works of mighty princes who have left their prodigious monuments of ostentation to be admired in future ages; for we ought to consider that these waters had their sources in high mountains, and were carried over craggy rocks, and almost inaccessible passages; and to make these ways plane, they had no help of instruments forged of steel or iron, such as pickaxes and sledges, nor were acquainted with the use of arches to convey the water on the level from one precipice to another, but were obliged to trace around the mountains, until they found ways and passages of the same height and level with the springs."

BRIDGES.

The bridges constructed by the Peruvians were exceedingly simple, but well adapted for passing those rapid streams which rush down from the Andes, and defy the skill of the modern engineer. They consisted of strong cables of the *cabuya* or of twisted raw hide, stretched from one bank to the other, something after the style of the suspension bridges of our times. Poles were lashed across transversely, covered with branches, and these again covered with earth and stones, so as to form a solid floor. Other cables extended along the sides which were interwoven with limbs of trees, forming a kind of wicker balustrade. In some cases the

mode of transit was in a species of basket or car, suspended on a single cable, and drawn from side to side, with ropes. It would appear at first glance that bridges of this description could not be very lasting, yet a few still exist which are said to have been constructed under the Incas, more than three hundred years ago.

Be this as it may, the modern inhabitants of some parts of Peru and Chili, still use the same means of passing their torrent rivers.

PUBLIC ROADS.

Perhaps the most glorious monuments of the civilization of the Peruvians were the public or royal roads, extending from the capital to the remotest parts of the empire. Their remains are still most impressive, both from their extent and the amount of labor necessarily involved in their construction; and in contemplating them we know not which most to admire, the scope of their projectors, the power and constancy of the Incas who carried them to a completion, or the patience of the people who constructed them under all the obstacles resulting from the topography of the country, and from imperfect means of execution. They built these roads in deserts, among moving sands reflecting the fierce rays of a tropical sun; they broke down rocks, graded precipices, leveled hills, and filled up valleys without the assistance of powder or of instruments of iron; they crossed lakes, marshes, and rivers, and, without the aid of the compass, followed direct courses in forests of eternal shade, —they did, in short, what even now, with all of modern knowledge and means of action, would be worthy of the most powerful nations of the globe. One of the principal of these roads extended from Cuzco to the sea, and the other ran along the crest of the Cordilleras from one end of the empire to the other—their lengths, with their branches, being from 2000 to 4000 miles. Modern travelers compare them, in respect of structure, to the best works of the kind in any part of the world. In ascending mountains too steep to admit of grading, broad steps were cut in the solid rocks, while the ravines and hollows were filled with heavy embankments, flanked with parapets, and planted with shade-trees and fragrant shrubs. They were from eighteen to twenty-five Castilian feet broad, and were paved with immense blocks of stone, sometimes covered with a flooring of asphaltum. At regular distances on these roads were erected buildings for the accommodation of travelers, which we have already described under the name of *tambos*. "To these conveniences were added the establishment of a system of posts, by which messages might be transmitted from one extremity of the Inca's dominions to the other in an incredibly short time. The service of the posts was performed by runners—for the Peruvians possessed no domestic animal swifter of foot than man—stationed in small buildings, likewise erected at easy distances from each other, all along the principal roads. These messengers or *chasquis*, as they were termed, wore a peculiar uniform, were trained to their particular vocation, and had each their allotted station, between which and the next it was their duty to speed along at a certain pace with the message, dispatch, or parcel intrusted to their care. On drawing near to the station at which they had to transmit the message to the next courier, who was then to carry it further, they were to give a signal of their approach, in order that the other might be in readiness to receive the missive, and no time be lost; and thus it is said that messages were forwarded at the rate of 150 miles a day."

INSTRUMENTS OF COPPER.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while the Peruvians devised means for working stones and other substances much more obstinate, they failed in discovering tools capable of separating with facility the tenacious fibres of wood. This material was therefore little used by them for common purposes. They had a species of ax made of copper alloyed with tin, and had chisels of the same material, but were unacquainted

FIG. 7 AND 8.—PERUVIAN COPPER KNIVES.

with the saw. Two of the knives are represented in the preceding engraving. The alloy

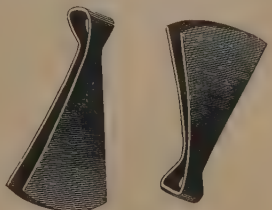


FIG. 8.—PERUVIAN TWEEZERS OF COPPER.

of which they are composed is 95 parts copper and 5 parts tin. In some cases the proportion of tin, and their consequent hardness, were greater. The axes were much the same shape with ours, except that they were inserted in the handle, and not as with us, the handle in the ax. Hoes, of this compound metal, for grubbing, similar to those now used, were common; as were also battle-clubs or maces, tweezers, etc., all of the same material.

FIG. 10.—COPPER WAR MACE.

In consequence of the want of tools, therefore, wherewith to work it, stone generally supplied the place of wood in their edifices. Wood was only used for the ridge-pole and rafters. The doors were commonly curtained with cloth and skins; but those of the palaces and temples were composed of plates of the precious metals soldered together.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

In reducing metals from the ores, and in casting and working them, the Peruvians excelled. They were acquainted with gold, silver, tin, copper, and quicksilver; but iron, although its ores were abundant, was entirely unknown. Gold, as we have intimated, was most esteemed, and they seem to have procured it in greatest abundance. Upon this point Dr. Von Tschudi observes: "If we compare its abundance, in the time of the Incas, with the quantity which the Spaniards have obtained since the conquest from the washings and mines, we are forced to believe that the Peruvians were acquainted with mines and other sources of supply which their successors have failed to discover; and it seems not unlikely that the time may come when the vail shall be raised from riches in Peru, which shall equal if not surpass those of California. During the second half of the sixteenth century," continues this author, "in the short space of twenty-five years, the Spaniards exported from Peru to the mother country more than 400,000,000 ducats of gold and silver, of which more than nine-tenths was booty taken by the conquerors.* In this computation the immense quantities of the precious metals buried by the Incas is, of course, not included. It is known that eleven thousand llama loads of gold in dust and precious vases, were buried at one time, by the carriers who were conducting this enormous treasure for the ransom of Atahuallpa, when they heard of the treachery whereby he was slain."

They reduced both gold and silver from the ores by smelting. The silver mines, however, were only open cuts, and the veins were abandoned when the ores became too hard to yield readily to their instruments. They mixed the ore in portable ovens with galena, or lead, which they called *suruchec*, "that which makes to run." The mode of reduction practiced by the Indians is still in use among the miners. The Incas prohibited the production of quicksilver—as much probably because of its supposed uselessness, as on account of its deleterious qualities. Its use was confined to the manufacture of vermilion for painting. This pigment was forbidden to the common people.

Regarded as peculiarly sacred to the Sun, gold was extensively used for sacred purposes. In common with silver, it was offered to that divinity in the form of vases, and effigies of birds, and animals.

In working both these metals, the ancient smiths were exceedingly expert; they cast it in moulds, soldered it, inlaid it, and reduced it into leaves. It was generally cast hollow, and with so much perfection as to leave no trace of the joints of the mould. Fig. 11 represents one of these figures, in which will be noted alternate bands of copper, silver, and pure gold, so well inlaid and united that they appear to form one mass. The body of the figure is composed of a mixture of silver, antimony, and tin. Sometimes the smiths made their figures of men and objects of the precious metals, cut to the proper shape, and then soldered together. Occasionally, in vases and other open vessels, they embossed figures on the outside by hammering from the interior; but the ornaments thus made were comparatively rude. The art of gilding was not known to the Peruvians, but that of plating was extensively practiced. They also drew wire of gold and silver, of exceeding delicacy, which was often interwoven in cloth.

FIG. 11.—PERUVIAN IDOL.

Unfortunately, but few of the finest works of the Peruvian silversmiths have descended to our days, having been

* It is said that the chain of gold which the Inca Huayna Capac made, in honor of the birth of his first son, was of the thickness of a man's wrist, and three hundred paces in length.—*Zarate*, lib. i., c. 14.

at once melted down by the conquerors, and cast into bars, for the greater ease of transportation. Those which remain, judging from the accounts of the ancient writers, are of an inferior order. Of these, however, we present some good examples in the accompanying engravings. Sarmiento tells us, in illustrating the riches and skill of the Peruvians, that they had gardens in which the plants and flowers were all fashioned in gold and silver. "They had corn-fields imitated in gold, in which the stalks, leaves, and ears were faithfully copied. Among these were figures of

FIG. 12.—GOLDEN VASE—REDUCED.

FIG. 13.—SILVER VASE—REDUCED.

men and animals." In the houses of the Incas, adds Gomara, "all the service of the table and of the kitchen were of gold, and only the commonest vessels were of silver and copper. The Inca had in his palace statues of the men of the different nations of his dominions, of full size, and also figures of all the various animals, birds, trees, plants, fruits, and even of the fishes of his empire. There was nothing in his whole land, in short, which had not its golden counterpart." The palace of Tomebamba, we are told by the chronicler, Cieza de Leon, who saw it, was of wonderful construction, and its inner walls covered with gold, "but also with figures of every variety of animals and birds, all wrought in the same metal." Pizarro, writing to Spain from Jauja, July, 1534, in enumerating some of his booty, mentions that, "besides the bars and large vases of gold, he had found four figures of llamas, and ten statues of women, of natural size, of the finest gold, a vast column of silver, and a fount of gold more wonderful than all." In short, all the early authors concur in these almost incredible stories of the great riches of Peru, and the number and value of the objects of the precious metals found by the conquerors, as well as in respect to the skill displayed in working them.

WEAVING AND DYEING.

Hardly less admirable than their works in metal, were the Peruvian manufactures of cotton and wool. Without looms or other machinery, and only by the simplest manipulation, they succeeded in making the finest cloths, skillfully woven in various colors. They spun cotton and wool; the first of two kinds—the common or white, and the brown, which was chiefly produced in the hot valleys on the eastern slope of the Andes. The wool was taken from the domesticated llama and alpaca, and the wild wild huanaco and vicuña. For coarse, common cloths, they used the wool of the llama and the huanaco, and for finer fabrics that of the vicuña and alpaca. The common people dressed in the first; the nobles and officers in cloth of alpaca; while that of the vicuña was confined to the Incas. It was the peculiar privilege of the Virgins of the Sun, or the women of the royal harem, to spin and weave the wool of the vicuña. The bed-clothes of the Inca, composed of this cloth, were so fine and delicate that they were taken to Spain, for the use of the king, where they were acknowledged to surpass in beauty any thing produced from the looms of Europe. The Peruvians had the secret of fixing all the most brilliant colors, and so well, that they have remained unfaded for centuries, even when exposed to the air, or buried in the earth; and it is worthy of remark, that the dyes which they used have been analyzed, and found to have been exclusively vegetable. Indeed, the inhabitants of the mountains still make use of plants unknown to Europeans, which yield the most vivid and enduring colors. They enriched their fabrics with leaves of gold and silver, pieces of pearl, and ornamented them with fringes and tassels, which were sometimes made of the feathers of birds of brilliant plumage.

POTTERY.

In their pottery, the ancient Peruvians are better represented, in modern times, than in any other branch of art. Our museums abound in examples of their skill in this department. Many of them are obviously articles of use and utility, but if we may credit the late researches of Von Tschudi and Rivero, a larger proportion than hitherto supposed to be such, are more or less symbolical, and represent divinities. A large number, of peculiar construction, were devoted to religious, and a more considerable proportion to funereal purposes. Believing in the immortality of the soul, and, in common with the American nations generally, that the articles deposited with the dead were useful to them in their future existence, they were accustomed, among other things, to place vases in their tombs, connected by pipes with the surface of the ground, through which liquids and articles of food might be introduced for the use of the departed. It was in these vases that the Peruvians exhausted their skill in the plastic art. Their kitchen articles and domestic vases were very simple, and often rude.

The material of which they were made was a colored earth and blackish clay, so well prepared as to resist the fire perfectly, and to retain liquids, although it is believed they were never glazed. The accompanying engraving presents a group of religious and sepulchral vases. They

FIG. 14.—GROUP OF PERUVIAN SEPULCHRAL VASES.

were destined to receive the *chicha* (a fermented liquor) of sacrifice on festival days, and had generally a long throat, which often formed the handle, with an opening to receive the liquid, and another to let out the air when filling the vase. Many were double, and for these they seem to have had a predilection; others quadruple, or sextuple, the different parts all communicating with each other. The double ones were often made with so much perfection that, in filling them with liquids, the air passing out of the remaining aperture produced a very melodious sound, which often closely imitated the voice of the animal or bird in whose shape the vessel was fashioned. Many of the vases were ornamented with engraved designs, and with rude paintings. In painting, indeed, the Peruvians seem to have been singularly inexpert. The art of designing among them never passed beyond its first infancy; nor in sculpturing single figures or groups in relief did they attain the skill of the Mexicans, much less of the ancient inhabitants of Central America.

THE QUIPUS.

So inactive, indeed, was the intellectual life of the Peruvians, that, having attained to no mean degree of social refinement, they were totally unacquainted with the art of writing, even in its most primitive forms of picture-writing and hieroglyphics—the only visible symbols of thought known among them being cords of various colors and shades, suspended from a string in the manner of a fringe, and which by means of knots, combined in many arbitrary ways, formed a complicated method of expression and calculation. It will readily be understood that such a contrivance, however ably managed, was very deficient in the power of expression in a connected form, or as a means of giving utterance to thoughts of a purely intellectual character; that it could indeed merely suggest isolated ideas, and such only as had reference to known facts or tangible objects; and that it could not fulfill any of the requirements of a literature, properly so called. Such, therefore, the Peruvians had not. As regards history, the *quipus*, as the knotted cords were called, seem to have served mostly as a system of mnemonics to enable the *amautas* (the men of science) and the *haravecs* (the poets) to recall to mind in due succession those events of public importance which it was their duty to learn by rote, and to transmit orally from generation to generation.

RELIGIOUS SYSTEM.

The Peruvian religion, it is generally ad-

mitted, was based upon the worship of the Sun. It seems to have been introduced by the Incas, and superimposed upon an anterior worship, by one of those revolutions or religious cataclysms of which more than one example is furnished in Asiatic annals, "Before the reform introduced by Manco Capac," observes Von Tschudi, "the inhabitants of Peru had a system of belief which, although disfigured with puerile superstitions, embraced the conception of a Supreme Being, Creator of all things, with vestiges of the dogmas of the fall of man, and the redemption. According to the relations of the early writers, the supreme entity was called *Con*, and was without form or corporeal existence—a spirit invisible and omnipotent, and diffused throughout the universe. With his word alone, he created the world, raised the mountains, depressed the valleys, and filled the seas, lakes, and rivers with water. He caused men to be, and peopled the mountains and plains with them, and gave them all that was needful for their support and happiness. For a long time they retained their primitive simplicity and purity, but ultimately neglected the worship of Con, and fell into debauchery and vice. In view of this corruption and ingratitude, Con turned the fertile fields into melancholy deserts, and after depriving men of their means of support converted them into black cats, and other horrible animals, who prowled madly over the desolate earth, until *Pachacamac*, son of Con, having received special charge of the government of the world, re-created all things destroyed by his father, and gave new life to the human race. Less ungrateful than their predecessors, this new generation built a sumptuous temple to Pachacamac on the shores of the sea, adoring this beneficent being with great devotion, without investing him with any form, but holding him, with his great father Con, as spirits incorporeal, universal, and omnipotent. None dared, in their adorations to invoke his name without prostrating themselves to the ground, kissing the earth, and giving evidences of the greatest abasement; and when they entered his temples to make offerings, they did so with bare feet, and threw themselves in silence before his altar.

"The temple of Pachacamac, the ruins of which are still visible near the town of Lurin, to the south of Lima, was the only one in the whole country dedicated to the supreme Divinity, and pilgrimages were made to it from the most distant regions. The pilgrims were allowed to pass in safety through the most hostile provinces, even in time of actual war, and were every where kindly received and hospitably entertained.

"We are not certainly informed if, at this epoch, other divinities were adored; but from various vestiges of temples, dating beyond the introduction of the religion of the Incas, it appears probable that their worship was not limited to the sole adoration of Con and Pachacamac. In fact, an attentive study of the religious system of the Incas, betrays traces of a heterogeneous system, which we are obliged to regard as the remains of a primitive and purer religion."

It is not to be denied that the preceding traditions of the creation of the world by the invisible and omnipotent Con, the primitive felicity of men, their corruption, the destruction of the world, and its regeneration, have a decided analogy to the Mosaic chronicle; but it should be observed that this analogy holds good in respect to nearly all the primitive religious systems of the globe, and is not always to be accounted for as the later and successful interpolations of Christian writers. In introducing his new system, the first Inca exhibited the greatest astuteness; he declared that the supreme Divinity was the Sun, without which nothing could exist, and that Con and Pachacamac were the children of that luminary; that he himself was also son of the Sun and brother of these divinities; and that his celestial father permitted him to become incarnate and descend to earth and instruct men in government and the arts, and in the true religion. Thus artfully, and by the force of a superior intellect, the docile and submissive Indians were led to accept a system which, without detriment to that already established, enriched it, and gave it a tangible and visible character, and one more adapted to their capacity and tastes. So it is not wonderful that the new doctrine spread rapidly, and became extended and fixed with the progress of the Inca dynasty.

In examining with attention the religious system of the Incas, we do not find in it the profound and sublime metaphysical ideas of the Asiatic religions, and which the polytheistic creeds still display. It was founded in the particular interest of the royal family, and directed mainly to the support of their pretensions and authority. By means of it, they invested themselves with a power firmer and more extensive than that of the most powerful aristocracies of the East. The Sun was the Supreme Being to whom the nation rendered homage in temples the most sumptuous, and best contrived to dazzle and impress their imaginations: and the Inca as the Son of God, was regarded as the direct organ and impersonation of Divinity, sharing his infallibility, and worthy of the same homage. Of course such a system was only possible among a simple and credulous people, whose faculties of abstract reasoning were dwarfed under rigid political institutions, and who were absorbed in war, works, and festivals, and consequently unaccustomed to reflect or act for themselves.

It is impossible to say whether most of the ideas connected with the Peruvian religious system at the time of the conquest, were introduced by the Incas, or adopted from a previous system. It is perhaps unnecessary to inquire. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that some of the loftiest and most abstract ideas and conceptions of the purest religions of the globe, were among those most clearly understood, and carefully cherished, in the Peruvian system.

Among them was the doctrine of the *immortality of the soul*, connected also with the doctrine of the *metempsychosis*. They believed that, after death, the just went to a beautiful and peaceful place, unknown to the living, where they received the reward of their virtues in unbounded felicity, while the souls of the bad passed to a place full of griefs and fears, but after a certain period of punishment, were permitted to return again to earth, and there commence a new existence or probation, but obliged to follow the same occupations and aiming at the same objects which had engaged them at their death. This belief, which finds a parallel in that of the ancient Egyptians, led them, as it did also the Egyptians, to preserve the bodies of their dead with the utmost care, and to bury with them their clothing, utensils, and sometimes their treasures.

The final judge of men, according to the general belief was Pachacamac, but in some provinces this office was assigned to Con. The Incas, notwithstanding their attempts to familiarize the Indians with the idea, were unable to bestow this attribute upon the Sun. And as, in the first age of the world, Con punished the depravity of the human race with a fearful aridity of the earth, so in the second era, Pachacamac in his ire, sent a flood—the Peruvians having a tradition analogous to that of Genesis, of the construction of an ark or float, and the preservation of a small portion of the human race from drowning. They also entertained the belief that the end of the world would come after a general famine, accompanied by a total obscuration of the sun, and the fall of the moon to the earth.

In opposition to the Supreme Being (for such Pachacamac was after all regarded) invested with ineffable attributes, they believed in an Evil Principle, of great power, entertaining an inextinguishable hatred to the human race, and disposed to injure it in every way. This being, agreeing in character with the Ahriman of the Persians, and the Sathan of the Jews, was called *Supay*, and in some parts had appeasive offerings (it is said of young children) made to him in temples dedicated to that service. He was, however, subordinate to Pachacamac, and was powerless against those under the protection of that beneficent deity, the invocation of whose name was enough to drive away the Evil Spirit. And we may here observe that there is reason to believe Pachacamac was the favorite divinity of the popular masses, while the Sun was that of the court; and that although the latter was more or less accepted by the people, it never diminished their faith in the primitive Numen. In fact, in all the relations of life of the Indians, we may trace the profound veneration with which Pachacamac was regarded. At the birth of a child, it was dedicated to this divinity, and his protection implored for it. When the poor Peruvian ascended a steep hill, he laid down his load at the summit, and bowing reverently to the earth, exclaimed "thanks to him that has enabled me to reach hither," at the same time presenting an offering to Pachacamac by plucking a hair from his eyebrows and blowing it in the air, or by depositing by the side of the path, a twig, a small stone, or even a handful of earth. These trifling offerings sometimes came to form large piles, by the side of frequented roads, and were regarded as sacred.

The primitive worship which we have indicated, not agreeing with that of the Incas or alienating disciples from it, was always an embarrassment to the ruling dynasty, which exerted itself to destroy it in detail, but for a long period without success. Finally the Inca Pachacutec having conquered the valleys of Pachacamac and Rimac, the great temple of Pachacamac fell into his power, and he at once resorted to every means to connect it with the worship of the Sun, which he ultimately succeeded in doing by corrupting its priests. He also built near it another temple, equally splendid, dedicated to the Sun, and established there a convent of virgins consecrated to that luminary. His successors continued the same policy, and in a few years the worship of Pachacamac fell into decline. At last the *cushipatas* or priests made a horrible idol of wood, in human form, thus personifying in the most profane manner, the Spirit which, for so many centuries had constituted the sublime idea and object of Peruvian worship, and debasing the idol to their own purposes, made it pronounce false oracles, by the sale of which they enriched themselves, and corrupted the religion of the people.

It may be questioned if the Incas themselves, so distinguished for their intelligence and wisdom, believed in the system of religion which they forcibly rooted in their empire, and introduced in their conquered provinces. The Inca Tupac-Yupanqui is reported to have said: "Many affirm that the Sun lives, and that he is the maker of all things; but the Sun is not always present, and we know that many things have their being in his absence: he can not, therefore, be the creator of all things. Besides, the Sun, if supreme, must have a free-will, whereas we see it can move only in a particular course, in obedience to superior law; therefore it is not God."

The analogies between the religious institutions of the Peruvians and those of the Christian Church have been made the subject of frequent remark by the early religious writers, and it may be suspected that they carried out their parallels beyond what the truth would justify. But singularly enough, the priests of the period of the conquest regarded, or professed to regard, these coincidences, as snares of the Devil, whereby he was able the better to delude his victims. They pretended that the Evil Spirit actually showed himself in the Peruvian festival, under the guise of an angel of light. Later writers of the same vocation have explained these analogies by supposing them to be the fragments of the true Gospel which had at some remote period prevailed in these regions. But the rationalists of our times consider these resemblances

in part accidental, and in a great degree the result of the operations of the human mind under like or similar conditions. However they may be accounted for, it is undeniable that many resemblances did exist. *Baptism* of infants was common to all the Peruvian nations west of the Andes. The ceremony generally took place within two or three weeks after birth, when the child received its name. In the provinces south of Cuzco, the ceremony was performed when the child was weaned. All the relations were assembled, and a god-father chosen, who, with a stone knife, cut off part of the hair of the child, an example which the rest followed, until the child's head was completely shaved. The god-father then gave it a name, and each of the witnesses bestowed upon it a small present. The rite of *Confirmation*, which was a kind of second baptism, took place when the subject had attained the age of puberty—that is, when the individual for the first time put on the shirt and blanket. This occasion was celebrated as a festival with dances and drunkenness; and the chief of the district gave the candidate a new name, and, cutting off his hair and nails, offered them as a sacrifice to the gods. *Penitence* was scrupulously practiced by the Indians. Previous to the principal feasts, they confessed themselves to the priests, and placed a little ashes of a burnt sacrifice on a stone, which the priest blew into the air, in token of thus dissipating their sins. They then washed their heads at a certain place where two streams joined, and invoked the hills and trees, and all living things, to bear witness that they had confessed and purged themselves of evil. Penitence consisted in fasting, abstinence from the use of salt, &c., &c. They had some ceremonies performed beside the dying, which were similar to the Catholic Sacrament of *Extreme Unction*; and in the distribution of the sacred bread and *chicha* by the Inca to his court, in the festival of the renewal of the Sacred Fire, the orthodox Spaniards affected to find a striking analogy with the Sacrament of the *Eucharist*.

INFERIOR DIVINITIES.

Besides the Sun and the other principal divinities which we have mentioned, the Peruvians had many of an inferior order, which a late systematic writer has divided into Cosmical Divinities, Astral and Terrestrial Gods, Historical Deities, Popular Divinities, and Tutelary and Household Gods, corresponding with the Lares and Penates of the Romans. To the Astrals pertained the star Venus, the Pleiades, the constellation of the Southern Cross, &c. Venus, the most beautiful of the planets, was adored as page of the Sun. Among the elementary deities were ranked the Air, Fire, Thunder, and the Lightning, and the Rainbow. The last three were regarded as the servants of the Sun; the Lightning was his messenger.

The earth ranked first among the terrestrial divinities, and grain and *chica* was offered to it at the time of sowing the crops, to secure a plentiful harvest. The hills, forests, and snowy mountains received a very mysterious homage, as did also any large rocks of singular form. When the Indians came to a stream or river, they took a little of the water in their hands and drank it, by way of invoking the fluvial deities. In fishing, they threw grains of maize into the water, to propitiate the sea-gods. All historical persons, distinguished for their inventions, or for having in any way ameliorated the condition of mankind, were the recipients of a certain kind of adoration—a species of Hero-worship. The greater part of these historical gods were in single provinces or districts; few, if any, had temples, their shrines generally being their tombs, called *huacas*. Among these we may perhaps class the ruling Incas themselves, who, as sons of the Sun, after death, enjoyed general adoration. Their funerals were celebrated with the greatest pomp, and numerous sacrifices were made to their corpses. The defunct monarch was embalmed with so much care and skill that he appeared to be alive, and was then deposited in the Sanctuary of the Sun, where his body remained undecayed for centuries. Among the historical personages admitted to divine honors were frequently the chiefs of provinces who had died before the reduction of their people to the authority of the Incas. To these, or of these, statues were frequently erected, nearly all of which were destroyed by the conquerors. One of the most interesting was found three leagues from the town of Hilari, on the top of a kind of pyramid of three stages, made of carefully-wrought stones. It consisted of two monstrous statues of stone elaborately sculptured, representing a man supporting a woman on his shoulders, the figures looking in opposite directions. Serpents entwined the lower part of the figures, and the pedestal on which they stood. Before them was a large sculptured stone, which was the altar on which the sacrifices to this *huaca* were made. The *huacas* were supposed to respond orally to petitions and questions when supported by appropriate offerings and made in a proper spirit. They seem to have been the devices whereby an inferior order of priests obtained their support. The interior chambers of these oracular tombs were sometimes inhabited by priests. A Frenchman established himself in one near Limatamba, as late as 1573, in which year he was taken out and burnt by the Inquisition. Nearly every one of the *huacas* of a district or province had peculiar attributes, and were consulted by particular objects, by particular classes of persons. The silver-workers of a district had their *huaca*, the potters theirs, the agriculturists theirs, etc. On the guano islands near the coast, were *huacas* whose occupants were supposed to be the creators of the manure, and to them the people of the mainland often repaired with offerings, soliciting permission to remove the fertilizing soil. Certain animals, particularly those marked in some extraordinary manner, were often venerated; such as white llamas, and spotted alpacas.

Tutelary or individual and family divinities

were innumerable; for every person and every house possessed at least one. Among these were the *mallquis*, the mummied bodies, or the skeletons of their ancestors, piously preserved in their sepulchres, which were so arranged that the relics could be approached and sacrificed to. The offerings consisted of food and drink, and such articles as the departed most favored while alive. The domestic gods were of various forms and materials—often made of gold, silver, and copper—but oftener of stone, wood, or clay, in the shape of men, animals, and things, and often in capricious forms. These descended from father to son through many generations, and were cherished and preserved with the greatest care. A person might have any number of these penates, wherein the Peruvians differed from the Mexicans, who could have only a certain number, varying with the rank of the individual. Thus, the Emperor was entitled to *six*, the nobles to *four*, and the common people to *two* only.

All the lesser deities of the Peruvians, apart from those enumerated above, bore the collective name of *Conopas*. Every stone or piece of wood of peculiar form or color, was regarded as a *Conopa*. They were sometimes worked in metal or clay, in form allusive to some circumstance or event in the life of their owners—to commemorate an accident, or celebrate some good fortune. Peculiar ears of maize were *Conopas*, and so also were all crystals of quartz. The *Conopas* of each individual were buried with him at his death, and these constitute a considerable portion of the relics obtained from the tombs.

THE PRIESTS AND SACRED VIRGINS.

The priests of the Sun were almost innumerable, and in all the temples of the empire, both by day and night, a certain number of them were obliged to keep watch, and discharge the various functions prescribed by their ritual. They enjoyed the highest estimation, but before entering upon their duties were subjected to the severest tests of capacity, and obliged to undergo the severest penances. Before all of the great festivals of the Sun, they had to fast for long periods, and to go through many lustrations. In some parts of the empire they were bound to constant celibacy; in other parts they were permitted to marry, but for long periods were cut off from any communication with their wives. The high priest, who was always an Inca of the royal line, belonged to the brotherhood of the priests, and was subjected to the same regimen. He resided in Cuzco, where he made auguries from the flight of birds, and by consulting the entrails of animals, concerning the destinies of the Incas and of the empire. In the great festivals, the reigning Inca himself officiated as high priest, and was therefore initiated into all the mysteries of religion.

The virgins dedicated to the Sun, were considered as spouses of God, and lived in convents, in the greatest seclusion and retirement. The most celebrated of these establishments was the *Acallahuasi*, or House of the Elect, in Cuzco, where only those went who were distinguished for their lineage or beauty, and which contained more than a thousand virgins. None could be admitted here by right, except girls of the royal blood, who, in their earliest youth, were taken from their parents, and placed under the care of certain aged matrons, who had grown gray in the cells of the cloister. When sufficiently advanced to do so, they were obliged to take an oath of perpetual seclusion and virginity, to have no relation with their parents or the world; and so faithfully they kept their vow, and so rigorously observed their seclusion, that the Emperor himself could not enter the shadows of their cloister—a privilege reserved for the *Coya* or Queen alone. Under direction of the matrons, the spouses of the Sun learned the sacred duties of their office. Their occupations were to spin and weave the fine cloth for the royal family, to make the vestments in which the Inca sacrificed to the Sun, and the *chica* and little cakes of maize called *zancus* for the use of the court. Their convents were as richly furnished as the palaces of the Inca and the temples of the Sun, so that nothing should be wanting to invest their institution with dignity and influence.

In all the provinces were other cloisters, devoted, however, to the purpose of receiving girls, of all classes, remarkable for their beauty, who were destined to be sent to Cuzco as concubines of the Inca. Here they were kept in strict seclusion, until, having been advanced to the monarch's bed, they afterward became inmates of the palace, as dames of honor to the Queen. After their youth was passed, they were permitted to return to their native provinces, where they were received with profound respect, and passed the remainder of their lives in dignified retirement. Those who were kept in reserve, occupied themselves much after the manner of the vestals of the Sun. If unfaithful to their vows, they suffered a like penalty. Sometimes it was affirmed that the source of pregnancy was the Sun, in which case the mother was spared until after parturition, and then burned alive, while the offspring was devoted to the service of the Sun.

As we have already said, the Moon was regarded as sister and spouse of the Sun, and as such was the object of great veneration, although its worship was comparatively restricted. It was supposed to be the special protectress of women, and invoked in all the circumstances connected with maternity.

Besides the priests of the Sun, there were others of less distinction, who were attached to the worship of the various classes of deities which have already been enumerated. Each *huaca* had its priest, and through him their oracle was consulted. There were priests through whom the proprietors of *Conopas* consulted them, and others who attended at child-births and at funerals, to drive away evil influences from the new-born and the dead. There were others also, wild wanderers, whom the early Spaniards denounced sweepingly as witches. One class, called *Socyac*, professed to foretell events, and

predicted through the means of little piles of kernels of maize; others, by means of the insects which they found in houses; others affected to interpret dreams; in short, in Peru, as every where else in the world, thousands were found designing enough to avail themselves of the ignorance, and practice on the superstitions of men. The priests who consulted the *huacas*, it should be mentioned, were accustomed to put themselves in a state of ecstasy, by means of a narcotic drink, called *tonca*, made of the fruit of a species of stramonium, and in this state received their inspirations.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES—FESTIVALS.

The Peruvians had monthly festivals, regulated by the phases of the moon; but the principal ones of the year were those of the Sun, celebrated at the four grand periods in his annual course, the solstices and equinoxes. The most solemn of these was that of *Raymi*, at the solstice of winter, when the sun reached its southern limit and commenced its return toward the north. It was a feast of grateful recognition of the benefits derived from the sun. Upon this occasion, all the chiefs and *curacas* of the empire assembled, and those who from age or illness were unable to travel, sent in their stead their parents or sons. They all came in national costume, wearing their most splendid clothes, and bearing their most brilliant arms, rivaling each other in the richness of their decorations. They came in such multitudes, nobles, and plebeians that there were not houses enough in Cuzco and its suburbs to contain them, and the greater part had to encamp in the streets, public squares, and open fields. Great numbers of women were collected by the Incas to prepare food for the multitude, and particularly to make certain cakes of maize, called *zancu*, which were only eaten on the most solemn feasts. The Virgins of the Sun themselves prepared those designed for the court and nobles. The feast was preceded by three days of vigorous fasting, during which time all fires were obliged to be extinguished.

The Inca himself officiated as high-priest in this festival, assisted by his court. At the dawn of the wished-for day, he went, with bare feet, from his palace, followed by the royal family, to the great square of the city, there to salute the rising of the Sun-god. His entire retinue was dressed in its most brilliant array, and covered with ornaments and jewels, while the canopies of plumes and richly-colored cloths, which the servants supported above their lords, made the streets appear as if covered with a magnificent awning.

When the first rays of the sun were visible on the neighboring hills, the multitude sent up a great shout of welcome, and broke forth in songs of triumph, mingled with the sounds of strange instruments; and when the god, rising majestically above the horizon, shed his luminous torrents on the people, they waved their arms aloft, gave kisses to the air, and with expanded breasts ecstatically absorbed the atmosphere impregnated and made living with light. The Inca then rose, and taking two vases of gold, filled with *chicha*, poured out a libation from one of them to the Sun, and with the other turned out a little in cups for his court, in evidence of their communion with the god. In a neighboring square the high-priest performed the same rite for the *curacas*.

After this ceremony, the Inca, followed as before, proceeded to the temple, and there offered his golden vessels to the Sun, the whole retinue making the same sacrifice. The Inca and his family only, were allowed to enter the sacred precincts; all the others had to make their offerings through the priests. This done, all returned to the great square again, where the high-priest made many sacrifices of llamas and other animals, whose flesh was distributed among the people, and eaten with great ceremony. From their entrails he made auguries, which were listened to with intensest interest. After this commenced the drinking of *chicha*, which soon began to have its effect upon the people, who became hilarious, introducing games, masks, and dances—in short, indulging in general rejoicings, which lasted for nineteen days.

It is said that the renovation of the sacred fire took place on the afternoon of the first day of the feast. The new fire was kindled by means of convex mirrors of gold, which concentrated the rays of the declining sun on some easily-ignited materials. When the sun was obscured the fire was obtained by friction.

It is impossible to describe all the festivals in detail. They all had a greater or less resemblance in their ceremonies; but each had a special object. The feast of the autumnal equinox, called *Situa*, was distinguished by a rite very similar to that which characterized the Jewish Passover. The night previous to its commencement, the inmates of every house drew blood from their bodies, mixed it with the flour of maize, and with the paste anointed their bodies, and the lintels of their houses, so as to expel disease and avert pestilences. It was also at this time that the extraordinary ceremony of exorcism was performed in Cuzco. At a certain hour of the day, an Inca, fully armed, run at full speed from the fortress, back of the temple of the Sun, to the principal square, where he was met by four others, armed in like manner, who touched his lance with theirs, as a token of salutation. He then informed them that he bore a special message from the Sun, instructing them to drive away all evil and disease from the city. The four Incas then separated by the four roads leading from the square, in the directions of the four points of the compass, and ran with charged lances for a quarter of a league, when they were relieved by others, who took their lances from them, and thus continued the race, until they had reached a distance of six leagues from the city, where they stuck their lances in the ground. It was supposed that they drove all evil before them, and as they passed, the people stood in their doors and shook their garments, to free them from contagion and demons. The lances

were stuck in the ground as bounds, forming a kind of *cordon sanitaire*, within which evil could not pass.

At the festival of the vernal equinox the ceremony of initiation or knighthood, already described, took place. In October fell the festival in honor of the dead.

All objects of nature and art were admissible sacrifices to the gods. Among them, there seems to be little doubt, human victims were occasionally introduced, children or Virgins of the Sun. Thus when a high officer was ill, it sometimes happened that a son was offered to appease the offended deity who had caused the disease, and was earnestly entreated to receive the victim instead.

BURIAL AND EMBALMING.

When the reigning Inca died—or, as it was termed, "was called home to the mansion of his father the Sun"—the bowels were extracted from the body and deposited in the temple of Tampu; whereas the body, being embalmed in a most skillful manner, and clad in the usual vestments of the prince, was placed with drooping head and folded arms in a chair of gold, and deposited in the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. Here, in process of time, a long line of deceased monarchs and their consorts took their places opposite to each other on each side of the golden image of the Sun, their supposed progenitor, which decorated the principal wall of the temple. The obsequies were performed with a pomp corresponding to that maintained by the monarch in life; and a number of his attendants and concubines, amounting sometimes to several hundreds, were made to die with him, in order that they might bear him company in the happier regions to which he was supposed to be removed. The first month succeeding the Inca's death was throughout the land devoted to tears and lamentations; and during the rest of the year the funeral ceremonies were renewed at stated intervals, processions being formed wherein the banners, the insignia, and the garments of the defunct Inca were displayed, and male and female mourners—denominated in the language of the country "tear-shedders"—celebrated in solemn tones the exploits and the virtues of the departed monarch. The last day of the year of mourning was the most solemn of all; but even with that the homage paid to the dead did not cease. "On certain festivals," we are told by Mr. Prescott, "the revered bodies of the deceased sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court, and entertainments were provided in the name of their masters which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures; and such a display, says an ancient chronicler, was there in the great square of Cuzco on this occasion, of gold and silver plate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed. The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests partook of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom, with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided." The means for these banquets of the dead were provided by the custom of not allowing the personal property of one Inca to pass by inheritance to his successor—the palaces, wearing-apparel, household furniture, and jewelry of every deceased sovereign being, on the contrary, left untouched; for it was fondly believed that they might one day return to earth to reanimate their bodies so scrupulously preserved, and that they ought on such a contingency to find every thing ready for their reception."

The Kings of Quito, according to the Friar Niza, were all buried in a great sepulchre made of stone in square or pyramidal form, and covered with pebbles and sand, so as to resemble a common hill. The door, which looked toward the west, was closed with a double wall, which was only opened on the death of one of the kings. Within, the various embalmed bodies were arranged in the order of their succession, with their royal insignia, and the treasures which each had accumulated. Above the head of each was a niche, with a jar containing pebbles of various sizes and colors denoting his age and the years and months of his reign.

In some provinces of Peru the bodies of those of Inca blood were placed in great jars of gold, hermetically sealed, which instead of being buried were placed in lawns and groves. The *curacas* and others of note were often buried in square towers of masonry, as represented in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 15.)

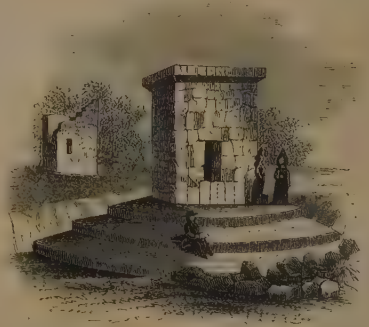


FIG. 15.—BURIAL PLACE, OR SEPULCHRAL TOWER.

The common people were buried with less care. Upon the coast cemeteries of great extent are found, in which the bodies, lightly covered with sand, seem to have been deposited in rows or ranges. On the western slope of the Andes the dead were placed in sepulchres built of adobes having the form of ovens: in the Sierra the tombs were of the same form, but built of stone. In the Puna and southern parts of Peru, sepulchres took the shape of obelisks, and have been erroneously supposed, by some travelers, to have been monuments, marking the marches of the

Incas. In some of the mountainous districts, the bodies wrapped closely in coarse cloth, were placed in caves, or the clefts and fissures of the rocks. Sometimes they were placed in holes, and heaps of stone and earth raised above them. In all cases the implements of the dead were placed with the body, for reasons elsewhere explained.

The bodies found in the sepulchres seem at first to be only a mass of cloth and wrappers, of gross outline, in which we distinguish only a round head, and the protuberances of the feet and shoulders. Around all is generally a strong netting of cord of *cabuya*. In other cases the mummies are found inclosed in sacks resembling beehives, with an opening in front of the face. Examples of both styles of envelope are presented in the accompanying engraving. (Fig. 16.)

Beneath this outer envelope we find broad bands of cloth, of different degrees of fineness, which are wound, fold on fold, around the body, from head to foot. The articles belonging to the dead, are placed among the folds where the various cavities of the body permit. The body is always placed in a crouching posture, with the arms crossed on the breast and supporting the head, or else arranged so that the hands rest on the cheeks. The wrists are often tied together, and a thick rope or roll of cotton is twined around the neck, like a cravat, to keep the head erect.

Most of the bodies are well preserved, but the flesh is shrunk and brown, and the features of the face disfigured. The hair is generally almost perfect, but changed from its original black color into a reddish brown. That of the females is often elaborately braided.

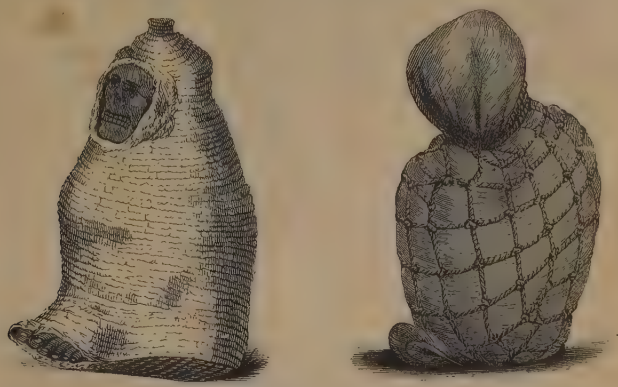


FIG. 16.—PERUVIAN MUMMIES.

It has long been a question, whether the preservation of the bodies of the dead in Peru is due to artificial or natural causes. In respect to the bodies found in the sands of the coast, in other dry places, and in the nitrous caves, the researches of Dr. Von Tschudi have conclusively shown, that their preservation is due entirely to natural conditions. The mummies, so called, which have found their way to the United States and Europe, all seem of this description. But it is not to be questioned that the bodies of the Incas were artificially embalmed; for we have the direct testimony of those who saw them in the Temple of the Sun, that the flesh was preserved full, that the skin was soft and flexible, and the features unchanged by time. Nothing, however, is now known of the art by which this wonderful preservation was effected.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

Many of the ancient edifices, as also the ruins of extensive cities in various parts of Peru, indicate, as we have elsewhere said, a civilization anterior to that of the Incas, or at least distinct from it, and owing its origin to a different source. Perhaps the most interesting of these ancient monuments are the ruins of what are called the "Palaces of Grand Chimu," situated not far from the port of Truxillo, in the northern part of Peru, bordering on Ecuador. Of one of these Palaces, a greatly reduced plan is now, for the first time, produced in America. The Palaces of the Grand Chimu are described as follows by Don Mariano Rivero, Director of the National Museum of Lima, who visited them in 1841, and made the plan alluded to:

"These ruins occur at the extremity of the valley of Truxillo, a league and a half from the port of Huanchaco. We do not know when their authors established themselves here, but only that, in the time of the Inca Pachacutec, the ninth monarch of Peru, there reigned in these valleys a great chief called Chimu Capac, and that a son of the Inca, already named, made war on this chief, and reduced him to the condition of a vassal of the Peruvian Emperor.

"The ruins of Chimu, or rather of the Palaces, cover a space of three-quarters of a league. This is apart from the large areas, surrounded by rubble walls plastered with clay, which appear to have been fields for cultivation.

"From the town of Mansiche, which is at the gates of Truxillo, we begin to observe walls of brick, and the traces of a large population. At a distance of a mile from this Indian town,

on the left of the road to Huanchaco, commence the great squares, already alluded to, which vary from 200 to 270 yards in length, by from 100 to 160 in breadth. Many of these are to be observed to the northward of the Palaces. These Palaces are immense areas, surrounded by high and strong walls, built of bricks. The walls are now from ten to twelve yards high, five or six thick at the base, but diminish to one yard in thickness at the top, as shown in the accompanying sectional view. (Fig. 17.)

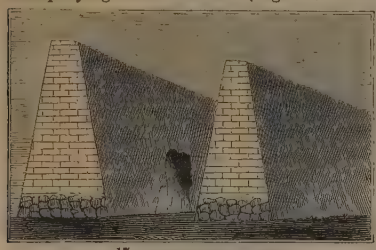


FIG. 17.—END VIEW OF WALLS.

"Some of these Palaces contain squares similar to those exterior to the walls, *huacas* or tumuli, and walls of innumerable edifices, rooms, and halls. Exterior to the walls already described, is still another, entirely surrounding the Palaces, and more than double the height of the inner wall—that is to say, thirty yards high.* It is composed of stone and clay.

"In the first Palace, which is the largest, there are a number of lesser squares surrounded by walls. One of these has the traces of an inner suite of apartments, extending entirely around it, which have been supposed by some to have been sepulchres, by others, the rooms assigned to the concubines of Chimu. The walls defining these are of rubble, plastered with clay, whitewashed, and half a vara in thickness. Within the walls of this Palace there is also a grand excavation of several acres area, in which some fig-trees are now growing, which seems to have been designed as a reservoir for water. The subterranean aqueducts for supplying it, leading to the river Moche, distant two miles to the northeast, may still be traced.

"This Palace had two entrances, one at the middle of each of its longest sides. Thirty yards distant from the southwest angle of the walls, is a parallelogram five hundred yards broad, which extends to the sea. Within it are the remains of some small houses, and a *huaca* traversed by subterranean passages.

"The second Palace (of which the plan is herewith given) is 125 yards to the westward of the first, and parallel to it. It has many interior squares and houses, so arranged as to form narrow streets between them. At one extremity is the *huaca* or tumulus of Misa, surrounded by a low wall. It is traversed by passages three-fourths of a yard broad, and has also some interior rooms of considerable size. Some years ago, many mummies, some cloth and treasure, tools, an idol of wood, and many fragments of pearl shells, were taken from this tumulus.

"All the walls of the inner edifices are built of rubble, as already described, or composed of large adobes. The subjoined engravings will give some idea of the mode in which the walls of these structures were ornamented.

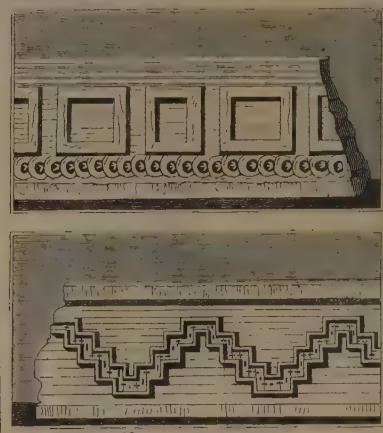


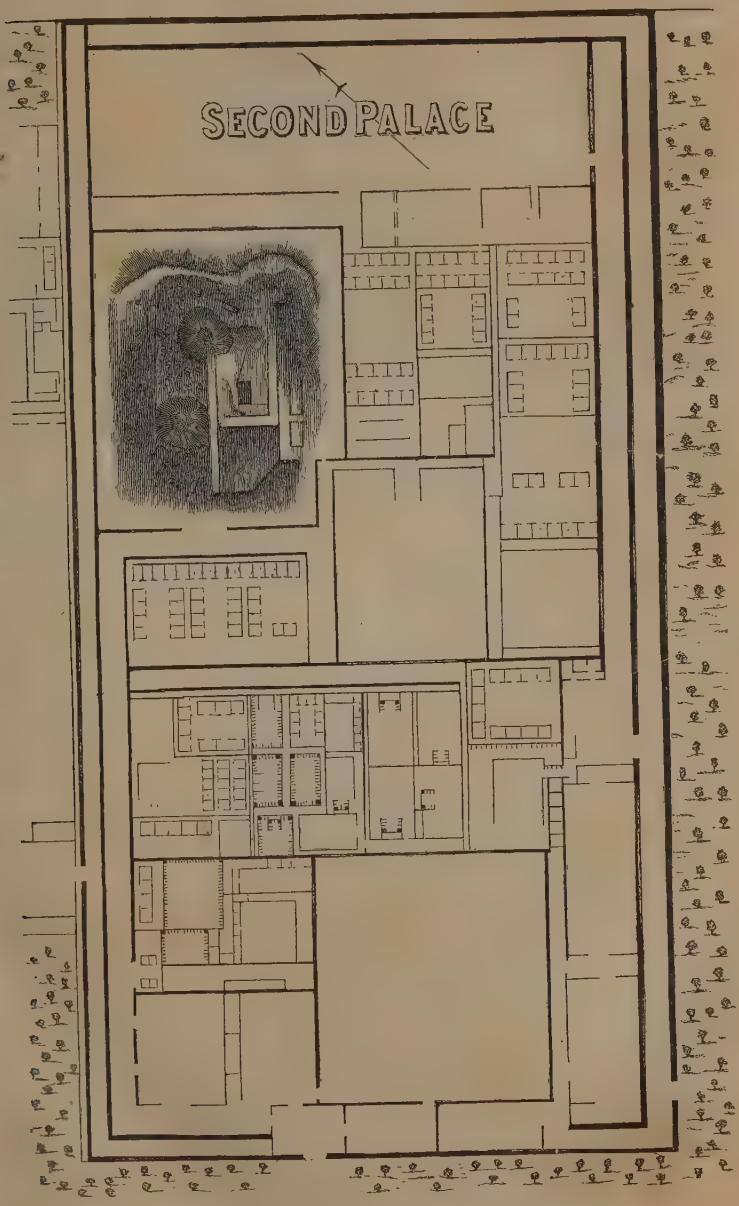
FIG. 18.—ORNAMENTS OF WALLS.

"Exterior to the walls of the Palaces are an infinitude of the remains of buildings, some round and others square, which seem to have been the habitations of the inferior people. Their great numbers furnish us with data for concluding that the ancient population was very large.

"Among the ruins are many artificial mounds, or little hills of rubble and earth, in the form of truncated cones, called *huacas*. From these, many relics have been taken, and there is no doubt that their excavators have found great treasures concealed within them. It is, in fact, known that in 1563 the Spaniards found great riches in these *huacas;* for we learn from the books of the royal treasury at Truxillo for 1566, that one Garcia Gutierrez, of Toledo, paid in 85,547 castellanos of gold, as the royal fifth of the treasure which he obtained from one of these tombs. But he did not obtain all that it contained, for in 1592 it was again excavated, and 47,020 castellanos of gold paid as fifths into the royal treasury. So it seems that, in all, not less than 677,600 castellanos of gold were taken from this single tomb.

"From other *huacas* more or less treasure has been removed. The Huaca of Misa, in the second palace, is, as we have said, traversed with passages lined with cut stones. In this, many relics have been found, consisting of mantles of cloth, ornamented and interwoven with gold, and with many colored feathers. Among the relics found within the palaces were many figures of men, or idols. One of these represented an Indian wearing a cloak and a species of crown, from which depended four tassels, one

* The original says "50 varas," or Spanish yards, nearly 150 feet, which appears to be a mistake.


SECOND PALACE

falling in front of each ear, and one on each shoulder. Around his throat was a broad cravat, in his right hand an object resembling a key, and in his left a symbol impossible to make out. His exterior robe was like a tunic, and terminated in points. Another figure was that of an Indian seated cross-legged on the ground, after the native fashion, with his hands resting on his knees. In short, these figures were of great variety, and so complex as to prevent a satisfactory description.

"Besides these ruins of the Palaces of Chimu, there are remains of structures of Inca date, near the Indian town of Moche. One seems to have been a Temple of the Sun: it is built of adobes, in pyramidal form, and terraced, the faces of the walls sloping inward. The entire structure is 35 yards high, 150 by 156 yards at the base, and 125 yards broad at the top. From its summit a most extensive and beautiful view of the neighboring country is commanded. Near it, are the remains of a convent of virgins of the Sun."

RUINS OF CUELAP.

Almost equaling in magnitude the remains of the Palaces of Chimu, are the ruins of Cuelap, in the district of St. Thomas, a description of which is given by Don Juan Nieto, Judge of First Instance, in an official communication, dated January, 1843, addressed to the Prefect of the Department of Amazonas.

"Having established myself in Cuelap to make surveys of land on behalf of government, I became acquainted with some extraordinary remains worthy of public attention. They consist of a wall of wrought stones, 3600 feet long, 560 broad, and 150 feet high, constituting a solid mass with a level summit.* Upon this mass is another wall six hundred feet long and five hundred broad, also solid like the first, and of the same height. Within this structure and in that beneath it are a multitude of rooms, of wrought stone, 18 feet by 15; and both in these and in the walls themselves are niches formed by art, one or two yards in height, and half a yard broad and deep, in which are the bones of the ancients, some exposed and others enveloped in cotton cloth, very compact though rather coarse, and wrought in different colors. The only respect in which these niches differ from those of our cemeteries, is in their depth, for instead of being two or three yards deep, they are only one or two, inasmuch as the ancients doubled up the corpses so that their chins rested on their knees, while their hands clasped their ancles. The walls of the three doorways merit attention, because the right side of each one of them is semicircular, and the left angular. At the base of the structure commences an inclined plane, which rises almost imperceptibly to the aforesaid height of 150 feet. About midway up is a kind of sentry-box, from which point the path departs from a right line, and turns to the right, having at its upper part an ingenious place of concealment (also of wrought stone), when farther entrance may be effectually impeded, because, although the passage is six feet broad, at the gateway at the foot of the entrance, from here upward it is only two feet wide. At the top we find a look-out, or place of observation, from whence can be discerned, not only the entire plain below, with all its avenues, but also a considerable part of the province, and the capital, eleven leagues distant. Passing onward we reach the entrance to the second or upper structure, which as we have said is like the first, of equal height, but not so long or so broad. Here we find other sepulchres, which appear like little ovens, from 24 to 30 feet in circumference by six in height, each containing the remains of a man or woman.

"To-day we started for the top of a high hill outside of the walls, and which serves as a foundation for them, and having with much risk and labor, by a road almost destroyed by the waters, reached the top of an eminence almost perpendicular, and more than 900 feet high, we came to a hollow among the rocks in which we found ten bundles of human bones, enveloped in blankets and perfectly preserved. One contained a man of full age, shrouded in a hair blanket, which, with the skeleton, I have in my possession, another contained the body of a woman, who at her death must have been very old, for her hair was gray. She was, perhaps, mother of the seven children contained in the remaining packages, two of which are in my possession, and two in possession of Don Gregorio Rodriguez one of my companions, who has also a cotton blanket and a girdle, wrought of different colors. In the case of three of the children and one of the adults, the flesh had disappeared and the skeleton only was left, but all had the same posture. The hair, where it was preserved, was firm, short, and reddish, and unlike that of the Indians of the present day. The woman had her ears bored, and there was a roll of coarse twisted cotton around her neck.

"I afterward regretted that I did not prosecute my examinations here, for there were probably other things to be discovered. We, however, took another direction, toward a place where I was assured more was to be seen. Descending to the northward, we reached the flank of a very high mountain, which we ascended with difficulty, in consequence of its steepness and the long grass with which it was covered, and which caused us to slip at every step. After going up about 600 feet, we found it impossible to proceed further, because of a perpendicular rock, which cut off access to a wall of bricks, pierced with windows, about sixty feet above us. We therefore failed to discover what was contained in this structure, which is upon an eminence commanding a view as far as the eye can reach, in every direction. My duties, and the little leisure which I possessed, joined to inadequate assistance (for the Indians have a great dread of this place because of its mummies, which they imagine it will produce great disease to handle), must be my apology for my imperfect investiga-

* What this convolved writer means to describe is a pyramid or quadrangular mass, faced with stone, 3600 feet long, 560 wide, and 150 high.

tions. For these reasons I was not able to reach the walls to the southwest, where I was assured there are very curious remains, not accessible from below, but only by means of ropes let down from above; nor to visit a subterranean passage which the above mentioned Don Gregorio, a person of credit, assured me existed upon the other side of the river Condechaca, in which are many objects of interest, but which can not be entered to the distance of more than two squares, for lack of air to support the lights."

RUINS OF HUANACO EL VIEJO.

Fig. 19 presents a front view, and Fig. 20 a ground plan of the principal structure among the interesting ruins of Huanaco el Viejo, which are situated about two leagues from the town of Aguaamiro, in the midst of a large plain, elevated 3600 metres above the level of the sea. The architecture of these ruins, says Dr. Von Tschudi, singularly differs from that of the Peruvian edifices, of the Inca period, and has led to the belief that they are of an anterior date. It has never

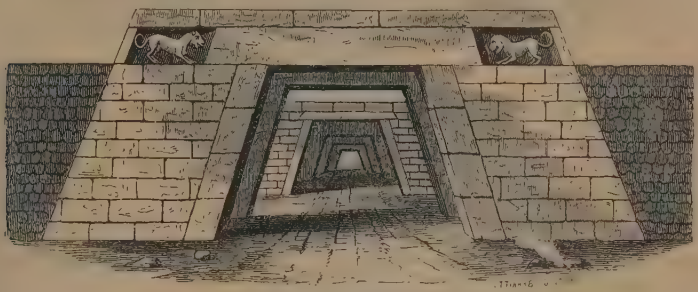


FIG. 19.—PALACE AT HUANACO EL VIEGO.

theless been conjectured, by some investigators, that they formed part of the Palace of the Incas and of the Temple of the Sun which are known to have existed here, and which Cieza de Leon affirms, "had for its service more than 30,000 Indians."

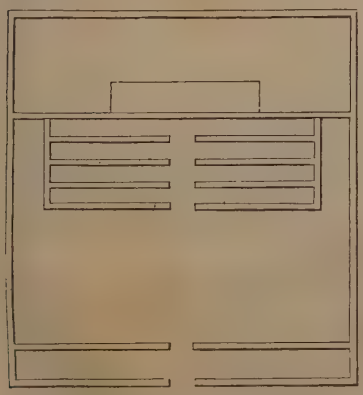


FIG. 20.—PLAN OF PALACE AT HUANACO.*

Fig. 19 represents the entrance, or first gateway of the palace. Beyond this, as may be seen from the plan, are five others of similar form. The walls are of *pirca* (round stones mixed with clay), but faced exteriorly with cut stones, and a yard and a half thick. The first doorway is composed of three large stones, one on each side, and another across the top, and is three yards high, and one and a half broad. The lintel is a single stone twelve feet long, and nearly two feet thick. The side posts are also single stones, and appear to have been worked with a chisel. Above and on each side of the doorway are sculptured the figures of some animal, probably symbolical. About three yards further inward is a second doorway of like construction. We next enter a spacious court-yard, encircled by a *pircal* wall of slight elevation, passing which we come to two other doorways of the same construction with the others, but of less dimensions.

"Then comes a smaller court, and finally two other doorways, also of cut stone, but of still smaller dimensions. Passing these we find, upon the left hand, rooms constructed of cut stone, five yards long, two and a half broad, and four high, having niches in the walls. There are other rooms, of cut stone, to which an aqueduct leads, which are supposed to have been the baths of the Inca.

"In front of the dwellings is a broad artificial platform, and below a great inclosure, in which it is thought various species of animals were kept for the diversion of the monarch. In the middle of this is a reservoir for water, which was fed by an aqueduct passing by the last door, and very near the rooms above mentioned.

"In one of these rooms is a niche in which we are assured girls were placed to ascertain if they fitted therein; if so, they were adequate for the service of the king. At the first doorway are two openings through the wall, which, it is said, were places for petitioners; the first is adapted to the shape of the breast of a woman, and was doubtless intended for women, the second being for men."

Connected with the so-called palace is a singular pyramidal structure, which bears the name

* The frontispiece to this article represents the plan of the First Palace at Huanaco.

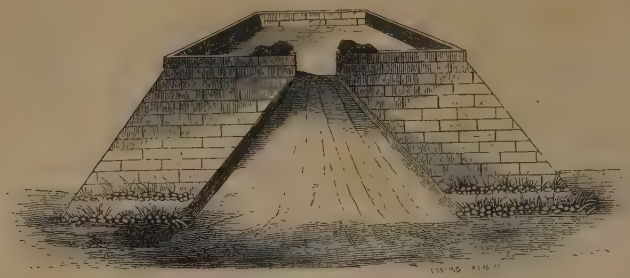


FIG. 21.—EL MIRADOR DE HUANACO.

of "El Mirador," or the Look-out (Fig. 21). It is a quadrangular, truncated pyramid, fifty-six paces in length, by thirty-six paces in width at the base, and fifteen feet in height. It stands upon two terraces or stages, each a yard and a half broad. It is faced with cut stone, terminating a species of marble cornice or parapet a yard and a half high, and half a yard thick. The facing-stones are all of about the same size, regular, and well jointed. The mass or body of the pyramid is of earth and rubble, but in the centre is a large concavity, supposed to have connected with interior chambers, or with passages leading to the palace.

The summit is reached from the south, not by steps, but by an inclined plane—a device frequently resorted to by the Indians in raising heavy masses to the tops of their structures. At each side of the entrance to the terrace, at the summit, is placed the figure of some animal, too much obliterated, however, to be distinctly made out. From here a view is to be had of the entire plain, and of the famous gates of the palace. To the southwest of the "Mirador," and at the distance of something like a quarter of a league, are ranges of structures, which seem to have been designed as granaries, and a short distance further are the traces of a town, which must originally have contained many thousand inhabitants.

RUINS OF PACHACAMAC.

The ruins of the city of Pachacamac, and of the celebrated temple of the same name, to which reference has already been made, are of great extent. They occur in the vicinity of the beautiful town of Lurin, but are not well preserved, and are in such a state of decay as to offer little architectural interest. They are chiefly remarkable for their extent and history. A general view of them is given in the accompanying cut. (Fig. 22.)

FIG. 22.—RUINS OF PACHACAMAC.

The remains of the ancient temple are situated upon a hill near the sea, and 450 feet above its level. The base of the hill appears to have been surrounded with a wall, and the houses of the attendants on the temple. Its summit was also encircled with another wall, which is still, in some places, twelve feet high, and nine feet thick. The walls, as well as the temple itself, seem to have been built of adobes—in this respect contrasting with the public edifices of the Incas,

which were of stone. The superior part of the hill is supported by terrace walls, thirty-two feet high. Upon this, in the centre of the upper area, was the sanctuary of the Deity. Its door was of gold, richly encrusted with corals and precious stones. But the interior of the structure was mean and obscure, being the hidden place where the priests made their bloody sacrifices before an idol of wood, whose worship succeeded the pure and abstract religion of the invisible Pachacamac. At present there remain of this temple only some niches, where, according to Cieza de Leon, were represented different animals, of which we have found traces, painted on the earth with which they were plastered. From the descriptions of the chroniclers, the place of the sanctuary can yet be made out. It is an error to suppose that these are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, a supposition entertained by most modern writers, in direct opposition to the historians of the conquest, and to the relation made by Hernando Pizarro, brother of Francisco, and the officer who destroyed the temple.

Besides this edifice, there were in Pachacamac a Temple of the Sun, a royal palace, and a monastery, all constructed by the Incas Pachacutec and Yupanqui. According to our investigations the Temple of the Sun extended from the foot of the hill, on which is the Temple of Pachacamac, toward the N. E. Toward the N. W., in the direction of a lake of fresh water, was the royal palace, and at the foot of the hill, to the S. E., the house of the vestals. The inhabitants surrounded these edifices in the direction of the hacienda of San Pedro, the deserted town of San Juan, and the present town of Lurin. Near the last named is an ancient cemetery, which attests better than any thing else how great a population existed in remote times in the valley of Pachacamac, in the vicinity of the temple. The riches of this temple were such, according to one author, that the golden keys of its doors, which were given by Pizarro to the pilot Quintero, as a trifle, exceeded 4000 marks in value. Upon the haciendas of Lomalorgo and Nieveria, and on the slopes of the neighboring hills, we find extensive ruins, containing rooms twenty or twenty-five yards long and six or eight broad, with mud walls, forming narrow streets, and altogether indicating a numerous population.

RUINS OF TIAHUANICO.

Passing over many other interesting monuments of antiquity in Peru, we come at once to the imposing enigmatical ruins of Tiahuanico, near Lake Titicaca, of which the Peruvians could give no account, and which they supposed were constructed by divine architects in a single night. These ruins were an object of wonder, alike to Peruvians and to the Spanish conquerors. Old Cieza de Leon, who accompanied Pizarro, saw and described them as follows:

"Tiahuanico is not a very large town, but it is deserving of notice on account of the great edifices which are to be seen in it; near the principal of these is an artificial hill raised on a groundwork of stone. Beyond this hill are two stone idols resembling the human [illegible] parently formed by skillful artifi[illegible] of somewhat gigantic size, and [illegible] long vestments differing from th[illegible] the natives of these provinces[illegible] are also ornamented. Near t[illegible] edifice, which, on account of [illegible] absence of letters, leaves us [illegible] people who constructed it; a[illegible] been the lapse of time sinc[illegible] little remains but a well-bu[illegible] have been there for ages, f[illegible] much worn and crumbled[illegible] there are stones so large a[illegible] our wonder is excited to[illegible] power of man could have[illegible] see them. Many of the[illegible] wrought, and some of th[illegible] men, must have been the[illegible] are many caves and exca[illegible] but in another place mo[illegible] and greater monuments, [illegible] ways and their hinges, [illegible] each of a single stone.

"What most surprise[illegible] examining and recording these things, [illegible] the above enormous gateways were formed on other great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and six feet thick. Nor can I conceive with what tools or instruments those stones were hewn out, for it is obvious that before they were wrought and brought to perfection, they must have been vastly larger than we now see them. But before I proceed to a further account of Tiahuanico, I must remark that this monument is the most ancient in Peru, for it is supposed that some of these structures were built long before the dominion of the Incas; and I have heard the Indians affirm that these sovereigns constructed their great building in Cuzco after the plan of the walls of Tiahuanico."

This description is borne out by Diego d'Alcobaça, a Spanish missionary, likewise quoted by Garcilasso de la Vega, and according to whom the natives believed that the gigantic buildings

FIG. 23.—HEAD OF STATUE AT TIAHUANICO.

ad been dedicated to the Creator
Fig. 23 represents the head of
es alluded to by the chronicler.
size of the original figure may be formed from the fact, that the head itself is nearly four feet in length, and of proportionate thickness. But by far the most imposing monuments here are the great monolithic doorways, of

FIG. 24.—DOORWAY OF A SINGLE STONE AT TIAHUANICO.

which engravings are presented. (Figs. 24 and 27.) The largest of these doorways, or portals, is of sandstone, in height ten feet, in breadth thirteen. The opening is six feet four inches high, and three feet two inches broad. Its eastern front presents a cornice, in the centre of which is a human figure, of strange form. Its head is almost square, and surmounted by figures in the form of rays, among which are four serpents. The arms are spread apart, and each hand grasps

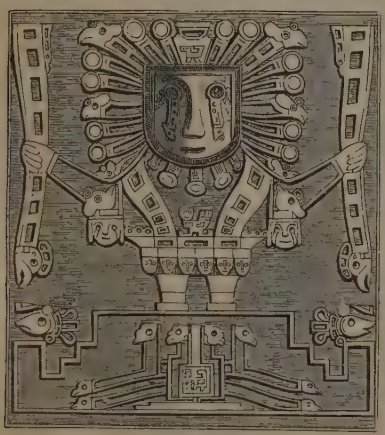


FIG. 25.—ENLARGED VIEW OF CENTRAL FIGURE.

a serpent with a crested head. The body is covered with strange ornaments, and the feet rest on a pedestal, also covered with symbolical figures. Upon each side of this central figure are three rows of square compartments, eight in each row. In each square of the upper and lower row is a rude representation of the human figure, in

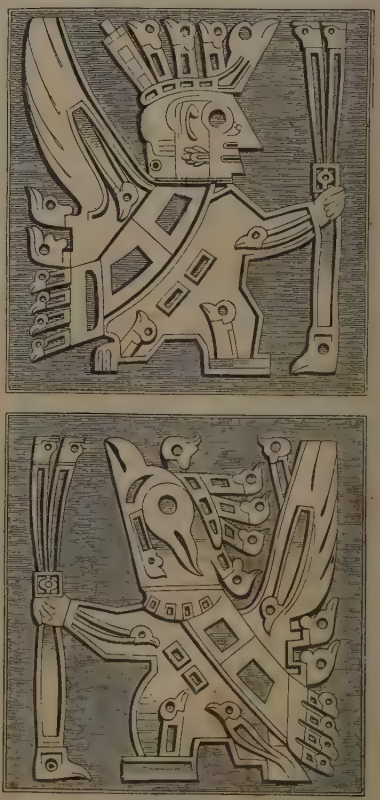


FIG. 26.—ENLARGED VIEW OF FIGURES.

profile in the act of walking, and holding a species of sceptre in its hand. Those of the middle row are different, and have the heads of birds. (Fig. 26.)

The second monolithic doorway (Fig. 27) is less elaborately ornamented than the first, and less in size. The other remains offer no par-

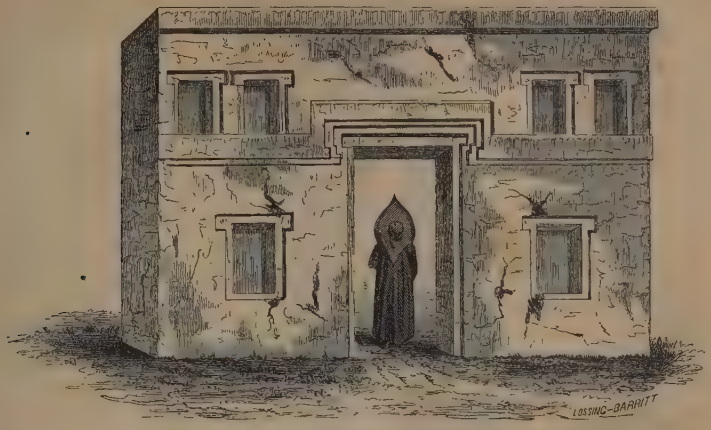


FIG. 27.—MONOLITHIC DOORWAY.

ticular interest, and consist of a vast mound, the remains of an immense pyramidal edifice, covering several acres of ground—fragments of columns, and innumerable erect slabs of stone, which seem to have formed parts of the walls of buildings of some description. The whole neighborhood is strewn with immense blocks of stone, elaborately wrought, and equaling, if not surpassing in size, any known to exist in Egypt or India, or in fact in any part of the world. Some of these measured by Señor Rivero were thirty feet long, eighteen broad, and six thick.

RUINS OF LAKE TITICACA.

In the island of Titicaca, in the lake of the same name, where, according to tradition, the first rays of the sun descended to illuminate the world after the deluge, and whence that luminary sent forth his favorite children—Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo—to civilize the barbarous hordes of Peru, are the remains of a temple or palace, of considerable interest, of which an engraving is herewith presented (Fig. 28). The structure has peculiar doorways, wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, which identify it with Inca architecture. Its interior decorations appear to have been similar to those of the Temple at Cuzco. The island itself was held as sacred; and the amount of treasure which was collected here, according to the traditions of the Indians, exceeds all belief. In alluding to it, the Padre

FIG. 28.—RUINS IN TITICACA ISLAND.

Blas Valerio says that he was assured by the Indians who had had charge of the gold and silver, that they might have built another temple from its foundations to its roof, with those metals alone; and that the entire treasure was thrown into the lake when they heard of the coming of the Spaniards, and of their thirst for gold.

Upon the island of Coati, in the same lake, are other immense ruins, of which a view is given in Fig. 29, but of which we have a very imperfect

FIG. 29.—RUINS IN THE ISLAND OF COATI.

account. From the condition of the remains, and the style of architecture which they exhibit, they appear to belong to the same epoch with those of Tiahuanico, and are to be ascribed to the same unknown and mysterious people, who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tulhuatecas did the Aztecs in Mexico, and who may perhaps have surpassed them in civilization.

They afford evidences, not only of a civilization prior to that of the Incas, but indications also of a connection between this civilization and the purer religious tenets which we have alluded to, as preceding the introduction of the worship of the Sun. It is not, however, merely between the Peruvians and some anterior civilization which these ruins and these religious ideas establish a connection, but between this early civilization and all the tribes of South America; for modern research has not only demonstrated the existence of semi-civilized tribes on various points of that vast continent, beyond the limits of the Peruvian empire, but also a striking affinity between the architecture, the religious ideas, the traditions, and the customs, of the most modern and the most ancient civilization on that continent, and of the most barbarous and the most cultivated of the tribes. And it will not be at all surprising if further research shall show us, that to this origin we may ascribe the civilization of the Quichuas of New Grenada; and that even the Northern Continent was in some degree affected from the same source, for recent discoveries in Nicaragua, and other parts of Central America, afford good ground for conjecture that relations of some kind existed between their inhabitants and the great nations to the south of the Isthmus of Darien. These are discussions, however, unsuited to the pages of a popular journal.

LIFE IN PARIS.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE POOR—WHAT THEY EAT—WHAT THEY WEAR—HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

THE French government aims to produce upon the stranger the same effect from the *tout ensemble* of Paris, as does the belle of the Champs Elysées by the perfection of her toilet upon the idlers of all nations who frequent that fashionable promenade. Both are got up with a nice regard for admiration. Both are equally successful in their effort. We admire the lady as one does a coquettishly arranged bouquet, too content with its general beauty to think of criticising its details. So with the public edifices and grounds; we pay them at once and involuntarily the homage of our admiration, receiving at each glance the intuitive satisfaction that arises from the presence of the beautiful, whether made by man or born of God. I am not sure that an invidious comparison does not force itself at once upon Americans at the too perceptible contrast between the noble avenues, spacious palaces, beautiful places, and tasteful gardens; in short, between the treasures of their rich and venerable, and the meagreness of our juvenile and practical civilization. The advantages in respect to architecture, the ornamental arts, and even the scale and elegance of the more humble requirements of the necessities of the age, in the shape of bridges, railroad stations, and public edifices generally, are greatly on their side. If the comparison stopped here we should be filled with envy. With too many it does not go further, and they dishonor their native land by condemning in her the want of a taste for the mere lust of the eye, which, if cultivated, would go far to develop with us those social contrasts which here mark the extremes of society.

One instance will suffice to illustrate the ruling passion of the various governments of France. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most costly of the embellishments of Paris, is the Arch of Triumph at the barrier de l'Etoile. A nobler and more commanding monument at the entrance of a capital no other city can boast. From its elevated position it towers far above all that portion of Paris, conspicuous to a great distance in the country, like a colossal gateway to a city of giants. It is simply an architectural ornament, useful only as affording from its top the best coup-d'œil of Paris. The glory of exhibiting this Arch has cost Frenchmen two millions of dollars additional taxes. Even they, while boasting its possession, consider it an apt illustration of their proverbial expression in regard to prodigality, "to throw money out of the windows."

Were American citizens called to decide between the appropriation of two millions of dollars to a similar construction or for purposes of education, the schools would get it. Not so in France. The gold goes for ornament, the copper for instruction. This one fact explains in great measure the wide distinction of ruling principles between the two nations. We have less elegance but more comfort. Our wealth is diffused and

ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

society equalized. Democracy, like water, constantly seeks a level, and with us, imperfect as it is, it is still the most comfortable assurance for future progress in all that makes humanity at large wise and happy, that the world has yet seen. France, on the contrary, fluctuating between the extremes of aristocratic conservatism and democratic destructiveness, though slowly winning her way toward the goal of human rights, still exhibits contrasts in the social scale which painfully mark the poverty and ignorance of her masses. I have elsewhere shown that out of the million souls that people Paris, eight hundred thousand are in a state of either uncertainty as to their future, or absolute want. No civilization which produces such results can be rightly based. The citizens of the United States may well spare France the pride of her monuments, if their cost is the indigence of her people.

The better to picture the straits for subsistence to which the luxurious civilization of European aristocracy compels the masses, I shall draw again upon the streets for specimens of the HONEST modes of livelihood of this capital. Without a glance at both sides of the social panorama, the American is very indifferently qualified to judge of the comparative merits of the institutions of his own and other countries. The least a traveler can do for his native land, is to gather for it, be it in ever so humble a measure, the wisdom, whether of example or warning, of those he visits. By thus doing, his expatriation may not be without benefit to his fellow-citizens. If in this series of sketches of foreign life I succeed in amusing, I shall be gratified; but if, as is my higher aim, I am able to convey a correct moral, my satisfaction will be more complete.

It is with the female sex that the comparison of occupations affords the greatest variety of strange examples to American eyes. Accustomed as we are to invest woman with the associations of a "home," it is with repugnance at first that we see her so isolated from her natural protector, leading a life equally as distinct and independent in the strife of existence as his. Marriage has not the same heart-interpretation as with us. It is a union of interests, seldom of affections. A business arrangement for mutual convenience, leaving to the man the same latitude of bachelor instincts as before, and bestowing upon the woman a liberty to be purchased in no other way. But the aspect of feminine isolation from domestic relations is most strongly marked in the extensive class of shop-girls and all those compelled to gain a precarious subsistence by their individual exertions. They live alone, or in couples, allured by every species of dissipation of this sensuous city, and without other restraint or surveillance than their own dubious standard of propriety or morals. Their religious education, when they have any, is confined to the pageantry of Catholic worship. While the daughters of the rich are brought up in an almost conventual seclusion, scrupulously guarded both from the seductions and contact of the world, these girls, unsheltered by family roofs, are exposed at a tender age to all its trying experiences. Left thus dependent upon their exertions and prudence, they early acquire a fund of worldly knowledge, which soon resolves itself into a code of manners for their guidance, and gives them that singularly self-possessed and independent air, which with us is the exclusive heritage of our male youth. The American female relies upon the rougher sex in all matters that bring her into immediate contact with the grosser and practical elements of society. The French woman, on the contrary, acts for herself as freely as would a man under similar circumstances. Hence in one country, woman preserves the retiring, timid delicacy most attractive in her character; in the other, she assumes an independence of action that renders her at once a self-relying, shrewd being, as capable of living a "bachelor" life as man himself. The one calls forth our respectful tenderness from her graceful dependence. Her innocence is her security. The other demands our respect as an equal in worldly knowledge and

capacity of action. She challenges our gallantry for the same reason that she fails to win our attention. On all points she is armed against the one, and in every respect is independent of the other. Her policy is in the finesse of the head. The strength of the other lies in the sincerity of her heart. Whether the acquired independence of the one is a fair equivalent for the winning dependence of the other, each individual will judge according to his taste.

In this relation, however, I can not pass over a significant fact in the results of the French system of female education. If the exposed lives of the poorer class of girls lead them almost inevitably into vice, or forming temporary connections in lieu of the more permanent ties of marriage, the tendency of the unnatural seclusion practiced in some of the higher seminaries of learning is even worse. From being never trusted, the girls become adroit hypocrites, and, as with Eve, the apple of knowledge, though tabooed, is covertly plucked. A celebrated institution near Paris, in the charge of government, where five hundred daughters, sisters, and nieces of the members of the Legion of Honor receive a highly finished education, under rules of almost military severity, furnishes a large proportion of the fair and frail sirens of the Quartier Brèda. Undoubtedly the difficulty of negotiating marriages without the indispensable dowry or "dot" is an active promoter of illicit connections between beauty and wealth. Faulty and inexorable social laws are equally as accountable for this state of morals as individual frailty.

It is from this class that we can select the most striking vicissitudes of female career. In their youth, redolent with loveliness, buried as it were in the wealth laid at their feet, the mistresses of many hearts and purses, living in apartments more luxuriously furnished than those of any palace, daily exhibiting their envied charms in sumptuous equipages in the Bois de Boulogne, and nightly outshining aristocratic beauty at the Opera, they purchase their short-lived sensuous career at the expense of an age of regretful misery and repulsive employments.

Look on this picture and then on that. Lovers and loveliness have fled. The triumphs of vanity are now succeeded by the retributions of want and age. Folly and extravagance have proved but indifferent foster-

parents for infirmity and loss of beauty. The harvest of sin is being reaped upon her withered, charmless frame. Can you recognize in this sad ruin the joyous being whose life but a few years before was one holiday? Perhaps she was an actress, and you yourself covered her with flowers and bravos. Her garments are now the mockery of former elegance, even as she is the phantom of previous loveliness. She takes your cloak, and offers you a programme or cricket as you enter your "loge;" for she has become a simple "ouvreuse," or doorkeeper to the boxes at the theatres and opera-houses, but too grateful to receive a few sous where once she threw away gold. In Paris there are four hundred and sixty-seven "ouvreuses," who depend for their subsistence upon the voluntary contributions of the public. Some favored few are said to gain 2000 francs a year, while others are reduced to as many hundreds. They have the privilege of dying in a hospital, and being buried in the common "fossé" or pit. The situation of the "ouvreuse," although it requires the possessor to be up until after midnight, is one of the easiest, or, as Americans would say, one of the most genteel resorts for feminine decay and poverty. The occupations which they fill are such as can have their origin only in the fertile soil of a rank, aristocratic civilization. They are of every shade of integrity and crime, refinement and grossness, from the honest and virtuous grisette who laboriously plies her needle in her cosy garret room to the political spy, fashionable

THE GRISETTE.

pimp, or haggish corrupter of virginity in the pay of hoary debauchism, both exhibiting in their repulsive physiognomies the traces of every vice that degrades human nature. They include alike the bewitching glove-mender of Sterne, the more stately elegance of the "dames du comptoir," and the wretched vender of old hats, or peddler of all wares and agent for every necessity which pride, poverty, or shame seek to hide from day-light. Even here we have but sounded the depths of the more laborious and disgusting of the female out-door employments At all seasons the shearer of dogs and cats and the gatherer of garbage, whose sweetest bouquet is a reeking pile of street filth, are to be seen pursuing their calling. They are worthy of all commendation for their determination to earn their daily bread rather by the sweat of their brows than the charity of the public or the chances of crime.

THE TEMPTERS AND THE TEMPTED.

The female copyists at the Louvre are a numerous class, with a decidedly artistic air in the negligence of their toilets. They find time both to fulfill their orders, and have an eye to spare to the public and particularly to their male brethren. When

PEDDLER AT LARGE.

DOG-SHEARER

HAT-SELLER.

GARBAGE-GATHERER.

they are employed upon *ordered* copies, they work with assiduity; when not, they more agreeably divide their time between complaisant beaus and the arts. As for the rest, they have for their home during most of the week the comfortable galleries of the finest Museum in Europe, inhabiting a palace by day and sleeping in a garret at night. The patronage of the government is sometimes ludicrously applied toward the fine arts. An applicant for a post in the bureau of the telegraph received an order to execute a bust in marble; not an impossibility if he allowed himself the same latitude of execution, which a certain Minister of the Interior is said to have advised to the widow of an employé, powerfully recommended to his favorable consideration. He gave her an order for a copy of the mammoth painting of Jesus at the house of Martha and Mary, by Paul Veronese.

"But, Monsieur, the Minister, I do not know how to paint; I never touched a brush in my life."

"Never mind: take the copy. You can have it done by another and arrange to receive the pay." The obliging counsel was not lost.

I have given but a few out of the extraordinary employments of the female sex at Paris, enough, however, to show that there is a wide difference

between the relative positions of the poorer classes in France and the United States. I should be doing injustice to the most formidable type of all, were I to omit the renowned "Dames des Halles," a class of women not only numerous and in many instances wealthy, but of sufficient political importance as to cause their good will to be courted by Louis Napoleon, by fêtes, balls, and courteous speeches, which they return by complimentary deputations empowered to salute him on both cheeks, and leave in his hands bouquets of well-nigh sufficient volume to entirely eclipse him. These ladies possess a vocabulary of their own, the most compendious of all idioms in terms of vulgar vituperation. Their profession, as one may readily conceive, is not always of the sweetest nature, but why they of all the laboring sisterhood, should be so particularly ambitious of distinguishing themselves by the use of an "argot" terrible to uninitiated ears, it is not so easy to conceive. The highest exertion of their intellectual faculties is to coin new expressions for their slang war-whoop. Yet even on this ground they are sometimes defeated by a battery of epithets more stunning than their own. The last case was as follows. A Polytechnic student seeing a formidable looking specimen of this genus barricaded by monsters of lobsters and huge piles of fish, laid a wager with his companion that he would "dismount" her (so the term goes) with her own weapons. "Done," said his friend, as he placed himself safely behind an avalanche of vegetables to see the fun.

DAME DES HALLES.

"How do you sell this carp, mother?"

"That carp? that is worth one hundred sous if it is worth one franc, my blackguard! but, as you are a pretty boy, you shall take it for four francs and a half. Eh! it's given away at that; but one has a weakness for youth."

"I will give you only thirty sous, and you shall cook it for me."

"Stop, don't bother me! you want to buy a broth under market price; let me look a bit at the little fellow! three bantam chickens and he, by my faith, would go well before a coach."

The fish-woman, like a locomotive, had now started at one jump, at a prodigious rate, and one might as well have attempted to stop with a straw the one as the other. The reader will not, I am sure, exact of me a repetition of her tirade. The vocabulary of oaths and blackguardism was never nigher being entirely exhausted. Want of breath at last brought her to a half halt, when her boyish opponent, putting himself into a tragic attitude, broke in, with—

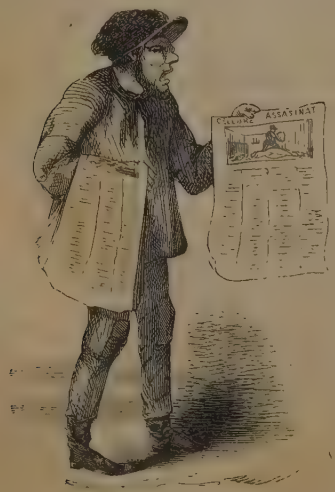
"Will you hold your tongue, frightful hydrocyanure of potash! execrable chlorozoic acid! hideous logarithmic progression, indissoluble hygrométre of Saussure, detestable square of the hypotheneuse, abominable parallelopiped," and on rushed the student of the Polytechnic School, sure of never being repulsed on this ground, through the entire chemical, algebraic and geometrical nomenclature, setting at defiance all scientific arrangement in his zeal to overwhelm his foe At first the fire flashed from her eyes as her excited imagination conceived every abominable reproach to be conveyed in the meaning of the incomprehensible words that for the first time saluted her ear. As he proceeded she became stupefied, and as an expiring effort of despair, shouted out to know, from what infernal regions he had stolen such a diabolical array of abuse. The young man paused for a moment and recommenced with the classification of plants and the cragged terms of geology. "For the sake of the Holy Virgin, stop, I give in; you are no white-nose, my little fellow! take the carp and welcome," said the dame, in the excess of her admiration at an exhibition of lingual power that left hers far in the shade.

In the United States we have a monotonous display of broad-cloth and silks with no distinguishing features by which one class of citizens can be discriminated from the other. The individual alone may be remarked by his taste, but his species can not be detected by his dress. Not so in Paris. Every occupation has its fashion, its cut, its air, as distinct and discernible as the uniforms of the army. Each is so fitted to its costume that it would be at home in no other. The washerwoman can never be mistaken for the cook, nor the nurse for the grisette. The bourgeois remains the bourgeois; the footman never burlesques the general of division; the workman no more thinks of leaving his blouse than the oyster his shell; in fact, each individual of this city is as readily classified by his costume as any animal by its skin and shape. Their indoor localities are also as distinct as those of the brute varieties of the animal kingdom. All cleave to their particular quarters with the adhesiveness of a special instinct. Like strong and

separate currents, their outer edges only mingle, filling the thoroughfares with a picturesque crowd, on which one is never tired of gazing.

The difference between the two nations is equally as perceptible in the tariff of prices. We generalize. They particularize. We name a round sum which covers all charges. Their first charge is but a foundation for an infinitesimal dose of others. In New York, call a carriage, and the driver takes you and your baggage to a given point for a round sum. In Paris, attempt the same and the result will be as follows: Your baggage is to be brought down. That calls for a porter and one payment. You have called a coach and as you are stepping in, a "commissionaire" takes hold of the door, and with cap in hand asks you to remember him. His service has been to shut it, payment No. 2. You stop; another commissionaire opens the door, payment No. 3. You pay the driver his legal fare, payment No. 4, and think you are through. But do not take any such consolation to your purse. Monsieur has forgotten the "pour boire," politely remarks Jehu, and you derive from him the gratifying information that custom allows him to demand the wherewithal to buy a dram—and this makes payment No. 5, for the simple operation of getting into a hackney coach. This principle extends through every branch of pecuniary intercourse, and after all is a wise one, for by this rule, we pay only for services rendered and dinners eaten.

With the term "Paris fashions" we associate only ideas of periodical importations of novelties of refinement and elegance in dress and style of living. But this view is as imperfect as that of judging of the actual condition of France only by its parks and palaces. The female sex, as it appears to me, take the first choice of employments, leaving to men such only as they do not find to their interest or taste. The life sketches already given show that these are sufficiently bizarre to excite our surprise, though not always our envy. There are certain provinces that appear to be neutral ground; such as those of street-minstrels, chiffoniers, peddlers, newspaper-venders, and "merchants" of crimes, as the ill-omened cryers of the prolific catalogue of tragic events, are technically called. These birds of evil announce with startling intonations their list of assassinations, poisonings, suicides, and capital executions extracted from the judicial journals, for sale at the fixed price of a sou each. Those who have a keen taste for the horrible, can gratify it at a cheap rate by the inspection of the "merchant" and his stock in trade. Like the vulture he appears to grow foul from the garbage that supplies his food.



MERCHANT OF CRIMES.

The "date merchant" must necessarily be a man, as no female could furnish the requisite amount of beard to counterfeit satisfactorily the Turk. This disguise is assumed to prove the oriental origin of his fruit, and to strike the imagination of his juvenile patrons.

DATE-SELLER.

No one will dispute the inclination of the female sex to carry their heads high, but we doubt whether one has ever been found to compete with the basket merchant in his extraordinary head dress, moving as easily and gracefully through the streets with this Babel of straw and wicker-work on his cranium as if it were simply the latest style of coiffure. Of course he can only put out with his pyramidical bazaar on a still day, as a head wind or any wind at all would speedily bare his head and send his baskets flying in all directions, a joyous fête for avaricious urchins, but ruinous to him.

The merchant of "death to the rats" belongs to an expiring race. Long have the cats looked

BASKET-SELLER.

with envy upon his spoils, hung upon a pole, with which he walked the streets, typical of his profession. But they who have longest known his meagre countenance will soon know him no longer. Whether any of the "dinners for seventy-five centimes" restaurants will raise their bill of fare on account of his exit remains to be seen A company has been formed, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, for the extirpation of all the rats of Paris If a cordon of cats is to be established around the city to keep out the country rats, hare will become a rare dish in more than one cheap restaurant.

The last masculine occupation that I shall cite is one which no female has ever aspired to, from the consciousness that it exacts, perhaps the only accomplishment that she despairs of attaining. Its motto is "the tomb of secrets," and its chiefest attribute, silence. The professor must be more dumb than Memnon, but with an ear as keen and comprehensive as that of Dionysius. He is a repository of secrets of the heart, and hopes of the purse, a framer of petitions, the agent of intrigues, in fact a confessor-general to the unlettered multitude, reducing into a transmissible shape the desires of the unfortunate Monsieur or Madame to whom the mys-

DEATH TO RATS.

teries of writing remain a hieroglyphical puzzle. Their numbers are sufficiently indicative of the ignorance of the inhabitants at large. Yet it often happens that the silence of his mummified existence is uninterrupted for hours. Then perhaps his skill is taxed by a tricky cook, who, perplexed by the unreconcilable balances of her receipts and disbursements, seeks an accomplice to reduce her accounts to the required condition to pass examination. To live, it is necessary to be silent, yet a blush will sometimes steal over his withered cheek, as he obediently enters in the account, the bread bought by the cook at one sou,

THE TOMB OF SECRETS.

charged to Madame, the mistress, at two sous, and thus by a discreet use of the rule of multiplication, finally obtains the coveted balance.

The American laborer, who consumes in one day more meat than the family of a French "ouvrier" in a week, would famish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays also but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub or beggar's basket, in France would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a welcome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove the savory competency of the latter. But whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these to the French workman would be equivalent to a *fête*. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and throughout his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. Many of the necessaries of his American brother he only knows by seeing them in shop-windows. They are able to rear Louvres and Versailles; to build cathedrals and erect triumphal gateways; but they would take the chicken out of every workman's pot, and drive their children from the common schools to the fields and factories.

The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables "mêlé." This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of the incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the *first hour*, eight sous by the second, and so on. The chief diet being roast veal, as good a name as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at *four* sous, composed of four courses as follows:

Vegetable soup	1 sou
Bread	1 "
Montagnards (great red beans)	1 "
Coffee with sugar	1 "

Or four sous per head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the "*coffee*" (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the roast veal, or a Romish miracle. Not a few sewing girls or domestics out of place, dine daily on a sou's worth of bread. The table service of the dinners at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks, and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to "lay the table" for the diners next in course.

The examples already given are sufficient to illustrate the modes of livelihood, and the quality of the diet of this class of the population. To finish the sketch it is necessary to show how they amuse and whence they clothe themselves. Education and religion would with us be the primary objects of inquiry, but here they are lost sight of, in the furor of amusement. Their colleges and churches are the low theatres that line the Boulevard du Temple, aptly designated as the Boulevard of Crimes, from the characteristics of the plays here performed. These are applauded by their mongrel audiences, a large proportion of which are children, nurses, and even infants, in proportion as they are filled with the horrible, supernatural, obscene, vulgar, and blasphemous. Murders, fights, licentiousness, assassinations, double-entendre, and the coarsest jokes, are their stock in trade. The most sacred subjects, even death, and the tenants of the grave, and spirits of heaven and hell, are ridiculously parodied. Their very exaggeration of what is false or low in human nature makes them indeed amusing, but no one can witness their performances, interrupted as they are by the stunning shouts of the enthusiastic spectators, without being convinced that they are powerful auxiliaries to infidelity and crime. Their influences are debasing, promotive of skepticism, and particularly destructive to the quiet virtues of domestic life. When the public, as has happened within three years, at one of the fashionable theatres, crowd its area to see its youngest and handsomest actress appear as Eve on the stage, entirely *naked*, with the exception of a scanty piece of flesh-colored silk tightly drawn over the loins, we may safely conclude that the habitués of the "Boulevard des Crimes" are not over-nice in their moral standard for the drama. Adultery is the staple joke, and a deceived husband a legitimate butt. Even at the grand Opera female nudity commands a high premium, and at all, modesty or veneration would be considered as the affectations of prudery.

If the theatre may be considered as their church, the "estaminets," or cafés, where smoking is allowed, and the dram-shops, may as appropriately be classed as their common schools. The pleasures of the French are not of a fireside character. Publicity gives them their chiefest zest. Consequently, the time which rightfully belongs to the family, is devoted to the "estaminet." True, the bachelor lives or the forbidding homes of the lower orders, would seem to open to them no other resource, and at them they can enjoy the fire and lights, which are often beyond their means under their own roofs. I do not, however, inquire into the causes but speak only of the effects of existing customs. Evenings thus spent amid the fumes of the vilest of tobacco, and the excitement of equally bad liquor, make fit disciples for the barricades, but poor citizens of a republic.

The market of the Temple, or, as it is more commonly called, that of old linen, is one of the most extraordinary sights of Paris. It is a huge

wooden bazaar, open on all sides, divided into four grand and innumerable little avenues, and cut up into 1888 miniature shops, rented by the city at thirty-three sous each weekly, producing an annual income of about thirty-two thousand dollars. There are four quarters, known respectively as the "Carré du Palais Royal," a sort of parody on the true Palais Royal, comprising the silk, lace, and glove merchants, and the venders of every species of foppery required to make up the second rate lion, or copy of a fine lady. Here, too, are the traps or baiting-places of sellers of bric-à-brac, who waylay their prey in the vestibules, and thence conduct them to their rich wares close by, buried in the most frightful of houses. Among them we find furniture of buhl, porcelain of Sèvres and Japan, a world of curiosities, and an untold wealth of satins, and the richest of merchandise, sold cheaper because stored cheaper, than in the luxurious shops of the Rue Vivienne and Rue de la Paix. The stupefied customer, who sought a cheap bagatelle, finds himself confronted in these obscure retreats by artistic caprices, to be had for no less than ten thousand francs each.

ESTAMINET

THE PAVILION OF FLORA.

The second quarter, the Pavillion of Flora, a little less aristocratic than the preceding, comprises the more useful household objects, of a cheap and dubious character.

In the third, "le Pou Volant" (the reader will pardon me the translation), rags, old iron, and indescribable wares predominate. The fourth, and most hazardous, is "the Black Forest," a medley of every cheap abomination, new and second-hand.

This bazaar has its peculiar slang and types of inhabitants. The little shops are called "*ayons*." Hugo naïvely remarks why not "*haillons*." The curious observer can penetrate the first two quarters without other inconveniences than repeated but courteous applications for his custom. But it requires considerable courage and self-possession to penetrate the mysteries of the "Pou Volant" and the

LE CARRE DU PALAIS ROYAL.

"Forêt Noire." Harpies scarcely recognizable as of the female sex, beset his progress, seize him by the arms or garments, and menace in their rivalry literally to divide him into halves. These runners are termed in the argot idiom, "*râleuses*." Escaping them, he is assailed by a flanking fire of direct apostrophes, half in argot, from their employers. "My amiable sir, buy something—buy—you must buy. What does monsieur want? a carpet—a coat to go to a ball—a cloak, first quality—a '*niolle*,' good quality—a *décrochez-moi-ça*, for madame, your wife—patent boots—an umbrella—a '*péluse*,' all the '*frusques*' of St. John, at your choice."

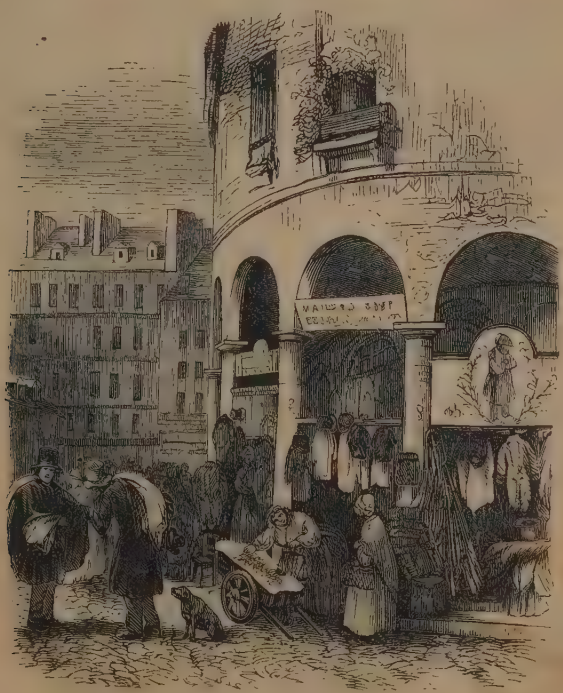
LE FORET NOIRE.

Should the adventurer continue on his way without replying to the temptations of these commercial sirens, a torrent of mingled abuse and irony is discharged upon him. "Ah! indeed! how much he buys! Very well—one must excuse him. What did he come here for, this picayune fellow? I say, monsieur, let us, at the least, mend the elbows of your coat. He carries his body well, to be sure. *Ohé! pané!* Let the gentleman pass. He is an embassador on his way to the court of Persia. Hei!"

Just beyond this bazaar, rises the "Rotonde du Temple," which is to its

neighbor what the common graves at Père la Chaise are to the rest of the cemetery. It is the receptacle of all the *débris* of human attire, too mean to find shelf-room even in the market of "old linen" One sees a pandemonium of rags, tattered garments, rent boots, old hats, and every object upon which the heart of a scavenger Jew doats Costumes which have survived the saturnalia of many a carnival, and uniforms discharged by the order of the day or the death of their proprietors, dating from the empire down, theatrical wardrobes too venerable for active service, and fashions which have long since been driven from human backs, are here mingled in one picturesque equality of poverty Even out of such a collection Parisian taste contrives to make a not unpleasing effect As with Parisian pauperism, it has a cleaner and more cheerful look than English indigence and old clothes.

The Rotonde is circular, with a cloister in the exterior of forty-four arcades. A damp and dark court occupies the interior. It is a species of low rival to the bazaar, and limited in its circumference; it is computed to lodge more than a thousand inhabitants. They drink and dine at the neighboring wine-shops and cafés, known as the Elephant, Two Lions, and kindred names. At these, brandy is eight sous the bottle, a ragoût three sous, and a cup of coffee one cent. There are resorts still cheaper and lower, such as the "Field of the Wolf," frequented by the most brutal of the denizens of this quarter, who in their orgies not unfrequently mingle blood with the blue fluid that they swallow for wine. The greater part of these dram shops add to their debasing occupation that of usury. But as we have now arrived at that point where the line which marks the boundary between legitimate industry and crime becomes indistinct, I stop.



ROTONDE DU TEMPLE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S C. ABBOTT

ITALY AND SPAIN.

MUCH has been said respecting certain secret articles in the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for ten years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France The two powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandise. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special embassador to Turkey to endeavor to secure peace between that power and Russia He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France, by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish Empire. By these means she ere long roused Turkey again to war The mediation of Russia with England, was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark, that should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the powers of Europe must choose in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereign of the seas, resolved to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbor of Copenhagen Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 5000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted of 25 sail of the line, 40 frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately dispatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the Prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary to secure the passage of the Sound, and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that in the mean time the English would conduct as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal?"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The Prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair. The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

The English having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements for the awful deed were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun, until their furnaces were completed, and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city Shot and shells have no mercy They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing, nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2d of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets, burst upon the city The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city

THE BOMBARDMENT.

was now on fire in various quarters. Hundreds of dwellings were blown to pieces. The streets were red with the blood of women and children. Vast columns of smoke rose from the burning capital. The English waited a few hours, hoping that the chastisement had been sufficiently severe to induce the surrender. General Peymann, intrusted with the defense of the metropolis, gazed upon the spectacle of woe around him, his heart almost bursting with grief and indignation. He still maintained a firm and gloomy silence. The conflict in his bosom, between the dictates of humanity and the pleadings of a high and honorable pride, was terrific.

In the evening the English recommenced their fire. They kept it up all night, the whole of the next day, and the ensuing night. Two thousand of the citizens had now perished. Three hundred houses were burned to the ground. Two thousand dwellings had been blown to pieces by the shells. Half of the city was in flames. Several beautiful churches were in ruins. The arsenal was on fire. For three days and three nights those demoniac engines of death, exploding in thronged streets, in churches, chambers, parlors, nurseries, had filled the city with carnage, frightful beyond all conception. There was no place of safety for helpless infancy or for decrepit age. The terrific shells, crushing through the roofs of the houses, descended to the cellars, bursting, with thunder peal, they buried the mangled forms of the family in the ruins of their dwellings. Happy were they who were instantaneously killed. The wounded, struggling hopelessly beneath the ruins, were slowly burned alive in the smouldering flames

The fragments of shells, flying in every direction, produced ghastly mutilation. The mother, distracted with terror, saw the limbs of her infant torn from its body. The father, clasping the form of his daughter to his bosom, witnessed with a delirium of agony, that fair form lacerated and mangled hideously in his arms The thunders of the cannonade, the explosion of shells, the crash of falling dwellings, the wide wasting conflagration, the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, the shrieks of women and children, the pools of gore in parlors and on pavements, the mutilated forms of the dying and of the dead, presented a spectacle which no imagination can compass General Peymann could endure this horrible massacre of women and children no longer Copenhagen was surrendered to England.

The victors rushed into the city. Almost every house was more or less shattered One eighth part of the city was in ashes It required the utmost exertions of both friend and foe to arrest the conflagration They found about fifty vessels, ships, brigs, and frigates, of which they immediately took possession. Two ships of the line upon the stocks were burned; three frigates were also destroyed. All the timber in the shipyards, the tools of the workmen, and an immense quantity of naval stores, were conveyed on board the English squadron. From the ramparts and the floating batteries they took 3500 pieces of artillery. The prize money divided among the crew amounted, as estimated by Admiral Lord Gambier, to four millions. eight hundred thousand dollars. One half of the English crews were then put on board the Danish ships. The entire expedition, leaving the hapless metropolis of the Danes drenched with blood and smouldering with fire, made sail for the coast of England. With triumphant salutes and streaming banners of victory, the squadron entered the Thames Such was the emphatic response which the cabinet of St. James gave to Napoleon's earnest appeal for peace, through the mediation of Russia.

The Duke of Wellington had just returned from boundless conquests in India. At Copenhagen he commenced that European career, which he afterward terminated so brilliantly at Waterloo. When the expedition returned to London, the *Iron Duke* received the thanks of Parliament for the skill and efficiency with which he had conducted the bombardment Copenhagen and Waterloo! The day is not far distant when England will be willing to forget them both.*

In reference to this deed there was but one sentiment throughout all Europe. Nowhere was it more severely condemned than in England. Distinguished members of both houses of Parliament, and the masses of the people raised a loud cry of indignation. Lord Grenville, Addington, Sheridan, Grey, and others, most vehemently expressed their aborrence. All idea of peace was now abandoned. England on the one hand, and Napoleon on the other, prepared for the most desperate renewal of the strife

Russia was extremely anxious to wrest from the Turks the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia upon the Danube She would thus make a long stride toward Constantinople. The Turks, unaided by other powers, could not prevent this conquest. Napoleon was reluctant to allow Russia to make such an advance toward the Empire of the East. With great hesitancy he was at times half disposed, for the sake of securing the friendship of Alexander, to consent to this encroachment. The British cabinet immediately dispatched a messenger to Alexander to endeavor to secure his favor, by offering to aid him in obtaining these provinces. An envoy extraordinary was sent to Austria, to dispose her to see with calmness Moldavia and Wallachia become the property of the Russians The English embassador at St. Petersburg endeavored to apologize for the affair of Copenhagen. He said that the British ministers had merely endeavored to deprive the common enemy of Europe of the means of doing mischief; that Russia ought to rejoice over the event instead of being irritated by it; that England relied upon Russia to bring back Denmark to a more just appreciation of the occurrence, and that the fleet should be returned to the Danes if Denmark would join against Napoleon. Alexander was indignant, and returned a haughty reply Diplomatic intercourse between the two countries soon ceased.

Alexander immediately sent for General Savary, the envoy of Napoleon, and thus addressed him: "You know that our efforts for peace have ended in war I expected it. But I confess I did not expect either the Copenhagen expedition, or the arrogance of the British cabinet My resolution is taken, and I am ready to fulfill my engagements. I am entirely disposed to follow that conduct which shall best suit your master I have seen Napoleon I flatter myself that I have inspired him with a part of the sentiments with which he has inspired me. I am certain

* Say the Berkely men in the *Napoleon Dynasty*, "Sir Arthur Wellesley had been recalled from the East Indies, where he had achieved all his fame hitherto, by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation, in the height of his ambition, paled into insignificance And here we will allow truth to arrest us for a single moment, while we enter our protest against any of the complaints of England or of English writers about the usurpations of Napoleon. For the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement England has robbed more territory, taken more lives, confiscated more property, enslaved more men, and wrought wider and darker ruin on the plains of Asia, than Napoleon can ever be charged with, if upon his single head were to rain down the curses of every widow and orphan made in Europe for a quarter of a century It is unholy mockery of truth, it is puritanic cant, it is English spite against Napoleon's eagles England began under the administration of Pitt, the work of crushing the French Republic. She kept it up to gratify the ambition and spite of her ministers, and she carried it through to maintain the position she had taken It was all a costly, and well-nigh a fatal mistake for England. And her historians have no business whatever, to vent their spleen upon the only man on the Continent who ventured to set limits to the proud empire of Britain." Strong and impassioned as is this utterance, it can not be controverted by facts.

that he is sincere Oh, that I could see him as at Tilsit—every day, every hour. What talent for conversation! What an understanding! What a genius! How much should I gain by living frequently near him! How many things he has taught me in a few days! But we are so far distant! However, I hope to visit him soon"

Alexander requested permission to purchase muskets from the French manufactories. "I desire," said he, "that the two armies, now destined to serve the same cause, may use the same weapons." He also solicited permission to send the cadets, who were to serve in the Russian navy, to France for their education. These friendly expressions were accompanied by a magnificent present of furs, for the Emperor Napoleon. "I wish to be his furrier," said Alexander. Napoleon was greatly embarrassed. The cordial friendship of Alexander gratified him. He perceived the intensity of desire with which this ambitious monarch was contemplating Constantinople, and a mighty empire in the East. The growth of Russia threatened to overshadow Europe, and to subjugate the world. "Leaning upon the north pole," with her right hand grasping the Baltic, and her left the Dardanelles, she might claim universal sovereignty Nothing would satisfy Alexander but permission to march toward the East. Napoleon earnestly desired his friendship, and also feared to make concessions too dangerous for the repose of Europe He sent Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg, as his confidential embassador; informed him fully of his embarrassments, and urged him to do every thing in his power to maintain the alliance without encouraging the designs of Alexander upon the Turkish Empire. That Caulaincourt might worthily represent the great nation, Napoleon allowed him the sum of 160,000 dollars a year, and placed in his suite several of the most distinguished young men of France. He also wrote a letter to Alexander, thanking him for his presents, and returning still more magnificent gifts of Sèvres porcelain. Denmark promptly threw herself into the arms of Napoleon. A strong division of French troops, at the solicitation of the Danish court, immediately entered Denmark for its protection.

Alexander himself, having been brought under the fascinations of Napoleon's mind at Tilsit, was perfectly enthusiastic in his admiration of his new ally. But the Russian nobles, having never seen the great enchanter, trembled at the advance of democratic freedom The republican equality of France would elevate the serf and depress the noble. The Czar was willing that his haughty lords should lose a little of their power, and that his degraded serfs should become a little more manly. Hence there arose two parties in Russia. One, headed by the haughty Queen Mother, and embraced by most of the nobles, was for war with France, the Emperor was at the head of the less numerous and the less influential peace party.

Caulaincourt, conscious of the hostility still existing in the bosoms of the Russian nobles toward Napoleon, sent an employé into the circles of the old aristocracy at Moscow, to report to him what was said there. Freely the nobles censured the sudden change at Tilsit, by which the young Czar had espoused the policy of France War with England struck the commerce of Russia a deadly blow. Nothing, they said, could compensate for such sacrifices but obtaining possession of Moldavia and Wallachia Napoleon, however, they affirmed, will never allow Russia to take those fine provinces Caulaincourt immediately transmitted these particulars to Napoleon He assured the Emperor that notwithstanding the sincerity of Alexander, the court of Russia, deeply mortified, could not be relied upon. Napoleon pondered the question long and anxiously. The alliance of Russia was of vital importance. The aggressive power of Russia, overshadowing Europe with its gloom of despotism, was greatly to be dreaded. The Turks, having deposed, imprisoned, and finally put to death Sultan Selim, the friend of Napoleon, were now cutting off the heads of all who were in favor of alliance with France The agents of England were busy in rousing the barbarian Turks. They did not hold themselves accountable for the excesses which ensued.

Napoleon was not much troubled with conscientious scruples about transferring the sovereignty of Turkish provinces to Russia. The only claims the Turks had to those provinces were claims obtained by fire and sword—by outrages, the recital of which causes the ear to tingle. The right of proud despots to rob a people of liberty and of happiness is not a very sacred right. Bad as was the government of Russia, the government of Turkey was still worse. Napoleon consequently did not hesitate to consent to the transfer of these provinces because he thought it would be wrong, but simply because he thought it would be impolitic. The Turkish government waging now a savage war against him, and in alliance with England, his ever relentless foe, could claim from his hand no special protection. Napoleon could not, however, merely step aside, and let Turkey and Russia settle their difficulties between themselves. Turkey and England were now united as one power against France. The Turks, in defiance of Napoleon's mediation, had renewed the war against Alexander. France was consequently pledged by the treaty of Tilsit to unite her armies with those of Russia.

Under these circumstances Napoleon proposed a conference with Alexander, and with Francis of Austria, to consider the whole Turkish question. He also suggested a grand, gigantic enterprise, of the three united powers, to cross the continent of Asia, and attack the English in the territories which they had invaded in India. Austria was deeply interested in this matter. Already she was overshadowed by the colossal empire of the North. To have the mouths of the Danube, the Mississippi of Austria, in the hands of the Turks, indolent as they were, was bad enough. The transfer of the portals of that majestic stream

to the custody of her great rival, Russia, was to be resisted at all hazards. Alexander received the proposal of a conference with transports of joy The acquisition of the coveted provinces would add to the glory of his reign, would immeasurably increase the prospective greatness of Russia, and would compel the nobles to a cordial approval of his alliance with France. So deeply was Alexander excited, that he read the letter of Napoleon with trembling eagerness. Caulaincourt, who had delivered to him the letter, was present.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alexander, again and again, as he read the welcome lines, "the great man! the great man! Tell him that I am devoted to him for life. My empire, my armies, are all at his disposal. When I ask him to grant something to satisfy the pride of the Russian nation, it is not from ambition that I speak. I wish to give him that nation whole and entire, and as devoted to his great projects as I am myself. Your master purposes to interest Austria in the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. He is in the right. It is a wise conception. I cordially join in it.

"He designs an expedition to India. I consent to that too. I have already made him acquainted, in our long conversations at Tilsit, with the difficulties attending it. He is accustomed to take no account of obstacles. Nevertheless the climate and distances here, present such as surpass all that he can imagine. But let him be easy. The preparations on my part shall be proportioned to the difficulties. We must come to an understanding about the territories which we are going to wrest from Turkish barbarism This subject, however, can be usefully discussed only in an interview between me and Napoleon. As soon as our ideas have arrived at a commencement of maturity, I shall leave St Petersburg, and go to meet your Emperor at whatever distance he pleases I should like to go as far as Paris. But I can not. Besides, it is a meeting upon business which we want, not a meeting for parade and pleasure. We might choose Weimar, where he would be among our own family. But even there we should be annoyed by a thousand things. At Erfurt we should be more free, more to ourselves Propose that place to your sovereign. When his answer arrives I will set out immediately. I shall travel like a courier"

Here originated the idea of the celebrated conference which was soon held at Erfurt. After many long interviews between the Russian minister and the French embassador, two plans were addressed to Napoleon for his consideration. The one proposed but a partial division of the Turkish empire. The Turks were to be left in possession of the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and of all their Asiatic possessions Russia was to have the coveted provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, upon the left of the Danube, and Bulgaria upon the right. Austria, as a consolation for seeing the Colossus of the North take so long a step toward universal power, was to receive Servia and Bosnia Greece was to be emancipated from its Turkish oppressors, and placed under the protection of France The second plan was bold and gigantic in the extreme. All of Europe and all of Asia Minor were to be rescued from Turkish sway. Russia was to gratify her long and intensely cherished ambition, in taking possession of Constantinople, and all the adjoining provinces on each side of the Bosphorus. Austria was to receive a rich accession to her territory in the partition All of Greece, all the islands of the Archipelago, the straits of the Dardanelles, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt were to be transferred to France. Such were the plans proposed by the Russian cabinet to Napoleon It was not deemed prudent to affix any signature to a paper containing propositions of such startling magnitude. As the documents were placed in the hands of the French embassador to be conveyed to Napoleon, Alexander, whose ambition was excited to its highest pulsations, said to him: "Tell Napoleon that this note meets my full approbation. It is an authentic expression of the ideas of the Russian cabinet."*

* This extraordinary document, so characteristic of the times, and of the illustrious personages then, by their position and energies, controlling the fate of Europe, we give in full, unaltered and unabridged:

"Since his Majesty, the Emperor of the French and the King of Italy, &c., has recently adjudged that in order to attain a general peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe, it would be expedient to weaken the Ottoman empire, by the dismemberment of its provinces, the Emperor Alexander, faithful to his engagements and to his friendship, is ready to concur in it.

"The first idea which could not fail to present itself to the Emperor of all the Russias, who is fond of calling to mind the occurrences at Tilsit, when this overture was made to him, was that the Emperor, his ally, purposed to proceed immediately to the execution of what the two monarchs had agreed upon in the treaty of alliance relative to the Turks; and that he added to it the proposal of an expedition to India

"It had been settled at Tilsit that the Ottoman power was to be driven back into Asia, retaining in Europe nothing but the city of Constantinople and Roumelia.

"There was drawn at the same time this consequence, that the Emperor of the French should acquire Albania, and Morea, and the island of Candia.

"Wallachia and Moldavia were next allotted to Russia, giving that empire the Danube for its boundary, comprehending Bessarabia, which is in fact a strip of sea-coast, and which is commonly considered as forming part of Moldavia. If to this portion be added Bulgaria, the Emperor is ready to concur in the expedition to India, of which there had been then no question, provided that this expedition to India, as the Emperor Napoleon himself has just traced its route, shall proceed through Asia Minor.

"The Emperor Alexander applauded himself for the idea of gaining the concurrence of a corps of Austrian troops in the expedition to India, and as the Emperor, his ally, seemed to wish that it should not be numerous, he conceives that this concurrence would be adequately compensated by awarding to Austria Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, unless the Emperor of the French should find it convenient to retain a portion of them There might, moreover, be offered to Austria a less direct but very considerable interest, by settling the future condition of Servia, incontestably one of the fine provinces of the Ottoman empire, in the following manner.

"The Servians are a warlike people, and that quality, which always commands esteem, must excite a wish to regulate their lot judiciously

"The Servians, fraught with a feeling of just vengeance against the Turks, have boldly shaken off the yoke of their oppressors, and are, it is said, resolved never to

Upon receiving this communication, Napoleon peremptorily refused his assent to the latter plan. No consideration could induce him to permit Russia to take possession of Constantinople. He was ready to break the alliance, and to see that immense power again arrayed against him, rather than thus betray the liberties of Europe. "Constantinople," said Alexander, "is the key of my house." "Constantinople!" exclaimed Napoleon. "It is the dominion of the world."

The possession of European Turkey will enable Russia to bid defiance to every foe. The

wear it again. In order to consolidate peace, it seems necessary, therefore, to make them independent of the Turks.

"The peace of Tilsit determines nothing in regard to them. Their own wish, expressed strongly and more than once, has led them to implore the Emperor Alexander to admit them into the number of his subjects. This attachment to his person makes him desirous that they should live happy and content, without insisting upon extending his sway. His Majesty seeks no acquisition that could obstruct peace. He makes with pleasure this sacrifice, and all those which can contribute to render it speedy and solid. He proposes, in consequence, to erect Servia into an independent kingdom, to give its crown to one of the Archdukes who is not the head of any sovereign branch, and who is sufficiently remote from the succession to the throne of Austria; and in this case it should be stipulated that this kingdom should never be incorporated with the mass of the dominions of that house.

"This whole supposition of the dismemberment of the Turkish provinces, as explained above, being founded upon the engagements at Tilsit, has not appeared to offer any difficulty to the two persons commissioned by the two Emperors to discuss together the means of attaining the ends proposed by their Imperial Majesties.

"The Emperor of Russia is ready to take part in a treaty between the three emperors which should fix the conditions above expressed; but on the other hand, having conceived that the letter which he recently received from the Emperor of the French seemed to indicate the resolution of a much more extended dismemberment of the Ottoman empire than that which had been projected between them at Tilsit, that monarch, in order to meet the interests of the three imperial courts, and particularly in order to give the Emperor, his ally, all the proofs of friendship and deference that are in his power, has declared that, without wanting a further diminution of the strength of the Ottoman Porte, he would cheerfully concur in it.

"He has laid down as a principle of his interest in this greater partition, that his share of the increased acquisition should be moderate in extent or magnitude, and that he would consent that the share of his ally in particular should be marked out of much larger proportion. His Majesty has added that beside this principle of moderation he placed one of wisdom, which consisted in not finding himself by this new plan of partition worse placed than he is at the present in regard to boundaries and commercial relations.

"Setting out with these two principles, the Emperor Alexander would see, not only without jealousy but with pleasure, the Emperor Napoleon acquire and incorporate with his dominion, in addition to what has been mentioned above, all the islands of the Archipelago, Cyprus, Rhodes, and even whatever is left of the seaports of the Levant, Syria, and Egypt.

"In case of this more extensive partition, the Emperor Alexander would change his preceding opinion respecting the state of Servia. Studying to form an honorable and highly advantageous share for the house of Austria, he should wish that Servia should be incorporated with the mass of the Austrian dominions, and that there should be added to it Macedonia, with the exception of that part of Macedonia which France might desire in order to fortify her Albanian frontier, so as that France might obtain Salonichi This line of the Austrian frontier might be drawn from Scopia to Orphane, and would make the power of the house of Austria extend to the sea.

"Croatia might belong to France or to Austria, as the Emperor Napoleon pleases.

"The Emperor Alexander can not disguise from his ally that, finding a particular satisfaction in all that has been said at Tilsit, he places, according to the advice of the Emperor, his friend, those possessions of the house of Austria between theirs, in order to avoid the point of contact, always so liable to cool friendship.

"The share of Russia in this new and extensive partition would have added to that which was awarded to her in the preceding plan, the possession of the city of Constantinople, with a radius of a few leagues in Asia; and in Europe, part of Roumelia, so as that the frontier of Russia, on the side of the new possessions of Austria, setting out from Bulgaria, should follow the frontier of Servia to a little beyond Solismick, and the chain of mountains which runs from Solismick to Trayanpol inclusive, and then the river Moriza to the sea.

"In the conversation which has taken place respecting this second plan of partition, there has been this difference of opinion, that one of the two persons conceived that, if Russia were to possess Constantinople, France ought to possess the Dardanelles, or at least to appropriate to herself that which was on the Asiatic side. This assertion was contested, on the other part, upon the ground of the immense disproportion proposed to be made in the shares of this new and greater partition, and that even the occupation of the fort would utterly destroy this principle of the Emperor of Russia not to be worse placed than he now is in regard to his geographical and commercial relations.

"The Emperor Alexander, moved by the feeling of his extreme friendship for the Emperor Napoleon, has declared, with a view to remove the difficulty; 1stly. That he would agree to a military road for France, running through the new possessions of Austria and Russia, opening to her a military route to the ports of Syria. 2ndly. That, if the Emperor Napoleon wished to possess Smyrna, or any other port on the coast of Natolia, from the point of that coast which is opposite to Mitylene to that which is situated opposite to Rhodes, and should send troops thither to conquer them, the Emperor Alexander is ready to assist in this enterprise, by joining, for this purpose, a corps of his troops to the French troops. 3dly. That if Smyrna, or any other possession on the coast of Natolia, such as has just been pointed out, having come under the dominion of France, should afterward be attacked, not merely by the Turks, but even by the English, in hatred of that treaty, his Majesty the Emperor of Russia will, in that case, proceed to the aid of his ally, whenever he shall be required to do so.

"4thly. His Majesty thinks that the house of Austria might, on the same footing, assist France in taking possession of Salonichi, and proceed to the aid of that port whenever it shall be required of her.

"5thly. The Emperor of Russia declares that he has no wish to acquire the south coast of the Black Sea, which is in Asia, though, in the discussion, it was thought that it might be desirable for him.

"6thly. The Emperor of Russia has declared that whatever might be the success of his troops in India, he should not desire to possess any thing there, and that he would cheerfully consent that France should make for herself all the territorial acquisitions in India which she might think fit. And that it should be likewise at her option to cede any portion of the conquests which she might make there to her allies.

"If the two allies agree together in a precise manner, that they adopt one or the other of these two plans of partition, his Majesty the Emperor Alexander will have extreme pleasure in repairing to the personal interview which has been proposed to him, and which could perhaps take place at Erfurt. He conceives that it would be advantageous if the basis of the engagements that are to be made there, were previously fixed with a sort of precision, that the two emperors may have nothing to add to the extreme satisfaction of seeing one another but that of being enabled to sign without delay the fate of this part of this globe, and thereby, as they purpose to themselves, to force England to desire that peace from which she now keeps aloof willfully and with such boasting."

THE RECEPTION AT VENICE

Black Sea becomes a Russian harbor which no enemy can penetrate. How this conquest is to be prevented is now the great problem which agitates every cabinet in the old world. The foresight of Napoleon anticipated this question. "In half a century," said he, at St. Helena, "Europe will become either Republican or Cossack." Republican equality was entombed at St. Helena. Europe now promises to become Cossack.

Austria was in great perplexity. She dreaded the liberal opinions which France was every where diffusing. She was inconsolable for the loss of Italy. She was intensely mortified by the defeats of Ulm and Austerlitz. She was much alarmed by the encroachments of Alexan-

der, her great rival. On the other hand she was unable to cope with France, even with Russia as an ally. How then could she resist France and Russia combined! England, always unpopular, had become absolutely odious to Europe by her conduct at Copenhagen. Yet through England alone could Austria hope to regain Italy, and to retard the appalling growth of Russia. Napoleon was perfectly frank in his communications with the court of Vienna. There was no occasion for intrigue. He sincerely wished to unite Austria and Russia with France, that, upon perfectly equitable terms, peace might be forced upon England. He desired nothing so much as leisure to develop the resources of France, and to make his majestic empire the garden of the world Weary of contending with all Europe against him, he was willing to make almost any concessions for the sake of peace. "England," said he, "is the great enemy of peace. The world demands repose. England can not hold out against the strongly expressed unanimity of the Continent."

The Austrian court, never frank and honorable, with much hesitancy, joined the continental alliance. An envoy was dispatched to the court of St. James, with two messages. The one was public and for the ear of Europe. It declared that France, through the mediation of Russia, had proposed equitable terms for peace; and, that, if England now refused peace, all nations must combine against her. The other message was secret and deceitful It stated that Austria, left alone upon the Continent, could not resist France and Russia. There was a little blending of magnanimity in the addition, that England ought to think of peace; that if she still persisted in war her best friends would be compelled to abandon her. The Austrian embassador was also commissioned boldly to declare, that the act, perpetrated at Copenhagen, was an outrage which was deeply felt by every neutral state.

About this time Napoleon left Paris for a tour through Italy. He passed from city to city, with his accustomed celerity, allowing himself no time for repose With a glance of the eye he decided, and decided wisely, upon the most important public works He left Paris the 16th of November, 1807. Josephine accompanied him At midnight of the 15th, at the close of a brilliant assembly in the Tuileries, Napoleon said, in retiring, to an attendant, "carriages at six, for Italy" This was the only announcement of his journey. Even Josephine had received no previous notice On the morning of the 21st, his chariot wheels were rattling over the pavements of Milan. Eugene was taken by surprise. Immediately on the morning of his arrival, Napoleon visited the Cathedral of Milan, where a *Te Deum* was chanted. His pensive and impassioned spirit ever enjoyed the tolling of bells, the peal of the organ, the swell of the anthem, the dim religious light, struggling through aisles and groined arches, and amidst the pillars and gorgeous adornings of the most imposing temples of worship. His serious and earnest nature was never attuned to mirthfulness.

THE RETURN FROM ITALY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

In no scene of midnight wassail or bacchanalian revelry was he ever found. Napoleon seldom smiled. A gentle melancholy overshadowed him. Intense earnestness pervaded his being. In the afternoon he visited the vice-queen, the young and noble bride of Eugene. In the evening he went to the theatre, to show himself to the Italians. For comedy, he had no relish. The soul-stirring incidents of the most exalted tragedy, he richly enjoyed. The Legislative Assembly was immediately called together. Napoleon thus addressed them, "Gentlemen! It is with pleasure that I see you around my throne. After an absence of three years, I am much gratified to observe the progress which has been made by my people. But there are still many things to be done ere the errors of our fathers can be effaced, and Italy rendered worthy of the high destiny reserved for her. The intestine divisions of our ancestors, occasioned by their miserable egotism and love of individual localities, led to the gradual loss of all their rights. The country was disinherited of its rank and dignity, bequeathed by those who in remote ages had spread afar the renown of their arms, and the fame of their manly virtues. To restore that renown and those virtues will be the object and the glory of my reign." The Italians had not listened to such noble words for ages.

The three next days were devoted to business. Innumerable orders were dispatched. In crossing Mount Cenis, by the new road which he had constructed, he was impressed with the deficiency of accommodation for travelers on those bleak and snow-drifted heights. He gave orders for the creation of three hamlets. One upon the summit of the mountain, and one at the commencement of the ascent on each side. On the summit he ordered the erection of a church, an inn, a hospital, and a barrack. He granted exemption from taxes for all the peasants who would settle in these hamlets. A population was commenced, by establishing bands of soldiers at each of these points, charged to keep the road, over the difficult mountain pass, in repair, and to assemble, in case of accident, wherever their assistance might be needed. Having in a few days accomplished works which would have occupied most minds for months, on the 10th of December, he set off for Venice, tak-

ing the road by Brescia, Verona and Padua He was greeted, wherever he appeared, by the most enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

On the road, he met the King and Queen of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, his sister Eliza, and his brother Joseph, whom he most fondly loved. The three royal bands united. In one meteor of splendor they swept gorgeously along over the hills and through the valleys of rejoicing and regenerated Italy. Arriving at Venice, the authorities, and a vast population, awaited him in gondolas decorated with silken hangings and with streaming banners. He was floated along the crystal streets of the proud queen of the Adriatic, enveloped in the most exultant strains of music, and in shouts of welcome. The barges were indeed freighted with a magnificent company. The Emperor was attended by the Viceroy of Italy and his noble bride, by the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Naples, Eliza the Princess of Lucca, Murat the Grand-Duke of Berg, and by Berthier the Grand-Duke of Neufchatel. Venice, exulting in her escape from tyrannical laws, earnestly hoped that Napoleon would annex her to the highly-favored Kingdom of Italy.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity, Napoleon's energies were all engrossed in devising works of great public utility. He visited the dock-yards, the canals, the arsenal, accompanied by efficient engineers. An enterprise, was immediately commenced for rendering the waters of Venice navigable for ships of any burthen He organized an administration for keeping the canals in good condition, and for deepening the lagoons He decreed a basin for seventy-four gun ships, a grand canal, hydraulic works of immense importance He instituted a free port into which commerce might bring merchandise, before the payment of duties. The public health was provided for by transferring burials from churches to an island cemetery. The pleasures of the people were not forgotten. The beautiful place of St. Mark, rich in historical associations, and the pride of Venice, was repaired, embellished, and brilliantly lighted. Hospitals were established.

Such were the benefits which Napoleon conferred upon Venice. In that flying visit of a few days, he accomplished more for the welfare of the state, than Austria had attempted during ages of misrule. It was for the glory which such achievements would secure, that his soul hungered. He received, in return, the heart felt acclamations of a grateful people. But Venice, and other large portions of Italy, had been wrested from the domination of Austria. The cabinet of Vienna was watching, with an eagle eye, to fall upon this king of democracy, and to regain her lost possessions.

Leaving Venice he inspected the principal fortifications of the Kingdom of Italy. At Mantua he had appointed a meeting with his brother Lucien. For some time they had been partially

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estranged. Napoleon earnestly desired a reconciliation. Lucien had secretly married, for a second wife, the widow of a Parisian banker. He was a high-spirited man, of commanding talent and decided character, and was not at all disposed to place himself under the guidance of his brother's mind. Napoleon, conscious of his own power, and seldom distrusting the wisdom of his own decisions, wished for agents who would execute his plans. The private interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien left in tears. The brothers could not agree in their views, though they retained a cordial esteem for each other. But little can be known respecting this interview, except what is related by Baron Meneval, Napoleon's secretary. He says:

"After having received the orders of the Emperor, I went, about 9 o'clock in the evening, to seek Lucien Bonaparte at the inn where he had alighted. I conducted him to the cabinet of the Emperor. The interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien, upon leaving, was extremely agitated. His eyes were flooded with tears. I reconducted him to the inn. There I learned that the Emperor had made the most pressing solicitations, to induce Lucien to return to France and to accept a throne; but that the conditions imposed wounded his domestic affections and his political independence. He charged me to make his adieu to the Emperor, 'perhaps,' he added, 'for ever.' The Emperor finding his brother inflexible, gave him time to consider his propositions. He charged his brothers and his ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, to urge his acceptance. They could accomplish nothing. Napoleon regretted to be deprived of the co-operation of a man, whose noble character and exalted talents he highly esteemed. The eagerness, with which Lucien hastened to place himself by his brother's side, in the hour of adversity, is his best eulogy."

It is a noble testimonial of the private virtues of both of these men, that when Napoleon was imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, Lucien applied to the British government for permission to share his captivity. He offered to go, with or without his wife and children, for two years. He engaged not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promised to submit to every

restriction imposed upon his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself either before his departure or after his return.

Napoleon immediately left Mantua for Milan. Upon his arrival at the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, he found innumerable letters awaiting him from all parts of Europe. England began now to suffer very severely from the operation of the Berlin decrees. She could not sell her goods. Her capitalists were failing. Her manufactories were crumbling to ruin. Her workmen were starving. The Continent on the contrary was by no means proportionately afflicted. Napoleon had opened new channels of traffic. The arts and manufactures were generally in a state of prosperity.

Under the influence of this exasperation, England issued some new orders in council. They were more rigorous and severe than the first. By these decrees England reaffirmed the blockade of France, and of all the continental states in alliance with France. She also declared all vessels, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which were bound to France or to any of her allies, unless such vessels had cleared from, or touched at, some English port. These neutral ships were ordered to pay in England a duty of twenty-five per cent. for all goods which they conveyed from their own country, or from any other nation except Great Britain, to France or to any of her allies. Thus England endeavored to remunerate herself, by a tax upon the commerce of the world, for Napoleon's refusal to purchase her goods.

Napoleon, upon receiving at Milan, these orders of the British cabinet, immediately issued, in retaliation, his famous Milan decree. In his Berlin decrees he excluded from the ports of France and of her allies, every English vessel, or every vessel which had touched at an English port, and which might thus be supposed to have on board English goods. He refused to have any commercial intercourse whatever with his belligerent neighbor, until England should manifest a more pacific spirit. As England confiscated all French property which could be found upon the ocean, Napoleon confiscated all English property he could find upon the land.

But in the Milan decrees, imitating the violence of England, and as regardless of the rights of neutrals as was his powerful foe, he declared every vessel *denationalized*, and therefore lawful prize, which should recognize the authority of these British orders, by paying the duty demanded. "These rigorous measures," said he, "shall cease in regard to any nations which shall have caused the English government to respect the rights of their flags. They shall continue with regard to all others, and never be released till Great Britain shows a disposition to return to the laws of nations, as well as to those of justice and honor." Thus England declared all ships, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which should fail to touch at her ports and pay duty. Napoleon declared all lawful prize which should consent to touch at English ports and pay duty. Beneath the gigantic tread of these hostile powers, weaker nations were trampled in the dust.

Napoleon, in his Milan decree, remarked, "All the sovereigns of Europe have in trust, the sovereignty and independence of their flags. If, by an unpardonable weakness, such a tyranny is allowed to be established into a principle, and consecrated by usage, the English will avail themselves of it in order to assert the same as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension which infringes on the sovereignty of every state." He, however, immediately communicated to the American government, that his commercial decrees were not intended to apply to the United States. "The United States of America," he afterwards said to the Legislative Body, "have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea, than acknowledge their slavery to England."

Napoleon also learned at Milan that England had ordered the troops, returning triumphantly from Copenhagen, to proceed to Portugal. In the harbors of that feeble power, which was in reality but a colony of Great Britain, and at the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, which she had wrested from Spain, England was assembling the most formidable forces. Napoleon immediately informed Spain, his unreliable ally, of her danger, and sent troops to her assistance. As Napoleon left Milan, the grateful Italians voted the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the benefits which their illustrious benefactor had conferred upon them.

Napoleon then hastened to Piedmont, and examined the magnificent fortress which he was rearing at Alexandria. Thence he went to Turin, rousing wherever he appeared the energies of the people, and scattering benefits with a liberal hand. He ordered the channel of the Po to be deepened, that it might be navigable to Alexandria. He marked out the route, with his own consummate engineering skill, for a canal to unite the waters of the Po and of the Mediterranean. He opened a high road over Mount Genevre, thus constructing a new route between France and Piedmont. Seven bridges, at his imperial command, with graceful arches, sprang over as many streams. For all these useful expenses his foresight provided the financial means. It is not strange that voluptuous kings, dallying with beauty, and luxuriating in all sensual indulgence, should have dreaded the influence of this energetic monarch, who, entirely regardless of all personal ease and comfort, was consecrating his whole being to the elevation of the masses of mankind. It is but just to Napoleon to contrast the benefits which he conferred upon Italy, and upon every country where he gained an influence, with the course which England pursued in the vast territories which she had conquered in India.

"England," says Burke, "has erected no

churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

Napoleon left Turin enveloped in the acclamations which he so richly merited. Josephine, in whose bosom bliss and agony were struggling for the supremacy, sat at his side. She loved her magnificent husband with a fervor which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. His smile, his gentle caress, his most extraordinary and unremitted attentions, his burning words of love, attested the sincerity with which he reciprocated the affection and the homage of his wife. She well knew that this strange, fascinating man, intensely as he loved her, would tear from his heart every quivering fibre of affection, if he deemed it essential for the accomplishment of his plans.

On the evening of the 1st of January, 1808, he returned to Paris. The court and the city authorities immediately thronged the Tuileries with the offerings of their heartfelt homage. The rejoicing Parisians filled the garden; bells rang; illuminations blazed. The acclamations of hundreds of thousands, filling the air with the sublime roar of human voices, proclaimed to Napoleon, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he was enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Napoleon immediately turned his whole attention to the affairs of Portugal and of Spain. A more perplexing question was never presented to the human mind.

The kingdom of Portugal consists of a narrow strip of land spread along the western shores of the Spanish peninsula. In extent of territory it is about equal to the State of Maine. An ignorant and inefficient population of about three millions, debased by ages of oppression, loitered over its fields. Portugal was so entirely under the influence of the British cabinet, that it was virtually a colony of Great Britain. English ships filled her harbors. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the streets of her cities.

Napoleon transmitted a note to the Portuguese government requiring Portugal openly to espouse the one side or the other in the great conflict. If Portugal was willing to cast in her lot with the continental alliance, she was required, like the other powers, to close her ports against England, and to confiscate all the English goods in her territory. A diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued. All the communications of Napoleon were sent by the Portuguese government to the British ministers. Mr. Canning admitted in Parliament that the cabinet of St. James dictated the replies. The evasive answers which were returned, Napoleon perfectly understood. He immediately sent an army, in conjunction with Spain, to rescue Portugal from the dominion of the English. Resistance was in vain. None was attempted; not a gun was fired; not a drop of blood was shed. A small army under General Junot, crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced with rapid steps toward Lisbon. The people, sunk in the lethargy of debasement, gazed upon the march of these French columns with unconcern. They were too much oppressed to love their wretched rulers. They were too deeply debased to cherish any noble aspirations for liberty.

The council at Lisbon was divided. Some were in favor of adhering to the English alliance, and with the aid of the English army and navy to oppose Napoleon. Others were for joining the continental alliance, and for abandoning England altogether. Others recommended that the whole court, with all the treasure which could be suddenly accumulated, should forsake Portugal, and retire across the Atlantic to their far more extensive possessions in Brazil. This majestic Portuguese province, in South America, with an Atlantic coast four thousand miles in length, was fifty times as large as the little kingdom of Portugal.

The latter plan was suddenly adopted, when it was announced to the imbecile court that Junot was within two days' march of Lisbon.

The Queen of Portugal was insane. The Prince Regent governed in her stead. A fleet of thirty-six ships of war and merchantmen were in the harbor of Lisbon ready to receive the regal retinue. It was the 27th of November, 1807. A cold storm of wind and rain swept the streets. But not an hour was to be lost. The Queen-mother, her eyes rolling in the wild frenzy of the maniac, the princes, the princesses, nearly all the members of the court, and most of the noble families, crowded through the flooded streets on board the squadron. Innumerable carts thronged the great thoroughfares, laden with plate and the priceless paintings and the sumptuous furniture of the regal palaces.

All the money which could by any possibility be accumulated by the energies of the government and by the efforts of the nobles, was conveyed on board the ships in chests. The quays were covered with treasures of every kind, drenched with rain and spattered with mud. Carriages were rattling to and fro conveying families to the hurried embarkation. Men, women, children, and servants, to the number of eight thousand, rushed, in a tumultuous mass, on board the squadron. The precipitation was such that, in several of the ships, the most necessary articles of food were forgotten. In the confusion of the embarkation husbands were separated from wives, and parents from children, as the mass was swept along by diverse currents into the different ships. They remained in the most anxious suspense respecting each other's safety until the termination of the voyage. An English fleet was cruising at the mouth of the Tagus, to protect the court in its inglorious flight. In a gale of wind, the fleet pressed out of the harbor. The British squadron received it with a royal salute. Sir Sydney Smith, who had command of the squadron, dispatched

a powerful convoy to accompany the fugitive court to its new home in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had the receding sails vanished in the distant horizon, ere Junot made his appearance. He entered Lisbon with but fifteen hundred grenadiers. A population of three hundred thousand souls raised not a hand in resistance. Thus Portugal strangely passed, like a dream of enchantment, from the control of England into the hands of Napoleon.

A branch of the family of Bourbon occupied the throne of Spain. King Charles IV. was a gluttonous old man, imbecile in mind, impotent in action, dissolute in life. He was utterly despised. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was as shameless a profligate as could be found in any dwelling of infamy in Spain. Manuel Godoy, a tall, graceful, handsome young soldier, was one of the body-guard of the King. Entirely destitute of moral principle, without any high intellectual endowments, he still possessed many attractions of person and of mind. He sang beautifully. He touched the lute with skill. He had romantic tastes. He loved the moonlight, and wandered beneath the shadows of the dark towers of the Escurial, and sang passionately the plaintive and the burning songs of Spain. The Queen, from the sunny clime of Italy, and from the voluptuous court of Naples, was the child of untamed passions. She heard the warbling voice of the young soldier; sent for him to the palace; lavished upon him wealth and honors, and surrendered her husband, the government, and her own person, without reserve, into his hands. The imbecile old king, happy to be relieved from the cares of state, cordially acquiesced in this arrangement. He also, in the inconceivable depths of a degradation which revolted not from dishonor, loved Godoy, leaned upon his shoulder, and called him his protector and friend. In consequence of the treaty of Basle, which Godoy effected, he received the title of the Prince of Peace.

"Every day," said Charles IV. to Napoleon, "winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot from the morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed to recommence the same life on the morrow." Such was the employment of this King of Spain during the years in which Europe was trembling, as by an earthquake, beneath the martial thunders of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Auerstadt, of Eylau and Friedland.

Charles IV. had three sons—Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He was as imbecile as his father, and as profligate as his mother. "Our son Ferdinand," said Louisa, "has a mule's head and a tiger's heart." The young prince was anxious to ascend the throne. The great majority of the nation were with him. The people, disgusted with the debauchery of the court, thought that any change must be for the better The once mighty empire of Charles V. was descending with most rapid strides into the gulf of anarchy, poverty, and ruin. Godoy, the upstart favorite, was detested. Plots and counter-plots filled the realm. Spain was the disgrace of Europe Neither the King nor the Queen had political foresight enough to care for the movements of Napoleon. Godoy hated and feared that mighty mind, that majestic intellect, which was overthrowing feudal thrones, and bringing up into the light of day the energies and the rights of the masses.

Ferdinand was accused by Godoy, and probably justly, of an attempt to poison father, mother, and minister. The heir-apparent was arrested and thrown into prison. The populace, from hatred to Godoy, espoused the cause of the imprisoned prince. Ferdinand aided in arousing them. An enormous mob of countless thousands, with knives and bludgeons, surrounded the palace of Godoy. The King's troops dared not attack them. The terrified favorite fled to the garret, and rolled himself up in a pile of old mats, among the cobwebs, behind the chimney. The mob burst in his doors, rushed in an inundation through his magnificent parlors; swarmed up the stairs and through the chambers. Sofas, mirrors, paintings, were hurled from the windows, and dashed in pieces upon the pavements. Two young ladies, the guilty favorites of Godoy, were carefully conducted to a carriage, and removed to a place of safety. The tramp of the mob was heard upon the floor of the garret. Godoy trembled in anticipation of a bloody death. The dusty mats concealed him. Night came and went. Day dawned, and its long, long hours lingered slowly away. Still the wretched man, tortured with hunger and thirst, dared not leave his retreat. Another night darkened over the insurgent city. The clamor of the triumphant mob filled all hearts with dismay. The trembling minister survived its protracted agony. For thirty-six hours he had now remained, cramped and motionless, in his retreat. In the dawn of the third morning, intolerable thirst drove him from his hiding-place. As he was creeping stealthily down the stairs, a watchful eye detected him, and shouted the alarm. The cry resounded from street to street. In confluent waves the masses rushed toward the palace. The wretched victim —his garments soiled and torn, his hat gone, his hair disheveled, his features haggard with terror and suffering—was thrust into the streets. A few mounted troops of the King, with gleaming sabres, cut their way through the throng. They seized him by his arms, and upon the full gallop dragged him, suspended from their saddles, over the rough pavements. The mob, like ravening wolves, rushed and roared after him. Half-dead with fright and bruises, Godoy was thrown, for protection, into the nearest prison, and the gates were closed against his pursuers.

The exasperated populace, with loud imprecations and vows of vengeance, turned their fury upon the dwellings of the friends of the hated favorite. House after house was sacked. And

now, the portentous cry was heard, "*To the Palace!*" The scenes of the French Revolution were recommenced in Madrid. Charles and Louisa were frantic with terror. Visions of dungeons and guillotines appalled their weak and guilty spirits. The king, to appease the mob, issued a proclamation dismissing Godoy, and abdicating the throne in favor of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand." It was a perfidious abdication, instigated by force, and which the king had no intention to respect. He, accordingly, immediately appealed to Napoleon for help. Imploringly he wrote as follows:

"I have resigned in favor of my son. The din of arms, and the clamor of my insurgent people, left me no alternative but resignation or death. I have been forced to abdicate. I have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand, also, immediately wrote to secure the support of the great Emperor. He spared no expressions of adulation, and no efforts of sycophancy to secure that end. He wrote:

"The world daily more and more admires the greatness and the goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the Emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, the paternal protection of the Emperor. He also solicits the honor of an alliance with his family."

It will be remembered, that when Napoleon was upon the cold summit of the Landgrafenberg, the evening before the battle of Jena, he received information that Spain, nominally his ally, was perfidiously entering into an alliance with England, and was rising in arms against him. Napoleon was far away in the heart of Prussia, struggling against the combined hosts of Russia, Prussia, and England. The Bourbons of Spain treacherously seized upon that moment to rouse the Peninsula, to fall with daggers upon the back of that friendly monarch, who had neither done nor meditated aught to injure them.* Had Napoleon lost the battle of Jena, the fanatic peasantry of Spain, headed by the troops and the officers of England, would have rolled, like an inundation, down the passes of the Pyrenees, upon the plains of defenseless France, and the terrific struggle would have been at an end. Napoleon, in an hour, would have been hurled from his throne. The rejected Bourbons would have been forced upon France.

It was midnight, dark and gloomy, when Napoleon, by the fire of his bivouac, read the dispatches announcing this act of perfidy. His majestic spirit was too deep and tranquil in its flow, to admit of peevishness or irritability. Calmly he smiled, as he folded up his dispatches. "The Bourbons of Spain," said he, "shall be replaced by princes of my own family." The next day, upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussian monarchy was ground to powder. The Spanish Bourbons, terrified at the unexpected result, hastily sheathed the sword which they had drawn. Upon sycophantic knees they bowed before the conqueror. But Napoleon well knew, and Europe well knew, that the treacherous court was but waiting and watching its opportunity to strike a deadly blow.

It was under these circumstances that the Spanish Bourbons were compelled, by the pressure of their family corruptions, to appeal to Napoleon for protection. Napoleon was exceedingly embarrassed. In no other period of his life did any vacillation ever seem to mark his course. Here he appeared to take one step after another with no settled plan. There were but two things which he could do, each of which seemed to be equally portentous of danger. He could, by his almost miraculous powers, overthrow the Bourbons, and place some one upon the throne of Spain who would regenerate that noble country, by throwing into it the energies and the sympathies of popularized France. Thus he would secure a cordial alliance, and be protected in his rear, should the great northern powers, who were still in heart hostile, again combine against him. But there was an aspect of unfairness in this transaction against which his spirit revolted. It would arouse anew the angry clamor of Europe. The feudal monarchs would justly regard it as a new triumph of popular right against the claims of legitimacy—as a terrific exhibition of the encroachments of revolutionized France. It would thus add new venom to the bitterness with which the republican empire was regarded by all the feudal monarchies.

On the other hand, Napoleon could sustain Ferdinand upon the throne. For Godoy and Charles were not to be thought of. He could endeavor to give Ferdinand a wife of exalted character, imbued with Napoleonic principles, who would control his weak mind, and lead perfidy in the path of fidelity and truth.

After long and anxious reflection, now inclining one way, and now the other, he at last decided upon the latter plan. In his reply to Ferdinand he wrote that it would be necessary for him to investigate the charges brought against the Spanish prince, for he could not think of forming an alliance with *a dishonest son*. He immediately began to look around for a wife for Ferdinand. But young ladies of commanding intellect, of exalted character, and who can appreciate the grandeur of a noble action, are rare. The saloons of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud were full of pretty girls. But Napoleon searched in vain for the one he wanted.

His brother Lucien, residing in Italy, a repining yet voluntary exile, had a daughter, by a first marriage—a brilliant girl, who had been living in comparative neglect with her father.

* "A convention," says Alison, "was secretly concluded at Madrid, between the Spanish government and the Russian embassador, to which the court of Lisbon was also a party; by which it was agreed, that as soon as the favorable opportunity was arrived, by the French armies being far advanced on their road to Berlin, the Spanish government should commence hostilities in the Pyrenees, and invite the English to co-operate." It is impossible to rouse in our hearts any very vehement emotions of indignation against Napoleon, for adopting effectual measures to secure himself from the repetition of such perfidy.

Napoleon fixed upon her, and called her to Paris. He, however, deemed it necessary, before making her Queen of Spain, thoroughly to understand her character. He, consequently, gave orders that her correspondence should be closely watched at the post-office. Unfortunately, this young lady, brought up in exile with the impetuous, estranged, yet noble-hearted Lucien, had been accustomed to look with an envious eye upon her uncles and aunts who were filling the thrones of Europe. Her lofty spirit was not disposed to conciliation. Proudly she made no effort to win the love of her relatives. With much sarcastic talent she wrote about Napoleon and all the rest of the family. When the letters were placed in the hands of the Emperor, he good-naturedly smiled as he perused them, and rather maliciously summoned his mother, brothers, and sisters to a family meeting at the Tuileries. The witty letters were read to the assembled group. Napoleon, accustomed to every conceivable kind of attack, was exceedingly diverted at the sensitiveness of his relatives. He, however, promptly decided that Charlotte did not possess the proper requisites to infuse his spirit into the monarchy of Spain. The following day she was on the road for Italy. It was, for her, a fortunate escape. History may be searched in vain for a more brutal, inhuman, utterly worthless creature, than this Ferdinand subsequently proved himself to be. Had she, however, married Ferdinand, it is not improbable that the destinies of the world might have been changed.

Napoleon regretted this disappointment. He still shrunk from the odium of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons. All circumstances, however, seemed peculiarly to combine for the promotion of that end. A French army, under Murat, had entered Spain, partly to be ready to quell any rising in Portugal, and partly to assist Spain to resist an anticipated attack from the English. Madrid was now occupied by French troops. The monarchy was entirely in Napoleon's power. Still he was greatly perplexed. What secret thoughts were revolving in his mind, no one can tell. He divulged them to no one. Even those who were most entirely in his confidence, and upon whose co-operation he most fully relied, in vain attempted to penetrate his designs. Indeed, it is not probable that, at this time, he had formed any definite plans.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud, when he received intelligence of the abdication of Charles IV. It was Saturday evening. The next morning, he attended public worship. All observed his absent and abstracted air. Immediately after service, he called General Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to walk with him under the trees of the park. During an earnest conversation of two hours, he thus addressed him:

"Charles IV. has abdicated. His son has succeeded him. This change has been the result of a revolution in which the Prince of Peace has fallen. It looks as if the abdication were not altogether voluntary. I was prepared for changes in Spain. They are taking a turn altogether different from what I had expected. I wish you to go to Madrid. See our embassador. Inquire why he could not have prevented a revolution in which I shall be forced to intervene, and in which I shall be considered as implicated. Before I can recognize the son, I must ascertain the sentiments of the father He is my ally. It is with him that I have contracted engagements. If he appeals for my support, he shall have it. Nothing will induce me to recognize Ferdinand, till I see the abdication duly legalized. Otherwise a troop of traitors may be introduced into my palace during the night, who may force me to abdicate, and overturn the state. When I made peace on the Niemen, I stipulated that if England did not accept the mediation of Alexander, Russia should unite her arms with ours, and compel that power to peace. I should be indeed weak, if having obtained that single advantage from those whom I have vanquished, I should permit the Spaniards to embroil me afresh on my weak side. Should I permit Spain to form an alliance with England, it would give that hostile power greater advantages than it has lost by the rupture with Russia. I fear every thing from a revolution of which I know neither the causes nor the object.

"I wish, above all things, to avoid a war with Spain. Such a contest would be a species of sacrilege. But I shall not hesitate to incur its hazards, if the prince who governs Spain embraces such a policy. Had Charles IV. reigned, and the Prince of Peace not been overturned, we might have remained at peace. Now all is changed. For that country ruled by a warlike monarch disposed to direct against us all the resources of his nation, might, perhaps, succeed in displacing by his own dynasty my family on the throne of France. You see what might happen if I do not prevent it. It is my duty to foresee the danger, and to take measures to deprive the enemy of the resources they may otherwise derive from it. If I can not arrange with either the father or the son, I will make a clean sweep of them both. I will re-assemble the Cortes, and resume the designs of Louis XIV. I should thus be in the same situation with that monarch, when he engaged, in support of his grandson, in the war of the succession. The same political necessity governs both cases. I am fully prepared for all that. I am about to set out for Bayonne. I will go on to Madrid, but only if it is unavoidable."

The same day, the Duke of Rovigo, with these instructions, set out for Madrid. The next morning Napoleon wrote as follows to his brother Louis, the King of Holland:

"The King of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of Peace has been imprisoned. Insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid. The people demand me, with loud cries, to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never be able to conclude a solid peace with England, till I have given a great movement on the Continent, I have resolved to put a French prince on the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs, I have turned my eyes to you for the

throne of Spain. Say at once, what is your opinion on that subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo Though I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet, according to circumstances, I may either advance directly to my object—in which case, every thing will be concluded in a fortnight—or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result appear after several months' operations."

Two days after the writing of this letter, Napoleon again appears to be in a state of great uncertainty. He wrote the following letter to Murat, who was then in Madrid:

"Monsieur the Grand-Duke of Berg—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed. Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed people, or that you can by merely showing your troops subjugate Spain. The revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You will have to do with a new people. It has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm shown by men who are not worn out by political passions. The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies in mass, which might eternize the war. I am not without partisans. If I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer. The Prince of Peace is detested, because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party. The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero, in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese. The Royal Family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a revolution. It is, perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices in the government and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy. I can, consistently with the interests of my empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted? Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the father and son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favorite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months.

"Ferdinand is the enemy of France. It is for this he has been made king. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family alliance would be but a feeble tie. My opinion is that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal, and wait. I do not approve of the step which your Imperial Highness has taken, in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital.

"I shall hereafter decide on what is finally necessary to be done. In the mean time, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you. You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand, unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the king, the queen, and Prince Godoy. You will exact for them, and yourself pay them, the same honors as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take. You will find the less difficulty in this as I do not know myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand that if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favorites. You will tell the magistrates and the inhabitants of towns and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government re-organized, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed by France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged You will speak of the splendor of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration—order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings Do not hazard any thing hastily. I can wait at Bayonne. I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthen myself toward Portugal, I can go and carry on the war in that quarter

"I enjoin the strictest maintenance of discipline. The slightest faults must not go unpun-

ished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army. A single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost."

Four days after writing this letter, on the 2d of April, Napoleon set out for the frontier. He was induced to take this journey, by the conflicting reports which were continually reaching him from Spain. Having spent a week at Bordeaux, intensely occupied in forwarding some important national works, he proceeded to Bayonne, an unimportant town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Josephine accompanied him. They arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April. The next day Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand. In this letter he says:

"You will permit me, under present circumstances, to speak to you with truth and frankness. I pass no decision upon the conduct of the Prince of Peace. But I know well that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood. The people willingly avenge themselves for the homage which they pay us. How can the process be drawn up against the Prince of Peace without involving in it the queen and the king your father. Your Royal Highness has no other claim to the crown than that which you derive from your mother. If this process degrades her, your Royal Highness degrades your own title. The criminality of Godoy, if it can be proved against him, goes to annihilate your right to the crown. I say to your Royal Highness, to the Spaniards, and to the world, that if the abdication of Charles IV. is unconstrained, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and to recognize your Royal Highness as King of Spain."

Ferdinand was endeavoring to blazen abroad his mother's shame, and to bring Godoy to trial as his mother's paramour. Napoleon thus delicately suggested to him that in dishonoring his mother, he did but invalidate the legitimacy of his own birth, and thus prove that he had no right to the throne of Spain. But the wretched creature was too debased to feel the sense of such dishonor. The still more wretched mother retaliated, as perhaps no mother ever retaliated before. She told her son, to his face, and in the presence of others, that he was of ignoble birth, that her husband was not his father.

Ferdinand hoped, by a personal interview with Napoleon, to secure his favor. He therefore left Madrid, and crossing the Pyrenees, hastened to Bayonne to meet the Emperor. A magnificent escort accompanied him. He took with him, as a friend and adviser, his celebrated tutor Escoiquiz. As soon as Charles, the queen, and Godoy heard of this movement on the part of Ferdinand, they were greatly alarmed. Fearing the influence of Ferdinand's personal presence and uncontradicted representations, they resolved also to hasten to Bayonne, there to plead their cause before that commanding genius who had now their destiny under his own control.

Napoleon received Ferdinand, immediately upon his arrival, with the most studied politeness. He treated him with magnificent hospitality. But he threw around the prince a golden chain of courtesy and of etiquette from which there was no escape. Sumptuous feasts regaled him. A splendid retinue surrounded him. The degraded parents and the guilty favorite also soon arrived, bringing with them the two younger brothers of Ferdinand. They were received with every mark of attention. Napoleon, however, studiously refrained from recognizing the right of either party to the throne. He thus unexpectedly found the whole royal family in his power.

Whatever hesitation he may previously have felt, in reference to the course to be pursued, he hesitated no longer. He had an interview with Charles IV. The old king, conscious of his utter inability to retain the throne, greatly preferred to place it in the hands of Napoleon, rather than in the hands of his hated son. He, therefore, expressed a perfect readiness to abdicate in favor of any prince whom Napoleon might appoint. Napoleon then sent for Escoiquiz, the tutor and minister of Ferdinand, and thus addressed him:

"I can not refuse to interest myself in the fate of the unhappy king who has thrown himself on my protection. The abdication of Charles IV. was clearly a compulsory act. My troops were then in Spain. Some of them were stationed near the court. Appearances authorized the belief that I had some share in that act of violence. My honor requires that I should take immediate steps to dissipate such a suspicion.

"I would say further that the interests of my empire require that the house of Bourbon, the implacable enemy of mine, should relinquish the throne of Spain. The interests of your nation equally call for the same change. The new dynasty which I shall introduce will give it a good constitution, and by its strict alliance with France, preserve Spain from any danger on the side of that power which is alone in a situation seriously to menace its independence. Charles IV. is willing to cede to me his rights, and those of his family, persuaded that his sons are incapable of governing the kingdom, in the difficult times which are evidently approaching.

"These are the reasons which have decided me to prevent the dynasty of the Bourbons from reigning any longer in Spain. But I esteem Ferdinand. I am anxious to give him some indemnity for the sacrifices which he will be required to make. Propose to him, therefore, to renounce the crown of Spain, for himself and his descendants. I will give him, in exchange, Etruria, with the title of king, as well as my niece in marriage. If he refuses these conditions, I will come to an understanding with his father.

And neither he nor his brother shall receive any indemnity. If, on the other hand, he does what I desire, Spain shall preserve its independence, its laws, usages, and religion. I do not desire a village of Spain for myself."

Charles IV., Louisa, and Godoy, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, loved royalty only for the luxurious dissipation in which it permitted them to revel. Most cheerfully they surrendered the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon, in exchange for a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of their voluptuous desires. Ferdinand and his brothers were more reluctant to surrender their right of inheritance. By previous arrangement Napoleon met the whole family together. The king and queen, who thoroughly detested their son, were determined to compel him to abdicate. It was an extraordinary interview. The imbecile old king, brandishing over the head of Ferdinand a long gold-headed cane, upon which he usually leaned, loaded him with reproaches and imprecations. Suddenly the mother, with her more voluble woman's tongue, fell upon the culprit. A flood of most uncourtly epithets she poured upon the victim. Napoleon was amazed and even confused at the strange scene. For a few moments he remained in mute astonishment. He then retired, having first coldly informed Ferdinand, that if he did not resign the crown, that evening, to his father, he should be arrested as a rebellious son, the author of a conspiracy against the throne and the life of his parents. As Napoleon left the room he exclaimed to those around him,

"What a mother! what a son! The Prince of Peace is certainly a very inferior person. But after all he is perhaps the least incompetent of this degenerate court." He then added, "What I am doing now, in a certain point of view, is not good. I know that well enough. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, and that too so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine."

Ferdinand, fully conscious of guilt, trembled in view of a trial for treason, enforced by the inflexible justice of Napoleon. Rather than incur the hazard, for he knew that neither his father nor his mother would show him the least mercy, he preferred to accept the abundant rewards which Napoleon offered. He, however, declined the crown of Etruria, and accepted the chateau of Navarre, with an annual income of $200,000 for himself and $80,000 for each of his brothers. Charles, with Louisa and Manuel, their revenge being gratified by the dethronement of Ferdinand, were well satisfied with the exchange of a thorny crown for an opulent retreat, fine hunting grounds, and ample revenues. They slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Napoleon assigned to the young princes the chateau of Valençay as a residence until Navarre could be made ready for them. He wrote to the Prince de Talleyrand, the high-bred, courtly, pleasure-loving proprietor of the magnificent chateau, to receive the princes with all alluring attentions.

"I desire," he wrote, "that the princes be received without external pomp, but heartily and with sympathy, and that you do every thing in your power to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, and can engage some comedians to come, it will not be a bad plan. You had better take Madame de Talleyrand thither with four or five other ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) should fall in love with some pretty woman, it would not be amiss, especially if we were sure of her. It is a matter of great importance to me that the Prince of the Asturias should not take any false step. I desire, therefore, that he be amused and occupied. Stern policy would demand that I should shut him up in some fortress. But as he has thrown himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing without my orders, and that every thing shall go on in Spain as I desire, I have adopted the plan of sending him to a country seat, and surrounding him with pleasure and *surveillance*. This will probably last throughout the month of May and a part of June, when the affairs of Spain may have taken a turn, and I shall then know what part to act. With regard to yourself, your mission is an extremely honorable one. To receive under your roof three illustrious personages, in order to amuse them, is quite in keeping with the character of the nation and also with your rank."

Ferdinand and his brothers were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon, while thus dethroning them, gained such an ascendency over their minds, that they became his warm admirers and friends. They exulted in his successive victories, and celebrated them with illuminations and bonfires. Nothing in Napoleon's whole career, more strikingly than this, exhibits his extraordinary powers. Fiction has never conceived any thing more marvelous. Without firing a gun, he overturned the monarchy of Spain. A proud and powerful dynasty he removed from the throne of their ancestors. He sent them into exile. He placed his own brother upon their throne. And yet these exiled princes thanked him for the deed, and were never weary of proclaiming his praises.

Napoleon issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people. "Spaniards! after a long agony your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring eternal titles to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old. My mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of

the deputations of your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse. I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards! reflect on what your fathers were; on what you now are. The fault does not lie in you; but in the constitution by which you have been governed Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say, *He was the regenerator of our country.*"

Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, depressed by sickness and domestic troubles, declined the more onerous burden of the crown of Spain. Napoleon wrote accordingly the following note to Joseph, the King of Naples.

"Charles IV. has ceded to me all his right to the crown of Spain. This crown I have destined for you. The kingdom of Naples can not be compared with Spain. Spain has eleven millions of inhabitants. It has a revenue of thirty millions of dollars, besides the colonies in America. It is the crown which will place you at Madrid, three days' journey from France. At Madrid you are actually in France. Naples is at the other end of the world. I desire therefore that immediately, upon the receipt of this letter, you will commit the regency to whomsoever you please, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you set out for Bayonne by the shortest route possible. Keep the secret from every body As it is, it will only be suspected too soon."

In Spain there were no popular institutions. The monarchy was an absolute despotism. The priesthood, by the gloomy terrors of the inquisition repressed all political and religious inquiry. The masses of the people were in the lowest state of ignorance and debasement. A government more utterly corrupt and worthless, probably never existed in civilized lands. The attempt to rescue the Spaniards from such a government, and to confer upon them ennobling laws and equal rights, is not a deed which can excite very deep abhorrence. Had Napoleon succeeded according to his wishes, Spain would have been filled with monuments reared to his memory by an enfranchised and grateful people. It is the greatest curse of slavery that the oppressed know not the worth of liberty. No slaves hug their fetters more tenaciously than the victims of spiritual fanaticism.

Joseph Bonaparte was, by universal acclaim, a high minded, intelligent, conscientious man. In purity of morals he was above reproach. The earnestness of his philanthropy has never been questioned. Under his mild, just, yet energetic sway, the kingdom of Naples had suddenly emerged into a glorious existence.

Before the arrival of Joseph efficient agents were dispatched into Spain to report respecting the condition of the army, of the navy, of the finances and of the public works. Said Napoleon, "I shall want those documents in the first place, for the measures which I shall order. I shall want them afterward that posterity may learn in what state I find the Spanish monarchy." He formed the noblest projects for the welfare of Spain. The designs he conceived and set on foot have elicited the admiration of his bitterest foes. A parliament or congress was immediately assembled at Bayonne, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious men of the kingdom. These enlightened patriots exulted in the bright prospects which were opening before their country. A free constitution was adopted, well adapted to the manners of Spain, and to the advancing light and liberty of the age.

Joseph arrived at Bayonne the 7th of June 1808. The Spanish Congress waited upon the new king, to tender to him the homage of the Spanish nation. They then, in a body, visited Napoleon. With heartfelt gratitude they returned thanks to their powerful benefactor, who seemed to be securing for Spain a prosperous and a glorious future. On the 9th of July, Joseph, escorted by a magnificent display of veteran troops, and preceded and followed by more than a hundred carriages filled with the members of the Congress, departed for Madrid to take his seat upon the throne of Spain.

The notice of Joseph's accession to the Spanish throne was immediately communicated to all the foreign powers. He was promptly recognized by nearly all the continental powers. The Emperor of Russia added felicitation to his acknowledgment, founded upon the well known exalted character of Joseph Even Ferdinand, from the palace of Valençay, wrote Joseph letters of congratulation, and entreated him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

There is something in this whole affair which the ingenuous mind contemplates with perplexity and pain. It would be a relief to be able with severity to condemn. Napoleon has performed so many noble deeds that he can afford to bear the burden of his faults. But the calmly weighing judgment is embarrassed and hesitates to pass sentence of condemnation No one can contemplate all the difficulties of Napoleon's position, without admitting that in its labyrinth of perplexities he has an unusual claim to charity.

Who, at that time had a right to the throne of Spain? Charles IV. had been nominally king. Godoy, the paramour of the queen, was the real sovereign. Charles had abdicated in favor of Ferdinand. He solemnly declared to the nation, "I never performed an action, in my life, with more pleasure." The same day in which he made this affirmation he wrote his secret protest, in which he says, "I declare that my decree by which I abdicated the crown in

favor of my son, is an act which I was compelled to adopt to prevent the effusion of blood. It should, therefore, be regarded as null." Did the throne belong to Charles and Godoy. Ferdinand had grasped the throne. He had treasonably excited a rebellion and had forced his father to abdicate. Had Ferdinand a right to the crown. Napoleon had convinced father, favorite, and son, that with wine and hounds, they could pass their time more pleasantly than in governing an empire. They abdicated in his favor. Had Napoleon a right to the throne?

If Napoleon had decided to sustain the iniquitous claims of Ferdinand, who by treachery and violence had forced his father to abdicate, the world would have still more severly condemned him. He would foolishly have strengthened the party hostile to himself. He would have been most grossly recreant to his own principles, in upholding, by his armies, one of the most bigoted, unrelenting and liberty-crushing despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the advocate of freedom in France, and of slavery in Spain, he would have left a stigma upon his name, which never could have been effaced. England did not hesitate to do that, from which the conscientiousness of Napoleon revolted By her fleets and her armies she riveted upon a benighted people the fetters of a most abasing and intolerable despotism. She thus inflicted upon Spain, upon Europe, and upon the world, a wrong for which she never can atone. Look at Spain now. There she still lies in her helpless and hopeless abyss of dishonor.

The combined kings of Europe by conspiracies, by treachery, by the most rancorous violence were striving to hurl Napoleon from his throne. Earth never before witnessed such gigantic endeavors. Not a monarch in the old world had a higher and a holier claim to his crown than had Napoleon. The unanimous voice of the people had made him their king. In self-defense, he took from the Bourbons of Spain that power which they were striving to use for his destruction. With characteristic generosity he did every thing in his power to mitigate the sorrows of their fall. By the course he pursued he even won the love of their selfish hearts. But at last the combined kings succeeded. They dethroned Napoleon. They assigned to him no palace of leisure and of luxury. They sent him to years of protracted agony upon the storm drenched rocks of St. Helena. Valençay and Longwood! Who was the magnanimous victor?

In reference to this affair, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara, "If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards. I would have made them a great nation. In the place of a feeble, imbecile, superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, which would have no claim upon the nation, except by the good it would have rendered unto it. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and abolished the inquisition and monasteries and those lazy beasts of friars."

In several conversations with Las Casas he remarked, "The impolicy of my conduct in reference to Spain, is irrevocably decided by the results. I ought to have given a liberal constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he acted with good faith, Spain must have prospered and harmonized with our new manners. The great object would have been obtained, and France would have acquired an intimate ally and an addition of power truly formidable. Had Ferdinand, on the contrary, proved faithless to his new engagements, the Spaniards themselves would not have failed to dismiss him, and would have applied to me for a ruler in his place. At all events that unfortunate war of Spain was a real affliction. It was the first cause of the calamities of France.

"I was assailed with imputations, for which, however, I had given no cause. History will do me justice. I was charged in that affair, with perfidy, with laying snares, and with bad faith, and yet I was completely innocent. Never, whatever may have been said to the contrary, have I broken any engagement, or violated my promise, either with regard to Spain or any other power.

"The world will one day be convinced, that in the principal transactions relative to Spain I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them both to Bayonne, but that they both strove which should be the first to show himself there. When I saw them at my feet and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people. I eagerly seized the singular opportunity, held out to me by fortune, for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system. It was, in my conception, laying the fundamental basis of the tranquillity and security of Europe. But I was far from employing for that purpose, as it has been reported, any base and paltry stratagems. If I erred, it was, on the contrary, by daring openness and extraordinary energy. Bayonne was not the scene of premeditated ambush, but of a vast master-stroke of state policy. I could have preserved myself from these imputations by a little hypocrisy, or by giving up the Prince of Peace to the fury of the people. But the idea appeared horrible to me, and struck me as if I was to receive the price of blood. Besides, it must also be acknowledged that Murat did me a great deal of mischief in the whole affair.

"Be that as it may, I disdained having recourse to crooked and common-place expedients. I found myself so powerful! I dared to strike from a situation too exalted. I wished to act like Providence, which, of its own accord, applies remedies to the wretchedness of mankind,

by means occasionally violent, but for which it is unaccountable to human judgment.

"Such, in a few words," says Napoleon, "is the whole history of the affair of Spain. Let the world write and say what it thinks fit, the result must be what I have stated. You will perceive that there was no occasion whatever for my pursuing indirect means, falsehoods, breach of promises, and violation of my faith. In order to render myself culpable, it would have been absolutely necessary that I should have gratuitously dishonored myself. I never yet betrayed any wish of such a nature."

Says Alison, "Perhaps in the whole annals of the world, blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation, than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula." On the contrary, says Sir Walter Scott, "To do Napoleon justice, he at no time, through this extraordinary discussion, made the least attempt to color his selfish policy." Sir Walter is undeniably right. It is a plain story. The Spanish Bourbons were involved in the most desperate family quarrel. Father and son hated each other implacably. Both, of their own accord, hastened to Napoleon to secure his co-operation. Napoleon, who had previously, in consequence of their perfidy, contemplated their overthrow, availed himself of this unexpected opportunity. He told them frankly that it was not safe for him to leave either of them upon the throne. He promised that, if they would abdicate, he would give them all they wanted—wealth and splendor. The hostility between the parent and the son was so malignant, that each party preferred to see Napoleon in possession of the throne, rather than the other. They both accepted. Napoleon conferred upon them, with princely magnificence, palaces and hunting-grounds, and placed one of the noblest of men upon the throne of Spain. The regeneration of the degraded peninsula was commenced. Napoleon hoped that he was now secure from a stab in the back.

While these scenes were transpiring at Bayonne, Napoleon was hourly animating, by his tireless energies, the most distant provinces in his empire. He had commenced a series of most Herculean efforts to develop the maritime resources of France. Harbors and docks were formed. The coasts were fortified. Vessels of every description were built. Great care was devoted to the training of naval officers. Every available resource was called into action to protect the French flag from insult, and to secure for France the benefits of commerce. In his intervals of leisure he mounted his horse, and rode along the shore, visiting the sea-ports, and gaining much information relative to naval affairs. During one of these excursions, he had seen numbers of fine oaks and firs lying on the ground, and rotting for want of means of transport. "*My heart bleeds*," he wrote to his minister, "to see all this valuable wood perishing uselessly."

LET THOSE LAUGH THAT WIN.

PARIS is undoubtedly the most civilized city in the world. There are offices in that metropolis where marriages are negotiated. In our beloved native land we manage the matter differently. We have offices to negotiate loans, &c., and upon the profits therefrom derived, we venture to effect matrimonial alliances It is an indirect method. For, as you will admit, it is much simpler, when I wish to dispose of my daughter's hand, to step into an office, and pay one or two per cent. upon a blonde bridegroom (for instance), personally inoffensive, and warranted to enjoy $8000 per annum. It saves much doubtful visiting and many inquiries. I am not obliged to beseech Amelia Jane to beware until I have ascertained the necessary details about her lover, which is a delay that plunges us into all kinds of confusion. On her part, Amelia Jane is not exposed to harassing doubts as to the precise number of silk dresses, or what amount of carriage-hire she may indulge in; and has it clearly understood, at the outset, that she is to have two new bonnets, and opera *à discretion*, annually.

Society ought to be more exactly regulated in this respect. To save all embarrassment, and promote universal good-feeling, there should be delicate little notices let into the front doors of fine houses—mine, for example, and yours—upon which it would be well to inscribe, in gold letters of the most persuasive shape—

Young men under $5000 *per an. not admitted.*

This would save all trouble. It would certify to the youths who failed of the conditions, that it was useless for them to lavish their hearts' yearning upon that particular prize, and it would secure Amelia Jane from all uncertainty; while she could follow the sweet prompting of nature toward any of the suitors in the parlor, sure that every one of them would allow the prescribed quantity of bonnet, opera, and carriage.

These terms might not be inflexible. As years wore on, and Amelia Jane advanced with them, and other Amelia Janes began to appear in the parlor, and swarms of youths whose incomes remained sullenly fixed at $4000, or even $3000 per annum, passed hopelessly by the fatal door, repressing their choking sighs, and cursing their unhappy fates: then that door might relax, and the stern 5 melt graciously into a 4, and so, gradually and by lingering degrees, as the girls came on, and the ardent youths did not—you and I, the happy fathers of brilliant bevies of Amelia Janes, might waive our rights of superiority, and generously descend to meet the world.

How this would simplify society! And yet I am not sure that the Paris method is not better. To be sure it comes originally from the East, where marriages are managed by the friends and relatives of the pair, and the husband never sees his bride's face until they are married. But it is still superior in Paris, where the intermediate is a broker, unknown to both parties. For where is a disinterested negotiator desirable, if not in matrimonial arrangements? Paris is certainly the capital of civilization.

I had undertaken to be the negotiator for my friend, Don Bobtail; or, if not precisely negotiator, yet what was much the same thing—to secure his marriage with an heiress.

Now, in England, I am told, this is not so difficult a thing to do. That superb aristocracy, of which the great and good George the Fourth was so noble a head, is dear in its last analysis to every loyal child of the island, and as history shows conclusively that the best, most heroic, and most valuable men have always been titled, so every well-regulated parent goes down with gratitude to the grave, if *his* Amelia Jane can only become Lady Adolphus John.

To such well-regulated parents the mention of the noble name is enough—that includes the three graces, the nine muses, and the ten commandments. It is only necessary for My Lord to specify the sum which he will condescend to receive with his precious Amelia, and the morning upon which it will suit his convenience to say "yes" at St. George's, Hanover Square. Wedding breakfasts—a delightful traveling costume—the proper announcement to a breathless world, "It is confidently rumored that the Right Hon. the King of Clubs is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the young, lovely, and accomplished Amelia Jane, eldest daughter of Norfolk Brindle, of Brindle Lodge, Chatsworth, Devon, Esq."—the rapid drive to St. George's—the collation—the "happy pair left at two o'clock in the pony sulky of the noble and gallant bridegroom, for the seat of the accomplished bride's father, Brindle Lodge, Chatsworth, Devon"—the "yesterday morning, at Bull Terrace, Smithfield, the Lady of the Right Hon. King of Clubs, of a son"—all these follow in due order. An interested world of Norfolk Brindle, Esquires, hang over the radiant items, and long for their turn, and their Amelia's title, to arrive.

So they manage it in England. No problem in society so easy, as—given a title to marry an heiress. One can not wonder at the high moral tone so evident in those circles, nor at the virtuous frown with which French novels are condemned and—read. Had I been in London with the Spanish Embassador, I think I could have managed it.

But it was not so easy in a land of republican virtues, where men are measured by their worth, and not by any accessories of fortune. Is it not notorious that the American female scorns the gauds of wealth, and longs for connubial felicity in a suburban cot? Is it not evident that "the matches," *par excellence*, are not the men of brass, but of brains; and that every girl is considered to have married admirably, who has rejected $20,000 a year and age, for youth and love? Are they ever called foolish? Is she who takes an inveterate case of gilded gout, aged sixty-five, ever called a quiet, sensible woman, without romantic flummery, and who knows what she is about? Of course she is not. It is perfectly well known that we all grieve over it. It is notorious that when our friends are engaged, we instantly inquire, "Are they very much in love?" and never, "What's his income?"

Title, of course, would avail the distinguished Don nothing.

"My young friend," he said to me, not long after the little episode related in our May Number, "I remember that you promised to assist me to marry an heiress. I am quite ready. My father was a man of great wealth and I was early initiated into all the accomplishments of a man of fashion. I adopted the diplomatic career, and have had the honor of dancing at all the courts of Europe. My father left me nothing, and I have been obliged to exist by raising little loans among my friends"

"Polish Counts Icthyosaurowski?" inquired I.

The Spanish Embassador smiled blandly, and took snuff.

"My young friend is facetious," he continued. "But for my part I wish I had been born a fisher-boy rather than a gentleman, since now, without any profession, and with a carefully cultivated repugnance to work, I have no resource but to marry an heiress: or," added the Don, taking snuff, "raising farther loans."

We walked on silently for some time. The Don twirled his mustache, and looked at all the women we passed. I was lost in meditation; telling over the list of ladies of whose favor I could be sure, for a well authenticated Spanish Don. While I was still abstracted I heard a quiet laugh, from my companion, a merry gurgling in his cravat. It was a laugh so purely private that I was afraid of intruding if I asked—

"What is it?"

But I could not help it, and asked.

"I observed an old acquaintance passing," replied Fandango, smiling again.

"Ah, then, you have friends in the city," inquired I.

"Friends is perhaps a strong term," rejoined the Embassador; and he burst into a loud laugh.

I looked at him, surprised; and, tapping his snuff-box, he offered it to me—and added:

"It was young Dove that passed."

"An ingenuous youth," said I, for I had great respect for a gentleman like Mr. Dove, who had passed a few months in Europe, "where," as he used to say to an admiring circle of untraveled youths, "I *rather* saw the elephant."

"A very ingenuous youth," said Don Bobtail Fandango, and smiled so radiantly, that I could not help saying:

"You have an intimate acquaintance with Dove?"

"I *had* for one evening," replied the Don; "and I was thinking as he passed whether I might not effect a loan from him. We had the pleasure of a little transaction of the kind when we met upon the Continent, which, if you think it would amuse you, I will relate."

"Do so, by all means. Dove is one of my models."

My friend took snuff, and looked inquiringly at me; then commenced:

"One evening at the *Albergo Reale*, or Hotel Royal, at Bologna, I was just finishing my dinner at the table-d'hôte, and meditating with some

curiosity how I should pay my bill there, for which the host had expressed some anxiety. I had but two or three friends in town, and they were at different hotels, where, I have reason to believe, the landlords were in a similar uncertainty respecting the bills of my friends. While I was thus passing the time over my glass, with a Vienna newspaper in my hand, a youth entered, with a lordly air, and glancing superciliously around the room, sat down at the farther end of the table, and interrogated the host in very bad French, as to what there was in the house fit for dinner.

"You would have thought, probably, my young friend Smytthe, from the fine clothes, the waistcoat buttons, the kid-gloves, the thin boots, the superfine surtout, that it was probably the heir of the Russian throne, or a son of the Sultan, traveling, with all his royalty but his pride, *incog*. I was not so deceived. In the course of travels by no means limited, I recognized in this superb swagger, this aristocratic ill-breeding, one of your beloved countrymen—one of the class, I mean, who pity Englishmen, because they don't elect a Queen every four years, and who sniff at the Campagna, and ask if you have ever seen a prairie;—who cross the ocean to visit palaces in which hereditary wealth and royal care have collected invaluable works of art, and laugh at monarchies;—who crush and crowd for hours to get a standing-place in the Sistine Chapel, and hear the *Miserere*, then go back to the hotel to rail at the intolerable mummeries of Romanism;—who boast interminably of Yankee shrewdness, and pay the highest price for all the worst things in Europe;—who laugh at the obsequiousness of snobs, and refuse to take off their hats in honor of the Host;—whose only pride, they say, is that they are Americans and republicans, and whose first care is to be invited to royal and noble balls, and to regret earnestly that nations should try to be republican before they are prepared for it;—who come home and dazzle you, my dear Smytthe, and others like you, with the recital of their heroic and mysterious adventures with countesses, because they have been the easy dupe of every grisette in Paris, and of every sharper on the Continent—cheated by picture-dealers—by men who mysteriously smuggle genuine Havanas, which are made by thousands in the next street—by couriers—by landlords—by porters, and who always pay five or six francs for the useless candles which are lighted in every hotel upon their arrival, and which they are too proud to blow out.

"This is the style of gentleman I immediately recognized in the gallant youth who entered and ordered his dinner.

"Then, of course, he ordered Galignani.

"I knew that he would presently begin to study me, so I fell into an abstracted state of toothpicking and newspaper-reading, and assumed the aristocratic air, in which you republicans are naturally not very discriminating.

"He presently selected the most expensive wine upon the bill and ordered it to be got ready, while a bottle of champagne washed down his solitary dinner. I knew that he was pleased with my appearance; I knew that he considered me to be a nobleman (as I am), and that he wished me to be duly impressed with his own grandeur.

"'Send my servant,' said he, when the waiter brought him the wine.

"The moment afterward, Giuseppe, one of my old friends, to whom I have been often indebted for the news of the arrival of a pigeon—I mean of a young gentleman of fortune (pigeon is a technical term for these in the polite European circles that I frequent), in the town where we chanced to meet. Giuseppe was what you republicans would call "smart." He used to make 90 per cent. upon all money that passed through his hands.

"Giuseppe's eyes and mine exchanged greetings when he entered, but we said nothing."

"Was M. Giuseppe in the diplomatic career," inquired I of Don Bobtail.

"No, not precisely," said he, "he was a courier."

"Ah!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

Then he continued:

"My young American friend, who was, in fact, no other than the amiable Mr. Dove, who has just passed, ordered Giuseppe in a very audible tone to see that the carriage was properly sheltered, and that all four of the small trunks were taken to his room—as for the rest it was no matter. Then he asked Giuseppe if there were probably any good specimens of the Bolognese School to be obtained at a human price, for he was fond of the Bolognese School, and would much like to own a fine specimen.

"Giuseppe said that he had heard last winter of a fine Caracci in the private gallery of the Count Cassaccio, for which the hereditary Duke of Mum-Frappé had offered ten thousand francs: but the family of Cassaccio, although reduced, would not let it go under eleven thousand. The papers were perfect, and it was one of the best authenticated pictures in the Cassaccio Gallery.

"Mr. Dove listened to this story as if he were sorry the price had not been a hundred thousand francs.

"'Well,' said he, when Giuseppe had finished, 'I will see in the morning.'

"This little passage, I knew, had been played off upon me, and I was more grateful to my amiable young friend Mr. Dove, than he had any suspicion, for the insight into his pecuniary resources, with which he had favored me.

"When his expensive bottle of wine came up, and he was fairly embarked upon it, and was getting stranded upon the advertisements at the bottom of Galignani, I arose carelessly, and was slowly sauntering down the room, quite overlooking Dove, and filliping the crumbs from my trowsers, when seeing him laying down Galignani, I said to him in pure English, and with well-bred *nonchalance*—

"'Will you permit me to look at that paper.'

"'Oh! certainly, sir,' replied he.

"I took it and threw my eye up and down the columns."

"Did you hurt it, Don Bobtail?" asked I at this moment.

"Hurt what?" said he.

"Your eye, Don Bob," said I.

The Spanish Embassador took snuff beamingly, then resumed:

"As I laid it down, I said to the good Dove, 'there seems to be nothing new.'

"'No, nothing. Are you an Englishman?'

"'No, I am not,' answered I.

"'You speak the language so well,' said Dove.

"'Indifferently. You are very kind. You, I presume, are a Russian gentleman.'

"I have observed that you young Americans are not sorry to be mistaken for the noblemen of any nation, and I felt quite sure that Dove would not be exasperated.

"'No, I am an American,' replied he smiling.

"'And a fortunate man, sir, in being so,' I responded. 'When I was in your country—'

"'Have *you* been in America?' asked Dove.

"Now, strictly speaking, I had not been, but I had been in the house of the American Minister at various Courts which, by diplomatic courtesy, is considered his country. And as I had not, strictly speaking, been in the country, neither was my knowledge of its history so exact as it might otherwise have been, but I thought it would be as well to plunge on rapidly, so I answered:

"'Oh! yes, I have been in America, and—and—and, I much admire the country of the great General Washington Irving.'

"I was quite sure of the names; not so sure that I had composed them properly.

"Mr. Dove smiled, and said that he considered me rather an amusing person.

"'You have some good things over here too,' said Mr. Dove.

"'You are very kind,' I answered. 'Yes—a few cities—pictures—statues, &c.—a little history, and so on—some tolerable mountains and ruins. Yes, it's all very well, on rather a small scale.'

"'Pleasant place, Bologna?' inquired Dove.

"'So—so-ish—quiet—a picture or two—an arcade or so—a leaning tower—Rossini somewhere in the town—quiet—moral, rather. Do you stay long?'

"'No, must be off to-morrow,' said Dove, 'must hurry home—I get tired of this business.'

"'You've been long in Europe?' I asked.

"'Yes, six weeks, but I haven't seen half yet. I've only been to England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and a part of Spain and Italy. I've got Switzerland and Germany to do yet, and I must be at home in five weeks!'

"'You leave in the morning?' I said.

"'Yes, I must be off. I should like to stay longer, but it's impossible. Been here long?'

"'Yes, several months,' I answered, 'in fact I am making the tour of Europe at my leisure—as easily as if I were upon a sporting tour. I have made several friends here, charming persons. Two or three are coming to my room to-night, and I shall be very glad if you would join us.'

"'Thank you,' replied Dove, 'don't care if I do. One likes to see society, you know, when he's traveling. But,' added he, pausing a little, 'do they speak English? Not to say that I don't speak French, but I'm more at home, as it were, in English.'

"'Make yourself easy, dear sir,' said I, taking out my card, which singularly enough bore at that period of my life, the name of M. le Chevalier Tric-Trac.

"The ingenuous Dove looked flattered at a nobleman's attention, and asked me to take a glass of wine.

"I did not decline. Why should I have declined? It was unexceptionable Sherry—at least to one who rarely ventured beyond *vin ordinaire*, and as I knew that the landlord of the house had a cask of wine from which he drew off into bottles with various labels, that stood at hand, in accordance with orders, I knew the wine was good. I had often seen a young Englishman order some light sherry, and find it palatable. His friend, an American, would presently command the Madeira of the highest price, which the same invaluable fount supplied.

"'Give up drinking that stuff,' Jonathan would jocosely remark to John, who would smile, and sip the Madeira, and confess:

"'Well, after all, one does get a better wine for a better price.'

"And so the graceful game of life went forward and all the players were pleased.

"I appointed eight o'clock as the hour of reunion at my rooms, and left my young friend Dove for a stroll under the Arcades, in which I did not invite him to join me, as I wished to pay a visit or so to my friends. Repairing to the *Croce d'Oro* (you have been in Bologna?), I was charmed to find one of my "particular intimates" standing at the door of his hotel.

"'*Buona sera!*' cried he, 'what luck?'

"I smiled significantly, and stepped in to sip coffee and smoke a friendly cigar.

"'Are you at leisure this evening, M. Rothschild?' said I gravely to my friend.

"'Quite so—after vespers,' said he seriously.

"'I am glad to hear it,' continued I, 'for a young friend of mine from America has arrived this evening in Bologna, and leaves in the morning, in *his own carriage*; and I thought to make his stay agreeable, by a little re-union at my rooms.'

"'I shall be most happy to make your friend's acquaintance,' replied my companion; 'is he young?'

"'Quite young. In fact, I should say decidedly young,' answered I quietly.

"'If there is any thing which especially pleases me,' said M. Rothschild, 'it is the society of ingenuous youth.'

"My friend, M. Rothschild, I may observe, had

been much in England, and spoke the language very fluently. He said that he was a younger brother of the famous banking house of that name, and as I had no reason to doubt the word of a gentleman I valued so highly, it was my custom to introduce my friend as M. Rothschild. It saved embarrassing explanations.

"'As we may want to amuse ourselves, you may possibly have a pack of cards among your effects?' I said interrogatively.

"'It is barely possible,' he rejoined. 'I will look; and if I should not chance to find any, I am quite confident our good friend Setta Mezzo has a pack—if—' he added, 'you had intended him to be of the party—'

"'I think he would be a welcome addition,' said I, 'and if you will do me the favor to bring him, I am quite sure Mr. Dove's entertainment would be secured.'

"'At what hour?' inquired M. Rothschild.

"'At eight o'clock,' I answered.

"'Good-evening, Signor Cavaliere.'

"'Good-evening, M. Rothschild.'

"And I passed pleasantly along under the arcades, humming an air from *La Straniera*. Do you know the Opera, Mr. Smytthe? It's one of my favorites. Bologna is also one of my favorite cities. It is quiet, and sufficiently removed from the great routes of travel. One makes friends there, not without advantage.

"However, I am prosing.

"Eight o'clock came, and with it my friend, Mr. Dove. He was *en grande tenue*. Fine black throughout, with amazing pearls for shirt-studs. A very delicate foot had Dove, brilliantly booted. Small hands, nicely kidded. In truth, Mr. Smytthe, the young Dove was gentlemanly to the last degree. I have rarely met a more gentlemanly person than Dove.

"My room was not very much illuminated. Light is a little vulgar, I think. Well shaded rooms, *à demi-jour*, as our amiable French friends say—and not without reason—are much preferable. Gas is gaudy—fortunately there is none in Bologna. A wax candle or two better suits the *complexion*.*

"Presently M. Rothschild arrived—a grave gentleman, in white cravat and loose black clothes. He displayed no diamonds. Kings do not always wear their crowns; and I have observed that bankers' buttons are not always Friedrich-d'ors nor Napoleons. M. Rothschild had, also, roomy boots, and a hat which did not dazzle the eye with that painful polish of newness, observable in the hats of—well, if you choose—of yourself, my dear Smytthe. He was staid and rather taciturn. Yet, upon Mr. Dove's suggesting a leading question about the Turkish loan then pending, M. Rothschild indulged in a very luminous exposition of the true financial policy of Europe.

"'You see, my dear sir,' said he, addressing Mr. Dove, who looked as if he were expecting to be suddenly summoned home to be placed at the head of the Treasury Department. 'You see England can not possibly allow Russia to eat up Turkey, nor can France permit England to take too firm root in Egypt. Is it not therefore plain, that the *statu quo* must be maintained effectively as laid down in the treaty of Adrianople—the *statu quo* maintained, and exchanges kept easy? That is the point, after all, to keep exchanges easy. Sorry to see, this evening,' continued he, addressing me, 'that the French funds are down again.'

"While the eminent banker was employed in stating to Mr. Dove why the French funds had fallen, I heard the nimble step of the Count Setta Mezzo.

"'Come in,' cried I; and the Count came in, resplendent.

"The Count wore trowsers plaited at the hips, and large around the body. He had a very brilliant waistcoat, with metal buttons, and a display of parti-colored jewelry upon his shirt front, a blue body-coat, with effulgent buttons, and a crimson cravat completed the bulk of his attire. It was garnished with many very beautiful chains, and his small hands flashed with invaluable rings. His appearance was certainly very effective, and as I saw that Dove was a good deal impressed, I whispered to him as I returned from saluting the Count:

"'A natural son of the Pope.'

"I saw the republican eyes of my friend dilate with joy at the intelligence.

"'A man of great fashion, *répandu* every where,' continued I; then said:

"'Count Setta Mezzo, my particular friend, Mr. Dove, from America.'

"'Ah! *charmé!*' cried the Count, bowing ardently, and pressing the well-kidded hand of Dove in his own. 'You are from one very great country. Ah! *Amérique, Amérique!* and you are recently arrive?'

"'A few weeks since, only,' replied M. Dove, in a manner that did honor to his country.

"'And how are mee friend Mr. and Mr.,' inquired the Count, rattling over a list of names, apparently not unknown to Dove.

"'Gracious! do you know all those?' cried he, delighted; 'why, they are all my friends.'

"'And immensely mine,' shouted the Count, in transport. And making as if he were about to embrace Mr. Dove; 'I met them in Baden-Baden, in Hamburg, at Spa, at Florence, every where. Ah! my best, best friends!'

"'How odd I never heard them speak of you,' said Dove.

"'*Ah! sacré!* I am afraid not so odd. They meet so many, they forget me,' and Count Setta Mezzo, evidently the most careless and jovial of good fellows, looked a little pensive; while Dove compared the warm-hearted remembrance of his new friend with the heedless forgetfulness of his old companions, and determined to reproach them when he returned to '*Amérique, Amérique.*'"

"'*N'importe, vive la bagatelle!*' laughed the gay Count. 'Come, Tric-Trac, where are the

* [What a profound social observation on the part of my friend, Don Bob. I am proud to know a man who knows so *many things, well.*—J. S., Jr.]

cigars?' cried he, in the most easy, winning manner. 'How can one young Americain live without his smoke!'

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'smoke may be disagreeable to M. Rothschild.'

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'don't let me be a bugbear. I don't smoke. It would hardly become a man in my situation, but I am very fond of it. I pray you not to mind me.'

"Cigars were lighted. And we sat conversing around the table. The grave M. Rothschild endeavored constantly to entrap Mr. Dove into a learned conversation upon the present financial condition of the world, and how the discoveries in Australia and California would affect the Russian securities. Dove's great respect for a Prince among earthly rulers made him very attentive, but I saw that he was bored. In fact, you would have thought, my dear Smytthe, that M. Rothschild had some intention of wearying his companion, so pertinacious was he.

"At length I, who saw how young Dove longed to amuse himself in some pleasanter way than discussing finance, said:

"'What a pity we haven't a pack of cards, we might while away an hour pleasantly enough.'

"The moment Dove heard the proposition, he shouted 'Sure enough,' as if any kind of relief were delightful.

"'But,' said I, 'unfortunately I play so little that I have no cards in my room, and it's late to buy any—the shops are shut.'

"'How very fortunate I am,' interrupted the Count, 'I was going to meet a few other friends after I leave your charming apartments, and I had one little pack with me. I bought it as I came along.'

"So saying, the Italian nobleman produced a fresh pack, at the sight of which the young eyes of my friend Dove sparkled. I rang at the same time for a little refreshment.

"'Perhaps M. Rothschild doesn't play,' said the Count.

"'It is not my habit, certainly,' said that gentleman.

"'Nor mine,' added I.

"'But I have no moral objection to taking a hand,' continued he.

"'Nor I,' continued I.

"'*Allons donc*,' shouted the enthusiastic Italian, while his eyes flashed as brightly as his rings and chains. 'Meester Dove, me and you against the old ones, hey?'

"'Certainly,' answered Dove, pouring out some Cognac, Young America and Young Italy for ever!'

"And Dove and Setta Mezzo clasped hands and drained a glowing beaker.

"M. Rothschild proposed whist, as the game most adapted to his position, and quietly put down a bill for a thousand francs. Dove opened his eyes, enchanted to play on the great scale with so distinguished a man. You young men must see life, you know, Smytthe. It's a pleasant thing to say, 'when I won a few thousands of the Queen of Spain, or of Lafitte, or of Rothschild.' You understand all that, you young *blasé* men of the world! I know you.

"Well, we sat down to whist. Mr. Dove won the thousand francs. The Count winked at him. M. Rothschild said, gravely:

"'Sir, you are an accomplished player, I compliment you upon your skill.'

"Dove blushed, and tossed his head carelessly. The play went on—and the drinking, and the night. I ordered more brandy and cigars. Mr. Dove won again. The Count threw up his hands with delight.

"'*Vive la jeune Amérique!*' cried he.

"Mr. Dove smiled in return. He smiled a great deal. In fact he seemed to have difficulty in stopping. His eyes were very radiant and very red. His cheek was flushed too, and his hand not so steady as a statue's. In truth he seemed a good deal excited, and the few observations which he ventured, were rather fragmentary—in fact I fear that Mr. Dove h—cc—d as he talked.

"About two o'clock in the morning we were a good deal interested in the game. The luck had unfortunately turned against your countryman, who was some five thousand francs upon the wrong side of *Cr*. About three o'clock, at a very interesting passage of the game, Mr. Dove's eyes closed in a reeling manner, and he sank quite powerless under the table. We immediately raised him, and, as it was clear that he would be unable to play longer that evening—as I hoped he would have done, to recover what he had lost—we resolved to carry him quietly to his room, in which operation Giuseppe assisted, for which M. Rothschild gave him a hundred francs on account, which he had just found in the purse of Mr. Dove, that the Count had removed from his pocket, fearing that it might increase his weight too much, as we carried him to his room.

"It was very singular, also, that a fine diamond ring slipped from his finger, and could not be found, although M. Rothschild, the Count, and I searched every where for it.

"The next morning I learned that Mr. Dove was too unwell to leave Bologna, and after a little conversation with my friends—who had kindly passed the night in my room, lest our guest should be in want of any thing—I stepped into his room.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Dove,' said I; 'I am truly sorry you are unwell. We went it a little too hard, last night.'

"'Oh, no, it's nothing,' replied Dove, who was unwilling to be considered the inferior of any man at a debauch; 'I thought I'd lie over this morning. That *was* rather dizzy brandy, though, I confess. In fact, I was so sleepy the latter part of the evening, that I don't distinctly remember every thing that happened.'

"'You've not forgotten, I hope,' said I, pulling out thirty Napoleons (which I rather think the Count had found in Mr. Dove's purse) and laying them down, 'that I owe you this little sum.'

"'No, really,' cried Dove, 'I can't allow it, I don't remember it a bit, I can't take the money.'

"'My dear sir,' replied I, 'you forget that it is a debt of honor, and all the more obligatory, because you hold no memorandum of it. Don't say another word.'

"Then we fell into a little light discourse, and I implored him to send for me if he wished any thing, and withdrew.

"I found M. Rothschild and the Count sipping coffee in my room. The latter said he had just taken three places in a post-carriage for Florence, and begged us to accept the two spare seats.

"'It goes in half-an-hour,' said he, 'and it's now half-past nine.'

"'Well,' said M. Rothschild, 'I should like to visit the statues and pictures in Florence once more, and I will go if the Chevalier is willing.'

"I could not refuse, and at a quarter before ten M. Rothschild stepped into Mr. Dove's room.

"'Ah! good-morning,' said he. 'Sorry not to find you well.'

"'It's nothing,' replied Dove; 'nothing at all.'

"'I happened in as I chanced to be passing,' continued M. Rothschild, 'merely to ask if it were convenient for you to pay that little sum, of which, you remember, I took no memorandum from you.'

"'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Dove, perceiving that he must have lost something, but not very distinctly recalling the amount, 'yes—I—remember. It was, I think—it was—'

"'Four hundred Napoleons,' interposed M. Rothschild, with financial precision.

"'Exactly,' said Mr. Dove. 'Giuseppe, bring the writing-desk.'

"Your ingenuous countryman then wrote a draft for the amount, and handed it to M. Rothschild, who, looking at his watch, said that he had an engagement at ten, and bade Dove good-morning.

"Fortunately the post-carriage was just ready to start, and the Count and I were on the steps. We lost no time, and in a few minutes were quietly bowling out of the old town of Bologna. It is a fine old city, my dear Smytthe, and as I said to the youth who has just passed us, 'quiet rather, and moral.' However, have you thought of my heiress?"

"Dear Don Bobtail," said I, "after your pleasant story I shall want at least a month to consider."

INFLUENCE OF NOVELS.

WE do not look upon prose works of fiction as constituting by any means an insignificant or trivial province of literature. In this, as in any other line of exertion, merit is to be measured, not by the department chosen, but by the degree of excellence reached in that department. The glory of an actor is not considered to be indicated by the dignity of the *rôle* assigned to him, but by the truth and vividness of his representation; and the confidantes, the valets, and the peasants are often the great characters of the piece, while the lovers, kings, and heroes are enacted by any one who can strut and declaim. In like manner, an author is not ennobled by the subject which he chooses, but by the power with which he handles it: an historian may sink below contempt, though he has chosen Europe for his arena, and the most stirring period of its annals for his epoch; a tragedian, though he depicts the most mysterious horrors which humanity has undergone, may justly be hissed off the stage for the imbecility of his performance; an epic poet, though Alfred be his theme, pursued through twelve cantos of sonorous versification, may be saved from damnation only by the obscurity which secures him from perusal; —while the delineator of the simplest and humblest scenes of life, if his pictures be but faithful, his sentiments lofty, his perceptions just, and his coloring natural, may attain a deserved immortality, become a household name at every hearth, a favorite with all ages, and a blessing to all times Genius stamps its own signet on every performance, whatever be the kind of work it takes in hand; and nowhere is its impress more deep and unmistakable than in those volumes which reproduce in fiction the richest and most genial realities of life

Considered merely as artist productions, we are disposed to place the ablest and finest works of fiction in a very high rank among the achievements of human intellect. Many of their characters are absolute *creations*—an addition to the mind's wealth—an "everlasting possession"—a positive contribution to the world's museum of enduring wonders and unfading beauties—existences as real as the heroes of ancient story or the worthies of private life But even writers who do not aspire or can not reach so high as this, often leave behind them enduring and beautiful records, "which aftertimes will not willingly 'let die;'" of conceptions lofty and refined, of beings who win their way to every heart; of domestic pictures which all must love and nearly all may emulate; of virtues at once so loving and so real, that scarcely any one can contemplate them without imbibing some good influence from the sight; of victories won in many a moral struggle, which irresistibly suggest a "go and do thou likewise" to every reader. If novels and romances, of which the tone is low, and the taste bad, and the coloring voluptuous, and the morality questionable, are among the subtlest and deadliest poisons cast forth into the world, those of a purer spirit and a higher tendency are, we honestly believe, among the most effective agencies of good. Hundreds of readers who would sleep over a sermon, or drone over an essay, or yield a cold and barren assent to the deductions of an ethical treatise, will be startled into reflection, or won to emulation, or roused into effort, by the delineations they meet with in a tale which they opened only for the amusement of an idle hour.

> "For truth in closest words shall fail,
> When truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors."

The story may not (and never should) have been

written with a definite, didactic aim; there may be little moralizing and no formal exhortation—the less of either the better; yet the reader may find a chord struck which needed only striking to vibrate to the end of life, but to which the key-note had never yet been found: he may see there depicted with a life-like pencil, the contest with a temptation against which he is himself struggling, the termination of a career in which he has just taken the first hesitating step, the holy endurance and the happy issue of a trial similar to one which is at the moment darkening his own path: he may see how suffering is borne, how victories are won; by what moral alchemy, and through what dread alembic, peace and good may be made to spring out of evil, anguish, and conflict: he may meet with reflections and analogies which reflect a sudden light upon his soul and reveal to him the deepest and saddest secrets of his own being—till the hour when he perused that humble volume becomes a date and an era in his existence. Nor are works which thus operate upon the reader by any means always or necessarily those which display the greatest genius in the writer: for the production of such effects, simple fidelity to nature, the intuition of real sympathy, or some true and deep experience of life, are often more powerful than the most skillful and high-wrought delineations.—*Edinburgh Review.*

FAITHFUL FOREVER

IT is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope undeferred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our nature; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

Jennie was the morning star of my life. Long before I trod the many wide deserts of the world, I pledged my hope to her. She was so young that my affection came fresh as dew upon her heart. She was gentle to me, and tender, and fond, and sometimes I thought that she loved me less for my own sake than for the sake of love. So I watched the opening bloom of her mind. I wondered what springs of truth were bursting there to make her a joy and a blessing on the earth. I knew that every pulse was warm with a sacred love; but it was not then that I learned all the deep and abounding faith that had its home in the heart of my Jennie

Jennie was slim and graceful, with a light step and a gentle dignity of demeanor, which, with her joyful ways, was like the freshness of shade near a sunny place. Her face was fair, with sometimes a pensive expression; it was a good, loving face, with soft, blue, floating eyes, full of beauty and tender thought. A smile always played on the lips—not forever of gladness, but of charity, and content, and trust in the future to which her hope was turned. And often a song poured through those lips, as though some happy bird were nestled in her bosom, and sang with her breath its hymns of delight in the joys of life.

All this did Jennie seem to me, and more than this she was, and she loved me, and I was confident in her affection. For I was then young, and my heart was warm and my hope was strong. I was buoyant as the breeze, and my life was for years a perpetual summer's day. It was the time when the pure springs of nature had not been wasted among the fickle and the cold; it was the golden season when trust is the companion of truth; it was the first harvest which garners into the bosom those thoughts and emotions amid which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings, feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more serene than mine.

There was a fearful storm in Europe. I heard of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, whence they gave their commands to armies which marched to the east and to the west, and tore up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens, and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon, there came rumors of a mighty host that had melted away in the north, and glutted with its blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strange ambition into my mind. My blood became hot. A calamitous frenzy filled my brain. The name of Glory consecrated all these murders to my imagination I would carry a flag in one of those armies. I would mix in the crimson throng. I would myself bear a sword amid those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to my Jennie. I thought she would certainly bless me as a hero. I thought she would bind a scarf about my waist, and bid me "go where glory waits thee," if I still remembered her. But, when I said I should leave her for a while and come back with honor, and pride, and the memory of brave acts, and the conscious gratulations of a breast that never knew fear, she became pale, and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon my neck, weeping most bitter tears. I asked her why she could grieve, and said the danger was one chance among innumerable probabilities of success. But she only sobbed and trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to persuade her of the glory of the war. I told her how much more worthy of love she would think me when I came back adorned with laurels. (O how green are the leaves that bloom from slaughter!) I said her image would be my companion; her voice would be my vesper-bell, her smile my star of the morning; her face would be the visitant of my dreams; her love the mercy that would

shield me from every danger. She listened with suspended sobs and trembled, and all the while her eyes were appealing to my own, and penetrating to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might not tempt misfortune to blight the early bridal of our hearts

When I had done, her answer was as if I had not spoken, for still she only said that I must not go. She gave no more reasons now. And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought that explaining and persuading were answers to the pleading tears, and swelling bosom, and quivering frame, and speaking eyes of that maiden Niobe shaken by her mournful fears?

"You will be changed when you return," she said.

I change! I knew I could not change! Why should Jennie doubt my truth? I would prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I was resolved to leave. Jennie, at length, when her entreaties failed, reproached me, but so gently, that her very upbraiding sounded like a benediction. And so it was. It was not even the selfishness of affection. It was a pure, tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I was breaking faith with her in thus going away to engage in war. Was it for this that she had become the affianced of my heart? Was it for this that she had pledged her love, with every sacred vow, to answer mine? Was it for all this that I should take my hand from the pleasant cares of peace to corrupt it in the villanies of war; that I should mix with the worst of my kind; that I should ride over the harvests of the poor, and carouse in the glare of their burning homes, and see sweet babes made fatherless, and wives bereaved, and brides left desolate in the world? Oh, no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was not true to my early vow. I was not all for her I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never cause any sorrow to her, by denying to her love one of its earnest wishes. And now I was doing this I was making her grieve; I was risking the leaving her desolate to the end of her days For the sake of what? For the sake of a soldier's ambition. Ambition! As though to wear the gray hairs of a good old man were not a nobler hope than to die in a trench, or live, shuddering with the memory of carnage, and fire, and blood, and all the nameless horrors of a war!

I can not tell all the sorrows of that parting An infatuation burned in my head, and blinded me At length I went. Jennie's last blessing upbraided me more deeply than her first reproach When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy. But I comforted myself I decided that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the crimes of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and from the first I was sad, sick, remorseful. Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean. I heard not of her during four years Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, willful one to whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a fleet filled half with trophies, half with the limbless, sightless remnants of a glorious war. But then it *was* a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not falsified my pledge, yet had I not broken my own faith in doubting hers? I repented all I had done. Could I bind her to her own? Could I ask her to take, instead of the manly figure she had last seen, a wretched creature such as I then was?

I had feelings of honor—naval honor—honor that blooms on the drum-head—honor that struts in a red sash, and feathered hat. I would release her! As though love were an attorney's bond As though a penful of ink could blot out the eternal record of a heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her. I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had come home. I was also unmarried; but I was maimed, distorted, disfigured—an object to look at. I had no right to insist on our contract. I would not force myself upon her. I would spare her feelings. I would not extort a final ratification of her promise. I loved her still, and should always with tenderness remember her, but I was bound to release her. She was free!

Free! Free, by virtue of a written lease. Free, by one line, when the interwoven memories of a life's long faith were bound about her heart; when every root of affection that had struck into her bosom had sprung up with new blossoms of hope to adorn the visionary future. Free, by my honorable conduct—when she cherished as on an altar the flame of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity and trust. *Her* letter was not like mine It was quick, passionate, burning with affection It began with a reproach, and the reproach was blotted with a tear—it ended with a blessing, and a tear had made that blessing sacred too. Let me come to her. Let her see my face Let her embrace me. Let me never leave her more; and she would soothe me for all the pains I had endured. Not a word of her own sorrows!

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And had my long absence; had my miserable disas-

ters, made no change? Was I still, for Jennie, the beloved of other days? "What did you tell her?" said I to my confidential comrade, the one-eyed commodore, a bluff old hero, with a heart as warm as ever beat under gold buttons He had taken my letter, and brought back Jennie's answer.

"I said you were battered about the hull, till you were a wreck."

"And what did she say? Did she shudder, as with aversion?"

"No; she sobbed, and cried, and asked me if you were injured much, and said you must have suffered bitterly; but she said, too, that you must come to her. 'Miss,' I said, 'he is so knocked about that you won't know him. He'll frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly any body left' And then she flushed to the brow; 'Give him that,' she cried, 'and tell him to come. If he has enough body left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!'"

And where in tale or song, in history or fable, is an answer recorded of more heroic beauty? What had *I* to teach *her* of honor. Hers was the honor of the heart; the truth of the soul; the fidelity and love of a woman born to bless this world. Mine was an honor worn like a feather in a cocked hat, like an epaulet, like a spur. It was regulation honor—honor by the rules of "the service." Jennie's was better than mine.

. . . . . .

I lived with her near the old place. And my wife, the love of my early days, was still the fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—and, from that day, I buried my ideas of the pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was faithful to me forever!

THE LOST FOUND.

IN the year 18—, the little watering-place of A——, on the western coast of Ireland, was much agitated by a circumstance which occurred there. A nice family had come to pass the summer, and were occupying the only large house which A—— could then produce. We will call them by the name of Trevor. They were people of the upper class of life, and wealthy. The father was an Englishman and a clergyman, and had married a niece of the nobleman whose park wall we had just been admiring And it was a pleasant sight to see his tall, slight figure by the side of his still handsome and graceful wife, and their two fair and fawn-like girls sketching on the shore, or reading on the cliffs, or botanizing in the fields, or climbing the rocks for samphire, or visiting among the cottages of the poor to teach, or comfort, or relieve, which they did most bountifully, and were greatly beloved in the place—the free hand being ever popular among the Irish. They were always together—ever forming one group, like the figures in a piece of statuary; and appeared greatly attached, and drawn to each other as much by affection as by community of taste and habit.

But one evening they had an addition to their party, in the person of Henry Trevor, the only son of the family. He had his mother's soft, dark eye, and his father's tall, slight form, and in all other respects seemed perfectly identified with the tastes and habits of his parents and gentle sisters: a hundred new enjoyments seemed to have arrived with his presence. The three young people now lived in the open air. Bathing—and Henry was a splendid swimmer—or boating, and Henry was equally expert at the oar or the tiller; or they would go on walking excursions along the cliffs and headlands; or, mounted on rugged little fiery shelties, they would penetrate into the gorges and ravines, and beside the lakes of the C—— mountains, which towered behind their house, the haunts of the hill-fox, the otter, and the large golden eagle. In the month of June the place was visited by a tremendous storm; I remember it well. I was then at Brighton, and the loss of life and craft among the south of England fishermen was lamentable. This tempest came suddenly, and went in like manner, dying off in half an hour, after blowing a hurricane all day, as if exhausted by its own strength. The sea scene at A—— was grand in the extreme. The immense long bright billows of the Atlantic, crested with foam and fire, fell one after the other, bursting, like thunder-bolts, up the beach; and seeming to shake the shore and rocks with the explosions of their dread artillery; or, raging round the worn bases of the cliffs, whose blue heads looked placidly out on the warring waters, like a great mind unshaken amidst troubles.

At evening a small brig was seen by the red glare of the setting sun, drifting rapidly on a sunk ledge of rock which guarded the little bay. (At the ebb of tide a rapid current set northward just outside this dangerous reef, but the tide was flowing now). She evidently was not aware of the hidden danger till she had struck, and then appeared immovably wedged into the rock. She was seen to hoist signals of distress, and the roar of a solitary gun came shoreward on the wind. Mr. Trevor and his son were watching her from the beach along with many others, and the former now offered a handsome gratuity to those who would launch and man a boat, and go off to her assistance; but all shook their heads, for, truth to say, the marine of A—— was in a very discreditable condition; and, except one middling-sized pinnace, they had no craft fit for such a sea as was then running and raging before them. On this, Henry Trevor, leaping into the pinnace, which was rocking in a little cove, protected by a broad, flat stone from the sea, declared he would go alone, when four young fellows, who often had rowed him in his fishing expeditions, started forward to share his enterprise and his danger; "it was but half a mile to the reef"—"the wind was lulling—the tide at the full—and they would go for the love they had for the young master." The cheek of Mr. Trevor waxed deadly pale, but he was a brave and noble-hearted man, and thought his son was in the path of duty; he was

a pious man, too, and felt that God would surely not forsake him.

The boat was shoved into the surf amidst the cheers of the men, and the prayers and tears of the women; and, though every ten seconds it appeared sunk and lost in the trough of the wave, yet it would mount the next watery hill, and was fast reaching the reef under the long, steady stroke of the practiced hardy oarsmen. Henry's form was seen in the fast-receding light, sitting erect in the stern sheets, and steering with coolness and skill; a little gray cloth cap was pulled tightly down over his small and classical head, and the ends of his long black silk-handkerchief blew back in the gale from his fine throat.

In a short time they appeared to have reached the reef and boarded the brig, the strong little pinnace riding under the shelter of her lee. It had been comparatively calm for a brief space, but in a moment a black squall which had been gathering at sea, came rushing and roaring toward the shore, covering the sky and producing instantaneous night; a mountain-wave swept the vessel, in a moment or two a second, and a third succeeded, till the ship, gradually weakened by these reiterated shocks, entirely broke up, and became a total wreck.

But where was her crew? They were all saved. In the pale moonlight which succeeded the sudden passing away of the gale, the hardy pinnace might be seen riding amidst the long furrows of the sea, and drifting rapidly in to the shore. Tossed, broken, half-engulfed, and nearly full of water, she was hurled by the last wave she ever floated on high on the beach, and her crew drenched, stunned, and bruised, yet all preserved from a watery grave. The four young fishermen were there, too, but one was missing—*Edward Trevor was not among the number, and was not found.* He had been last seen on the brig's deck assisting a mother and her child into the pinnace, then the "big wave" had broken over them, drenching and stunning all, and they had hastily "cast off" and set to work to "bale the boat, supposing they had the young master on board, but seeing nothing owing to the darkness and confusion, and the difficulty of keeping the boat at all afloat, so crowded and in such a sea." The agony of Mr. Trevor at this discovery knew no bounds. The unfortunate father would have rushed into the sea to seek his lost son, had he not been prevented by the woman whose life Henry had saved. What was now to be done? The pinnace could not go back—her keel was broken, and her gunwale stove in; nor was there any boat to be found which could live in such a sea. All the night long the distracted parents and sisters, hand locked in hand, paced the sands, looking, and watching, and listening, and peering into the darkness; but there was neither voice nor sound, and Henry came not. At a little after two o'clock, the dawn beginning to show, and the sea much calmed, three boats, in one of which was the father, proceeded to the reef, which now stood up in gray and rugged outline above the ebb of tide. Here not a vestige of the wreck appeared, and, alas! no trace of the brave and beloved one who had periled his young life, and thrown it away in the cause of humanity. All day long the boats continued their search on the reef, and along the neighboring shore. The highest rewards were offered—grappling-irons were used for the discovery of the poor body, but it was not to be found. At evening his blue pea-jacket floated on shore, and alas! its identity could not be doubted, for, in a small side-pocket was Mrs. Trevor's portrait, set in blue enamel and pearl, all marred by the action of the sea-water, a gift from his mother on his going to college some years ago, but nothing more of his came to shore.

Days and days passed on, and every thing that wealth, and influence, and restless, anxious energy could effect, was put in practice, but Henry's loved remains were nowhere found.

All language were faint to portray the black shadow which now settled down in terrible darkness over the Trevors. The loud weeping of the gentle girls, the hysterical passion of their mother, continuing for hours, and breaking the health and the heart. The dry, sleepless agony of the father, ever accusing himself as the cause of his son's death, and pacing up and down the room in silent misery; for—

"The grief which does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-wrought heart, and bids it break."

Their affliction drew them more than ever together. If they were one in the day of joy, how much more in the night of sorrow. Their piety, too, deepened under the trial; and often, when unable to master their cruel agony, they would fling themselves on their knees, and pour out the overflowings of their distracted spirits in prayer to their heavenly Father; and comfort came down for the time, though hope was dead.

Weeks passed on, but the work of years had wrought on their appearance. Mr. Trevor's once shining black hair was all streaked with gray—silver lines which grief's pale finger had drawn there. His wife's health, like her poor boy's life, was wrecked away. She was always unwell—a martyr to shattered nerves. While the fair girls were like two young trees bent and drooping from the shock of a terrible tempest.

They now determined to leave A——, the scene of their misery. Their carriage and servants arrived next day, along with an old spaniel, which had belonged to Henry. The sight of this dog affected the grief-stricken family greatly. Their luggage was all packed, and their carriage ordered to be at the door at day-break, for they had a long day's journey to go. Late in the evening the sisters walked on the beach. The sea was calm and beautiful, and the sun dying over it in thin cloudlets of black and gold. They went to the flat rock, from whence Henry had leaped into the pinnace. They did not speak one word, but, weeping abundantly, each bent down her face to kiss the spot on the rock which their brother's steps had last pressed. The poor

girls mingled their tears with the remorseless brine, which now gently came in to caress their feet, as if sorrowing and plaining for its fault. Silently they returned home, and now they all sat together in their little drawing-room. It was their last evening at A——, the scene of *such* happiness, and *such* misery. It was the hour of family prayer, and Mr. Trevor read that divine chapter, the 14th of John's Gospel, which has brought comfort to thousands of mourners—"Let not your heart be troubled;" sweet words, yet sad. His deep, melodious voice quivered as he read them, for he thought of his fair son lying in the cold sea. Mrs. Trevor hid her face in the cushions of the sofa, and her daughters bent over and tried to soothe her. They knelt in prayer—it was their little wonted evening worship which *he* had often shared, and *always enjoyed*. Perhaps they thought of *that* now, and the remembrance might have calmed their spirit.

The old dog had been very nervous for the last few minutes, circling and smelling round the room, and whining at the window. Mr. Trevor threw it up.

"I see a man on the gravel walk," he said, "who, I think, is our new postillion. I hope Carlo will not hurt him;" for the dog had leaped out over the window-sill. The next minute a figure sprang in over the low sash, and with a loud cry precipitated himself toward the party. It was their lost one, whom God had sent them back.

"Mother, mother!—take me to your heart, dearest, dearest, mother! Beloved father, kiss me! Ellen, Susan, I am come again, never more to part in this world!"

Oh! the deep, the unutterable joy of that moment!

"Oh, God of heaven! oh, my merciful Saviour!" exclaimed the transported father, "it is my son—so wan, so worn; but it is indeed my son—my own son!"

All this time the mother could not speak; her face was on her son's shoulder, locked in his tight embrace, and silently straining him again and again to her heart. At length, disengaging herself, and pushing him toward the two fair girls who stood trembling, and all wild and weeping for joy, she turned her to her husband's faithful bosom, saw on his face the old smile come back, which she thought had gone forever, fell into his extended arms, and, lifting up her happy voice, exclaimed—

"Oh, our God, we thank thee for thy unspeakable mercy, for this our 'son was dead and is alive; he was lost, and is found!'"

His tale was soon told; he had been knocked down by the giant wave; his forehead was cut, and he lay senseless under the bulwarks of the deck; a mast had fallen obliquely over him, but had not touched or hurt him. When consciousness returned, he had just time to throw off his coat to swim, when the brig went to pieces, and the recoil of a wave *washed him outside the reef into the rapid current which sets strongly there to the north, and completely off the shore.* He said he swam but feebly, only using his feet; for the mast had floated with him, and his hands were locked in the rigging, as they drifted together in the sea. He said the last thing he *thought* he saw, was the light in his father's house on shore; but his eyes were dim; and the last sound he *thought* he heard, was a wail of soft music played on his sister's harp. His head was very much astray, he said, just then, and the music appeared to come floating along the waters, but it was a mere phantasy, though he said it made him smile; and so he committed his soul and his life to Him who once trod the waves to stillness; and then all was a blank, till he awoke faint and feeble in a strange bed, and among strange faces—yet saved, most wonderfully saved. He had been picked up by a Scotch fishing smack (which was returning to the island of Skye) at the first break of light. He was all but exanimate when found, and a fierce fever set in on his exhausted frame at once; but his kind captors took him to their wild but healthy home, where he was tenderly nursed by their women; and though delirious for a long time, his youth finally triumphed, and he was spared for the enjoyment and all the bliss of the present moment. He had written on his recovery twice from Skye, but his letters miscarried, and having had a purse of gold with him, which these honest fishermen never interfered with, he went to Glasgow in a fishing boat, and from thence home, where his presence was hailed as a *resurrection* indeed, and life from the dead.

CHARITY AND HUMOR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.
AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR," "PENDENNIS," "HENRY ESMOND," ETC.

SEVERAL charitable ladies of this city, to some of whom I am under great personal obligation, having thought that a Lecture of mine would advance a benevolent end, which they had in view, I have preferred, in place of delivering a Discourse, which many of my hearers no doubt know already, upon a subject merely literary or biographical, to put together a few thoughts which may serve as a supplement to the former Lectures, if you like, and which have this at least in common with the kind purpose which assembles you here, that they rise out of the same occasion and treat of charity.

Besides contributing to our stock of happiness, to our harmless laughter and amusement, to our scorn for falsehood and pretension, to our righteous hatred of hypocrisy, to our education in the perception of truth, our love of honesty, our knowledge of life, and shrewd guidance through the world, have not our humorous writers, our gay and kind week-day preachers done much in support of that holy cause which has assembled you in this place—and which you are all abetting, the cause of love and charity, the cause of the poor, the weak, and the unhappy; the sweet mission of love and tenderness, and peace and good-will toward men? That same theme which is urged upon you by the eloquence and exam-

ple of good men to whom you are delighted listeners on Sabbath-days, is taught in his way and according to his power by the humorous writer, the commentator on every-day life and manners.

And as you are here assembled for a charitable purpose, giving your contributions at the door to benefit deserving people who need them without; I like to hope and think that the men of our calling have done something in aid of the cause of charity, and have helped, with kind words and kind thoughts at least, to confer happiness and to do good. If the humorous writers claim to be week-day preachers, have they conferred any benefit by their sermons? Are people happier, better, better disposed to their neighbors, more inclined to do works of kindness, to love, forbear, forgive, pity, after reading in Addison, in Steele, in Fielding, in Goldsmith, in Hood, in Dickens? I hope and believe so, and fancy that in writing, they are also acting charitably, contributing with the means which Heaven supplies them, to forward the end which brings you too together.

A love of the human species is a very vague and indefinite kind of virtue, sitting very easily on a man, not confining his actions at all, shining in print, or exploding in paragraphs, after which efforts of benevolence, the philanthropist is sometimes said to go home, and be no better than his neighbors. Tartuffe and Joseph Surface, Stiggins and Chadband who are always preaching fine sentiments, and are no more virtuous than hundreds of those whom they denounce, and whom they cheat, are fair objects of mistrust and satire; but their hypocrisy, the homage, according to the old saying, which vice pays to virtue, has this of good in it that its fruits are good; a man may preach good morals, though he may be himself but a lax practitioner, a Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the charity-plate out of mere hypocrisy and ostentation, but the bad man's gold feeds the widow and the fatherless as well as the good man's. The butcher and baker must needs look not to motives, but to money, in return for their wares.

I am not going to hint that we of the Literary calling resemble Monsieur Tartuffe, or Monsieur Stiggins, though there may be such men in our body, as there are in all.

A literary man of the humoristic turn is pretty sure to be of a philanthropic nature, to have a great sensibility, to be easily moved to pain or pleasure, keenly to appreciate the varieties of temper of people round about him, and sympathize in their laughter, love, amusement, tears. Such a man is philanthropic, man-loving by nature, as another is irascible, or red-haired, or six feet high. And so I would arrogate no particular merit to literary men for the possession of this faculty of doing good which some of them enjoy. It costs a gentleman no sacrifice to be benevolent on paper; and the luxury of indulging in the most beautiful and brilliant sentiments never makes any man a penny the poorer. A literary man is no better than another, as far as my experience goes; and a man writing a book, no better nor no worse than one who keeps accounts in a ledger, or follows any other occupation. Let us, however, give him credit for the good, at least, which he is the means of doing, as we give credit to a man with a million for the hundred which he puts into the plate at a charity-sermon. He never misses them. He has made them in a moment by a lucky speculation, and parts with them, knowing that he has an almost endless balance at his bank, whence he can call for more. But in esteeming the benefaction, we are grateful to the benefactor, too, somewhat; and so of men of genius, richly endowed, and lavish in parting with their mind's wealth, we may view them at least kindly and favorably, and be thankful for the bounty of which Providence has made them the dispensers.

I have said myself somewhere, I don't know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression, as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy; it lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his words and actions; suffuses his whole being; it sets the father cheerily to work through the long day, supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey, and sends him happy home again, yearning toward the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand-in-hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor, I think; it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of looking out on the world—that sweet friendliness, which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single pathetic touch in the page; though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas, which provokes the one or the other, must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and again, and can't be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high spirits must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your

own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Reverend Lawrence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's court-yard, and pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety old shandrydan; when, presently, he encountered the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse, I say: "Away you driveling quack: do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and are misled by your hypocrisy." Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collections made for God's poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite, handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefévre's illness and Uncle Toby's charity; of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize with honor; and to feel love, and kindness, and pity.

If I don't love Swift, as, thank God, I do not, however immensely I may admire him, it is because I revolt from the man who placarded himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tombstone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father: it is because, as I read through Swift's dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him; the smiles of children to please him; the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I don't remember in any line of his writing a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them brutally, for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the Journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure—a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox—but then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it, when she should have been busy about a court intrigue, in which the Dean was deeply engaged. And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man. Tisdall, who loved her, and of whom Swift speaks in a letter to this lady, in language so foul, that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one, I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins with so little charity to cover them!

Of Mr. Congreve's contribution to the English stock of benevolence, I don't speak; for, of any moral legacy to posterity, I doubt whether that brilliant man ever thought at all. He had some money, as I have told; every shilling of which he left to his friend the Duchess of Marlborough, a lady of great fortune and the highest fashion. He gave the gold of his brains to persons of fortune and fashion, too. There's no more feeling in his comedies, than in as many books of Euclid. He no more pretends to teach love for the poor, and goodwill for the unfortunate, than a dancing-master does; he teaches pirouettes and flic-flacs; and how to bow to a lady, and to walk a minuet. In his private life Congreve was immensely liked—more so than any man of his age, almost; and to have been so liked, must have been kind and good-natured. His good-nature bore him through extreme bodily ills and pain, with uncommon cheerfulness and courage. Being so gay, so bright, so popular, such a grand seigneur, be sure he was kind to those about him, generous to his dependents, serviceable to his friends. Society does not like a man so long as it liked Congreve, unless he is likeable; it finds out a quack very soon; it scorns a poltroon or a curmudgeon; we may be certain that this man was brave, good-tempered, and liberal; so, very likely, is Monsieur Pirouette, of whom we spoke; he cuts his capers, he grins, bows, and dances to his fiddle. In private, he may have a hundred virtues; in public, he teaches dancing. His business is cotillions, not ethics.

As much may be said of those charming and lazy Epicureans, Gay and Prior, sweet lyric singers, comrades of Anacreon, and disciples of love and the bottle. "Is there any moral shut within the bosom of a rose?" sings our great Tennyson. Does a nightingale preach from a bough, or the lark from his cloud? Not knowingly; yet we may be grateful, and love larks and roses, and flower-crowned minstrels, too, who laugh and who sing.

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure; and say now, as then, that we should thank him, as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand and use the noble English word, "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor, and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us; and in no republic or monarchy that I know of, is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending

poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. It has just been whispered to me—I have not been three months in the country, and, of course, can not venture to express an opinion of my own—that, in regard to paying this latter tax of respect and honor to age, some very few of the Republican youths are occasionally a little remiss. I have heard of young Sons of Freedom publishing their Declaration of Independence before they could well spell it; and cutting the connection between father and mother before they had learned to shave. My own time of life having been stated by various enlightened organs of public opinion, at almost any figure from forty-five to sixty, I cheerfully own that I belong to the Fogy interest, and ask leave to rank in, and plead for, that respectable class. Now a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the Diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored, and urbane, and friendly in the midst of that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youths of this city may read over this delightful memorial of a by-gone age, of fashions long passed away; of manners long since changed and modified; of noble gentlemen, and a great, and a brilliant and polished society; and find in it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him. A courteousness, which can be out of place at no time, and under no flag. A politeness and simplicity, a truthful manhood, a gentle respect and deference, which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defense of mankind, long after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs, and small-swords, and ruffles, and red-heeled shoes, and titles, and stars and garters have passed away. I'll tell you when I have been put in mind of two of the finest gentlemen books bring us any mention of. I mean *our* books (not books of history, but books of humor). I'll tell you when I have been put in mind of the courteous gallantry of the noble knight Sir Roger de Coverley of Coverley Manor, of the noble Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha: here in your own omnibus-carriages and railway-cars, when I have seen a woman step in, handsome or not, well-dressed or not, and a workman in hob-nail shoes, or a dandy in the height of the fashion, rise up and give her his place. I think Mr. Spectator, with his short face, if he had seen such a deed of courtesy, would have smiled a sweet smile to the doer of that gentlemanlike action, and have made him a low bow from under his great periwig, and have gone home and written a pretty paper about him.

I am sure Dick Steele would have hailed him, were he dandy or mechanic, and asked him to a tavern to share a bottle, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Mind, I don't set down the five last flasks to Dick's score for virtue, and look upon them as works of the most questionable supererogation.

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high, indeed, not merely from his givings, which were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands, bequeathed to our Foundling-Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder of sentimental writing in English, and how the land has been since occupied, and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time, readers or hearers were never called upon to cry except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women; a kiss for all children; a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes; not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses and pitched-battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands, of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the Fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked, and shuddered, and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common-life ever since Steele's and Addison's time; the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears of nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley-habit, or satiric disguise, in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbor, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote; children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld, than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appall many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored sat-

irist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Doctor Harrison's in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read; we may grow ever so old, but we love to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness, and bravery, and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards; we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and succor gentle women and children. We are glad when vice is foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil down stairs; and as we attend the brave bridegroom to his wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the grooms-man's privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding, but a great hearty sympathy and benevolence; a great kindness for the poor; a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate; a great love for the pure and good; these are among the contributions to the charity of the world with which this erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered person here has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted good humor over Moses's gross of green spectacles; has not loved with all his heart the good Vicar, and that kind spirit which created these charming figures, and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly—what call is there for me to speak? In this place, and on this occasion, remembering these men, I claim from you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless, it stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love and tenderness; I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen warbling the "bonne Vieille," the "Soldats au pas, au pas;" with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns's Festival, I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops twinkled on their furrowed cheeks: while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbors; while early scenes and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted, as sure they may, among the sweetest of life's charities. Of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion: you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, and without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

Popular humor, and especially modern popular humor, and the writers, its exponents, are always kind and chivalrous, taking the side of the weak against the strong. In our plays, and books, and entertainments for the lower classes in England, I scarce remember a story or theatrical piece, in which a wicked aristocrat is not be-pummeled by a dashing young champion of the people. There was a book which had an immense popularity in England, and I believe has been greatly read here, in which the Mysteries of the Court of London were said to be unvailed by a gentleman, who I suspect knows about as much about the court of London as he does of that of Pekin. Years ago I treated myself to sixpennyworth of this performance at a railway station, and found poor dear George the Fourth, our late most religious and gracious king, occupied in the most flagitious designs against the tradesmen's families in his metropolitan city. A couple of years after, I took sixpennyworth more of the same delectable history: George the Fourth was still at work, still ruining the peace of tradesmen's families; he had been at it for two whole years, and a bookseller at the Brighton station told me that this book was by many, many times the most popular of all periodical tales then published, because, says he, "it lashes the aristocracy!" Not long since, I went to two penny-theatres in London; immense eager crowds of people thronged the buildings, and the vast masses thrilled and vibrated with the emotion produced by the piece represented on the stage, and burst into applause or laughter, such as many a polite actor would sigh for in vain. In both these pieces there was a wicked lord kicked out of the window—there is always a wicked lord kicked out of the window. First piece:—"Domestic drama—Thrilling interest!—Weaver's family in distress!—Fanny gives away her bread to little Jacky, and starves! —Enter Wicked Lord: tempts Fanny with offer of Diamond Necklace, Champagne Suppers, and Coach to ride in!—Enter sturdy Blacksmith.—Scuffle between Blacksmith and Aristocratic minion: exit Wicked Lord out of the window." Fanny, of course, becomes Mrs. Blacksmith.

The second piece was a nautical drama, also

of thrilling interest, consisting chiefly of hornpipes, and acts of most tremendous oppression on the part of certain earls and magistrates toward the people. Two wicked lords were in this piece the atrocious scoundrels: one aristocrat, a deep-dyed villain, in short duck-trowsers and Berlin-cotton gloves; while the other minion of wealth enjoyed an eye-glass with a blue ribbon, and whisked about the stage with a penny cane. Having made away with Fanny Forester's lover, Tom Bowling, by means of a press-gang, they meet her all alone on a common, and subject her to the most opprobrious language and behavior: "Release me, villains!" says Fanny, pulling a brace of pistols out of her pocket, and crossing them over her breast so as to cover wicked lord to the right, wicked lord to the left; and they might have remained in that position ever so much longer (for the aristocratic rascals had pistols too), had not Tom Bowling returned from sea at the very nick of time, armed with a great marline spike, with which—whack! whack! down goes wicked lord, No. 1—wicked lord, No. 2. Fanny rushes into Tom's arms with an hysterical shriek, and I dare say they marry, and are very happy ever after.—Popular fun is always kind: it is the champion of the humble against the great. In all popular parables, it is Little Jack that conquers, and the Giant that topples down. I think our popular authors are rather hard upon the great folks. Well, well. Their lordships have all the money, and can afford to be laughed at.

In our days, in England, the importance of the humorous preacher has prodigiously increased; his audiences are enormous; every week or month his happy congregations flock to him; they never tire of such sermons. I believe my friend Mr. Punch is as popular to-day as he has been any day since his birth; I believe that Mr. Dickens's readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivaled pen commenced to delight the world with its humor. We have among us other literary parties; we have Punch, as I have said, preaching from his booth; we have a Jerrold party very numerous, and faithful to that acute thinker and distinguished wit; and we have also—it must be said, and it is still to be hoped—a Vanity-Fair party, the author of which work has lately been described by the London Times newspaper as a writer of considerable parts, but a dreary misanthrope, who sees no good any where, who sees the sky above him green, I think, instead of blue, and only miserable sinners round about him. So we are; so is every writer and every reader I ever heard of; so was every being who ever trod this earth, save One. I can't help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in which it has pleased heaven to place me; treason to that conscience which says that men are weak; that truth must be told; that fault must be owned; that pardon must be prayed for; and that Love reigns supreme over all.

I look back at the good which of late years the kind English humorists have done; and if you are pleased to rank the present speaker among that class, I own to an honest pride at thinking what benefits society has derived from men of our calling. That "Song of the Shirt," which Punch first published, and the noble, the suffering, the melancholy, the tender Hood sang, may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world, and call from it its thanks and regard for its teacher and benefactor. That astonishing poem, which you all of you know, of the "Bridge of Sighs," who can read it without tenderness, without reverence to Heaven, charity to man, and thanks to the beneficent genius which sang for us so nobly?

I never saw the writer but once; but shall always be glad to think that some words of mine, printed in a periodical of that day, and in praise of these amazing verses (which, strange to say, appeared almost unnoticed at first in the magazine in which Mr. Hood published them):—I am proud, I say, to think that some words of appreciation of mine reached him on his death-bed, and pleased and soothed him in that hour of manful resignation and pain.

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here, and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments. There are creations of Mr. Dickens's, which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful, that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's Christmas Carol? I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas-turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who when she is happy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is unhappy reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she is tired reads Nicholas Nickleby;

when she is in bed reads Nicholas Nickleby; when she has nothing to do reads Nicholas Nickleby; and when she has finished the book reads Nicholas Nickleby over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: "I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa;"—and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

I remember when that famous Nicholas Nickleby came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the north of England, which dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr. Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the north." He was a proprietor of a cheap school; Dotheboys-Hall was a cheap school. There were many such establishments in the northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor school-masters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers, and many suffered, no doubt unjustly; but afterward schoolboys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crumles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good-humor! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for Nicholas Nickleby.

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller! Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger! Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family! Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris. Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals," the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber!

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal.

THE LOST FLOWERS.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

IT was a beautiful morning in May, when Jeanie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farm-house of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half-year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the little lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired children came bounding over a stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant.

"Oh, Jeanie, what for maun ye gang away? Mamma wadna let us see you out on the road a bit, but we wan away to you by rinnin' round the stack-yard."

Jeanie stood still as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said: "Marian, you should have had mair sense than to come when your mother forbad you. Rin away back, like guid bairns," continued she, caressing them kindly; "rin away hame. I'll maybe come and see you again."

"Oh, be sure and do that, then, Jeanie," said the eldest.

"Come back again, Jeanie," cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jeanie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more modest and kind-hearted creature perhaps never drew the breath of life. Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—she had conducted herself, in the several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant; and of this class was Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as but sordid workers for the penny-fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jeanie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs. Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Jeanie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination on departing from her late abode was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsington; and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jeanie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerful though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had attracted not a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early

decided; and the circumstances under which it was about to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jeanie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair, but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after binding themselves by the simple love-vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years had they been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay by the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jeanie's lesser earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long-cherished wishes of their hearts. A *but-and-a-ben*, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May-term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jeanie Gray on her way from the farm-house of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every living thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart. The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revivified trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirped from the hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into unison with the pleasing influences. Yet ever and anon a flutter of indescribable emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unseen, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along, absorbed in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed: "Jeanie!" and a well-known form started up from a seat on the way-side. It was William Ainslie. The converse which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way, and laid open their hearts to each other, we can not, and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jeanie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding-cap; an ornament regarding which, brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular. The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jeanie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praises of their beautiful effect. Fatal present!—but let us not anticipate.

The wedding came and passed, not accompanied with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness, for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader, then, suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly-married pair seated in their new house—their *own* house—at dinner, on the following day. William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh! how delicious was that food to both! Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression.

"I maun be a truant, Jeanie, to-night," said the husband. "My comrades in the shop maun hae a foy frae me, since we couldna ask them a' to the wedding, ye ken."

"Surely," said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, "whatever you think right, William; I ken you are nae waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you."

"I hope you'll find me nae waster," returned her husband smiling; "nor am I fear'd for you turning out ane either, Jeanie, lass, though ye was sae very braw about the head last night." By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding-cap, and which were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jeanie saw to what her husband alluded.

"Oh, the flowers!" said she, blushing; "they didna cost me muckle, William."

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, who mentioned, with an appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jeanie and her goodman. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jeanie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to taste a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas! how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs. The party were in the midst of an amicable conversation when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner.

"Jeanie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there. Say not a word—I see it all—I see it all—you have been a *thief*—there is the evidence of it—I shall not stay another instant in your house!"

So saying, the infuriated and reckless woman rushed from the dwelling of the wonder-stricken pair. Jeanie, as already mentioned, was timid and modest to a fault. When her late mistress thus addressed her, she motioned to speak, but could not, though the blood rushed to her face, and her bosom heaved convulsively. When left alone with her husband, she turned her eyes wildly toward him, and a flood of tears gushed

over her cheeks. What thought William of all this! His emotion was scarcely less on hearing the accusation than his wife's; and recollecting her saying that the flowers cost her nothing, alas! he feared that the charge was but too true. The more than feminine delicacy and timidity of his wife's nature was not fully known to him, and her voiceless agitation appeared too like an inability to confute the imputation. He rose, and while Jeanie, still incapable of utterance, could only hold up her hands deprecatingly, he cast on her a glance of mingled sorrow and rebuke, and left the room. His wife—his bride—stricken in the first flush of her matronly joy and pride, sunk from her chair on his departure—insensible!

It was rather late, from a cause that has been alluded to, before William Ainslie returned to his home that night. His wife had retired to rest, but her sister-in-law, who had been sent for by Jeanie, was in waiting for him, and revealed the utter falsehood of Mrs. Smith's accusation, she having been an eye-witness of the receipt of the flowers, as a present from another lady.

"Take care o' Jeanie, William," said the sister-in-law; "she is ill—a charge o' that kind is enough to kill her." This prediction unhappily had truth in it. On the ensuing morning, the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and waking. A deep flush remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul.

"Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no true—it's no true—it is false!" was the language she continually murmured forth.

Medical skill was speedily seen to be necessary, and the surgeon who was called in informed William, that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain-fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jeanie Ainslie—if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear—fell after two or three days' illness into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had shown on many occasions in life great firmness and self-command; and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for laying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the head of the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate hastiness only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Jeanie with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith of Drylaw found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the little garden nigh the farm-house, had lighted upon the artificial bouquet in her mother's dressing-room, and had carried it out and stuck it upon the bush. There the flowers were accordingly found; and Mrs. Smith, who was far from being an evil-intentioned woman, did feel regret at having charged the loss upon the guiltless. Ignorant of all that had passed at Elsington in the interval, she determined to call at William Ainslie's on her first visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

That call was made two days after Jeanie's death; and on Mrs. Smith entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law and another kind neighbor, bearing him company.

"Oh—by-the-by—those flowers!" said the unwelcome visitor in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them after all?—in a rose-bush in the garden, where Jemima had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and now, raising his finger toward his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved toward the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The women drew the curtains aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the cerements of death, and lying with the pale, uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent, and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand which held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily is but too true. The little we have to add, is but in accordance with the tenor of what has been told. After the

burial of his Jeanie, William Ainslie departed from Elsington; and what were his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she lived to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that the circumstance had an influence on her future conduct, and will not be without its moral efficacy in the minds of our readers.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

WHO does not know the importance of trifles, so called?—and who, in the present day, when we have learned that we owe our chalky cliffs to insects, and that the same apparently insignificant creatures have gemmed the sea with islands of coral, will venture to despise "small beginnings."

If we look closely into life, we shall find, that in it as in nature, scarcely any event is of itself unimportant, or incapable of being turned to useful account. The poet tells us that

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

And this is true; but there are also unnoticed currents and shifting winds playing over the great ocean of time, and these, if skillfully and boldly seized, may prove as important to our progress as the mighty flood-tide itself. Our readers have, doubtless, long since remarked, out of what slender threads the web of great fortunes have been woven by skillful and energetic hands, using means and seizing opportunities which the feeble or indolent either overlook or despise. A few remarkable instances of thus "compelling fortune," we are now about to offer them—the successful result of one of which came under our own personal observation, while the heroine of another is at this present time living in France. Giving her history the precedence due to her sex, we shall begin with it, and thus show our readers the importance of a handful of wool! Eugénie was the daughter of a merchant living at Marseilles, and in her early youth married a Catalan officer, in the service of Don Carlos. She followed his fortunes through all the disastrous chances of civil war, suffering, during this period, privations and dangers, which were doubtless needful to nerve her frame and mind for the trying lot which awaited her. In one of the guerilla skirmishes of the war, he fell, and lay unburied on the mountain height; but the heroic love of his wife would not suffer his remains to be left for the carrion-crow, "or the wolf to batten o'er him." In the silence and darkness of night, she dug a grave for him with her own hands—a task fraught with as much peril as that which threatened the Antigone of Grecian fable, or even greater; for no Creon ever equaled in barbarity the ferocious soldiery of both sides in that hateful war. Neither her sex nor her foreign birth would have saved her, had a Christino found her engaged in her holy task. Dramatic fiction surely never imagined a more terrible situation than this, with all its adjuncts of wild mountain scenery, the gloom of darkening night, and threatening dangers—not to speak of the heart-suffering of the actor in it—the woman whose delicate hands labored to form a grave for her beloved. The task was, however, achieved in safety, and then the young widow fled, with her two infant children, into the deepest solitudes of the hills, taking refuge, finally, in an old ruined convent, situated on a steep acclivity, and visited only occasionally by shepherds, who brought their flocks from the valleys below to the mountain pastures. One can scarcely fancy a more wretched or hopeless position. She was utterly penniless; and the only comfort nature afforded her, was the abundant wood to be found near the spot. Of this, the dauntless mother laid in a good supply ere winter. She also offered to assist the shepherds in tending their sheep, and to stable them during the night in her ruined dwelling; while, in return for these pastoral services, she received from them a scanty crust and milk for her infants. The peasants, touched by her patience and industry, bore the tidings of the strange lady's doings to their own homes in the valley; and, moved by curiosity, the women, when next they came up with food for their husbands, visited the recluse. She entered frankly into conversation with her guests.

"It is a long and weary journey for you the days you are obliged to ascend the mountain, and a great hinderance to your work!"

"Yes, señora."

"And it must be dull in your lonely homes, when your husbands are away!"

Again an affirmative reply.

"Well, if you like, I will clear out the great refectory of the convent, and you may bring your wheels and spin here together."

The offer was thankfully accepted, and the whole female population of the village soon assembled daily in the large airy hall, bringing their children with them. They came at the peep of dawn, and returned late at night to the dull hovels below. The contrast must have been a delightful one, from the monotony and gloom of the valley beneath. Here they had light, fresh air, warmth—wood being abundant—and the fellowship of others. At the end of each week the grateful peasants presented to their benefactress—for such, in truth, she was—a handful of spun wool each, and out of this small offering she wove her fortune. Descending occasionally to the nearest town, she sold those little wool-gatherings, and in a few months had accumulated enough to purchase the shepherds' raw wool, and to beg for an hour's labor, instead of the handful of material from her guests. Before the summer was over, she collected, by management and industry, enough of money to pay them for their work; and, at the next sheep-shearing, she became the purchaser of more than half the wool.

Her energy and talent inspired her poor neighbors with similar zeal and activity. They spun merrily and briskly under her eye, sure of a purchaser for the produce of their labor, without

having to wend their steps down the mountains. It is surprising what the impetus of a master-mind can achieve. Labor gained a new life from the example of the spirited Frenchwoman; every thing prospered with the mountain Arachnes; and during the second spring following her first appearance among them, Madame L—— was able to leave her children to their care, and journey, under the escort of some of her shepherd friends, to the frontier, where she contracted with one of the greatest wool-buyers of France for the produce of the next winter's spinning.

In three years the old convent was converted into a spinning-factory; became renowned throughout the north of Spain for the fineness of its produce; and proved a source of domestic comfort and prosperity to the poor peasants who had once, out of their humble means, exercised charity toward its desolate inmate.

Madame L——'s web of good fortune waxed every year. She is now a wealthy capitalist. She has four factories in Spain, and seven in France, besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium. She has by her energy, prudence, and kindness, compelled fortune; and out of a handful of wool, has extracted prosperity for herself, her children, and the many who labor for her. Her character appears to us in every respect a counterpart of that of the wise woman of the Proverbs, with a nearness of resemblance indeed surprising, when found under the influences and prejudices of western civilization. We have heard that she has not lost any of her really great qualities under the trial of prosperity, but continues as energetic, patient, and simple in her habits, as when she dwelt in desolate penury on the hills of Spain.

Above the grave, so touchingly hallowed by the circumstances of its formation, there now stands, in a wild and solitary pass near Probeda, a magnificent monument of white marble, bearing, in letters of gold, the name—"Jago L——, Aged 27." In poverty and wealth, the love of that faithful wife is changeless.

And now, transporting our readers from the Pyrenees to the palm-groves, we will endeavor to illustrate the title of our article by an Oriental tale, which, when we first heard it, recalled to our memory the once devoutly-believed stories of the *Arabian Nights*. There dwelt, many years ago, in the island of Bombay, a young Parsee, or fire-worshiper, one of the poorest of his tribe, but endowed with a sagacity as great as that of the more cultivated dame of Christendom, and with as large and benevolent a heart. This man began life with less substantial grounds for hope than the dreamer Alnaschar possessed; for whereas he of the Arabian story had a basket-full of glass and earthenware, our modern Guebre possessed but two old wine-bottles! They were, to be sure, of more value there than they are here, being articles held in great estimation in some parts of India—as, for example, in Scinde, where, when it was first occupied by the British, a couple of fowls could be obtained for an old porter-bottle. Still, it was a decidedly "small beginning" for a merchant; but he managed to sell them advantageously; bought more; again made a profitable bargain, and became a regular *bottle wallah*—that is, seller of bottles. In a country where nature so abundantly supplies the wants of her children—where a basket of charcoal and a handful of rice form the *cuisine* of the poor, it is easier to save, than in a land where many wants consume the hard-earned pittance. Our Parsee accumulated annas till they grew into rupees, and became a thriving trader. Then the opium-trade engaged his attention. Some doubtful speculation in it was mentioned in his presence, and seeing with instinctive sagacity the probable profit, he closed with the proposal unhesitatingly; and thus—for it proved most successful—in the words of the friend who told me his history, "he cleared £10,000 by a stroke of his pen." From that moment, his rise to the summit of prosperous fortune was rapid. Nor could it be called the work of chance, or a mere caprice of destiny. He studied to meet the exigencies of his new position. He learned to speak the language, and understand, in a great measure, the commercial policy of the European strangers who rule the land. He was industrious, self-denying, and quick-witted. When we saw him, in his advancing age, he possessed, as the fruit of his own thought and energy, an income of some hundreds of thousands yearly; and he spent his wealth as liberally as he had earned it carefully. His charity scarcely knew a bound. In one year, he gave away in alms to the poor, English and natives, the enormous sum of £90,000, for which he received the thanks of the Queen of England, and her likeness set in diamonds, besides the first title of knighthood bestowed on an Oriental since the days of Saladin. He founded a noble hospital. His wife gave her jewels to form a causeway between the islands of Bombay and Salsette, many lives having been lost among the natives in making the somewhat dangerous *trajet*; and he never drove out without carrying in his carriage bags of small coin, to fling to the mendicants who thronged his path. It was while seated at his own table—in a bungalow he had purchased on the Kandallah Hills, and which he lent to our party as a place of rest during the ascent—that we first heard the story of the achievement of this wealth, and, gazing on the splendor around us, the "two bottles" appeared little else than an Eastern fable. The land for many a mile round was his; the plantations of roses, covering whole acres, and so sweetly clothing the wild mountain-side, were but a lovely portion of his merchandise—their essence but a fragrant addition to his heaps of gold. And then the luxury of this country retreat! The European furniture—the costly china dinner-service, manufactured for him, and bearing his arms and initials—the plate, and servants, and rich viands—all from such a small beginning! It was marvelous as a fairy tale.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy is now no more; but the memory of his good deeds is still and will be long cherished in the East.

We can not conclude our sketch of "small beginnings" without speaking of a certain singular little republic which has some claim to be remembered under such a heading, though its history is no modern instance, and will lead us some fourteen or fifteen hundred years into the shadows of the past. It is only befitting the antiquity of the tale, to say that, once upon a time, there existed a certain peasant of Dalmatia, named Marino, who was by trade a mason—a worthy, honest, industrious man, and devout according to the light vouchsafed to him. This artisan was employed in the reparation of the town of Rimini; and when his task was ended, he retreated to a neigboring mountain, built for himself a cell, and embraced the life of a hermit. After a time, his sanctity and charity were rumored abroad; and the lady of the land—the Princess of Rimini—visited his hermitage, was charmed by his piety and intelligence, and bestowed on him as a gift the high and craggy mountain where he had fixed his home: no very great bounty, if we consider that its summit, usually vailed in clouds, was covered with eternal snow; but Marino, or, as he was now styled, St. Marino, turned the barren land to good account. He invited all whom he deemed worthy of sharing his solitude; many a lowly and homeless peasant, many a wanderer seeking a precarious crust, to dwell with him in this eagle's aerie. Nor did he, as might have been supposed probable, enjoin a monastic life on them. On the contrary, he assisted and directed their labor in the construction of a town, and in the cultivation of such parts of the mountain as were capable of being rendered productive. A more useful saint never lived! As there was neither spring nor fountain on the hill, he taught them to construct huge cisterns and reservoirs, which they filled with snow-water, or left for the reception of rain. They planted vineyards on the mountain-sides, which produced excellent wine, and became in a brief space a flourishing colony.

San Marino gave them wise and just laws; lived to see his poor brethren prosperous and happy; and dying, became their tutelary saint, had a church dedicated in his name, and a statue erected to his honor.

The miniature republic of San Marino existed for centuries, free and unchanged, amid all the mutations of the governments of Italy; and Addison, in his *Travels*, gives us a pretty picture of this tiniest of independent states; to which there was but one road, a severe law prohibiting its people from making a new way up the mountain—where the chief officers of state were two *capitanos* (answering to the old Roman consuls, but chosen every six months), a commissary or lawyer, a physician and a schoolmaster—where every body had "some tincture of learning," and the embassador of which, when sent to a foreign state, "was allowed out of the treasury *one shilling a day!*"—where the people possessed the simplicity and virtues of the golden age, and revered for centuries the memory of the peasant who had given their forefathers a home, and bequeathed to them an inheritance of freedom and contentment.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLVII.—Jo's Will.

As Allan Woodcourt and Jo proceed along the streets, where the high church spires and the distances are so near and clear in the morning light that the city itself seems renewed by rest, Allan revolves in his mind how and where he shall bestow his companion. "It surely is a strange fact," he considers, "that in the heart of a civilized world this creature in human form should be more difficult to dispose of than an unknown dog." But it is none the less a fact because of its strangeness, and the difficulty remains.

At first he looks behind him often, to assure himself that Jo is still really following. But, look where he will, he still beholds him close to the opposite houses, making his way with his wary hand from brick to brick and from door to door, and often, as he creeps along, glancing over at him, watchfully. Soon satisfied that the last thing in his thoughts is to give him the slip, Allan goes on considering with a less divided attention what he shall do.

A breakfast-stall at a street corner suggests the first thing to be done. He stops there, looks round, and beckons Jo. Jo crosses, and comes halting and shuffling up, slowly scooping the knuckles of his right hand round and round in the hollowed palm of his left—kneading dirt with a natural pestle and mortar. What is a dainty repast to Jo is then set before him, and he begins to gulp the coffee, and to gnaw the bread and butter; looking anxiously about him in all directions as he eats and drinks, like a scared animal.

But he is so sick and miserable, that even hunger has abandoned him. "I thought I was amost a starvin, sir," says Jo, soon putting down his food; "but I don't know nothink—not even that. I don't care for eating wittles nor yet for drinking on em." And Jo stands shivering, and looking at the breakfast wonderingly.

Allan Woodcourt lays his hands upon his pulse, and on his chest. "Draw breath, Jo!" "It draws," says Jo, "as heavy as a cart." He might add, "and rattles like it;" but he only mutters, "I'm a moving on, sir."

Allan looks about for an apothecary's shop. There is none at hand, but a tavern does as well or better. He soon obtains a little measure of wine, and gives the lad a portion of it, very carefully. He begins to revive, almost as soon as it passes his lips. "We may repeat that dose, Jo," observes Allan, after watching him with his attentive face. "So! Now we will take five minutes rest, and then go on again."

Leaving the boy sitting on the bench of the breakfast-stall, with his back against an iron rail-

* Continued from the May Number.

ing, Allan Woodcourt paces up and down in the early sunshine, casting an occasional look toward him without appearing to watch him. It requires no discernment to perceive that he is warmed and refreshed. If a face so shaded can brighten, his face brightens somewhat; and, by little and little, he eats the slice of bread he had so hopelessly laid down. Observant of these signs of improvement, Allan engages him in conversation; and elicits to his no small wonder the adventure of the lady in the vail, with all its consequences. Jo slowly munches, as he slowly tells it. When he has finished his story and his bread, they go on again.

Intending to refer his difficulty in finding a temporary place of refuge for the boy, to his old patient, zealous little Miss Flite, Allan leads the way to the court where he and Jo first foregathered. But all is changed at the rag-and-bottle shop; Miss Flite no longer lodges there; it is shut up; and a hard-featured female, much obscured by dust, whose age is a problem—but who is indeed no other than the interesting Judy—is tart and spare in her replies. These sufficing, however, to inform the visitor that Miss Flite and her birds are domiciled with a Mrs. Blinder, in Bell Yard, he repairs to that neighboring place where Miss Flite (who rises early that she may be punctual at the Divan of justice held by her excellent friend the chancellor) comes running down stairs, with tears of welcome and with open arms.

"My dear physician!" cries Miss Flite. "My meritorious, distinguished, honorable officer!" She uses some odd expressions, but is as cordial and full of heart as sanity itself can be—more so than it often is. Allan, very patient with her, waits until she has no more raptures to express; then points out Jo, trembling in a door-way, and tells her how he comes there.

"Where can I lodge him hereabouts for the present? Now you have a fund of knowledge and good sense, and can advise me."

Miss Flite, mighty proud of the compliment, sets herself to consider; but it is long before a bright thought occurs to her. Mrs. Blinder is entirely let, and she herself occupies poor Gridley's room. "Gridley!" exclaims Miss Flite, clapping her hands after a twentieth repetition of this remark. "Gridley! To be sure! of course! My dear physician! General George will help us out."

It is hopeless to ask for any information about General George, and would be, though Miss Flite had not already run up-stairs to put on her pinched bonnet and her poor little shawl, and to arm herself with her reticule of documents. But as she informs her physician, in her disjointed manner, on coming down in full array, that General George whom she often calls upon, knows her dear Fitz-Jarndyce, and takes a great interest in all connected with her, Allan is induced to think that they may be in the right way. So he tells Jo, for his encouragement, that this walking about will soon be over now; and they repair to the General's. Fortunately it is not far.

From the exterior of George's Shooting Gallery, and the long entry, and the bare perspective beyond it, Allan Woodcourt augurs well. He also descries promise in the figure of Mr. George himself, striding toward them in his morning exercise with his pipe in his mouth, no stock on, and his muscular arms, developed by broadsword and dumb-bell, weightily asserting themselves through his light shirt-sleeves.

"Your servant, sir," says Mr. George, with a military salute. Good-humoredly smiling all over his broad forehead up into his crisp hair, he then defers to Miss Flite, as, with great stateliness, and at some length, she performs the courtly ceremony of presentation. He winds it up with another "Your servant, sir!" and another salute.

"Excuse me, sir. A sailor, I believe?" says Mr. George.

"I am proud to find I have the air of one," returns Allan; "but I am only a sea-going doctor."

"Indeed, sir! I should have thought you was a regular blue-jacket, myself."

Allan hopes Mr. George will forgive his intrusion the more readily on that account, and particularly that he will not lay aside his pipe, which, in his politeness, he has testified some intention of doing. "You are very good, sir," returns the trooper. "As I know, by experience, that it's not disagreeable to Miss Flite, and since it's equally agreeable to yourself—" and finishes the sentence by putting it between his lips again. Allan proceeds to tell him all he knows about Jo; unto which the trooper listens with a grave face.

"And that's the lad, sir, is it?" he inquires, looking along the entry to where Jo stands staring up at the great letters on the whitewashed front, which have no meaning in his eyes.

"That's he," says Allan. "And, Mr. George, I am in this difficulty about him. I am unwilling to place him in a hospital, even if I could procure him immediate admission, because I foresee that he would not stay there many hours, if he could be so much as got there. The same objection applies to a workhouse; supposing I had the patience to be evaded and shirked, and handed about from post to pillar in trying to get him into one—which is a system that I don't take kindly to."

"No man does, sir," returns Mr. George.

"I am convinced that he would not remain in either place, because he is possessed by an extraordinary terror of this person who ordered him to keep out of the way; and who, in his ignorance, he seems to believe is every where, and cognizant of every thing."

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Mr. George. "But you have not mentioned that party's name. Is it a secret, sir?"

"The boy makes it one. But the name is Bucket."

"Bucket the Detective, sir?"

"The same man."

"The man is known to me, sir," returns the trooper, after blowing out a cloud of smoke, and

squaring his chest; "and the boy is so far correct that he undoubtedly is a—rum customer." Mr. George smokes with a profound meaning after this, and surveys Miss Flite in silence.

"Now, I wish Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson at least to know that this Jo, who tells so strange a story, has re-appeared; and to have it in their power to speak with him, if they should desire to do so. Therefore I want to get him, for the present moment, into any poor lodging kept by decent people, where he would be admitted. Decent people and Jo, Mr. George," says Allan, following the direction of the trooper's eyes along the entry, "have not been much acquainted, as you see. Hence the difficulty. Do you happen to know any one in this neighborhood, who would receive him for a while, on my paying for him beforehand?"

As he puts the question, he becomes aware of a dirty-faced little man, standing at the trooper's elbow, and looking up, with an oddly twisted figure and countenance, into the trooper's face. After a few more puffs at his pipe, the trooper looks down askant at the little man, and the little man winks up at the trooper.

"Well, sir," says Mr. George, "I can assure you that I would willingly be knocked on the head at any time, if it would be at all agreeable to Miss Summerson; and consequently I esteem it a privilege to do that young lady any service, however small. We are naturally in the vagabond way here, sir, both myself and Phil. You see what the place is. You are welcome to a quiet corner of it for the boy, if the same would meet your views. No charge made, except for rations. We are not in a flourishing state of circumstances here, sir. We are liable to be tumbled out neck and crop, at a moment's notice. However, sir, such as the place is, and so long as it lasts, here it is at your service."

With a comprehensive wave of his pipe, Mr. George places the whole building at his visitor's disposal.

"I take it for granted, sir," he adds, "you being one of the medical staff, that there is no present infection about this unfortunate subject?"

Allan is quite sure of it.

'Because, sir," says Mr. George, shaking his head sorrowfully, "we have had enough of that."

His tone is no less sorrowfully echoed by his new acquaintance. "Still, I am bound to tell you," observes Allan, after repeating his former assurance, "that the boy is deplorably low and reduced; and that he may be—I do not say that he is—too far gone to recover."

"Do you consider him in present danger, sir?" inquires the trooper.

"Yes, I fear so."

"Then, sir," returns the trooper, in a decisive manner, "it appears to me—being naturally in the vagabond way myself—that the sooner he comes out of the street, the better. You Phil! Bring him in!"

Mr. Squod tacks out, all on one side, to execute the word of command; and the trooper, having smoked his pipe, lays it by. Jo is brought in. He is not one of Mrs. Pardiggles' Tockahoopo Indians; he is not one of Mrs. Jellyby's lambs, being wholly unconnected with Borrioboola-Gha; he is not softened by distance and unfamiliarity; he is not a genuine foreign-grown savage; he is the ordinary home-made article. Dirty, ugly, disagreeable to all the senses, in body a common creature of the common streets, only in soul a heathen. Homely filth begrimes him, homely parasites devour him, homely sores are in him, homely rags are on him: native ignorance, the growth of English soil and climate, sinks his immortal nature lower than the beasts that perish. Stand forth, Jo, in uncompromising colors! From the sole of thy foot to the crown of thy head, there is nothing interesting about thee.

He shuffles slowly into Mr. George's gallery, and stands huddled together in a bundle, looking all about the floor. He seems to know that they have an inclination to shrink from him, partly for what he is, and partly for what he has caused. He, too, shrinks from them. He is not of the same order of things, not of the same place in creation. He is of no order and no place; neither of the beasts, nor of humanity.

"Look here, Jo!" says Allan. "This is Mr. George."

Jo searches the floor for some time longer, then looks up for a moment, and then down again.

"He is a kind friend to you, for he is going to give you lodging-room here."

Jo makes a scoop with one hand, which is supposed to be a bow. After a little more consideration, and some backing and changing of the foot on which he rests, he mutters that he is "wery thankful."

"You are quite safe here. All you have to do at present is to be obedient and to get strong. And mind you tell us the truth here, whatever you do, Jo."

"Wishermaydie if I don't, sir," says Jo, reverting to his favorite declaration. "I never done nothink yit, but wot you knows on, to get myself into no trouble. I never was in no other trouble at all, sir—sept not knowin' nothink and starwation."

"I believe it. Now attend to Mr. George. I see he is going to speak to you."

"My intention merely was, sir," observes Mr. George, amazingly broad and upright, "to point out to him where he can lie down, and get a thorough good dose of sleep. Now, look here." As the trooper speaks, he conducts them to the other end of the gallery, and opens one of the little cabins. "There you are, you see! Here is a mattrass, and here you may rest, on good behavior, as long as Mr., I ask your pardon, sir;" he refers apologetically to the card Allan has given him; "Mr. Woodcourt pleases. Don't you be alarmed if you hear shots; they'll be aimed at the target, and not you. Now, there's another thing I would recommend, sir," says the trooper, turning to his visitor. "Phil, come here!"

Phil bears down upon them, according to his usual tactics.

"Here is a man, sir, who was found, when a baby, in the gutter. Consequently, it is to be expected that he takes a natural interest in this poor creature. You do, don't you Phil?"

"Certainly and surely I do, guv'ner," is Phil's reply.

"Now I was thinking, sir," says Mr. George, in a martial sort of confidence, as if he were giving his opinion in a council of war at a drum-head, "that if this man was to take him to a bath, and was to lay out a few shillings in getting him one or two coarse articles—"

"Mr. George, my considerate friend," returns Allan, taking out his purse, "it is the very favor I would have asked."

Phil Squod and Jo are sent out immediately on this work of improvement. Miss Flite, quite enraptured by her success, makes the best of her way to Court; having great fears that otherwise her friend the Chancelor may be uneasy about her, or may give the judgment she has so long expected, in her absence; and observing "which you know my dear Physician and General, after so many years, would be too absurdly unfortunate!" Allan takes the opportunity of going out to procure some restorative medicines; and obtaining them near at hand, soon returns, to find the trooper walking up and down the gallery, and to fall into step and walk with him.

"I take it, sir," says Mr. George, "that you know Miss Summerson pretty well?"

Yes, it appears.

"Not related to her, sir?"

No, it appears.

"Excuse the apparent curiosity," says Mr. George. "It seemed to me probable that you might take more than a comman interest in this poor creature, because Miss Summerson had taken that unfortunate interest in him. 'Tis *my* case, sir, I assure you."

"And mine, Mr. George."

The trooper looks sideways at Allan's sunburnt cheek and bright dark eye, rapidly measures his height and build, and seems to approve of him.

"Since you have been out, sir, I have been thinking that I unquestionably know the rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Bucket took the lad, according to his account. Though he is not acquainted with the name, I can help you to it. It's Tulkinghorn. That's what it is."

Allan looks at him inquiringly, repeating the name.

"Tulkinghorn. That's the name, sir. I know the man; and know him to have been in communication with Bucket before, respecting a deceased person who had given him offense. *I* know the man, sir. To my sorrow."

Allan naturally asks what kind of man he is?

"What kind of man. Do you mean to look at?"

"I think I know that much of him. I mean to deal with. Generally, what kind of man?"

"Why, then I'll tell you, sir," returns the trooper, stopping short, and folding his arms on his square chest, so angrily that his face fires and flushes all over; "he is a confoundedly bad kind of man. He is a slow-torturing kind of man. He is no more like flesh and blood, than a rusty old carbine is. He is a kind of man—by George! —that has caused me more restlessness, and more uneasiness, and more dissatisfaction with myself, than all other men put together. That's the kind of man Mr. Tulkinghorn is!"

"I am sorry," says Allan, "to have touched so sore a place."

"Sore?" The trooper plants his legs wider apart, wets the palm of his broad right hand, and lays it on his imaginary mustache. "It's no fault of yours, sir; but you shall judge. He has got a power over me. He is the man I spoke of just now, as being able to tumble me out of this place neck and crop. He keeps me on a constant see-saw. He won't hold off, and he won't come on. If I have a payment to make him, or time to ask him for, or any thing to go to him about, he don't see me, don't hear me—passes me on to Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn, Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn passes me back again to him—he keeps me prowling and dangling about him, as if I was made of the same stone as himself. Why, I spend half my life now pretty well, loitering and dodging about his door. What does he care? Nothing. Just as much as the rusty old carbine I have compared him to. He chafes and goads me, till—Bah! nonsense—I am forgetting myself. Mr. Woodcourt!" the trooper resumes his march; "all I say is, he is an old man; but I am glad I shall never have the chance of setting spurs to my horse, and riding at him in a fair field. For if I had that chance, in one of the humors he drives me into—he'd go down, sir!"

Mr. George has been so excited, that he finds it necessary to wipe his forehead on his shirt-sleeve. Even while he whistles his impetuosity away with the National Anthem, some involuntary shakings of his head and heavings of his chest still linger behind; not to mention an occasional hasty adjustment with both hands of his open shirt-collar, as if it were scarcely open enough to prevent his being troubled by a choking sensation. In short, Allan Woodcourt has not much doubt about the going down of Mr. Tulkinghorn on the field referred to.

Jo and his conductor presently return, and Jo is assisted to his mattrass by the careful Phil; to whom, after due administration of medicine by his own hands, Allan confides all needful means and instructions. The morning is by this time getting on apace. He repairs to his lodgings to dress and breakfast; and then, without seeking rest, goes away to Mr. Jarndyce to communicate his discovery.

With him Mr. Jarndyce returns alone, confidentially telling him that there are reasons for keeping this matter very quiet indeed; and showing a serious interest in it. To Mr. Jarndyce, Jo repeats in substance what he said in the

morning; without any material variation. Only, that cart of his, is heavier to draw, and draws with a hollower sound.

"Let me lay here quiet, and not be chivied no more," falters Jo; "and be so kind any person as is a passin' nigh where I used fur to sweep, as jist to say to Mr. Sangsby that Jo, wot he known once, is a moving on right forards with his duty, and I'll be wery thankful. I'd be more thankful than I am aready, if it was any ways possible for an unfortnet to be it."

He makes so many of these references to the law-stationer in the course of a day or two, that Allan, after conferring with Mr. Jarndyce, good-naturedly resolves to call in Cook's Court; the rather, as the cart seems to be breaking down.

To Cook's Court, therefore, he repairs. Mr. Snagsby is behind his counter in his grey coat and sleeves, inspecting an indenture of several skins which has just come in from the engrosser's; an immense desert of law-hand and parchment, with here and there a resting-place of a few big letters, to break the awful monotony, and save the traveler from despair. Mr. Snagsby puts up at one of these inky wells, and greets the stranger with his cough of general preparation for business.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Snagsby?"

The stationer's heart begins to thump heavily, for his old apprehensions have never abated. It is as much as he can do to answer, "No, sir, I can't say that I do. I should have considered—not to put too fine a point upon it—that I never saw you before, sir."

"Twice before," says Allan Woodcourt. "Once at a poor bedside, and once ——"

"It's come at last!" thinks the afflicted stationer, as recollection breaks upon him. "It's got to a head now, and is going to burst!" But he has sufficient presence of mind to conduct his visitor into the little counting-house, and to shut the door.

"Are you a married man, sir?"

"No, I am not."

"Would you make the attempt, though single," says Mr. Snagsby in a melancholy whisper, "to speak as low as you can? For my little woman is a listening somewhere, or I'll forfeit the business and five hundred pound!"

In deep dejection Mr. Snagsby sits down on his stool, with his back against his desk, protesting:

"I never had a secret of my own, sir. I can't charge my memory with ever having once attempted to deceive my little woman on my own account, since she named the day. I wouldn't have done it, sir. Not to put too fine a point upon it, I couldn't have done it, I durstn't have done it. Whereas, and nevertheless, I find myself wrapped round with secrecy and mystery, till my life is a burden to me."

His visitor professes his regret to hear it, and asks him does he remember Jo? Mr. Snagsby answers with a suppressed groan, O don't he!

"You couldn't name an individual human being—except myself—that my little woman is more set and determined against than Jo," says Mr. Snagsby.

Allan asks why?

"Why?" repeats Mr. Snagsby, in his desperation actually clutching at the clump of hair at the back of his bald head, "How should *I* know why? But you are a single person, sir, and may you long be spared to ask a married person such a question!"

With this beneficent wish, Mr. Snagsby coughs a cough of dismal resignation, and submits himself to hear what the visitor has to communicate.

"There again!" says Mr. Snagsby, who, between the earnestness of his feelings, and the suppressed tones of his voice, is discolored in the face. "At it again, in a new direction! A certain person charges me, in the solemnest way, not to talk of Jo to any one, even my little woman. Then comes another certain person, in the person of yourself, and charges me, in an equally solemn way, not to mention Jo to that other certain person above all other persons. Why, this is a private asylum! Why, not to put too fine a point upon it, this is Bedlam, sir!" says Mr. Snagsby.

But it is better than he expected, after all; being no explosion of the mine below him, or deepening of the pit into which he has fallen. And being tender-hearted, and affected by the account he hears of Jo's condition, he readily engages to "look round," as early in the evening as he can manage it quietly. He looks round very quietly, when the evening comes; but it may turn out that Mrs. Snagsby is as quiet a manager as he.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Snagsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown: that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I am in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cumf'bler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby! I'm wery sorry that I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is so sorry for having done?

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yit as warn't the t'other lady, and none of em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes day, and she ses, 'Ah Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And

Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to giv me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin on day and night, and wen he come a bendin over me and a speakin up so bold, I see his tears a fallin, Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos a thinkin on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I wos a thinkin on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that wen I was moved on as fur as ever I could go and couldn't be moved no furder, whether you might be so good p'raps, as to write out, wery large so that any one could see it any wheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgiv me in his mind. If the writin could be made to say it wery large he might."

"It shall say it, Jo. Very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumfbler nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown —he has never been so close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

For the cart so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground. All round the clock, it labored up the broken steeps, shattered and worn. Not many times can the sun rise, and behold it still upon its weary road.

Phil Squod, with his smoky gunpowder visage, at once acts as nurse and works as armorer at his little table in a corner; often looking round, and saying with a nod of his green baize cap, and an encouraging elevation of his one eyebrow, "You hold up, my boy! Hold up!" There, too, is Mr. Jarndyce many a time, and Allan Woodcourt almost always; both thinking, much, how strangely Fate has entangled this rough outcast in the web of very different lives. There too, the trooper is a frequent visitor; filling the doorway with his athletic figure, and, from his superfluity of life and strength, seeming to shed down temporary vigor upon Jo, who never fails to speak more robustly in answer to his cheerful words.

Jo is in a sleep or in a stupor to-day, and Allan Woodcourt, newly arrived, stands by him, looking down upon his wasted form. After a while, he softly seats himself upon the bedside with his face toward him—just as he sat in the law-writer's room—and touches his chest and heart. The cart had very nearly given up, but labors on a little more.

The trooper stands in the doorway, still and silent. Phil has stopped in a low clinking noise with his little hammer in his hand. Mr. Woodcourt looks round with that grave professional interest and attention on his face, and, glancing significantly at the trooper, signs to Phil to carry his table out. When the little hammer is next used, there will be a speck of rust upon it.

"Well, Jo! What is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's. Am I, sir?"

"No." Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I'm wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice:

"Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to his-self, and not to me. He prayed a lot but *I* couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other genlmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talking to theirselves, or a passing blame on the t'others, and not a talkin to us. *We* never knowd nothink. *I* never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me: wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo. By-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and have me laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee sir. Thankee sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in,

for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be thy name!"

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Closing in.

The place in Lincolnshire has shut its many eyes again, and the house in town is awake. In Lincolnshire, the Dedlocks of the past doze in their picture frames, and the low wind murmurs through the long drawing-room as if they were breathing pretty regularly. In town, the Dedlocks of the present rattle in their fire-eyed carriages through the darkness of the night, and the Dedlock Mercuries with ashes (or hair-powder) on their heads, symptomatic of their great humility, loll away the drowsy mornings in the little windows of the hall. The fashionable world: tremendous orb, nearly five miles round: is in full swing, and the solar system works respectfully at its appointed distances.

Where the throng is thickest, where the lights are brightest, where all the senses are ministered to with the greatest delicacy and refinement, Lady Dedlock is. From the shining heights she has scaled and taken, she is never absent. Though the belief she of old reposed in herself, as one able to reserve whatsoever she would under her mantle of pride, is beaten down; though she has no assurance that what she is to those around her, she will remain another day; it is not in her nature, when envious eyes are looking on, to yield or to droop. They say of her, that she has lately grown more handsome and more haughty. The debilitated cousin says of her that she's beauty nough—tsetup Shopofwomen—but rather larming kind. Remindingmanfact—inconvenient woman—who *will* getoutofbedandbawth'stablishment—Shakspeare.

Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing, looks nothing. Now, as heretofore, he is to be found in doorways of rooms, with his limp white cravat loosely twisted into its old-fashioned tie, receiving patronage from the Peerage and making no sign. Of all men he is still the last who might be supposed to have any influence upon my Lady. Of all women she is still the last who might be supposed to have any dread of him.

One thing has been much on her mind since their late interview in his turret-room at Chesney Wold. She is now decided, and prepared to throw it off.

It is morning in the great world; afternoon according to the little sun. The Mercuries, exhausted by looking out of window, are reposing in the hall; and hang their heavy heads, the gorgeous creatures, like overblown sun-flowers. Like them, too, they seem to run to a deal of seed in their tags and trimmings. Sir Leicester, in the library, has fallen asleep for the good of the country, over the report of a Parliamentary committee. My Lady sits in the room in which she gave audience to the young man of the name of Guppy. Rosa is with her, and has been writing for her and reading to her. Rosa is now at work upon embroidering, or some such pretty thing; and as she bends her head over it, my Lady watches her in silence. Not for the first time to-day.

"Rosa."

The pretty village face looks brightly up. Then, seeing how serious my Lady is, looks puzzled and surprised.

"See to the door. Is it shut?"

Yes. She goes to it and returns, and looks yet more surprised.

"I am about to place confidence in you, child, for I know I may trust your attachment, if not your judgment. In what I am going to do, I will not disguise myself to you at least. But I confide in you. Say nothing to any one of what passes between us."

The timid little beauty promises in all earnestness to be trustworthy.

"Do you know," Lady Dedlock asks her, signing to her to bring her chair nearer; "do you know, Rosa, that I am different to you from what I am to any one?"

"Yes, my Lady. Much kinder. But then I often think I know you as you really are."

"You often think you know me as I really am? Poor child, poor child!"

She says it with a kind of scorn—though not of Rosa—and sits brooding, looking dreamily at her.

"Do you think, Rosa, you are any relief or comfort to me? Do you suppose your being young and natural, and fond of me and grateful to me, makes it any pleasure to me to have you near me?"

"I don't know, my Lady: I can scarcely hope so. But, with all my heart, I wish it was so."

"It is so, little one."

The pretty face is checked in its flush of pleasure, by the dark expression on the handsome face before it. It looks timidly for an explanation.

"And if I were to say to-day, Go! Leave me! I should say what would give me great pain and disquiet, child, and what would leave me very solitary."

"My Lady! Have I offended you?"

"In nothing. Come here."

Rosa bends down on the footstool at my Lady's feet. My Lady, with that motherly touch of the famous Ironmaster night, lays her hand upon her dark hair, and gently keeps it there.

"I told you, Rosa, that I wished you to be happy, and that I would make you so if I could make any body happy on this earth. I can not. There are reasons now known to me, reasons in which you have no part rendering it far better for you that you should not remain here. You must not remain here. I have determined that you shall not. I have written to the father of your lover, and he will be here to-day. All this I have done for your sake."

The weeping girl covers her hand with kisses, and says what shall she do, what shall she do, when they are separated! Her mistress kisses her on the cheek, and makes no other answer.

"Now, be happy, child, under better circumstances. Be beloved, and happy!"

"Ah, my Lady, I have sometimes thought—forgive my being so free—that *you* are not happy."

"I!"

"Will you be more so, when you have sent me away? Pray, pray, think again. Let me stay a little while!"

"I have said, my child, that what I do, I do for your sake, not my own. It is done. What I am toward you, Rosa, is what I am now—not what I shall be a little while hence. Remember this, and keep my confidence. Do so much for my sake, and so all ends between us!"

She detaches herself from her simple-hearted companion, and leaves the room. Late in the afternoon, when she next appears upon the staircase, she is in her haughtiest and coldest state. As indifferent as if all passion, feeling, and interest, had been worn out in the earlier ages of the world, and had perished from its surface with its other departed monsters.

Mercury has announced Mr. Rouncewell, which is the cause of her appearance. Mr. Rouncewell is not in the library; but she repairs to the library. Sir Leicester is there, and she wishes to speak to him first.

"Sir Leicester, I am desirous——but you are engaged."

"O dear no! Not at all. Only Mr. Tulkinghorn."

Always at hand. Haunting every place. No relief or security from him for a moment.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Dedlock. Will you allow me to retire?"

With a look that plainly says, "you know you have the power to remain if you will," she tells him it is not necessary, and moves toward a chair. Mr. Tulkinghorn brings it a little forward for her with his clumsy bow, and retires into a window opposite. Interposed between her and the fading light of day in the now quiet street, his shadow falls upon her, and he darkens all before her. Even so does he darken her life.

It is a dull street, under the best circumstances: where the two long rows of houses stare at each other with that severity, that half a dozen of its greatest mansions seem to have been slowly stared into stone, rather than originally built in that material. It is a street of such dismal grandeur, so determined not to condescend to liveliness, that the doors and windows hold a gloomy state of their own in black paint and dust, and the echoing mews behind have a dry and massive appearance, as if they were reserved to stable the stone chargers of noble statues. Complicated garnish of iron-work entwines itself over the flights of steps in this awful street; and, from these petrified bowers, extinguishers for obsolete flambeaux gasp at the upstart gas. Here and there a weak little iron hoop, through which bold boys aspire to throw their friends' caps (its only present use), retains its place among the rusty foliage, sacred to the memory of departed oil. Nay, even oil itself, yet lingering at long intervals in a little absurd glass pot, with a knob in the bottom like an oyster, blinks and sulks at newer lights every night, like its high and dry master in the House of Lords.

Therefore there is not much that Lady Dedlock, seated in her chair, could wish to see through the window, in which Mr. Tulkinghorn stands. And yet—and yet—she sends a look in that direction, as if it were her heart's desire to have that figure removed out of the way.

Sir Leicester begs his Lady's pardon. She was about to say?

"Only that Mr. Rouncewell is here (he has called by my appointment), and that we had better make an end of the question of that girl. I am tired to death of the matter."

"What can I do—to—assist?" demands Sir Leicester, in some considerable doubt.

"Let us see him here, and have done with it. Will you tell them to send him up?"

"Mr. Tulkinghorn, be so good as to ring.—Thank you. Request," says Sir Leicester, to Mercury, not immediately remembering the business term, "request the iron gentleman to walk this way."

Mercury departs in search of the iron gentleman, finds, and produces him. Sir Leicester receives that ferruginous person graciously.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Rouncewell. Be seated. (My solicitor, Mr. Tulkinghorn.) My Lady was desirous, Mr. Rouncewell," Sir Leicester skilfully transfers him with a solemn wave of his hand, "was desirous to speak with you. Hem!"

"I shall be very happy," returns the iron gentleman, "to give my best attention to any thing Lady Dedlock does me the honor to say."

As he turns toward her, he finds that the impression she makes upon him is less agreeable than on the former occasion. A distant supercilious air makes a cold atmosphere about her;

and there is nothing in her bearing, as there was before to encourage openness.

"Pray, sir," says Lady Dedlock, listlessly, "may I be allowed to inquire whether any thing has passed between you and your son, respecting your son's fancy?"

It is almost too troublesome to her languid eyes to bestow a look upon him, as she asks this question.

"If my memory serves me, Lady Dedlock, I said, when I had the pleasure of seeing you before, that I should seriously advise my son to conquer that—fancy." The Ironmaster repeats her expression with a little emphasis.

"And did you?"

"O! of course I did."

Sir Leicester gives a nod, approving and confirmatory. Very proper. The iron gentleman having said that he would do it, was bound to do it. No difference in this respect between the base metals and the precious. Highly proper.

"And pray has he done so?"

"Really, Lady Dedlock, I can not make you a definite reply. I fear not. Probably not yet. In our condition of life, we sometimes couple an intention with our—our fancies, which renders them not altogether easy to throw off. I think it is rather our way to be in earnest."

Sir Leicester has a misgiving that there may be a hidden Wat Tylerish meaning in this expression, and fumes a little. Mr. Rouncewell is perfectly good-humored and polite; but, within such limits, evidently adapts his tone to his reception.

"Because," proceeds my Lady, "I have been thinking of the subject—which is tiresome to me."

"I am very sorry, I am sure."

"And also of what Sir Leicester said upon it, in which I quite concur;" Sir Leicester flattered; "and if you can not give us the assurance that this fancy is at an end, I have come to the conclusion that the girl had better leave me."

"I can give no such assurance, Lady Dedlock. Nothing of the kind."

"Then she had better go."

"Excuse me, my Lady," Sir Leicester considerately interposes, "but perhaps this may be doing an injury to the young woman, which she has not merited. Here is a young woman," says Sir Leicester, magnificently laying out the matter with his right hand, like a service of plate, "whose good fortune it is to have attracted the notice and favor of an eminent lady, and to live, under the protection of that eminent lady, surrounded by the various advantages which such a position confers, and which are unquestionably very great—I believe unquestionably very great, sir—for a young woman in that station of life. The question then arises, should that young woman be deprived of these many advantages and that good fortune, simply because she has—" Sir Leicester, with an apologetic but dignified inclination of his head toward the Ironmaster, winds up his sentence—"has attracted the notice of Mr. Rouncewell's son? Now, has she deserved this punishment? Is this just toward her? Is this our previous understanding?"

"I beg your pardon," interposes Mr. Rouncewell's son's father. "Sir Leicester, will you allow me? I think I may shorten the subject. Pray dismiss that from your consideration. If you remembered any thing so unimportant—which is not to be expected—you would recollect that my first thought in the affair was directly opposed to her remaining here."

Dismiss the Dedlock patronage from consideration? O! Sir Leicester is bound to believe a pair of ears that have been handed down to him through such a family, or he really might have mistrusted their report of the iron gentleman's observations.

"It is not necessary," observes my Lady, in her coldest manner, before he can do any thing but breathe amazedly, "to enter into these matters on either side. The girl is a very good girl; I have nothing whatever to say against her; but she is so far insensible to her many advantages and good fortune, that she is in love—or supposes she is, poor little fool—and unable to appreciate them."

Sir Leicester begs to observe, that wholly alters the case. He might have been sure that my Lady had the best grounds and reasons in support of her view. He entirely agrees with my Lady. The young woman had better go.

"As Sir Leicester observed, Mr. Rouncewell, on the last occasion when we were fatigued by this business," Lady Dedlock languidly proceeds, "we can not make conditions with you. Without conditions, and under present circumstances, the girl is quite misplaced here, and had better go. I have told her so. Would you wish to have her sent back to the village, or would you like to take her with you, or what would you prefer?"

"Lady Dedlock, if I may speak plainly—"

"By all means."

"—I should prefer the course which will the soonest relieve you of the incumbrance, and remove her from her present position."

"And to speak as plainly," she returns, with the same studied carelessness, "so should I. Do I understand that you will take her with you?"

The iron gentleman makes an iron bow.

"Sir Leicester, will you ring?" Mr. Tulkinghorn steps forward from his window and pulls the bell. "I had forgotten you. Thank you." He makes his usual bow, and goes quietly back again. Mercury, swift-responsive, appears, receives instructions whom to produce, skims away, produces the aforesaid, and departs.

Rosa has been crying, and is yet in distress. On her coming in, the Ironmaster leaves his chair, takes her arm in his, and remains with her near the door ready to depart.

"You are taken charge of, you see," says my Lady, in her weary manner, "and are going away, well protected. I have mentioned that you are a very good girl, and you have nothing to cry for."

"She seems after all," observes Mr. Tulkinghorn, loitering a little forward with his hands behind him, "as if she were crying at going away."

"Why, she is not well-bred, you see," returns Mr. Rouncewell with some quickness in his manner, as if he were glad to have the lawyer to retort upon; "and she is an inexperienced little thing, and knows no better. If she had remained here, sir, she would have improved, no doubt."

"No doubt," is Mr. Tulkinghorn's composed reply.

Rosa sobs out that she is very sorry to leave my Lady, and that she was happy at Chesney Wold, and has been happy with my Lady, and that she thanks my Lady over and over again. "Out, you silly little puss!" says the Ironmaster, checking her in a low voice, though not angrily; "have a spirit, if you're fond of Wat!" My Lady merely waves her off with indifference, saying, "There, there, child! You are a good girl. Go away!" Sir Leicester has magnificently disengaged himself from the subject, and retired into the sanctuary of his blue coat. Mr. Tulkinghorn, an indistinct form against the dark street now dotted with lamps, looms in my Lady's view bigger and blacker than before.

"Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock," says Mr. Rouncewell, after a pause of a few moments, "I beg to take my leave, with an apology for having again troubled you, though not of my own act, on this tiresome subject. I can very well understand, I assure you, how tiresome so small a matter must have become to Lady Dedlock. If I am doubtful of my dealing with it, it is only because I did not at first quietly exert my influence to take my young friend here away, without troubling you at all. But it appeared to me—I dare say magnifying the importance of the thing—that it was respectful to explain to you how the matter stood, and candid to consult your wishes and convenience. I hope you will excuse my want of acquaintance with the polite world."

Sir Leicester considers himself evoked out of the sanctuary by these remarks. "Mr. Rouncewell," he returns, "do not mention it. Justifications are unnecessary, I hope, on either side."

"I am glad to hear it, Sir Leicester; and if I may, by way of a last word, revert to what I said before of my mother's long connection with the family, and the worth it bespeaks on both sides, I would point out this little instance here on my arm. Who shows herself so affectionate and faithful in parting, and in whom my mother, I dare say, has done something to awaken such feelings—though of course Lady Dedlock, by her heartfelt interest and her genial condescension, has done much more."

If he mean this ironically, it may be truer than he thinks. He points it, however, by no deviation from his straightforward manner of speech, though in saying it he turns toward that part of the dim room where my Lady sits. Sir Leicester stands to return his parting salutation, Mr. Tulkinghorn again rings, Mercury takes another flight, and Mr. Rouncewell and Rosa leave the house.

Then lights are brought in, discovering Mr. Tulkinghorn still standing in his window with his hands behind him, and my lady still sitting with his figure before her, closing up her view of the night as well as of the day. She is very pale. Mr. Tulkinghorn observing it as she rises to retire, thinks, "Well she may be! The power of this woman is astonishing. She has been acting a part the whole time." But he can act a part too—his one unchanging character—and as he holds the door open for this woman, fifty pairs of eyes, each fifty times sharper than Sir Leicester's pair, should fine no flaw in him.

Lady Dedlock dines alone in her own room today. Sir Leicester is whipped in to the rescue of the Doodle Party, and the discomfiture of the Coodle Faction. Lady Dedlock asks, on sitting down to dinner, still deadly pale (and quite an illustration of the debilitated cousin's text), whether he is gone out! Yes. Whether Mr. Tulkinghorn is gone yet? No. Presently she asks again, is he gone *yet?* No. What is he doing? Mercury thinks he is writing letters in the library. Would my lady wish to see him? Any thing but that.

But he wishes to see my Lady. Within a few more minutes, he is reported as sending his respects, and could my Lady please to receive him for a word or two after her dinner? My lady will receive him now. He comes now, apologizing for intruding, even by her permission, while she is at table. When they are alone, my Lady waves her hand to dispense with such mockeries.

"What do you want, sir?"

"Why, Lady Dedlock," says the lawyer, taking a chair at a little distance from her, and slowly rubbing his rusty legs up and down, up and down, up and down; "I am rather surprised by the course you have taken."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, decidedly. I was not prepared for it. I consider it a departure from our agreement and your promise. It puts us in a new position, Lady Dedlock. I feel myself under the necessity of saying that I don't approve of it."

He stops in his rubbing, and looks at her, with his hands on his knees and his head on one side. Imperturbable and unchangeable as he is, there is still an indefinable freedom in his manner, which is new, and which does not escape this woman's observation.

"I do not quite understand you."

"O yes you do, I think. I think you do. Come, come, Lady Dedlock, we must not fence and parry now. You know you like this girl!"

"Well, sir?"

"And you know—and I know—that you have not sent her away for the reasons you have assigned, but for the purpose of separating her as much as possible from—excuse my mentioning it as a matter of business—any reproach and exposure that impend over yourself."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, Lady Dedlock," returns the lawyer, crossing his legs and nursing the uppermost knee, "I object to that. I consider that a dangerous proceeding. I know it to be unnecessary, and calculated to awaken speculation, doubt, rumor, I don't know what, in the house. Besides, it is a violation of our agreement. You were to be exactly what you were before. Whereas, it must be evident to yourself, as it is to me, that you have been this evening very different from what you were before. Why, bless my soul, Lady Dedlock, transparently so!"

"If, sir," she begins, "in my knowledge of my secret—" But he interrupts her.

"Now Lady Dedlock, this is a matter of business, and in a matter of business the ground can not be kept too clear. It is no longer your secret. Excuse me? That is just the mistake. It is my secret, in trust for Sir Leicester and the family. If it were your secret, Lady Dedlock, we should not be here holding this conversation.

"That is very true. If, in my knowledge of *the* secret, I do what I can to spare an innocent girl (especially, remembering your own reference to her when you told my story to the assembled guests at Chesney Wold) from the taint of my impending shame, I act upon a resolution I have taken. Nothing in the world, and no one in the world, could shake it, or could move me." This she says with great deliberation and distinctness, and with no more outward passion than himself. As for him, he methodically discusses his matter of business, as if she were any insensible instrument used in business.

"Really? Then you see, Lady Dedlock," he returns, "you are not to be trusted. You have put the case in a perfectly plain way, and according to the literal fact; and, that being the case, you are not to be trusted."

"Perhaps you may remember that I expressed some anxiety on this same point, when we spoke at night at Chesney Wold?"

"Yes," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, coolly getting up and standing on the hearth. "Yes. I recollect, Lady Dedlock, that you certainly referred to the girl; but that was before we came to our arrangement, and both the letter and the spirit of our arrangement altogether precluded any action on your part, founded upon my discovery. There can be no doubt about that. As to sparing the girl, of what importance or value is she? Spare! Lady Dedlock, here is a family name compromised. One might have supposed that the course was straight on—over every thing, neither to the right nor to the left, regardless of all considerations in the way, sparing nothing, treading every thing under foot."

She has been looking at the table. She lifts up her eyes, and looks at him. There is a stern expression on her face, and a part of her lower lip is compressed under her teeth. "This woman understands me," Mr. Tulkinghorn thinks, as she lets her glance fall again. "*She* can not be spared. Why should she spare others?"

For a little while they are silent. Lady Dedlock has eaten no dinner, but has twice or thrice poured out water with a steady hand and drank it. She rises from table, takes a lounging-chair, and reclines in it, shading her face. There is nothing in her manner to express weakness or excite compassion. It is thoughtful, gloomy, concentrated. "This woman," thinks Mr. Tulkinghorn, standing on the hearth, again a dark object closing up her view, "is a study."

He studies her at his leisure, not speaking for a time. She, too, studies something at her leisure. She is not the first to speak; appearing, indeed, so unlikely to be so, though he stood there until midnight, that even he is driven upon breaking silence.

"Lady Dedlock, the most disagreeable part of this business interview remains; but it is business. Our agreement is broken. A lady of your sense and strength of character will be prepared for my now declaring it void, and taking my own course."

"I am quite prepared."

Mr. Tulkinghorn inclines his head. "That is all I have to trouble you with, Lady Dedlock."

She stops him as he is moving out of the room, by asking, "This is the notice I was to receive? I wish not to misapprehend you!"

"Not exactly the notice you were to receive, Lady Dedlock, because the contemplated notice supposed the agreement to have been observed. But virtually the same, virtually the same. The difference is merely in a lawyer's mind."

"You intend to give me no other notice?"

"You are right. No."

"Do you contemplate undeceiving Sir Leicester to-night?"

"A home question!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn, with a slight smile, and cautiously shaking his head at the shaded face. "No, not to-night."

"To-morrow?"

"All things considered, I had better decline answering that question, Lady Dedlock. If I were to say I don't know when, exactly, you would not believe me, and it would answer no purpose. It may be to-morrow. I would rather say no more. You are prepared, and I hold out no expectations which circumstances might fail to fulfill. I wish you good evening."

She removes her hand, turns her pale face toward him as he walks silently to the door, and stops him once again as he is about to open it.

"Do you intend to remain in the house any time? I heard you were writing in the library. Are you going to return there?"

"Only for my hat. I am going home."

She bows her eyes rather than her head, the movement is so slight and curious; and he withdraws. Clear of the room, he looks at his watch, but is inclined to doubt it by a minute, or thereabouts. There is a splendid clock upon the staircase, famous, as splendid clocks not often are, for its accuracy. "And what do *you* say," Mr. Tulkinghorn inquires, referring to it. "What do you say?"

If it said now, "Don't go home!" What a

famous clock, hereafter, if it said to-night of all the nights that it has counted off, to this old man of all the young and old men who have ever stood before it, "Don't go home!" With its sharp clear bell, it strikes three-quarters after seven, and ticks on again. "Why, you are worse than I thought you," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, muttering reproof to his watch. "Two minutes wrong? At this rate you won't last my time." What a watch to return good for evil, if it ticked in answer, "Don't go home!"

He passes out into the streets, and walks on, with his hands behind him, under the shadow of the lofty houses, many of whose mysteries, difficulties, mortgages, delicate affairs of all kinds, are treasured up within his old black satin waistcoat. He is in the confidence of the very bricks and mortar. The high chimney-stacks telegraph family secrets to him. Yet there is not a voice in a mile of them to whisper, "Don't go home!"

Through the stir and motion of the commoner streets; through the roar and jar of many vehicles, many feet, many voices; with the blazing shop-lights lighting him on, the west wind blowing him on, and the crowd pressing him on; he is pitilessly urged upon his way, and nothing meets him, murmuring, "Don't go home!" Arrived at last in his dull room, to light his candles, and look round and up, and see the Roman pointing from the ceiling, there is no new significance in the Roman's hand to-night, or in the flutter of the attendant groupes, to give him the late warning, "Don't come here!"

It is a moonlight night; but the moon being past the full, is only now rising over the great wilderness of London. The stars are shining as they shone above the turret-leads at Chesney Wold. This woman, as he has of late been so accustomed to call her, looks out upon them. Her soul is turbulent within her; she is sick at heart, and restless. The large rooms are too cramped and close. She can not endure their restraint, and will walk alone in a neighboring garden.

Too capricious and imperious in all she does, to be the cause of much surprise in those about her as to any thing she does, this woman, loosely muffled, goes out into the moonlight. Mercury attends with the key. Having opened the garden-gate, he delivers the key into his Lady's hand at her request, and is bidden to go back. She will walk there some time, to ease her aching head. She may be an hour; she may be more. She needs no further escort. The gate shuts upon its spring with a clash, and he leaves her, passing on into the dark shade of some trees.

A fine night, and a bright large moon, and multitudes of stars. Mr. Tulkinghorn, in repairing to his cellar, and in opening and shutting those resounding doors, has to cross a little prison-like yard; and he looks up casually, thinking what a fine night, what a bright large moon, what multitudes of stars! A quiet night, too.

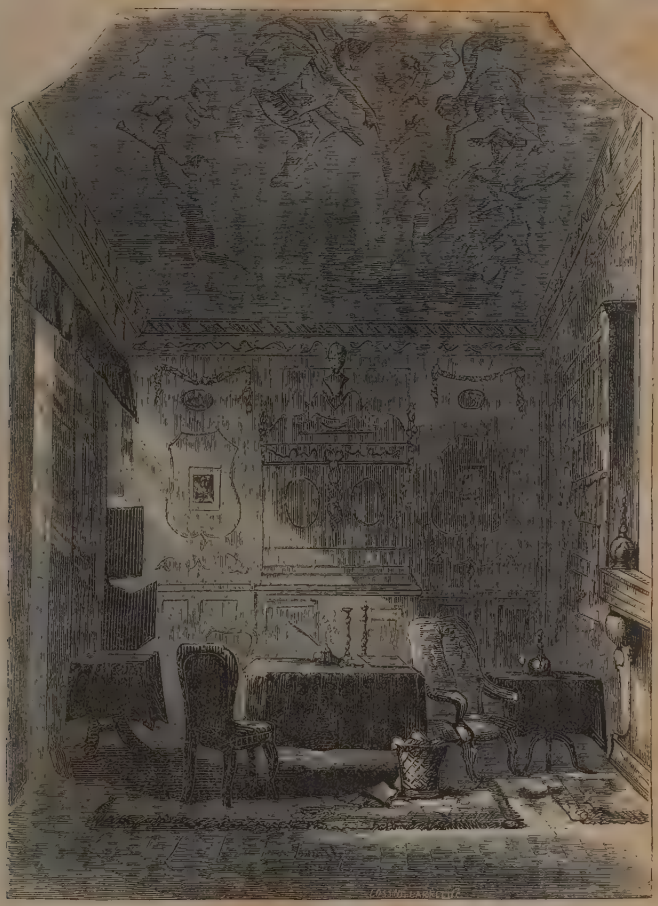
A very quiet night. When the moon shines very brilliantly, a solitude and stillness seem to proceed from her, that influence even crowded places full of life. Not only is it a still night on dusty high roads and on hill-summits, whence a wide expanse of country may be seen in repose, quieter and quieter as it spreads away into a fringe of trees against the sky, with the gray ghost of a bloom upon them; not only is it a still night in gardens and in woods, and on the river where the water-meadows are fresh and green, and the streams sparkle on among pleasant islands, murmuring weirs, and whispering rushes; not only does the stillness attend it as it flows where houses cluster thick, where many bridges are reflected in it, where wharves and shipping make it black and awful, where it winds from these disfigurements through marshes whose grim beacons stand like skeletons washed ashore, where it expands through the bolder region of rising grounds rich in corn-field, wind-mill, and steeple, and where it mingles with the ever-heaving sea; not only is it a still night on the deep, and on the shore where the watcher stands to see the ship with her spread wings cross the path of light that appears to be presented to only him; but even on this stranger's wilderness of London there is some rest. Its steepies and towers, and its one great dome, grow more ethereal; its smoky house-tops lose their grossness, in the pale effulgence; the noises that arise from the streets are fewer and are softened, and the footsteps on the pavements pass more tranquilly away. In these fields of Mr. Tulkinghorn's inhabiting, where the shepherds play on Chancery pipes that have no stop, and keep their sheep in the fold by hook and by crook until they have shorn them exceeding close, every noise is merged this moonlight night into a distant ringing hum, as if the city were a vast glass, vibrating.

What's that? Who fired a gun or pistol? Where was it?

The few foot-passengers start, stop, and stare about them. Some windows and doors are opened, and people come out to look. It was a loud report, and echoed and rattled heavily. It shook one house, or so a man says who was passing. It has aroused all the dogs in the neighborhood, who bark vehemently. Terrified cats scamper across the road. While the dogs are yet barking and howling—there is one dog howling like a demon—the church-clocks, as if they were startled too, begin to strike. The hum from the streets likewise seems to swell into a shout. But it is soon over. Before the last clock begins to strike ten, there is a lull. When it has ceased, the fine night, the bright large moon, and multitudes of stars, are left at peace again.

Has Mr. Tulkinghorn been disturbed? His windows are dark and quiet, and his door is shut. It must be something unusual indeed, to bring *him* out of his shell. Nothing is heard of him, nothing is seen of him. What power of cannon might it take to shake that rusty old man out of his immovable composure?

For many years, the persistent Roman has been pointing with no particular meaning, from that



A NEW MEANING IN THE ROMAN.

ceiling. It is not likely that he has any new meaning in him to-night. Once pointing, always pointing—like any Roman, or even Briton, with a single idea. There he is, no doubt, in his impossible attitude, pointing, unavailingly, all night long. Moonlight, darkness, dawn, sunrise, day. There he is still, eagerly pointing, and no one minds him.

But, a little after the coming of the day, come people to clean the rooms. And either the Roman has some new meaning in him, not expressed before, or the foremost of them goes wild; for, looking up at his outstretched hand, and looking down at what is below it, that person shrieks and flies. The others, looking in as the first one looked, shriek and fly too, and there is an alarm in the street.

What does it mean? No light is admitted into the darkened chamber, and people, unaccustomed to it, enter, and treading softly, but heavily, carry a weight into the bedroom, and lay it down. There is whispering and wondering all day, strict search of every corner, careful tracing of steps, and careful noting of the disposition of every article of furniture. All eyes look up at the Roman, and all voices murmur, "If he could only tell what he saw!"

He is pointing at a table, with a bottle (nearly full of wine) and a glass upon it, and two candles that were blown out suddenly, soon after being lighted. He is pointing at an empty chair, and at a stain upon the ground before it, that might be almost covered with a hand. These objects lie directly within his range. An excited imag-

ination might suppose that there was something in them so terrific, as to drive the rest of the composition, not only the attendant big-legged boys, but the clouds and flowers and pillars too—in short, the very body and soul of Allegory, and all the brains it has—stark mad. It happens surely that every one that comes into the darkened room and looks at these things, looks up at the Roman, and that he is invested in all eyes with mystery and awe, as if he were a paralyzed dumb witness.

So, it shall happen surely through many years to come, that ghostly stories shall be told of the stain upon the floor, so easy to be covered, so hard to be got out; and that the Roman, pointing from the ceiling, shall point, so long as dust and damp and spiders spare him, with far greater significance than he ever had in Mr. Tulkinghorn's time, and with a deadly meaning. For Mr. Tulkinghorn's time is over for evermore; and the Roman pointed at the murderous hand uplifted against his life, and pointed helplessly at him from night to morning, lying face downward on the floor, shot through the heart.

CHAPTER XLIX.—Dutiful Friendship.

A GREAT annual occasion has come round in the establishment of Mr. Joseph Bagnet, otherwise Lignum Vitæ, ex-artilleryman and present bassoon-player. An occasion of feasting and festival. The celebration of a birth-day in the family.

It is not Mr. Bagnet's birth-day. Mr. Bagnet merely distinguishes that epoch in the musical instrument business, by kissing the children with an extra smack before breakfast, smoking an additional pipe after dinner, and wondering toward evening what his poor old mother is thinking about it—a subject of infinite speculation, and rendered so by his mother having departed this life twenty years. Some men rarely revert to their father, but seem, in the bank-books of their remembrance, to have transferred all their stock of filial affection into their mother's name. Mr. Bagnet is one of these. Perhaps his exalted appreciation of the merits of the old girl, causes him usually to make the noun-substantive, Goodness, of the feminine gender.

It is not the birth-day of one of the three children. Those occasions are kept with some marks of distinction, but they rarely overleap the bounds of Happy returns and a pudding. On young Woolwich's last birth-day, Mr. Bagnet certainly did, after observing upon his growth and general advancement, proceed, in a momet of profound reflection on the changes wrought by time, to examine him in the catechism; accomplishing with extreme accuracy the questions number one and two, What is your name? and Who gave you that name? but there failing in the exact precision of his memory, and substituting for number three, the question—And how do you like that name? which he propounded with a sense of its importance, in itself so edifying and improving, as to give it quite the air of a Fortieth Article. This, however, was a speciality on that particular birth-day, and not a generic solemnity.

It is the old girl's birth-day; and that is the greatest holiday and reddest-letter day in Mr. Bagnet's calendar. The auspicious event is always commemorated according to certain forms, settled and prescribed by Mr. Bagnet some years since. Mr. Bagnet being deeply convinced that to have a pair of fowls for dinner is to attain the highest pitch of imperial luxury, invariably goes forth himself very early in the morning of this day to buy a pair; he is, as invariably, taken in by the vendor, and installed in the possession of the oldest inhabitants of any coop in Europe. Returning with these triumphs of toughness tied up in a clean blue and white cotton handkerchief (essential to the arrangements), he in a casual manner invites Mrs. Bagnet to declare at breakfast what she would like for dinner. Mrs. Bagnet, by a coincidence never known to fail, replying Fowls, Mr. Bagnet instantly produces his bundle from a place of concealment, amidst general amazement and rejoicing. He further requires that the old girl shall do nothing all day long, but sit in her very best gown, and be served by himself and the young people. As he is not illustrious for his cookery, this may be supposed to be a matter of state rather than enjoyment on the old girl's part; but she keeps her state with all imaginable cheerfulness.

On this present birthday, Mr. Bagnet has accomplished the usual preliminaries. He has bought two specimens of poultry, which, if there be any truth in adages, were certainly not caught with chaff, to be prepared for the spit; he has amazed and rejoiced the family by their unlooked-for production: he is himself directing the roasting of the poultry; and Mrs. Bagnet, with her wholesome brown fingers itching to prevent what she sees going wrong, sits in her gown of ceremony, an honored guest.

Quebec and Malta lay the cloth for dinner, while Woolwich serving, as beseems him, under his father, keeps the fowls revolving. To these young scullions Mrs. Bagnet occasionally imparts a wink, or a shake of the head, or a crooked face, as they make mistakes.

"At half-after one." Says Mr. Bagnet. "To the minute. They'll be done."

Mrs. Bagnet, with anguish, beholds one of them at a stand-still before the fire, and beginning to burn.

"You shall have a dinner, old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "fit for a queen."

Mrs. Bagnet shows her white teeth cheerfully, but to the perception of her son betrays so much uneasiness of spirit, that he is impelled by the dictates of affection to ask her, with his eyes, what is the matter?—thus standing with his eyes wide open, more oblivious of the fowls than before, and not affording the least hope of a return to consciousness. Fortunately, his elder sister perceives the cause of the agitation in Mrs. Bagnet's breast, and with an admonitory poke recalls him. The stopped fowls going round again,

Mrs. Bagnet closes her eyes, in the intensity of her relief.

"George will look us up," says Mr. Bagnet. "At half-after four. To the moment. How many years, old girl. Has George looked us up. This afternoon.

"Ah, Lignum, Lignum, as many as make an old woman of a young one, I begin to think. Just about that, and no less," returns Mrs. Bagnet laughing, and shaking her head.

"Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Never mind. You'd be as young as ever you was. If you wasn't younger. Which you are. As every body knows."

Quebec and Malta here exclaim, with clapping of hands, that Bluffy is sure to bring mother something, and begin to speculate on what it will be.

"Do you know, Lignum," says Mrs. Bagnet, casting a glance on the table-cloth, and winking "salt!" at Malta with her right eye, and shaking the pepper away from Quebec with her head; "I begin to think George is in the roving way again."

"George," returns Mr. Bagnet, "will never desert. And leave his old comrade. In the lurch. Don't be afraid of it."

"No, Lignum. No. I don't say he will. I don't think he will. But if he could get over this money-trouble of his, I believe he would be off."

Mr. Bagnet asks why?

"Well," returns his wife, considering, "George seems to me to be getting not a little impatient and restless. I don't say but what he's as free as ever. Of course he must be free, or he wouldn't be George; but he smarts, and seems put out."

"He's extra-drilled," says Mr. Bagnet. "By a lawyer. Who would put the devil out."

"There's something in that," his wife assents; "but so it is, Lignum."

Further conversation is prevented, for the time, by the necessity under which Mr. Bagnet finds himself of directing the whole force of his mind to the dinner, which is a little endangered by the dry humor of the fowls in not yielding any gravy, and also by the made-gravy acquiring no flavor, and turning out of a flaxen complexion. With a similar perverseness, the potatoes crumble off forks in the process of pealing, upheaving from their centres in every direction, as if they were subject to earthquakes. The legs of the fowls, too, are longer than could be desired, and extremely scaly. Overcoming these disadvantages to the best of his ability, Mr. Bagnet at last dishes, and they sit down at table; Mrs. Bagnet occupying the guest's place at his right hand.

It is well for the old girl that she has but one birthday in a year, for two such indulgences in poultry might be injurious. Every kind of finer tendon and ligament that it is in the nature of poultry to possess, is developed in these specimens in the singular form of guitar-strings. Their limbs appear to have struck roots into their breasts and bodies, as aged trees strike roots into the earth. Their legs are so hard, as to encourage the idea that they must have devoted the greater part of their long and arduous lives to pedestrian exercises, and the walking of matches. But Mr. Bagnet, unconscious of these little defects, sets his heart on Mrs. Bagnet eating a most severe quantity of the delicacies before her; and as that good old girl would not cause him a moment's disappointment on any day, least of all on such a day, for any consideration, she imperils her digestion fearfully. How young Woolwich cleans the drum-sticks without being of ostrich descent, his anxious mother is at a loss to understand.

The old girl has another trial to undergo after the conclusion of the repast, in sitting in state to see the room cleared, the hearth swept, and the dinner-service washed up and polished in the back yard. The great delight and energy with which the two young ladies apply themselves to these duties, turning up their skirts in imitation of their mother, and skating in and out on little scaffolds of pattens, inspire the highest hopes for the future, but some anxiety for the present. The same causes lead to a confusion of tongues, a clattering of crockery, a rattling of tin mugs, a whisking of brooms, and an expenditure of water, all in excess; while the saturation of the young ladies themselves is almost too moving a spectacle for Mrs. Bagnet to look upon, with the calmness proper to her position. At last the various cleansing processes are triumphantly completed; Quebec and Malta appear in fresh attire, smiling and dry; pipes, tobacco, and something to drink, are placed upon the table; and the old girl enjoys the first peace of mind she ever knows on the day of this delightful entertainment.

When Mr. Bagnet takes his usual seat, the hands of the clock are very near to half-past four; as they mark it accurately, Mr. Bagnet announces,

"George! Military time!"

It is George; and he has hearty congratulations for the old girl (whom he kisses on the great occasion), and for the children, and for Mr. Bagnet. "Happy returns to all!" says Mr. George.

"But, George, old man!" says Mrs. Bagnet, looking at him curiously. "What's come to you?"

"Come to me?"

"Ah! you are so white, George—for you—and look so shocked. Now don't he, Lignum?"

"George," says Mr. Bagnet, "tell the old girl what's the matter."

"I didn't know I looked white," says the trooper, passing his hand over his brow, "and I didn't know I looked shocked, and I'm sorry I do. But the truth is, that boy who was taken in at my place died yesterday afternoon, and it has rather knocked me over."

"Poor creetur!" says Mrs. Bagnet, with a mother's pity. "Is he gone? Dear, dear!"

"I didn't mean to say any thing about it, for it's not birthday talk, but you have got it out of me, you see, before I sit down. I should have roused up in a minute," says the trooper, making

himself speak more gayly, "but you're so quick, Mrs. Bagnet."

"You're right! The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Is as quick. As powder."

"And what's more, she's the subject of the day, and we'll stick to her," cries Mr. George. "See here, I have brought a little brooch along with me. It's a poor thing, you know, but it's a keepsake. That's all the good it is, Mrs. Bagnet."

Mr. George produces his present, which is greeted with admiring leapings and clappings by the young family, and with a species of reverential admiration by Mrs. Bagnet. "Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet. "Tell him my opinion of it."

"Why, it's a wonder, George!" Mrs. Bagnet exclaims. "It's the beautifullest thing that ever was seen!"

"Good!" says Mr. Bagnet. "My opinion."

"It's so pretty, George," cries Mrs. Bagnet, turning it on all sides, and holding it out at arm's length, "that it seems too choice for me."

"Bad!" says Mr. Bagnet. "Not my opinion."

"But whatever it is, a hundred thousand thanks, old fellow," says Mrs. Bagnet, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her hand stretched out to him; "and though I have been a cross-grained soldier's wife to you sometimes, George, we are as strong friends I am sure, in reality, as ever can be. Now you shall fasten it on yourself, for good luck, if you will, George."

The children close up to see it done, and Mr. Bagnet looks over young Woolwich's head to see it done, with an interest so maturely wooden, yet so pleasantly childish, that Mrs. Bagnet can not help laughing in her airy way, and saying, "O Lignum, Lignum, what a precious old chap you are!" But the trooper fails to fasten the brooch. His hand shakes, he is nervous, and it falls off. "Would any one believe this?" says he, catching it as it drops, and looking round. "I am so out of sorts that I bungle at an easy job like this!"

Mrs. Bagnet concludes that for such a case there is no remedy like a pipe; and fastening the brooch herself in a twinkling, causes the trooper to be inducted into his usual snug place, and the pipes to be got into action. "If that don't bring you round, George," says she, "just throw your eye across here at your present now and then, and the two together *must* do it."

"You ought to do it of yourself," George answers; "I know that very well, Mrs. Bagnet.

FRIENDLY BEHAVIOR OF MR. BUCKET.

I'll tell you how, one way and another, the blues have got to be too many for me. Here was this poor lad. 'Twas dull work to see him dying as he did, and not be able to help him."

"What do you mean, George? You did help him. You took him under your roof."

"I helped him so far, but that's little. I mean, Mrs. Bagnet, there he was, dying without ever having been taught much more than to know his right hand from his left. And he was too far gone to be helped out of that."

"Ah, poor creetur!" says Mrs. Bagnet.

"Then," says the trooper, not yet lighting his pipe, and passing his heavy hand over his hair, "that brought up Gridley in a man's mind. His was a bad case, too. Then the two got mixed up in a man's mind with a flinty old rascal who had to do with both. And to think of that rusty carbine, stock and barrel, standing up on end in his corner, hard, indifferent, taking every thing so easy—it made flesh and blood tingle, I do assure you."

"My advice to you," returns Mrs. Bagnet, "is to light your pipe, and tingle that way. It's wholesomer and comfortabler, and better for the health altogether."

"You're right," says the trooper, "and I'll do it!"

So he does it, though still with an indignant gravity that impresses the young Bagnets, and even causes Mr. Bagnet to defer the ceremony of drinking Mrs. Bagnet's health; always given by himself, on these occasions, in a speech of exemplary terseness. But the young ladies having composed what Mr. Bagnet is in the habit of calling "the mixtur," and George's pipe being now in a glow, Mr. Bagnet considers it his duty to proceed to the toast of the evening. He addresses the assembled company in the following terms:

"George. Woolwich. Quebec. Malta. This is her birth-day. Take a day's march. And you won't find such another. Here's towards her!"

The toast having been drunk with enthusiasm, Mrs. Bagnet returns thanks in a neat address of corresponding brevity. This model composition is limited to the three words, "And wishing yours!" which the old girl follows up with a nod at every body in succession, and a well-regulated swig of the mixture. This she again follows up, on the present occasion, by the wholly unexpected exclamation, "Here's a man!"

Here *is* a man, much to the astonishment of the little company, looking in at the parlor door. He is a sharp-eyed man—a quick, keen man—and he takes in every body's look at him, all at once, individually and collectively, in a manner that stamps him a remarkable man.

"George," says the man, nodding, "how do you find yourself?"

"Why, it's Bucket!" cries Mr. George.

"Yes," says the man, coming in. "I was going down the street here, when I happened to stop and look in at the musical instruments in the shop window—a friend of mine is in wants of a second-hand violinceller, of a good tone—and I saw a party enjoying themselves, and I thought it was you in the corner; I thought I couldn't be mistaken. How goes the world with you, George, at the present moment? Pretty smooth? And with you, ma'am? And with your governor? And Lord!" says Mr. Bucket, opening his arms, "here's children, too! You may do any thing with me, if you only show me children. Give us a kiss, my pets. No occasion to inquire who *your* father and mother is. Never saw such a likeness in my life!"

Mr. Bucket, not unwelcome, has sat himself down next to Mr. George, and taken Quebec and Malta on his knees. "You pretty dears," says Mr. Bucket, "give us another kiss; it's the only thing I'm greedy in. Lord bless you, how healthy you look! And what may be the ages of these two, ma'am? I should put 'em down at the figures of about eight and ten."

"You're very near, sir," says Mrs. Bagnet.

"I generally am near," returns Mr. Bucket, "being so fond of children. A friend of mine has had nineteen of 'em, ma'am, all by one mother, and she's still as fresh and rosy as the morning. Not so much so as yourself, but, upon my soul, she comes near it! And what do you call these, my darling?" pursues Mr. Bucket, pinching Malta's cheek. "These are peaches, these are. Bless your heart! And what do you think about father? Do you think father could recommend a second-hand violinceller of a good tone for Mr. Bucket's friend, my dear? My name's Bucket. Ain't that a funny name?"

These blandishments have entirely won the family heart. Mrs. Bagnet forgets the day to the extent of filling a pipe and glass for Mr. Bucket, and waiting upon him hospitably. She would be glad to receive so pleasant a character under any circumstances, but she tells him that as a friend of George's she is particularly glad to see him this evening, for George has not been in his usual spirits.

"Not in his usual spirits?" exclaims Mr. Bucket. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! What's the matter, George? You don't intend to tell me you've been out of spirits. What should you be out of spirits for? You haven't got any thing on your mind, you know."

"Nothing particular," returns the trooper.

"*I* should think not," rejoins Mr. Bucket. "What could you have on your mind, you know! And have these pets got any thing on *their* minds, eh? Not they; but they'll be upon the minds of some of the young fellows, some of these days, and make them precious low-spirited. I ain't much of a prophet, but I can tell you that, ma'am."

Mrs. Bagnet, quite charmed, hopes Mr. Bucket has a family of his own.

"There, ma'am!" says Mr. Bucket. "Would you believe it? No, I haven't. My wife, and a lodger, constitute my family. Mrs. Bucket is as fond of children as myself, and as wishful to have 'em; but no. So it is. Worldly goods are di-

vided unequally, and man must not repine. What a very nice back-yard, ma'am! Any way out of that yard, now?"

There is no way out of that yard.

"Ain't there really?" says Mr. Bucket. "I should have thought there might have been. Well, I don't know as I ever saw a back-yard that took my fancy more. Would you allow me to look at it? Thank you. No, I see there's no way out. But what a very good-proportioned yard it is!"

Having cast his sharp eye all about it, Mr. Bucket returns to his chair next his friend Mr. George, and pats Mr. George affectionately on the shoulder.

"How are your spirits now, George?"

"All right now," returns the trooper.

"That's your sort!" says Mr. Bucket. "Why should you ever have been otherwise? A man of your fine figure and constitution has no right to be out of spirits. That ain't a chest to be out of spirits, is it, ma'am? And you haven't got any thing on your mind, you know, George; what could you have on your mind!"

Somewhat harping on this phrase, considering the extent and variety of his conversational powers, Mr. Bucket twice or thrice repeats it to the pipe he lights, and with a listening face that is particularly his own. But the sun of his sociality soon recovers from this brief eclipse, and shines again.

"And this is brother, is it, my dears?" says Mr. Bucket, referring to Quebec and Malta for information on the subject of young Woolwich. "And a nice brother he is—half-brother I mean to say. For he's too old to be yours, ma'am."

"I can certify, at all events, that he is not any body else's," returns Mrs. Bagnet, laughing.

"Well, you do surprise me! Yet he's like you, there's no denying. Lord, he's wonderfully like you! But about what you may call the brow, you know, *there* his father comes out!" Mr. Bucket compares the faces with one eye shut up, while Mr. Bagnet smokes in stolid satisfaction.

This is an opportunity for Mrs. Bagnet to inform him, that the boy is George's godson.

"George's godson, is he?" rejoins Mr. Bucket, with extreme cordiality. "I must shake hands over again with George's godson. Godfather and godson do credit to one another. And what do you intend to make of him, ma'am? Does he show any turn for any musical instrument?"

Mr. Bagnet suddenly interposes, "Plays the fife. Beautiful."

"Would you believe it, governor," says Mr. Bucket, struck by the coincidence, "that when I was a boy I played the fife myself? Not in a scientific way, as I expect he does, but by ear. Lord bless you! British Grenadiers—there's a tune to warm an Englishman up! *Could* you give us British Grenadiers, my fine fellow?"

Nothing could be more acceptable to the little circle than this call upon young Woolwich, who immediately fetches his fife and performs the stirring melody: during which performance Mr. Bucket, much enlivened, beats time, and never fails to come in sharp with the burden, "Brit Ish Gra-a-anadeers!" In short, he shows so much musical taste, that Mr. Bagnet actually takes his pipe from his lips to express his conviction that he is a singer. Mr. Bucket receives the harmonious impeachment so modestly: confessing how that he did once chant a little, for the expression of the feelings of his own bosom, and with no presumptuous idea of entertaining his friends: that he is asked to sing: Not to be behind-hand in the sociality of the evening, he complies, and gives them, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." This ballad, he informs Mrs. Bagnet in confidence, he considers to have been his most powerful ally in moving the heart of Mrs. Bucket when a maiden, and inducing her to approach the altar—Mr. Bucket's own words are, to come up to the scratch.

This sparkling stranger is such a new and agreeable feature in the evening, that Mr. George, who testified no great emotions of pleasure on his entrance, begins, in spite of himself, to be rather proud of him. He is so friendly, is a man of so many resources, and so easy to get on with, that it is something to have made him known there. Mr. Bagnet becomes, after another pipe, so sensible of the value of his acquaintance, that he solicits the honor of his company on the old girl's next birthday. Is any thing can more closely cement and consolidate the esteem which Mr. Bucket has formed for the family, it is the discovery of the nature of the occasion. He drinks to Mrs. Bagnet with a warmth approaching to rapture, engages himself for that day twelvemonth more than thankfully, makes a memorandum of the day in a large black pocket-book with a girdle to it, and breathes a hope that Mrs. Bucket and Mrs. Bagnet may before then become, in a manner, sisters. As he says himself, what is public life without private ties? He is in his humble way a public man; but it is not in that sphere that he finds happiness. No, it must be sought within the confines of domestic bliss.

It is natural, under these circumstances, that he, in his turn, should remember the friend to whom he is indebted for so promising an acquaintance. And he does. He keeps very close to him. Whatever the subject of the conversation, he keeps a tender eye upon him. He waits to walk home with him. He is interested in his very boots; and observes even them attentively, as Mr. George sits smoking, cross-legged, in the chimney-corner.

At length, Mr. George rises to depart. At the same moment Mr. Bucket, with the secret sympathy of friendship, also rises. He dotes upon the children to the last, and remembers the commission he has undertaken for an absent friend.

"Respecting that second-hand wiolinceller, governor—could you recommend me such a thing?"

"Sceres," says Mr. Bagnet.

"I am obliged to you," returns Mr. Bucket, squeezing his hand "You're a friend in need A good tone, mind you! My friend is a regular

dab at it. Ecod, he saws away at Mo-zart and Handel, and the rest of the big-wigs, like a thorough workman. And you needn't," says Mr. Bucket, in a considerate and private tone, "you needn't commit yourself to too low a figure, governor. I don't want to pay too large a price for my friend; but I want you to have your proper per centage, and be paid for your loss of time. That is but fair. Every man must live, and ought to it."

Mr. Bagnet shakes his head at the old girl, to the effect that they have found a jewel of price.

"Suppose I was to give you a look in, say at half arter ten to-morrow morning. Perhaps you could name the figures of a few violincellers of a good tone?" says Mr. Bucket.

Nothing easier. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet both engage to have the requisite information ready, and even hint to each other at the practicability of having a small stock collected there for approval.

"Thank you," says Mr. Bucket, "thank you. Good-night, ma'am.—Good-night, governor.—Good-night, darlings. I am much obliged to you for one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent in my life."

They, on the contrary, are much obliged to him for the pleasure he has given them in his company; and so they part with many expressions of goodwill on both sides. "Now, George, old boy," says Mr. Bucket, taking his arm at the shop door, "come along!" As they go down the little street, and the Bagnets pause for a minute looking after them, Mrs. Bagnet remarks to the worthy Lignum that Mr. Bucket "almost clings to George like, and seems to be really fond of him."

The neighboring streets being narrow and ill paved, it is a little inconvenient to walk there two abreast and arm-in-arm. Mr. George, therefore, soon proposes to walk singly. But Mr. Bucket, who can not make up his mind to relinquish his friendly hold, replies, "Wait half a minute, George. I should wish to speak to you first." Immediately afterward, he twists him into a public-house and into a parlor, where he confronts him, and claps his back against the door.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket. "Duty is duty, and friendship is friendship. I never want the two to clash, if I can help it. I have endeavored to make things pleasant, and I put it to you whether I have done it or not. You must consider yourself in custody, George."

"Custody? What for?" returns the trooper, thunderstruck.

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, urging a sensible view of the case upon him with his fat forefinger, "duty, as you know very well, is one thing, and conversation is another. It's my duty to inform you that any observations you may make will be liable to be used against you. Therefore, George, be careful what you say. You don't happen to have heard of a murder."

"Murder!"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, keeping his forefinger in an impressive state of action, "bear in mind what I've said to you. I ask you nothing. You've been in low spirits this afternoon. I say, you don't happen to have heard of a murder."

"No. Where has there been a murder?"

"Now, George," says Mr. Bucket, "don't you go and commit yourself. I'm a-going to tell you what I want you for. There has been a murder in Lincoln's Inn Fields—gentleman of the name of Tulkinghorn. He was shot last night. I want you for that."

The trooper sinks upon a seat behind him, and great drops start out upon his forehead, and a deadly pallor overspreads his face.

"Bucket! It's not possible that Mr. Tulkinghorn has been killed, and that you suspect *me?*"

"George," returns Mr. Bucket, keeping his forefinger going, "it is certainly possible, because it's the case. This deed was done last night at ten o'clock. Now, you know where you were last night at ten o'clock, and you'll be able to prove it, no doubt."

"Last night? Last night?" repeats the trooper, thoughtfully. Then it flashes upon him. "Why, great Heaven, I was there last night!"

"So I have understood, George," returns Mr. Bucket, with great deliberation. "So I have understood. Likewise you've been very often there. You've been seen hanging about the place, and you've been heard more than once in a wrangle with him, and it's possible—I don't say it's certainly so, mind you, but it's possible—that he may have been heard to call you a threatening, murdering, dangerous fellow."

The trooper gasps as if he would admit it all, if he could speak.

"Now, George," continues Mr. Bucket, putting his hat upon the table, with an air of business rather in the upholstery way than otherwise, "My wish is, as it has been all the evening, to make things pleasant. I tell you plainly that there's a reward out, of a hundred guineas, offered by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. You and me have always been pleasant together; but I have got a duty to discharge; and if that hundred guineas is to be made, it may as well be made by me as by another man. On all of which accounts, I should hope it was clear to you that I must have you, and that I'm damned if I don't have you. Am I to call in any assistance, or is the trick done?"

Mr. George has recovered himself, and stands up like a soldier. "Come," he says; "I am ready."

"George," continues Mr. Bucket, "wait a bit!" With his upholsterer manner, as if the trooper were a window to be fitted up, he takes from his pocket a pair of handcuffs. "This is a serious charge, George, and such is my duty."

The trooper flushes angrily, and hesitates a moment; but holds out his two hands, clasped together, and says, "There! Put them on!"

Mr. Bucket adjusts them in a moment. "How do you find them? Are they comfortable? If

not, say so, for I wish to make things as pleasant as is consistent with my duty, and I've got another pair in my pocket. This remark he offers like a most respectable tradesman, anxious to execute an order neatly, and to the perfect satisfaction of his customer. "They'll do as they are? Very well! Now you see, George;" he takes a cloak from a corner, and begins adjusting it about the trooper's neck; "I was mindful of your feelings when I came out, and brought this on purpose. There! Who's the wiser?"

"Only I," returns the trooper; "but, as I am, do me one more good turn, and pull my hat over my eyes."

"Really, though! Do you mean it? Ain't it a pity? It looks so."

"I can't look chance men in the face with these things on," Mr. George hurriedly replies. "Do, for God's sake, pull my hat forward."

So strongly entreated, Mr. Bucket complies, puts his own hat on, and conducts his prize into the streets; the trooper marching on as steadily as usual, though with his head less erect; and Mr. Bucket guiding him with his elbow over the crossings and up the turnings.

SCENES AT SEA.

ON a beautiful Sunday evening, after prayers had been said on board the *Hector*, a merchant vessel bound for Jamaica, the crew and passengers continued to lounge upon deck, in order apparently to enjoy the tranquillity, if not the beauty of the scene, which harmonized remarkably well with the character of the day. We were now among the Lesser Antilles; and both for this reason, and the fact that slavers and pirates were then very numerous in the Caribbean Sea, we were obliged always to keep a sharp look-out, more especially at sundown. To take a minute survey of the horizon, was the regular practice of the captain before the expiry of the short twilight; but on this occasion, not a speck of any description whatever was visible. With the daylight the wind also died completely away; but, in case of sudden squalls during the night, our studding, and a great part of the other sails, were clewed up, and all "made snug aloft," to use the technical phrase. It might be about two hours after sunset, but the greater portion of the passengers were still on deck, amused by the efforts of some of the crew to catch a number of those heavy, sluggish birds appropriately termed *boobies*, which had settled on different parts of the rigging, and were there snoozing without the slightest apprehension of danger. One of the men had for this purpose crawled forward, almost to the extremity of the yard-arm, and was in the very act of putting his hand upon a slumbering captive, when we saw him suddenly look up, shade his eyes with his hand for a moment, then heard him exclaim in a loud voice: "A sail on the starboard-quarter!"

"Impossible!" responded the mate, whose watch it was.

"It's true, howsomever, sir," said the man, after another long and steady look; "though I can not guess what she is, unless the Flying Dutchman!" and he began to descend the rigging with evident symptoms of trepidation, leaving the booby in undisturbed enjoyment of his nap.

All now crowded to the side of the vessel; and true it was, that in a few minutes we could perceive, between us and the sky, the tall spar of a vessel, which, by the night-glass, was made out to be a schooner. She was at about half a mile's distance from us, and by the way in which her royals were set, appeared to be standing right across our fore-foot. The circumstance seemed absolutely incredible. Scarcely one puff of wind had lifted our sails since long before sunset, and by the log it was seen that we could not have been advancing above half a knot an hour: yet there lay the strange vessel, come whence or how she may. Not a whisper was heard among us. Our captain, standing in the *waist* in order to bring the strange vessel more clearly betwixt him and the sky, remained silent, gazing anxiously through his night-glass. At last he observed: "She is getting on another course, and must only have now made us out. But it is as well to be prepared—she looks suspicious. Let the guns be shotted, Mr. Clarke, and call up all hands to quarters. Bring her head up to the wind" (to the helmsman): "we'll soon see whether they really want to speak us or not."

These orders, which were not a little appalling to most of us passengers, seemed to diffuse the most unqualified satisfaction among the crew. A cheerful and lively bustle prevailed fore and aft; for it must be remembered, that merchantmen in those days were necessitated to be as well prepared for the battle as for the breeze. The ports were thrown open, and the carronades (then recently introduced) run out; and the men stood in expectation, or at least in evident hopes, of an approaching conflict. The suspicious-looking vessel, however, seemed to have no hostile purpose in view; she disappeared in the gloom of the night as mysteriously as she had approached us, and the respective fears and hopes of those on board the *Hector* were alike disappointed. But the captain appeared far from satisfied; he paced along the deck, silent and thoughtful; and although the men were ordered down to their hammocks, he himself remained on deck, and with five or six of the most vigilant of the crew, kept a continual look-out toward all points of the compass.

And the result proved the prudence of this watchfulness. In less than an hour, the cry was heard: "A sail on the larboard bow!" and all eyes were immediately directed to that quarter. It was at once made out that the vessel was a schooner, and from some peculiarity in her rigging, the captain pronounced her to be the same we had before seen. Strange to tell, she appeared to be bearing right down upon our quarter, although no alteration in the weather had occurred with us! Her royals, as before, seemed filled, and her course was altogether too direct and steady to allow us to suppose that she

was worked by means of *sweeps*. But her hostile purpose could no longer be mistaken, and there was an immediate piping-up among the crew. Several of the passengers also magnanimously prepared to assist in defense of the vessel, and a suitable supply of muskets, cutlasses, and ammunition was handed up from the hold. While this last operation was going on, the schooner had approached within a few cable-lengths of us, when she suddenly bore up. As she was within hailing distance, our captain bawled out through his trumpet, demanding to know her name, and where she was from. A confused and unintelligible jabbering, but which from the sound seemed to be in a barbarous Portuguese idiom, was the only response. A second and a third time she was hailed with the same result. While this colloquy was going on, by the dexterous management of her sails, she (to use the nautical phrase) *walked* round our stern, although no increase of wind was perceptible by our own canvas. As she again came round upon our starboard-quarter, our captain ordered one of the stern-guns to be fired across her bows; but no notice was taken of the salute, and our mysterious visitant at length bore away from us, and was speedily lost sight of. There was no doubt as to her being one of the noted piratical vessels which carried on this nefarious traffic between the Spanish main and those islands, chiefly Cuba and St. Domingo, where they had their haunts. They were built expressly for the purpose, with low hulls and immensely long spars, fitted to catch whatever current of wind might be prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and which the less elevated sails of other vessels might fail to reach. Some of their hulls, I was also told, were so constructed that, by turning certain screws, the sea could be allowed to rush into their false keels or bottoms, by which their speed was accelerated in an amazing degree. All this to me appeared extraordinary at the time, but I afterward had practical reasons for knowing the truth of the information.

As may be imagined, we continued on the alert during the night, but heard no more of the strange schooner. Dawn was fast approaching, when our attention was once more aroused by the flash, followed by the report, of a gun right ahead of us. From the loudness of the explosion, as well as the rapidity with which it followed the flash, it was easy to perceive that the vessel could be at no great distance, as well as that she must be a large man-of-war. After a few minutes' interval, another shot boomed along the deep, rapidly succeeded by several others of the same formidable loudness. At length these were replied to by other guns evidently of a less calibre, and proceeding from a different quarter.

"They are at it!—they are at it!" now for the first time shouted our skipper, who had served his time, and held a lieutenant's commission in the royal navy; "I'll stake my life, some of our cruisers have taken the pirate in tow! Will she do nothing?"—(to the man at the wheel, for we were still completely becalmed)—"What would I not give, were it but to have a view of them!"

"She minds the helm no more than if she were a brute beast!" responded the helmsman in a tone and key in happy sympathy with our captain's impatient query, while he kept rocking from foot to foot with the rapidity of a stop-watch main-spring.

It is impossible to describe the excitement which prevailed among the crew, most of whom were old man-of-war's men. After some time, the sound of the large guns entirely ceased, while that of the smaller ones incessantly continued—implying, as was natural to suppose, that the latter had silenced the others, and that the crew of the supposed pirate were following up their advantage. At this crisis, a deputation of about twenty of our crew came aft, and entreated the captain's permission to hoist out a couple of boats, and allow them to pull to the scene of action. But the skipper understood his duty too well to give way to the enthusiasm of his men, although evidently gratified at their disinterested courage.

Morning at length dawned, and the nature of the conflict became distinctly visible, as also that the island of St. Domingo was about two leagues to leeward of us. A British frigate lay about a mile ahead of us, with the national flag drooping from the mizen-peak, but without any other rag upon her spars. At about two miles' distance was the identical schooner that had alarmed us so much during the night, her long main-mast being entirely bare excepting her royals, which, however, were now entirely useless, as not a breath of air lifted them. But long sweeps had been put in requisition, and were every moment increasing the distance between her and her assailant. The latter, however, had got out the jolly-boat, which, with a couple of large swivels fixed on her bows, maintained a running-fight with the enemy, who might easily have destroyed her, had not the necessity of escape been so imminent. The shot of the gallant little boat's-crew, although obliged to maintain a cautious distance, was evidently telling, as appeared by the shattered rigging of the schooner, which was making desperate exertions to get within influence of the land-breeze.

There has seldom, if ever, been any situation so tantalizing as was that of all parties on this exciting occasion. The pursuers could gain nothing on the fugitives; the latter could make but the most inefficacious efforts at escape; and we, the on-lookers, were compelled to witness what passed in still more provoking inactivity. Fortune at last seemed to declare in favor of the cause of humanity and justice. *Cat's-paws*, the forerunners of the trade-wind, began to creep in from the southeast, lifting the sails (which were now invitingly spread out) of the frigate and our own vessel, while the land-breeze proportionally retired; and shortly the former came on slowly and steadily, bearing us toward our prize—as we now regarded her. When this change of

weather became perceptible to the crew of the schooner, a most extraordinary scene took place. In less time than I can take to describe the act, about half-a-dozen canoes, each capable of carrying not more than three persons, were lowered down from the schooner, and all began to pull toward the shore, although in many different directions; the latter being an expedient to distract any attempt to pursue them.

"Saw ever mortal eyes any thing to match that!" cried our captain, after a long pause of astonishment. "The cowardly villains, that would not stand one broadside for that trim piece of craft! But I am cheated if they have left her worth the trouble of boarding. Bear off from her—bear off from her!"—he continued to the helmsman; "there's mischief in her yet, I tell you." And his words were fearfully verified almost as soon as spoken. First a thin blue smoke shot upward from the hold of the schooner, next moment a fierce blood-red fire blazed through between every seam of her hull; the tall mast seemed absolutely to shoot up into the air like an arrow, and an explosion followed so tremendous—so more terribly loud than any thing I had ever listened to, that it seemed as if the ribs of nature herself were rending asunder. Our ship reeled with the shock, and was for a few seconds obstructed in her course, in a manner which I can liken only to what takes place in getting over a coral-reef. When the smoke cleared away, not a vestige of the late schooner was to be seen, excepting a few shattered and blackened planks. But the destruction, unfortunately did not stop here. It was evident that the explosion had taken place sooner than the pirates themselves had expected. Three of the canoes were swamped by the force of the concussion; and the same thing, if not far worse, had happened to the boat which carried the gallant little band of pursuers, who had incautiously pulled hard for the schooner as soon as she had been abandoned, instigated at once by the love of fame and prize-money. Boats were instantly lowered, both from our own ship and the war frigate, in order to save if possible, the lives of the brave fellows; but the whole had probably been stunned, if not killed, by the explosion, and only two corpses out of the eight were found floating about. At this spectacle, as well as at the destruction of the prize, which was looked upon as a most unfair and unwarrantable proceeding, the fury of the men knew no bounds; and although few of them had arms, either offensive or defensive, the whole fleet of boats began to pull after the fugitives with a speed that threatened more accidents than had yet befallen. But the surviving canoes, which skimmed along the ocean like flying-fish, were too speedy for their pursuers; and the latter only succeeded in picking up three captives belonging to the canoes which had sunk, including, as luck would have it, the commander of the late piratical vessel. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained from taking immediate vengeance on the persons of the captive wretches, but they were at length securely lodged on board the frigate, which, as well as ourselves (who were extremely glad of such a consort), stood away for Port-Royal with all sails set, where, on the second day thereafter, we arrived about noon, the frigate there coming to anchor, while we beat up to Kingston. We afterward learned that we had escaped the menaced attack of the pirates by their perceiving, through their night-glasses, the quantity of muskets and other small-arms handed up from our hold, as they bore down on us the second time, as before mentioned. In a few days after our arrival, the wretched captives were brought to trial, and hung at the yard-arm.

The glee and satisfaction diffused among us at the destruction of the pirate, was damped by a circumstance of a most melancholy nature, which took place almost as soon as we had cast anchor within the palisades. There was among the crew a mulatto boy, about sixteen years of age, a native of Kingston, where his only relative, a sister, resided. He had been absent from her for about three years, and in the impatience of his affection, he came aft and solicited permission to go ashore, were it but for half an hour, promising faithfully to return within that time. But the captain refused to permit him to leave the ship till next morning. The poor little fellow retired with a full heart and overflowing eyes, and I saw him station himself in a disconsolate manner in the forepart of the vessel, looking wistfully toward the town. In the mean time dozens of boats and canoes put off from the wharfs, the former filled with relatives of the passengers, or newsmongers seeking the "latest intelligence" from the mother-country; and the latter with negroes, offering their cargoes of fruit and vegetables for sale. I was seemingly the only uninterested individual on deck, and could not help feeling a melancholy sense of desolation, as an entire stranger, and 5000 miles from home, amidst the scenes of affectionate greetings between friends and relatives that were passing around. While indulging in this mood, I observed the boy I have spoken of suddenly strip off his cap and jacket, spring over the side, and begin to strike out for the shore. The splash attracted the notice of those on board, and two of the crew, by the captain's orders, jumped into a boat, and pulled after him; but their purpose was anticipated by a more deadly pursuer. The poor boy had scarcely got four fathoms from the vessel, when the huge fin of a shark was seen darting after him. A general shout was raised to warn him of his danger, and he wheeled round on his enemy, just as the latter made a rush at him. With the most astonishing courage and presence of mind, the little fellow struck out right and left with his clenched fists at the voracious animal, and with effect sufficient to drive it off, when he again began to make for the shore. A second and a third time the attack was made, and repulsed in a similar manner, and all began to hope his escape from the threatened danger, when, just as the boat got within oars-length of him, he disappeared below the surface with a loud shriek,

which was responded to by all who witnessed the scene. He rose in the course of a few seconds, and was pulled into the boat with almost the whole flesh stripped from one of his thighs, and the blood streaming from him in torrents. The sailors pulled instantly for the wharf, but ere the boat reached it, the warm current of life was exhausted; and the poor little fellow was carried to his sister's house a lifeless and mangled corpse!

THE LAST DAYS OF BURNS.

IT is December in 1791. Burns has quitted the pleasant farm of Ellisland for a small house in Dumfries. The exchange is in every point of view undesirable. He begins to live a town life, and the life of a small country town is most unfitted for a man of his habits. There were always idlers and loiterers ready to fasten upon a man who had seen the social circles of Edinburgh, and who could charm away an evening as no other man could. Then there were the country lairds anxious to secure him for some merry-makings, where strangers from the south were to assemble, eager to get a glimpse of the untaught genius. The work of an exciseman was not very engrossing. His evenings were generally his own—the taste for tavern parties was strong in Dumfries, and more hours were spent in the society of boon companions than in that of his patient, trusting wife, and her young children.

About this time the excitement of the French revolution was beginning to have most perceptible effect. The same misguiding star which diverted Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth from the beaten track of employment, and filled them with an enthusiasm for what was, after all, but the phantom of liberty, attracted Burns by its wayward and fitful light. He expressed too open a sympathy with the chiefs of the French nation to suit the taste of some of his friends among the higher orders. Alienation follows, and an increased violence in Burns. He despises those who are swayed by such miserable feelings. He pours forth lampoon after lampoon in severe and relentless revenge. The tavern is more frequently sought by him, and the society of those whose opinions agree with his own more sedulously cultivated. It seems strange, too, that during the two first years of his residence at Dumfries, when the political rancor was at the greatest, he should have enriched the language with the choicest of his songs. His engagement to supply his friend Thomson with the proper materials for his collection, is upon the whole rigorously fulfilled; and even when the violence of his politics threatened to draw down the displeasure of the government, he pursues his task, and discharges it most ably. Nothing would tempt him to receive money for these songs. It was a cause, he thought, in which every true-hearted Scot should feel interested. He had no feeling about accepting whatever the sale of his poems brought him. Many persons have expressed wonder at this determination, but the distinction we hold to be a just one. The songs were the free "outcome" of his mind. They had risen to the heart, and poured themselves forth. They were more the children of his brain than the elaborate and finished productions of his pen. No true man could bear to receive money for his child—Burns could not accept it for his songs.

The professional excursions of Burns brought him into contact with many strange persons and places. Like the gauger in "Guy Mannering," he was often a welcome guest at the tables of country gentlemen; from the acquaintance he enjoyed with several of these, he reaped great benefit. He was reputed merciful in his calling, and there occur many instances of forbearance and gentleness quite unusual. In quiet times there appears to have been great attention given to the education of his sons, and although his frequent aberrations would have lost him the love and approval of many women, it is on record that his wife declares that his conduct to her, though not altogether blameless, was on the whole tender and affectionate. Life must have passed with him pleasantly in "the seasons of fair weather." The day's labor over, he would often wander with his children by the Nith, repeat psalms and fragments of old songs to them, and endeavor as far as possible to direct their minds in the same manner as his own revered parent had done. But there is another side to the picture. The political and masonic reunions would be succeeded by suppers and drinking bouts—there were bitter days of remorse and grief—there were constant failures in the provision for the wants of the family. Many of the letters written during 1793 and '94 display sad traces of the effects of this mode of life. Petulance and impatience at times bursting out into absolute infidelity, disfigure them; and, indeed, it becomes a grave question how far Mr. Chambers was justified in giving so many of these letters to the public. It is true that they give us the whole mind of the remarkable writer, but still there are limits in cases like this, which, it seems to us, have in some few instances been transgressed.

On the 14th of April, 1796, illness, from which he had been for some days suffering, threatened to prevent Burns from giving attendance at a meeting of Freemasons. He made an effort for the sake of his friends; and we have been told by one of the few persons among his intimates who now survive, that he never was in greater force. Soon after this he was compelled to abandon the graver part of his excise duties. Through the remainder of the month he was in the most miserable state. Some fine days in May revived him; and on the 17th of that month he penned the song, "To Jessy," which contains perhaps the sweetest stanza in his works:

> "Although thou maun never be mine,
> Although even hope is denied;
> 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
> Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

This song was composed in honor of one who

had aided and soothed many of his darkest hours. The lady still lives, happy in the recollection of the services she was able to render; happier, perhaps, in having inspired the beautiful and now world-famous stanza.

The dreary darkness was coming on. He removed to a farm, commanding a view of the sombre Solway, and there vainly endeavored to recruit his ruined health. His letters abound in tender expressions of his afflicted state. To Mrs. Riddel, a lady of rare endowments, from whom he had been for some short time estranged, he expressed himself as sorrowful for the many wanton attacks he had inflicted upon persons, who had hardly merited so severe a treatment.

We may imagine how drearily the days went by. The poet mourning over "the days that were no more," in sight of the Solway, at all times a gloomy and darksome frith! His children, his faithful and forgiving wife, how often must they have presented themselves before him! And there must have been, too, thoughts of the fame he had acquired, dim presages of his future estimation, of the verdict of posterity, of the applause of Scotland. And, we trust, there were also other thoughts.

We must give, in the words of Mr. Macdiarmid, the following anecdote:

"A night or two before Burns left Brow, he drank tea with Mrs. Craig, widow of the minister of Ruthwell. His altered appearance excited much silent sympathy; and the evening being beautiful, and the sun shining brightly through the casement, Miss Craig—now Mrs. Henry Duncan—was afraid the light might be too much for him, and rose with the view of letting down the window-blinds. Burns immediately guessed what she meant; and, regarding the young lady with a look of great benignity, said: 'Thank you, my dear, for your kind attention; but, oh! let him shine; he will not shine long for me.'"

On the 18th of July he returned to Dumfries. His wife, expecting confinement almost hourly, was unable to be with him. But there were not wanting kind friends to assuage his sorrows. On the 21st he sank into delirium. His eldest son has remembrance of an execration passing his lips against the legal agent who had caused him terrible anxiety in his latter days. Would it had been otherwise! With his children near him, he sank into the calm of death, peacefully, and without a groan.

We have availed ourselves liberally of the assistance of Mr. Chambers in putting together this rapid sketch.

The mausoleum of Burns rises high above the spires and houses of Dumfries. The traveler from the south, if he have but one drop of Scotch blood in his veins, can hardly view it without emotion. Thoughts will arise of the peasant-bard in his early struggles and subsequent fame, bursting out into renown and social distinction, conquering many difficulties, overcome by many temptations, and dying when he must have felt within him consciousness of strong power, and aspiring after fresh endeavor.

The admirers and lovers of Burns, however, are of all countries, and all ages. His strains rise to the heart when more exalted music fails to charm—when the soothing has more power than the sublime—the pathetic than the tragic. To know the real power, and to test the true influence of this great genius, we must make ourselves acquainted with the daily life and conversation of the man—Robert Burns.

THE CHATEAU REGNIER.

I WAS traveling in Germany some eighteen or twenty years ago, when the events which I am going to relate took place. It was my first tour. I was fresh from college, where I had studied with an intensity that had rendered total relaxation as much a necessity as a pleasure.

It was at Coblentz that I met with my early friend Heinrich S.; or, to speak more accurately, it was on the road to Coblentz; for I had sent my servant on with the horses, and was proceeding leisurely along the road, which, at this point, hangs like a suspended gallery above the wooded banks and nestling villages that border the glorious Rhine. The evening was beautiful; and above, in the clear sky, the first solitary star was trembling into light. I should never have recognized Heinrich S. but that he spoke to me, as I stood looking over the landscape, and extended his hand to me. I had some difficulty in believing that it was the same youth who had been my class-fellow at Eton. There Heinrich was the sharpest, the boldest, and the most mischievous boy among us—the idol of the scholars, and the misery of the masters. Now, how changed was his appearance. Though in reality but a few months my senior, he looked ten years older. His cheeks were white and sunken; his lips bloodless; his eyes, surrounded by a dark circle, looked bright and wild; his hair hung in long dark masses about his face, and his dress was soiled and travel-stained. He had left Eton—where he had been placed by his parents, then resident in England—to proceed to the University of Göttingen, in his native Saxony, and I had not seen or heard of him since his departure. Could study have altered him thus? It was strange: his means were ample; his prospects excellent; and it seemed scarcely probable that any great misfortune should have befallen him, that could stamp such an expression of haggard wretchedness upon his countenance.

He took my arm, and we walked slowly on toward Coblentz. He spoke little by the way, and that little hastily and unwillingly: his words were frequently contradictory, and uttered in a wandering, melancholy tone that was most distressing. He lapsed frequently into a moody silence, and then laughed loudly when I had said nothing to provoke it.

I began to fear that he was not perfectly in his right senses, and was glad when we entered

the narrow streets of the town, and reached the inn whither my servant had preceded me. Here Heinrich left me, promising to return in an hour's time to dinner, for he was staying, he told me, at a neighboring hotel. So I sat and waited for him in the wooden gallery outside the windows of my apartment, watching the passers-by in the street, and pondering over my late encounter.

I came back into the room, closed the window, drew the curtains, replenished my meerschaum, and waited, not very patiently, for my dinner and my guest. Both came at last: first the guest, then the dinner. S. seemed to make an effort to shake off his gloom, but the meal was not a social one, and I saw with concern that he ate little, but drank recklessly, pouring out for himself glass after glass of pure cognac brandy.

I no longer fancied that Heinrich was not in his right mind, but I feared that he drank deeply —perhaps to banish the memory of some passion which I felt sure must be the secret care of his life. We smoked, we drank—the former, as all do in Germany, incessantly—the latter on his part deeply, on mine moderately. We talked of old times; of Eton; of our friends and relations (his parents, he told me, were both dead); of college life; of Cambridge; of Göttingen; of learning; and of writers.

By this time the coldness of his manner had quite vanished. A feverish excitement seemed to possess him. I was the listener, he the speaker. He was enthusiastic on the subject of ancient literature—a stream of eloquence flowed from his lips, and with every draught of the burning liquid he grew more and more delightful in his discourse.

"You must be very happy, Heinrich," said I, with a sigh, "to be so young and to have studied with great advantage. I have not succeeded in acquiring half the knowledge which you possess of art, science, and literature."

He made no answer; turned as pale as a corpse, and seemed unable to articulate. I poured out another glass of brandy and gave it into his hand, for his expression alarmed me. He drank it at a draught, laughed hysterically, and burst into tears.

I was inexpressibly shocked. "Heinrich," said I, laying my hand at the same time upon his sleeve, "Heinrich, what has done this?"

For a long time he would not reply to me: at last he yielded to my entreaties, drew his chair nearer to mine, filled another glass and placed it at his elbow, wiped his forehead nervously, and confided to me the following story:

"It is now ten years since I entered the University at Göttingen. I was then eighteen, and my name was entered on the books on the 2d of February, 1822. I was a very wild, happy fellow when you knew me, but somehow I became a very different fellow when I entered on my university life. I had left my parents, my friends, my English home behind me. Germany was no fatherland to me. England was the scene of my youthful education, the land of my first friends, and I felt lonely and a stranger in my native place. Perhaps it seemed all the lonelier for its being my native place, and my knowing no soul in any part of it. At all events, I lost all my buoyancy of spirit; the noisy extravagancies of my fellow countrymen and students were insupportable to me, and I gave myself up entirely to the acquisition of learning. Night after night I sat up, unsubdued by weariness, till the daylight came creeping through the blinds to pale the glimmer of my lamp. Day after day I refused myself the common enjoyments of exercise and rest; attending the lectures, reading with my tutors, and striving with knowledge in every shape. I lived in an abstract world, apart from the men and things around me. The sight of my fellow students became an annoyance to me; even the lectures, at last, were unwelcome, since they drew me from the solitude of my own rooms, and the company of my books.

"I was a literary fanatic; I dwelt in a world of imagination, and amid an ideal community. In the silent nights, when the passing student looked up with pitying surprise at the steady light from my windows, I walked in thought with the philosophers of old, and held high converse with the spirits of the past. My rooms had almost the appearance of some ancient wizard's retreat. Crucibles, retorts, magnetic apparatus, electrical machines, microscopes, jars, receivers, philosophical instruments, and books, crowded every part. No chemical theory was too wild, no enterprise too difficult for me. I think I was scarcely sane at this time, for I began to hate mankind, and live solely for myself and my own mind. 'When I am of age,' I promised myself, 'I will seek out some lonely solitude where travelers never pass, and there I will build a house and live the life of the soul.' And I did so. My parents died before I left the university, and when I passed out of its gates I stepped forth into the wide world, a creature ignorant of the usages of life; possessed of riches for which I had no value; lonely, learned, and friendless. Yet not utterly friendless: I had contracted a friendship—if friendship that could be called that consisted solely in the interchange of thought, for I believe we had never even shaken hands or broken bread together—with the professor of mathematics under whom I had studied. To him alone I bade a farewell; to him confided my plans of retirement; to him promised the knowledge of my retreat as soon as I had established myself in it, and to him offered the hospitality of that roof when I obtained it. It was not long before I found such an one as I desired. I left Germany and crossed over to England. My old friends were all removed, or married, or dead. My parents were no more; you were at college: and the dead and empty aspect of the land in which I no longer found any associations of my youth remaining struck me with sorrow. I felt bitterly the loss of those to whom I owed not only birth and fortune, but reverence and love. All England seemed like a grave, and I hurried from it without even seeking you out at Cambridge.

Had you been living any where alone, I would have traveled day and night to press your hand once more; but I loathed the sight of men, and I dreaded to enter so vast a community to find you. I went on to France, avoiding Paris and all large towns, and made for the remoter provinces. There I hoped to discover some old chateau, where I might seclude myself amid the woods and solitudes, where the people and even the language was unknown to me. I found it.

"It was in Languedoc that I lighted upon the house which was henceforth to be my world. It was a lofty and noble chateau, long deserted, half ruined, and surrounded by woods. The nearest village was six miles away, and save a few solitary huts occupied by the very poorest of the peasants, I had no neighbor nearer than that village. Nothing could be more romantic than the situation, and nothing could better have suited with my frame of mind. The mansion was built on a little eminence, so that the turrets and grotesque chimneys peeped above the trees. A noble avenue had, in the old times, led to the great entrance, but was now utterly impassable with weeds and briars. Grass grew on the paths; rabbits burrowed in the gardens; broken statues, green with moss, stood solitary sentinels amid the desolation; and the owl and the bat lodged in the deserted chambers. This was the spot which I had sought for: here I could be happy. I sought out the notary in the nearest post-town, and learned from him that the property had been intrusted to him for sale, and that I was the first who had offered to purchase it. It was the mansion of a noble family who had fallen in the revolution of '93, and now belonged to a descendant of theirs, a rich planter in Jamaica, who had long since wished to dispose of it. I bought it for a trifle, and had one wing repaired and rendered habitable for my use; the rest I allowed to continue in its gradual decay. My solitude was called the 'Chateau Regnier.'

"I sent workmen from Toulouse, and books from Paris and Germany, and in the space of two months found myself in the paradise of my wishes. I had chosen the right wing for my habitation, and had fitted up three rooms for myself alone, and two more at some distance away for my attendant. These rooms opened out of each other; the first was my dining and breakfast-room, the second my bed-chamber, the third and remotest my study. I had a motive in this arrangement. The walls were enormously thick, and the doors I had baized and strengthened. I was a stranger in the country—the place was desolate, and I fortified it like a place of defense, for I might be robbed and murdered and no man the wiser. Again, silence as well as solitude was my luxury, and when all the doors were closed (and the door of the outer apartment, or dining-room, was double) no sound could reach my study from within or without, and none could issue thence. Still further to enhance this pleasure I had the narrow windows of the latter walled up, and lived, when among my books, in perpetual night. The walls were hung with crimson draperies, and fitted round with book shelves; a table at one end supported my chemical and philosophical instruments; another, near the fire-place, was laden with books and writing materials; an easy chair stood beside it, and a noble cabinet, to the right of the fire-place, contained my more valuable papers, minerals, &c. A silver lamp suspended by delicate chain-work hung from the ceiling and spread a soft light through the chamber, and a powerful spirit-lamp stood on the table beside my reading-desk. Busts of philosophers and poets, showing whitely against the crimson curtains, looked nobly from the top of every bookcase; and from the darkened room, the draperied walls, the silent world of knowledge which it held, the passionless sculpture, and the thickly-carpeted floor—which gave back no echo when you trod upon it—a presence of stillness, a solitude 'which might be felt,' came over the room and dwelt in it like an invisible soul.

"Here, then, for the first time since I had left Eton, I felt perfectly happy. But for the variety of passing into the outer room twice in the day to take my meals, I should never have known day from night. At twelve and at seven I partook of the necessary means of life; from two in the morning till six I slept; all the rest of my life I spent in my study, in thought, in communion with the souls of the dead. The woman whom I had chosen for my servant was old, deaf, and a German. I had brought her from Toulouse, for it was necessary that we should understand each other's language, and the French I was totally unacquainted with.

"Thus a year passed on. The peasants had ceased to wonder at my habits, the owls and bats had resettled in the uninhabited wing, the rabbits returned to the gardens, and I, a hermit of science, lived to myself, but was dead to the world. One day, however, to my amazement, while seated at dinner, with my old attendant waiting upon me, the door, which on these occasions was left unfastened, was slowly opened, and a head came cautiously through. It was M. Schneider, my old professor of mathematics at Göttingen. I was really glad to see him, more glad than I chose to confess, even to myself. I loved my retreat, but it *was* a pleasure once more to see a familiar face, once more to listen to a familiar voice, once more to exchange thoughts with a living brain, and read them in a cordial eye. No enjoyment which my study ever had afforded me equaled the delight with which I welcomed that good man. I embraced him, I talked, I laughed, I forced him into a chair, and pressed him to partake of my simple meal. I drank his health; I overwhelmed him with questions without waiting for an answer. I behaved more like a schoolboy than a student, and could have danced for joy. He understood me and joined in my gayety. We retreated to the study; I showed him with pride my books, my instruments, my silent solitude. I described to him my mode of life, and finally intreated him to come and spend with me the remainder of his

existence. We were so happy that day! I never thought the sight of any human being could give me such delight. M. Schneider did not at once accept all my propositions, but he would remain with me at least for some weeks. I felt as if all my wealth could scarcely purchase sufficient to entertain him. The wines and viands of the neighboring village were not half good enough for him; and I resolved that very night, when he had retired to rest (for I had installed him in my only bedroom), to hire a horse from the neighboring post-house, and gallop down to Toulouse myself to order thence all the luxuries and comforts I could get. We sat in conversation till an advanced hour of the morning;—never had I found conversation so delightful. The clock was striking three when I rose to leave the house. I felt no want of rest, and I anticipated with pleasure the walk to the post-house in the fresh morning air. My friend retired to bed: I wrapped myself closely in my traveling cloak, put a pair of pocket pistols within the breast of my riding coat, opened the outer doors without a sound, closed them, and passed through the hall and the great door into the gray morning. Never, since my residence there, had I taken a walk of so many miles; never had I stirred beyond the precincts of the park and gardens of the Chateau Regnier. It was autumn: the red and yellow leaves lay thick upon the pathway as I strode rapidly through the forest: the morning sun came slowly up in the east and cast bright slanting lights between the stems and branches of the trees: the wild birds woke up one after another in their nests up in the branches, and taking the song from each other filled the air with melody. Sweet scents of distant fields came on the breeze: the hare started at my footfall and darted across my path; a beautiful lizard glided away in the grass;—the sun came up bright and strong—the birds sang louder and louder, and the sunshine and song were in my heart also, and I said joyfully—'The world is lovely, and all that therein is. Solitude is not the only good. Blessed be God, who made the world, so beautiful and so glad!' I seemed on that morning to bathe in the light of a more generous and divine philosophy. The meeting with my old friend had been good for me, and from henceforth I felt that my life promised higher and holier results than the selfish indulgence of intellectual pursuits. I reached the post-house, mounted a fleet and spirited horse, and rode away at full speed to Toulouse. I had no time to lose, for the town was full fifteen miles away, and I recollected with laughing surprise that, following the habit of many months, I had mechanically turned the key of my outer apartment, and put it in my waistcoat pocket.

"'Come Heinrich,' said I gayly, to myself, 'you must gallop away, for you have locked up the professor, and he must wait for you before he can have any breakfast!'

"I reached the town, gave such orders as I required, remounted the horse, and began retracing my road. It was nine by the cathedral clock. The shops in Toulouse were all open; people were stirring in the streets and on the high road; wagons with country-people were returning home from selling fruit and vegetables in the town-market. Every one gave me a good-morning, and, as I could not reply to them in their own tongue, I answered all with a nod and a smile. Many looked back and pointed after me. They wondered why I galloped along so fast at that early hour. 'Nine o'clock, Heinrich,' said I; 'make haste! The professor is hungry.'

"On I went—trees, hedges, cottages flew past me. Suddenly I received a severe shock—a fall—a blow—and I knew no more.

"When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on a straw bed in a small mean cottage. An old woman was sitting knitting in the doorway. All was silent, and I lay watching her busy fingers for several minutes in a stupid apathy, which neither knew nor sought to know the meaning of my situation. At length I tried languidly to turn in the bed, and felt myself seized with a sharp and terrible agony, that forced a scream from my lips. It seemed as if my feet were being torn off! The old woman ran to me, brought me a cup of water, and said something in French, which was of course, unintelligible to me, put her hand on my lips when I was about to speak, pointed to my feet, and shook her head compassionately as she looked at me.

"I understood her. I remembered the shock—the fall; my leg was broken.

"I groaned aloud—for I now felt great pain; but I lay still, and tried to recall all the circumstances to my mind. I was on horseback: where was I coming from? From Toulouse, I remembered. What did I want at Toulouse? Ah! the Professor Schneider—the key—the locked door—the distance—the day—all flashed upon my memory, and, half-frantic, I tried again to rise, and, I think, fainted with the pain, for when I again became sensible, there were a man and a young girl in the room; the latter was bathing my forehead with vinegar, and the man was feeling my pulse. Oh the misery of that waking! Not one—not one to comprehend my words—not one to tell me how long I had been lying helpless there—not one to send to the rescue of my friend! I wept burning tears; I prayed, I made signs, I addressed the man, who seemed to be a doctor, in German, Latin, and English, but he only shook his head, and whispered with the others. I tried repeatedly to rise; they held me down by force: my blood burned, my limbs trembled, I was going mad.

"I thought of him, my noble friend, dying, starving, in the accursed solitude of the chateau. No sound could penetrate those doors; no human force break through them. The windows—alas! they were high and narrow, and barred like a prison, through my own caution. The chimney—that was not wide enough for a child to climb. The remains of our dinner was left upon the table. He might sustain life for three days upon that, with economy; but how long had I been in this place?—perhaps four, perhaps

six, perhaps eight days already! I dug my nails into the palms of my hands with despair at the idea. Then I thought of Ugo Foscolo—how his body was found with the arm gnawed away by his own teeth in the agony of famine. I raved—I wept—I groaned—my brain seemed a burning coal. I was in a delirious fever! Oh, the terrible visions of a mind disordered and oppressed with such a fearful anguish as mine! Madness was wrought to a despairing fury, passing all ordinary delirium, by the goadings of conscious agony; pain, mental and bodily, acting in terrible concert, surrounded me with torments to which the fabled hell of the Florentine were no more than an uneasy dream. Sometimes I seemed to behold my guest as from a place whence I could not escape to his aid. I saw him shake the bars of the narrow casements with hopeless fury. I saw his pale face—his convulsed limbs. I heard him curse my name; and then, oh, horror! he fixed his dying eyes on mine, and so chained me, without the power of avoiding their fascination. Again, I was walking with him on a narrow shelf beside a burning lake. I fell: I implored him to save me—but to extend his hand to me, or I should perish: and methought the dying look came over him again, and his form dilated as he bade me fall and perish. Again—but these recollections are too fearful! I was mad; and when reason once more returned to me, I found myself utterly weakened, and helpless as a child. I looked at my hands; they were little better than the hands of a skeleton. I made signs to them for a looking-glass; my beard had reached the growth of weeks.

"Then I knew that my friend was dead.

"Dead!—never more to call me by my name—never more to touch my hand, or gladden me with talk of high and wondrous things. Dead! still, cold. Dead, and by my means. Dead and unburied. Could I then have died, so to call him back again to life, I would have rejoiced to do so. Nay, to die were too poor a sacrifice—I would have given my soul to do it. I a murderer! I who had never harmed a fly; who had stepped aside from the snail upon my path;—I who had never choked the sweet songs of the birds in murderous sport. I was now too feeble and too broken-hearted to make even the faintest effort to return to the chateau. I prayed for death; yet day by day, I gradually recovered strength. The village surgeon who attended me was no more than an unlettered quack, and it is surprising that I should have escaped with life; but I did, and the more I loathed to live, the more I felt that death rejected me. Gradually my limb strengthened, and they lifted me occasionally from the bed to a garden seat, where I might breathe the cool fresh air of early winter. They were all kind and gentle to me, but grateful I could not be for care or attention, since to exist was now and henceforward a perpetual misery. Besides, they had found me no ungenerous guest: I had a considerable sum with me when I went to Toulouse, and the residue amply satisfied their claims. By-and-by I could even walk with difficulty from room to room, and I had no excuse to remain with them longer. But now I dreaded to return; now I shrunk from the thoughts of the rooms where I knew the body of my friend was. . . . . .

"I went at last. A rude conveyance bore me home. It was mid-day when I left the cottage, and the rapid winter night had closed in before we reached the gates of the chateau. Here I bid my entertainers farewell, and insisted on approaching alone those walls from which I had so long remained absent. The moon was shining bright and chill on every tree and shrub. I am not superstitious, a thrill of dread crept over me when I stood before the house, and saw the bats flitting in the ruins, and beheld the pale light on the windows of the fatal rooms which I had inhabited. I ascended the broken steps—the great door yielded to my touch—a light beneath a distant door evidenced that my old servant was yet faithful to her guardianship. I opened it, and beheld her sleeping soundly in the chimney corner. Yonder, to the right, down that dark corridor, lay the rooms which I had lived in; yonder, the locked and fatal door. The cold dew stood upon my brow; I took a lighted candle from the table, and forced myself to go on. At the door I paused again; even when the key was in and turned I hesitated, and would fain have deferred it; then I pushed it open, walked straight up to the table, and laid the candle down. He was not there. This was a relief to me. I dreaded to find him in the first room, and thanked God that the sight of his corpse had not met my eyes on the first entrance. I closed the door and looked round the chamber in every part. My heart sickened when I beheld the disorder in which it lay. Chairs, books, and cushions were lying on the floor; a thick dust covered every object; the dishes were yet on the table where we had dined together; a few bones, covered, like the rest, with the deposit of months, were scattered on the cloth. A watch was lying beside them; it had stopped long, long ago at twelve o'clock, and lay there blank and speechless. It was Schneider's. I knew it again. Alas! alas! type of its owner; the busy heart was mute and motionless. I wept; tears seemed to ease my heart of the heavy load that was crushing it within my breast. I gathered resolution once more, and opened the door of the second chamber. But he was not there either. The bed was black with dust—he had slept in it when I left him; and there tossed and uncovered, it remained as when he last arose from it. At the window a table was standing, and on the table a chair. Some panes of glass were broken, through which the night air came down upon me and blew the flame of the candle hither and thither. There he had climbed and striven to escape, but the iron bars defied him; he had broken the window, and cried in vain for help; the attendant was deaf and infirm, and no soul ever penetrated the grounds of the chateau. It was plain, that my study was his tomb. The certainty froze my blood, and I trembled in every limb. Now that

it was a certainty I felt unable to move one step in advance. There was the study door not entirely closed, and yet not sufficiently open to reveal aught within. There was his living tomb. It must be done! every breath of air through the shattered panes threatened to extinguish my light. Better to face the worst than be left there in sudden fearful darkness. I groaned involuntarily, and started at the sound of my own voice. I advanced—I extended my hand. Good God! the door resisted me! Yes, there—there across the threshold, lay a dark and shapeless mass. I could only open it by main strength, and all strength on the instant failed me. Terror tied my tongue. I felt a scream of horror rising to my lips, but had not the power to utter it, and, staggering slowly under the burden, the agonizing burden of supreme fear, I dragged myself back again through the rooms, locked the doors, along the corridor and hall, and out once more among the trees and the moonlight. On I went and never once looked back; out through the great open gates, on along the high road. Dread and an unnatural strength possessed me. Yesterday I could scarcely walk thirty yards without pain and fatigue; now, I was insensible to mere bodily grievances. I used the fractured limb without attending to the exquisite suffering it must have occasioned me. At last fatigue overpowered me. I sat down by the roadside. A vehicle passed by. The driver saw and assisted me to enter it. At last, after many changes and stages, I reached Paris. I have since then wandered over Europe. Languedoc and the Chateau Regnier I have not beheld since that awful night. I am a pilgrim and an outcast without peace or rest—wandering, a shadow, among men and cities, in some one of which I hope to find a grave."

Heinrich S. I never saw again. From time to time I hear of him as having been seen in some far off land—three years since he was in Russia, and last summer I was told that he had been for a few weeks in Vienna. But I know not; report is ever vague and uncertain. He lives, I fear: perhaps the next news may be of his death. I hope so; for life is terrible with him. May he die in peace!

A FRAGMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

A YOUNG fellow of high connexions, educated at Sandhurst, and having subsequently got his commission in one of the "crack" cavalry regiments (Lancers or Hussars, we decline to say which), became rapidly inaugurated in all the ways of fashionable London life. He cantered in the parks, lounged about the Clubs; the Opera and Almacks were his, with their songs, and dances, and winning smiles. He hunted, he shot, he raced, he gamed, he drank, and "all that," until one morning his father sent for him. He had been allowed five hundred a year, besides his pay, and he had been living at the rate of five thousand—as near as it could be calculated. What his father said was to this effect: "Arthur, you're going to the devil, and I must stop you. Sell out directly, sir, and leave the country for three years. I'll pay your debts here, and allow you just enough to live. Learn to do something for yourself; and come back in your right senses." So, the young cornet sold his commission, and sailed for Australia.

Not intending to go to the Diggings, and hearing that Sydney was a far nicer place to reside in than dust-driving Melbourne ("which nobody *can* deny, deny"), he landed at that place, and after a short stay to recover so long a voyage, he rode up into the bush some hundred miles. He was a pretty good judge of a horse, and had something in his head that way. Horses brought high prices in Melbourne, and if he could get them over land there, it might be "doing something for himself," as his father had recommended.

At East Maitland, about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney, he chanced to fall in with a young fellow about his own age; and, after what they considered "mature deliberation," they agreed to purchase not horses, but four hundred head of bullocks, engage a bullock-driver to help in the work, and drive them over land to Melbourne. The distance by a direct route, and using roads, would not exceed five or six hundred miles; but, as they would have to go winding and zig-zagging and crossing hills and swamps and fields and creeks in order to find constant food and water for the cattle, the distance would not be far short of nine hundred, or a thousand miles. They purchased the bullocks, engaged a regular bullock-driver (the driving of these horned gentry, whether loose or yoked, being a special art, needing considerable practice), and off they started.

Besides the four hundred bullocks, they had nine horses, and a dray. Three of the horses they rode, three were attached to the dray, and the remaining three they drove loose in the rear of the bullocks, on the flank, or as they liked to go. The dray was laden with some bags of oats for the horses, provisions for three men, a change of outer clothing, two changes of under clothing, blankets, spare harness, cordage, hobbles, two double-barreled guns, a rifle, and a few tools—such as wood-axes, knives, a spade, hammer, and nails.

Day after day, through the solitudes of the bush, pleasingly varied at times by miles of bog, or leagues of swamp, amidst which they had to sleep, or get such rest in the night as they could, our two young gentlemen accommodated themselves to studying the uncouth mysteries of "stock-driving;" aiding and assisting their professor elect in all his countless exigencies and requirements. Our cornet, who was the principal proprietor of all these moving horns, was scarcely one-and-twenty, and, moreover, looked still younger than he was. His friend Wentworth was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, and apparently of no great strength. The bullock-driver was a rough, sun-browned, brawny, bearded old colonial and bush-man. He did not conceal his contempt for the capacities of his

gentlemen companions, nor his opinion of the fate that awaited them. He told them, in his abrupt, gruff, jocular way, that they'd never see Melbourne. He should bury them both in the bush, and take on the bullocks. They wished him a good market for them on his arrival, and drank his health on the spot in a "nobbler" of brandy from the keg in the dray.

The most exhausting part of the work was the necessity of the "stock" being watched by night. On one occasion, when it was the bullock-driver's watch, he thought fit, in the greatness of his experience, to consider that it was "all right;" whereupon he rolled himself up in his blanket, and went fast asleep. Some time after, our cornet awoke—saw the watch now lying rolled up—looked about, listened, and became satisfied that a number of bullocks had strayed across the creek, and that more were following them. Finding it impossible to arouse the professional gentleman to any activity, or apparent understanding of the case, he shook Wentworth, and told him what had happened. "What shall we do?" said his friend. "We must swim the creek and go after them," said the cornet. "All right!" answered the other. Up they got, swam the creek—in their clothes, carrying their long boots in their mouths—and went after the bullocks.

The beasts were far ahead, and set off, as soon as they found who was upon their track. What with windings and doubles, and some going in one direction, and some in another, the pursuers had to follow the bullocks eighteen miles before they brought them all together (except three, who were lost) back to the creek. Having driven them in, the two amateur drovers were about to follow, when Wentworth said he was too tired to carry his boots over in his teeth, as they filled with water and dragged behind, so he attempted to whirl them over across the creek. They fell short of the bank, and were carried down the stream.

Arrived on the other side, the swimmers rested an hour or two, and then proceeded on their journey. The boggy state of the ground was such that they could scarcely get the dray through it, and continually expected to have to throw every thing away of its load excepting the oats and their little store of provisions. Wentworth could not, therefore, be taken into the dray, and he had to follow barefoot. He did the same all the next day when the ground changed to uneven rocks and stones, and cracks and holes, and his feet were cut and bleeding during twelve hours; but not one word of complaint escaped his lips. The ensuing morning, at daybreak, they "came upon" an old pair of shoes that had been thrown away, and Wentworth was a happy man.

They had now been seven weeks on the road, and soon after the little event of the creek, just recorded, our cornet, who was a masterly horseman, placed himself at the head of the concern: taking the lead on all occasions of difficulty, and continually "ordering coves about," as the bullock-driver morosely complained. Finding his "art" thus distanced, and comparatively taken out of his hands, the latter personage announced his intention of immediately withdrawing his services. The cornet said, Well, he could go. All right, old boy. Good-day! The bullock-driver wanted to be paid. Cornet said he could not easily manage it, as he and Wentworth had only thirteen shillings and sixpence between them at this present. He might take that. The bullock-driver said he couldn't take that. There was no alternative, so he went on, and gradually became more reconciled, and even tried to make himself agreeable.

In this way they journeyed, making as much ground as they could by day, and turning aside toward evening to find pasture for the stock, and such quantity of sleep for themselves, in turn, as the wandering fancies of the beasts would permit. Thus passed days upon days without their meeting a single human being, and sometimes they met no one for weeks. When they did fall in with any body, it would be a shepherd, or squatter, or stock-keeper, perhaps only seen a mile or two distant; or they would meet a party of the Aborigines. On one occasion seven of these advanced with spears (they are fatal marksmen), but the cornet's rifle was up in a trice. He would in all probability have "potted" the foremost of them, if they had not all instantly scurried into the bush.

They were now in the third month of their journey. Their first suit of clothes had been quite worn out, and flung away, and the remaining suit was in rags. As for the cornet, he was reduced to his shirt-sleeves and half a waistcoat: he had ridden the seat off his corduroys, and the legs hung in shreds and tatters.

One morning, about daybreak, being fast asleep, and having had a hard night's work in riding after stragglers, Cornet Arthur was rather disturbed by a strange voice calling out, "I say, young man!" The place where they were, was a shed near a hut belonging to a sheep station, and the cornet being far more comfortable than usual, declined to notice the overture; but the fellow persisted, till the sleeper opened his eyes and yawned at him with no very grateful gesture. This fellow was a butcher on horseback, carrying a long riding whip with a hook at one end. "I say, young man," said he, where's your master!" Our cornet drowsily remarked that he was pretty well his own master out there, and he fancied those bullocks belonged to him. "Now, you be blowed," said the butcher. Cornet told him he could not be blowed (and wouldn't if he could, as he saw no reason for it), and turning his back addressed himself again to sleep. "This won't suit me, young man," shouted the butcher. "I tell you I want to bid for some o' thae beasts. I want that wide hoop-horn'd 'un—thae three red staggy horns—the strawberry snail-horn, and the dirty-black big 'un a-lying down. Get up, can't you. Don't lay there like a precious naked *hape*, but be smart!" So saying, the butcher dismounted, and began to molest the

sleeper in a rude and ridiculous way with the hook end of his whip, using very rough language; whereupon our cornet arose, and "polished him off" in first-rate style, being a fair boxer. The butcher, after a few rounds, deliberately remounted his horse, sat in his saddle looking at his "young man"—then said, "Well, *I'm* blowed!" and rode away.

They had some very cold weather about this time, especially during the nights, and they lost six of their horses, almost entirely from the cold, as they had no means of sheltering them. After this, the remaining three horses being needed for the dray, they followed the drove of bullocks on foot, for nearly a month. The few clothes that had remained to them were torn piecemeal from their bodies in passing through the low scrub and swampy osier beds, till our cornet's sole personal effects were a pair of stocking-legs and a tooth-brush. This latter very useful article had been found loose in the dray, and was displayed as a trophy.

They lost upward of a hundred bullocks in the bogs and swamps, or by straying away in the night. Following on foot was a great disadvantage, to say nothing of the work. At length they approached a little bush inn, and a burly old brown-bearded fellow, pleasantly drunk, issued forth to meet them, crying out, "My name's Jem Bowles—glasses round!" He made them all have nobblers of brandy, and plenty to eat, and got them some clothes—enough to ride in—and three good bush horses in exchange for bullocks. He made them stay there a day and night at his expense. He had taken a great liking to the cornet. But he often took likings, and habitually treated every body. "Glasses round!"

Jem Bowles was a great stock-keeper, and well known on the road. It was his habit to "drink his bullocks" on the way to market, and then to return home. He had been known to drink seventy head, in a few days, at one bush inn. Of course he was robbed, as he kept no 'count of the "glasses round" to which he treated every body all day long. He was now drinking his last ten head of bullocks.

Our cornet and his colleagues being once more horsed, proceeded on their way, uproariously grateful to Jem Bowles, and eventually reached Melbourne, leaving the dray behind them in the bush, where it had at last "given in," wheel and axle. The journey had taken them nearly four months. They had lost, in all, eight horses, and a hundred and three bullocks: the remainder, nevertheless, sold well. After paying all expenses, including every thing, our cornet made, as his share, above one hundred pounds profit. Little enough for such labor; but still very good as the first earnings of a "young man." The very same day, he met in the street the butcher whose hide he had tanned in the bush; and the butcher touched his hat to him. This is a fragment of Australian life.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS not being in session, political interest, during the past month, has been almost entirely concentrated upon the appointments to the various offices within the gift of the Administration. Of the appointments already made, the most important are those of Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania as Minister to England, Mr. Borland of Arkansas to Central America, and Mr. Soulé of Louisiana to Spain. Special significance is attached to the last, from the indication it is supposed to furnish of a desire on the part of the Administration to open negotiations with Spain for the acquisition of Cuba. The seat in the Senate vacated by the appointment of Mr. Soulé, has been filled by the election of Hon. John Slidell. The large amount of patronage at the disposal of the Collectors in the principal Custom Houses, invests these appointments with no small importance. This is especially the case in respect to the Collectorship at New York, which after having been declined by Hon. Mr. Dickinson, was bestowed upon Hon. Greene C. Bronson, late Chief Justice of the State of New York.——From New Mexico we have intelligence of national rather than of local interest. It seems that on the frontiers of that Territory is a tract, known as the Mesilla Valley, some 175 miles long by 30 or 40 broad, which has been claimed both by the United States and Mexico, under the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The joint Boundary Commission assigned the valley to Mexico. But on the 13th of March, Governor Lane of New Mexico, "upon his own official responsibility, and without orders from the Cabinet of Washington," issued a proclamation taking possession "of the disputed territory, to be held provisionally by the United States, until the question of boundary shall be determined between the United States and Mexico." He assigns as reasons for this step, that the territory in question until the year 1851, was always considered to belong to New Mexico; but in that year it was unwarrantably taken possession of by the State of Chihuahua:—that the action of the Boundary Commission in assigning the territory to Mexico was invalid on account of informality, and moreover had not been ratified by the two Governments:—that the State of Chihuahua has signally failed to protect the inhabitants in the exercise of their rights, and against Indian aggression:—and that the present condition of Mexico precludes the hope that it can afford protection to the inhabitants of the territory; so that a large proportion of them "now claim the protection of the United States, and solicit the re-annexation of the territory to New Mexico, from which it was illegally wrested by the State of Chihuahua." Governor Lane demanded the aid of the United States troops to carry this proclamation into effect; but it was refused. In the meanwhile the Mexican Governor of Chihuahua has published a counter proclamation, and taken such measures as lay in his power to resist the proposed action of the Governor of New Mexico. It is also denied that the inhabitants of the valley are in favor of annexation to the United States. The intentions of our Government in the matter have not yet transpired; but the general impression is, that the course of Governor Lane will be disavowed, and that he will

be recalled.——An important decision has been made in respect to the delivery to foreign governments of alleged fugitives from justice. It grew out of the case of Thomas Kaine, charged with an attempt to murder in Ireland. There seemed little doubt as to the guilt of the accused, and his surrender was demanded by the British Government, in accordance with the treaty to that effect. The Court decided that the surrender of foreign criminals was not an ordinary criminal proceeding, but a national act, and that in order to secure it, a demand, accompanied with adequate proof, must be made upon the Executive Department of our Government, which alone could grant authority for the courts to interfere. This not having been done, the prisoner was discharged. ——The constitutionality of the law of South Carolina, directing the imprisonment of foreign colored seamen is about to be tested. It comes up on a suit instituted by George Roberts, a colored British seaman, for damages on account of assault and false imprisonment, against the Sheriff of Charleston. The real plaintiff in the case is the British Government. The alleged facts are all admitted; and the suit is brought to test the constitutionality of the law, which is affirmed to conflict with treaty stipulations. The United States Circuit Court decided it to be constitutional, and an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court.——The Massachusetts Legislature has again refused, by a small majority, to pass a bill making indemnification for the loss sustained by the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, many years ago.——The Message of Governor Seymour of Connecticut gives a very favorable account of the affairs of that State. The total amount paid into the Treasury during the past year was $150,650 00, to which is to be added a balance of $39,130 03, on hand at the commencement of the year. The entire expenditures were $135,104 09, of which only $113,822 15 were for ordinary purposes. The sum raised by direct taxation amounts to but $56,167 88. The School Fund is in a very prosperous condition; it produces an income of $143,639 69, exceeding all the other expenditures of the State, and affording a dividend of $1 35 to each scholar. Efficient measures have been taken to institute a State Reform School for juvenile offenders, for which purpose a farm of 164 acres has been purchased.——The number of disasters by steamboat and railroad is unusually large. We can not attempt to enumerate those involving only a slight loss of human life. But a number have occurred of such uncommon magnitude as to force themselves upon public attention. The steamer Independence was lost on the 16th of February on the Island of Margita, off the coast of Lower California. She struck upon a hidden rock, and received so much damage that it was found necessary to run her ashore; in doing this the vessel took fire, and those on board were driven overboard into the furious surf. Out of 418 persons on board 129 were lost. A collision took place, April 23, near Chicago, between the trains of the Central Michigan and Northern Indiana railroads, by which about 20 persons were killed at once, and a large number seriously injured. The lines of the two roads cross each other in the midst of a swamp. The collision took place in a clear night, and was the result of the most inexcusable negligence. The engineers and conductors of both trains have been held to answer to a charge of manslaughter. The steamer Ocean Wave, plying upon Lake Ontario, was burned on the morning of April 20. Of about 50 persons on board, passengers and crew, only 22 were saved. But all previous railroad accidents are eclipsed in horror by one which took place on the 6th of May, upon the New York and New Haven Railroad. A drawbridge of 60 feet width across the Norwalk River was opened to admit the passage of a vessel. A train advancing, in broad daylight, at unusual speed, rushed into the opening, and was plunged into the water. The loss of life by this wholesale act of murder exceeds 50.——A plan has been formed for consolidating the different railway companies forming the line between Albany and Buffalo. The distance between New York and Buffalo, nearly 500 miles, is now accomplished in from 15 to 18 hours, either by way of the New York and Erie, or the Hudson River and Central lines.——A general and successful effort to increase the price of almost every description of mechanical labor has taken place in our principal cities. The increase effected amounts to from 10 to 15 per cent. In very few cases has resort been had to protracted strikes from labor; and in fewer still to violence or intimidation.—— Father Gavazzi, an Italian exile, has been lecturing to crowded audiences in New York. He attacks the Papal system with the most unsparing severity. It is said that the notorious Father Achilli is to leave England for America at no distant date, to join in the crusade against Catholicism.——Mons. Franconi's Hippodrome has opened in New York, with great success.

Hon. WILLIAM R. KING, Vice-President of the United States, died at his plantation near Cahawba, Alabama, on the 18th of April, at the age of 68. He was a native of North Carolina; was educated for the bar, but entered public life at an early age. He was elected a Representative in Congress in 1811, just previous to the declaration of war, of which measure he was a warm supporter. In 1816 he went to France as Secretary of Legation. Upon his return he emigrated to Alabama, then a Territory, was chosen a member of the Convention which framed a State Constitution for the Territory, and upon its admission as a State, in 1819, became a member of the United States Senate. He held his seat continuously until 1844, a period of 25 years He then was sent as Minister to France. Upon his return he was again elected to the Senate, of which body he was presiding officer at the time of his election to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Some months ago it became evident that a pulmonary disease had made deep inroads upon his constitution, and a tropical sojourn was recommended as the only means of prolonging his life. He accordingly sailed for Havana, where the oath of office was administered to him by the United States Consul, in accordance with a law passed specially for the occasion. It soon became evident that no relief was to be hoped from a residence in Cuba, and Mr. King returned home to die among those friends who had clung so closely to him for so many years. He landed at Mobile on the 11th of April, and reached his home on the 17th, the day preceding his death. By his death the duties of the office to which he was chosen devolve upon the President of the Senate, for the time being. This post is now held by Mr. Atcheson of Missouri.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Santa Anna has returned to Mexico, and resumed the government of that country. He was conveyed from Carthagena to Havana by an English steamer; from thence he sailed for Vera Cruz, which he reached on the 1st of April. On the day following he issued an animated proclamation to his countrymen, saying that he had obeyed the summons to return to his country, in the hope of rescuing the State

from the anarchy and confusion into which it had fallen; but that his own exertions would be of no avail unless seconded by their strenuous efforts. He assured those who had heretofore been his enemies that they had no cause of apprehension from him, for he had neither come to avenge old grievances, nor to give power to any party. He draws a mournful picture of the condition of his country, the net result of whose thirty years of independence has been the loss of a large portion of the national territory, an utter failure of credit at home and abroad, abuse in the finances, and the dissolution of that army which had gained the independence of the country, at whose head he had repelled inimical invasion, and with whom he had fought, with but little fortune, but not without honor, when the capital was occupied by the enemy. He exhorts his countrymen to learn from the lessons of experience, and to labor with him that they might have a country, national honor, and a name which they would not be ashamed to own. He exhorts the army to follow their old commander, who bore on his body an honorable mutilation; and though the relations of friendship which now existed with all nations, and which he should cultivate with all care, might render their gallantry at present unnecessary, they ought still to be ready, should national honor require it, to prove in the face of all the world what the Mexican soldiers had always sheltered in their breasts. On the 3d he was entertained by the municipality of Vera Cruz, on which occasion he offered the single toast: "Under the shadow of the Mexican flag, may there be but one cry—Independence or death." Santa Anna forthwith set out for the capital, being every where received with the utmost enthusiasm. He entered the city of Mexico on the 17th of April, amidst great rejoicings. It yet remains to be seen how he will succeed in dealing with the embarrassments which accumulate from every quarter.——Upon the reception of the intelligence of the proceedings of Governor Lane in relation to the Mesilla Valley, a delegation of the authorities waited upon Mr. Conkling, the American Minister, and presented an earnest protest against the whole proceeding.

It is announced from Montevideo, under date of March 12, that the troubles in Buenos Ayres have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It is certain that strenuous efforts for that purpose have been put forth, and commissioners have been appointed to treat of peace. Whether these measures have resulted in a permanent adjustment of the points in dispute, is yet a matter of question. From the remaining South American States there is no intelligence sufficiently definite to be worthy of permanent record.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament assembled, after a short recess, on the 4th of April. The proceedings have been of considerable local interest. The education scheme proposed by the Government was brought forward by Lord John Russell. It assumes that it is the duty of Government to make provision for the education of the people, which can not safely be left to the operation of the voluntary principle. The main feature of the proposed measure is a grant of power to municipal corporations to raise funds by tax in aid of schools partially supported by voluntary contributions; religious instruction was to be afforded, but parents should have full power to withdraw their children from any school to the religious instruction in which they might be opposed. The scheme also contemplates action in respect to the Universities. Leave was granted to introduce a bill.——Some discussion has taken place upon a proposition to reduce the duties upon wines, with a view to encourage their use instead of that of ardent spirits. Facts were adduced to show that a taste for wines was increasing among the middle classes in society. The Chancellor of the Exchequer asked that a motion on the subject might be postponed, as it would be embraced in the financial project which he was soon to introduce.——A very interesting debate has occurred in relation to "taxes upon knowledge." It was opened by Mr. Gibson, who moved three resolutions, to the effect that: 1. The advertisement duty ought to be repealed. 2. That the stamp duties on newspapers were in a very unsatisfactory condition. 3. That the excise duty on paper was impolitic. He supported the resolutions in a very long and able speech, in which he showed the inequality of the operation of these taxes, and their prejudicial effects upon the diffusion of knowledge, referring to the state of things in the United States, where these taxes were unknown. The resolutions were opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord John Russell, mainly upon financial grounds, though some of the inferences of the supporters of the resolutions were disputed. They protested against the House condemning taxes which it was not prepared to give up; a practice which excited expectations not to be satisfied. But the main consideration urged was, that no decision on taxation should be forced while the Budget was yet to be considered. The first resolution was carried without a division; the remaining resolutions were lost by a majority of more than three to one.——Some sharp remarks were made in the House of Lords in reference to the "Peace Deputation" of the London merchants to the French Emperor, of which we shall speak under the head of France. Lord Campbell asserted that in assuming to represent the British Empire, or to speak in its name on such a subject, the deputation had committed an act which might amount to a high crime and misdemeanor, for which a member of Parliament would be liable to impeachment.——The Jewish Disabilities bill came up for a final reading in the Commons on the 15th of April. The opponents of the bill based their opposition to it on the ground that its passage would unchristianize the Legislature. Sir Robert Peel thought if the bill became a law, it would have a powerful tendency to undermine the loyalty of the people toward the Queen, as "Defender of the Faith." Upon a division, the bill passed, for the fifteenth time, in the Commons. It seems to be the general impression that it will again be rejected in the Peers, although Lord John Russell asserted his confidence that it would now pass that House, and thus the fabric of civil and religious liberty would be completed.——On the 18th of April the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented his financial statement, in a speech of nearly five hours' duration. The revenues for the year which had just expired had been estimated at £51,625,000, and the expenditures at £51,163,000; but the revenue had exceeded the estimate by £1,464,000, while the expenditure had fallen short of the estimate by £381,000, making a difference of £1,845,000, which added to the previous surplus made an actual overplus of £2,460,000, of which, however, two-fifths had already been disposed of by appropriations for the defense of the country and other liabilities. The income for the ensuing year was estimated at £52,990,000, exceeding the estimated expenditure by some £700,000. Certain alterations were proposed in the income tax, looking to its final and entire abolition in 1860; and various other mo-

difications of taxes were suggested. Accompanying the statement was a plan for reducing the expenditure by creating a new stock bearing a very low interest, which would of course be sold at a discount. The effect would be to reduce the annual interest, although the nominal debt would be increased. Opinion seems to be divided upon the financial merits of this scheme.——Some questions were put to the Government in relation to the American fisheries, but they were not definitely answered, on the ground that the whole subject was now a matter of negotiation between the two powers.——No little excitement was occasioned by an announcement in the *Times* of April 15, that in consequence of legal information, the house occupied by Kossuth had been searched, and a large store of arms, ammunition, and materials of war had been discovered. The matter was brought up in Parliament the same evening, when it appeared that the report was incorrect in almost every particular. The building searched was not the house of Kossuth, but a manufactory of rockets and similar projectiles owned by a Mr. Hale. The business had been carried on there for a number of years, and the products of the manufacture had been offered for sale to the English Government, and to the various continental powers. Thus far, nothing has appeared to indicate the least connection between Kossuth and the projectiles in question; though there seems to be a suspicion that they may have been finally destined for revolutionary purposes.——The Queen was safely delivered of a prince on the 7th of April. The customary address of congratulation was moved and seconded in both Houses of Parliament by the leaders of the parties, and of course was passed without dissent.——A movement for the increase of wages in almost every department of labor has taken place in England, and has been very generally successful.——The cessation of the Kaffir war has been formally announced. ——Mrs. Stowe arrived at Liverpool on the 10th of April, and soon after proceeded to Scotland. She has received attentions quite without parallel. In not a few cases the feeling of curiosity to see her, produced no small inconvenience.——Feargus O' Connor, formerly a member of Parliament, whose eccentricities have excited notice for a year or two, has been pronounced by competent authority, to be hopelessly insane.

THE CONTINENT.

The coronation of the French Emperor has been postponed. It is now said that it will not take place until the 15th of August, the anniversary of the birth of the Great Napoleon, and the fête day of St. Napoleon. In the mean while the solemn inauguration of the tomb of Napoleon has been set down for the 4th of May. It is said that application is to be made to Austria for permission to remove the remains of Napoleon II. (the Duke of Reichstadt) to France.——Raspail, the democratic leader, has been offered his release from prison, on condition of leaving France.——A sum of 3,000,000 francs has been placed by the Emperor at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior to be distributed among the owners of buildings who will convert them into cheap, commodious, and healthy tenements adapted to the occupancy of the industrial classes.——Some discussion has arisen as to the amount that can be expended in establishing a line of transatlantic steamers. The Emperor and a majority of the Council are in favor of reducing the sum to 8,000,000 francs, one-half the amount originally proposed.—The newspaper press shows some signs of restiveness, notwithstanding the severe restrictions under which it labors, and the penalties to which it is liable. *La Presse* has come out with the first of a series of articles entitled, "1793 and 1853; the Empire," in which the whole Imperial system is most unsparingly attacked. Under the show of setting forth the defects of the first Napoleon and his system of government, the whole course of his successor is brought into review, and condemned. The paper promises a continuation of the article, in which it will be shown that Napoleon I. deeply injured France, both in her honor and in her interest. Speculation is rife as to whether this covert attack upon the present government will escape the censorship.——On Easter Monday, a deputation of London merchants was admitted to the Tuileries. Their object was to present an address signed by more than 4000 of the merchants, traders, and bankers of London. The Emperor received them graciously, attended by the Ministers of State, of Foreign Affairs, and of the Interior. The address was read by Sir James Duke, Bart., a member of Parliament. It declared that there was no good foundation for the opinion which was prevalent, that the people of England were unfriendly toward France:—that the two nations had a common interest which should lead them to oppose the commission of hostilities between them:—that if the English press sometimes spoke hastily of the governments of other nations, it was by no means to be construed in an offensive sense:—that British subjects had no right to interfere in relation to the mode of government which the French nation might choose to adopt for itself, any further than to desire that it might result in the peace and happiness of all concerned. The address concluded by expressing a fervent hope that the inhabitants of both nations might in future only vie with each other in cultivating the arts of peace, and in extending the sources of improvement for their common benefit. The Emperor replied, in English, that he was extremely touched by this manifestation, which confirmed him in the confidence he had always felt in the English people;—that he had feared that public opinion in England had been misled as to the feelings cherished by France; but that the step now taken was a proof that a great people could not long be deceived. His own efforts, he said, had always been directed toward developing the prosperity of France, whose interests were the same as those of all other civilized nations. Like the deputation, he desired peace, and a closer union between the two countries. It is but fair to add that the London journals profess to discover in this outpouring of philanthropy and brotherhood a scheme to advance some railway project.

From the remainder of Europe there is nothing of special interest that can be at all relied upon.——There have been ministerial changes in Holland and Spain.——The Zollverein negotiation in Germany is apparently making progress.——Italy is paying the penalty of the late ill-advised outbreak in Milan. The Madiai have been released from prison, on condition of leaving the country. The husband is said to have lost the use of his reason during his imprisonment.——Switzerland is involved in perplexities with her more powerful neighbors.——Russian victories in the Caucasus are announced.——The Turkish question is by no means settled. Russia presses certain propositions, of the tenor of which the reports are vague and contradictory, and the other powers are looking on with ill-concealed anxiety. Some movements of troops and fleets are remarked, but of so uncertain a character that no positive inferences can be drawn as to their object.

Editor's Table.

THE TABLES DO MOVE.—There is no doubt of it; and it is fitting, therefore, that our Editor's *Table* should not be immovable or insensible to the surprising progress of things around us. But what moves the tables? Is it a power from the ghostly world? Is it electricity? Is it the odic force? The first solution is one on which we can not waste our time. We are so formed as to love the marvelous, the mysterious, the inexplicable. God has given us this feeling as an evidence of our higher nature. He has accordingly furnished the most ample means for its gratification in the arrangements of our present as well as of our hoped-for future existence. It is the charm of science. If this had no difficult or mysterious problems, whose solutions ever led to others still more mysterious, it would lose all its interest for us as rational and immortal beings. The feeling is one of the main grounds of religious reverence. It was well called by one of old, the parent of philosophy. Its supplies, too, we have reason to believe, can never fail. The mine is inexhaustible in all directions. Every thing around us is wonderful. The life we now live in the flesh is wonderful, perhaps, in itself, the most wonderfully mysterious part of our whole existence. Eternity will be one continual revelation of wonders. It is for this reason that we love the *marvelous;* we are made to love the marvelous, but we can not long bear with the *absurd.* That a thing is contrary to our senses or our experience is no sufficient argument for rejecting it. But when it shocks our moral sense, when it is opposed to some of the first truths of our reason, when it presents the spiritual world as actually retrograding in the scale of being, when it is in the face of a revelation we have received on the highest evidence, and about which every one who would be called a rational man should have had his mind made up in the first years of his mental maturity,—it is no longer a case of the marvelous simply, but of the irrational and the absurd. No amount of mere *sense* evidence should reconcile us to the insult it offers to the higher faculties of the soul, the contempt it pours upon God's higher truth as exhibited both in providence and revelation, or the degradation it imputes to whatever is truly great and noble in our humanity. The grossest materialism is better than such an absurd spiritualism. We might better believe that Bacon, and Shakspeare, and Calvin, and Franklin, and Channing, had forever ceased to exist, than that their ghostly state should have reduced them to such a condition of driveling idiocy as appears through the table-moving communications and Spiritual Telegraphs of the times.

We dismiss this solution, then, without farther remark, except to express our grateful belief that this foolery is evidently on the wane. It will doubtless soon be reckoned among the many past absurdities that have manifested the strength and the weakness of human nature,—the tenacity of its faith in the spiritual, and yet its absolute dependence, if it would know any thing aright of its future destiny, on some positive, unchanging, objective revelation.

But what makes the tables move? The second answer, *electricity*, is only a confession of ignorance. We might as well say, it is some power in nature, and there rest the matter. The odic law or fluid of Reichenbach is no better. If we must have a name for this unknown quantity, and this is all that we can at present expect, there is nothing which strikes us as better answering such a purpose than *animal force.* It is a new *manifestation* of that same mysterious power we exert in every outward act. It is a *marvel*, but no new *mystery*, or rather we might say, it is a new and therefore marvelous form of the same old mystery. We make a distinction here between these terms. The first refers to the novelty or strangeness of the outward attending circumstances, the second to the concealment of the principle by which an act or event is to be explained. The one is an astonishment of the *sense*, the other a baffling of the reason. And so we say in this case—herein is a great *marvel* indeed, but the essential *mystery* is no other, and no greater, than that which forces itself upon every thinking man whenever he makes his own doings, whether physical or spiritual, the subjects of his serious contemplation.

We are constantly performing *supernatural* acts—that is, introducing into nature, by the energy of our self moving spirituality, a power which was not in nature before, and formed no link in the chain of her operations. We make a true *beginning* in nature, having no antecedent natural cause. Motion in this sense is as mysterious as creation; as miraculous, too, we might say, if the latter term were not commonly used to denote the strangeness, or rarity, of the event, rather than the mystery it involves. When we thus resist nature, or turn her from her track, or convert her inertia into force and motion, or in any way contravene her laws, we perform acts, in our sphere, as supernatural, and in this sense as truly miraculous, as when the Almighty hand stopped the motion of the earth on the prayer of Joshua, or rolled up the waters of the Red Sea for the destruction of Pharaoh and his host. In the human as well as in the divine acts, it is spirit controlling matter, will making itself law, *thought* transmuting itself into *force*, and thus becoming a real, outward, objective entity, not only to itself but to the thoughts of other minds.

We lift the table by our hands in the usual way; or we move it by a direct exertion of the *animal force* without apparent media. The second is the greater *marvel;* the first is, if any thing, the greater *mystery. I move the table*, with or without hands. The I, the *ego*, to use a little of the Hegelian style, is the *cause, table-moving* is the *effect.* The starting power is the same, the result is the same, in both methods of operation. But in the first, or familiar process of our long experience, we actually lift the table and *something more*, while yet exerting no higher and other power; thus making the mystery greater just in proportion to the greater and more complex result produced from the same primitive means;—we say primitive means, for all succeeding, as far as reason can discover, is outward to the spiritual act. Every thing below hangs upon the *ego*, or the power denoted by the personal pronoun. It belong to the effect rather than to the cause, to the thing or things moved rather than to the moving power. It has every appearance of being a limitation rather than an aid to the spiritual energy, or *animal force.* The *ego*, or *vis primitiva* that starts the whole load, has more to do in the one case than in the other. It lifts the table, but at the same time it lifts, or moves, the arm, it bends the bones, it draws cords over pullies, it presses upon levers, and all this, too, at the worst

disadvantage in respect to mechanical power. We move all this complex and cumbrous machinery along with the table. It is like moving crank, shaft, wheels, and paddles, when after all no other power is employed than that strength of our hands, which, as far as we can see, might have been more easily exerted in propelling the boat directly. When this machinery is only a convenient mode of abstracting a certain power from nature, it is a very intelligible process. And so if the multifold machinery of our bodies were simply a contrivance by which to get the aid of outward physical powers, or powers which have no connection with our wills, there would be an easy solution of the problem. It would present no greater difficulty than that of the pulley or the lever. But the anatomist is compelled to testify that instead of this being the case, it is almost directly the reverse.

There is another aspect of the mystery.

In the use of outward machinery the last resultant effect is in proportion to the strength of *all* the materials, those nearest the starting power as well as those that are more remote from it. The boiler and the shaft must be at least as strong as the paddles. A machine that is not regulated by this law breaks to pieces through its own action. But how different in the human organization. Let us trace it backward, from its outer to its more interior processes. The muscles move the bone; the cords move the muscles; the nerves move—or if another expression is thought to be a particle less mysterious—communicate motion to, the cords. Ever as we go backward toward the primal power, the apparatus seems to grow weaker and weaker, until we find at last this strong machinery all propelled by a force proceeding from, and residing in, and acting through, the least firm, the least cohesive, the least tenacious, the least resisting parts of the human frame. It is very much the same as if the boiler of the steam engine were made of paper, and its piston of lath, while its paddles were of the hardest iron. The last matter in the human frame—we mean the last matter this side of spirit that we can reach by our senses or by our microscopes—is the weakest of all, or has the least mechanical resistance; and yet it is here we find going on that wonderful exertion of strength that lifts and moves, not only the most outward resisting weight, but all the machinery of flesh and bones that comes between the cause and the remote effect.

But leaving the region of *spirit* for the lower kingdom of *nature*, we may well ask—What is *force* itself in its widest sense? Instead of explaining the mystery of life, or the *animal* force, all the scientific conventions of the age can not define for us the chemical or the mechanical. What to appearance, more cold and inert than a lump of ice? and yet it contains a hidden power that will start the locomotive with its train of a thousand tons. There is an immense strength concealed in the lightest, and, seemingly, the most sluggish matter that comes under the notice of our senses. All things around us are filled with a sleeping energy. The attenuated gas without sensible resistance, or sensible weight, may scatter in fragments the hardest iron. The almost impalpable powder, that a breath might blow away, may have stored up in its frail and narrow chambers a latent deposit whose effects may, without extravagance, be said to rival those of the storm or the earthquake. How are these mighty energies compressed and kept at peace in cells that have less cohesion than the lightest tissue-paper, or even the silk-worm's web. There is a mystery here surpassing all poetic marvels. There is far more of the wonderful in the thought of these hidden powers, than in Virgil's conception of the struggling winds confined in the rocky cave of Eolus:

> "Quos indignantes, magno cum murmure montis,
> Imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frænat."

Now we may invent as many names as we please. Elasticity, explosive power, electricity, magnetism, &c., are very convenient as descriptive terms; but they do not begin to penetrate the mystery even of natural dynamics. How much less do we know of that most mysterious thing we have called the *animal force*—in other words, the strength of a living body! How inexplicable even those links in the chain that lie wholly within the material region! How passing all comprehension when we attempt to trace it away back to the realm of spirit, and to climb up to that transcendent height in which the whole process commences—that process through which a *thought* is converted into a *will*, a will into a *force*, a force into a series of impulses, and these, finally, into an outward action, event, thing, or permanent entity, in the outward world of nature. The mystery becomes only greater in degree when we regard the very existence of matter as thus an expression of some superhuman mind or thought, just as the modifications of natural forces are to a great extent but the outward lithographings of our own spiritual exercises.

Again: what is human *strength* regarded as a force different from any thing we find in nature? How far is it spiritual? In what consists the difference in this respect between different men? Is it in the nerves and muscles, or in the will? Or must the strength of both be combined to make the strong man? Does it always depend on volition? Is the bodily organization for the aid, or for the limitation of its energy? Has it a force, now in a great measure vailed and latent, but capable, under other circumstances, of producing effects of which we can at present hardly form a conception? We have now and then, even in the present state, glimpses of phenomena which may well suggest such queries. A fit of delirium has increased the human energies tenfold. Whence comes the new power? or is it the old that has burst some of its shackles? The preternatural strength of the sick, and even of the dying, is a case of not unfrequent experience. Even when the lips have failed to perform their office, and the feeble hand is unable to return the pressure through which love seeks its last sign of recognition, suddenly has there started up a power defying all outward resistance. Through the diseased bones, the flaccid muscles, and the wasted limbs, there has darted an energy unknown in the periods of health, and which the healthiest and strongest vital powers of other men find it difficult to control. These facts are wonderful, very wonderful. They are, too, not only wonderful, but full of mystery. They are unsurpassed, in this respect, by any of the new marvels, whether true or false, that are now challenging our credence and our admiration.

The mysteries of our present being are overlooked in our anxiety to obtain the secrets of other states. Disembodied existence is supposed to be a more difficult conception than that of soul united with a material system. So, too, the action of mind upon matter is regarded as the more mysterious the less we can trace the links of mediate bodily communication. But this is a mere delusion of the sensible experience confounding a *marvel* with a *mystery*. It is said of the eccentric Fichte, that he once commenced one of his lectures by telling his audience to "*think the wall.*" When they had been for a few moments engaged on this most fertile theme of med-

itation, he told them next to "think the man who was thinking the wall." Now, we do not hesitate to say that this last operation proposed by the German metaphysician was easier than the first. It is easiest of all to think pure mind, or pure mind thinking, it is less easy to think mind thinking the table. It is still less easy to think the table itself. It is the most difficult of all to think mind *moving* the table,—or, in other words, spirit and thought making themselves objective in matter and motion. This, however, we know is constantly taking place within us and around us. All motions are thoughts of mind, finite or infinite. The ultimate conception of matter itself runs out into that of *force*, and so matter, too, is but the thought of mind. Whether it is ever the product of the finite soul we can not say; but we find it not much more difficult to think this, than to think of *thought* moving or lifting any thing, or exerting any force whatever out of itself.

The number of links in the chain of impulses makes no difference. All is *effect* below the first. At one end there is a *thinking*, a pure intellectual act; at the other there is a moving table, or a moving world. The marvel is very different, but the ineffable mystery is as great in the one case as in the other. If there be any difference, the direct or immediate action is more conceivable than the mediate.

Pure thinking mind knowing itself thinking, or, in other words, pure *conscious* mind, as the primal thing in the universe, is not only the easiest of all conceptions, but one of which we can hardly divest ourselves. It furnishes the ground and conditions of every other thought. Next to this is the conception of pure matter, or pure force; and hardest of all the thought of mind in union with matter, moving matter, affecting matter, and, at the same time, moved and affected by it. But we are dosing our readers with a larger portion of metaphysics than we at first intended. Our object, however, is gained if we can incite any one to look for mysteries as well as marvels in every thing around us. The feeling itself is worth more than any scientific attempts to explain the questions to which it gives rise.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have taken occasion, in our careless way, to speak several times of the growing extravagance of the times: and now we find striking comment upon our observations in the action of the craftsmen and artisans of every calling. Nothing, indeed, was more natural than that the magnificence of the town should create a taste for magnificence, which should by-and-by spread among the cabmen, the carpenters, and the hotel-waiters. High wages has been the cry of the month. Nor has the cry been unavailing. What, indeed, is more reasonable than to expect a symmetric growth in the various classes of our republican city? If we erect our merchants into princes, and clothe them gorgeously, then we must make our servants esquires and men-at-arms. If our bankers lodge in palaces, then our bankers' bakers ought to keep phaetons, and a seat in Grace Church.

If bankers will dress their walls in fresco, their daughters in Mechlin, their lap-dogs in ribbons, and their religion in purple velvet, there is no reason in the world why their carpenters should not strike for silver bell-pulls, and an occasional seat at the Opera.

Push, and struggle, and rally, as much as the extravagant may and will, yet there is a strong republican element seated in the life of our American nation which will keep up a decent equilibrium; and which will never permit a man or a woman to ride away in a coach from his duty, and from his fellows. We have entered into a sort of compact from the beginning to play the part of good friend, each to each—neither elbowing each other too harshly, or extinguishing our neighbor's rush-light with the extraordinary glitter of our gas-works. Therefore, it is reasonable, and natural, that in view of the splendid trappings of our growing houses, and our metropolitan hotels, that the gas-fitters, and cordwainers, and ladies' shoemakers, and saloon-servants, should hold out their hands for their share of the excess.

In a political view, even, we regard it as a proper and happy augury; an indication, in its way, of that advance of civilization, which will supply, in the end, luxuries to every man; and which will bring out that equalization of properties, upon whose level refinement can only create eminence.

Amid the multitude of strikes, we have not yet heard of any strikes of editors. Are they the only contented men in the community? Are they the only undeserving ones? Or what is better, do they possess an equanimity of purpose, that forbids all clamor, and that leaves them amid all the clamor of agitators, sleek, and well-fed, and quietly reposing in their easy-chairs?

We do sincerely hope that this increased expense of city life may, at least, have the benefit of quickening to a higher tone the taste for country-houses: not merely the fluctuating, amphibious taste, which craves Venetian-blinds and parterres of flowers for three months in the year; but that established liking for flowers, and trees, and sunshine, which will lavish them at the doorside, and make the summer retreat a house in earnest; with the heart clinging to the walls, and the roof, even as the ivies cling; and the children growing up in the warm sunlight, strong and healthful as the native shrubs.

With our new and unformed national character, we have been struggling thus far between the types of the French and of the English life—accepting these two as the best specimens of modern civilization. We have veered to the French disposition in dress, in dinners, and very much in our hotel habits. But the cottage, or home feature in the English life, we have cultivated too much as a special adornment, and have not grown into it with a will. Just now we have hopes of a change. It is visible not only in the improved taste which is consecrating the shores of the Hudson, of the East River, and of Staten Island, but in the increased demand for flowers and trees, the growing interest in landscape study, and in the multiplication of the out-of-town houses for workingmen which are springing up in every direction.

In this last connection, however, we have a hint to drop. We wish to suggest a more pleasing outlay of streets, and villages, than at present characterizes the bulk of new suburban towns. What can be thought of that taste which would carve up such a town site as Dearman or Abbottsford, upon the steep slope of a river bank, into rectangular squares, with streets gullied by every rain, and basement-houses tottering upon the meagre patches of grass? Does it never enter the mind of these projectors, or these engineers with their theodolites, that there is such a thing as adaptation of plan to situation? And that the pattern for a flat, commercial town, may not be altogether the most judicious for a picturesque river bank?

A suburban town, where people go for quiet, and for a small measure of rural enjoyment, does not need or want the facilities for quick transportation

through the streets. It is not necessary that you go in a straight line from your door to your grocer's, or from the church to the tavern. Country roads, and roads in country villages *ought to wind*; more especially when (as on river banks), the winding cheapens the ascent, and multiplies views. Irregular-shaped lots increase the devices of ingenuity. Queer, jutting, lozenge-shaped lots tempt all the prettiness of gardening; odd nooks and corners of a town, charm the rural architect.

We can recall now such a town—the old town of Torquay, in the south of England, where a square lot does not exist; where a hill is corkscrewed by the sweetest winding bit of a village road that is to be imagined; and where the views of the bay, and the channel, and the town are multiplied by a hundred changes of position, and each position dignified with some lucky homelet of a cottage. When will our Abbottsfords, and What-nots, steal the guise of such beauty, while they steal their absurdly pretty names? And when will selectmen, and highway owners, and all that (present) abandoned class of Vandals, cease from cutting away the rounded corners of old mossy walls, and from filling up the sloping valleys of our country towns?

We have in our mind now a country place, not two hundred miles away from the city—very charming in its position, with wooded hills and water abounding on every side, with a luxuriance of foliage in its streets that is almost unmatchable; and yet a set of Vandal Common Councilmen are working year after year to fill up every depression of surface—burying strong trees to their necks in gravel, straightening richly-rounded curves—blasting off fragments of hoar old rock, that a street may be straightened—laying out a cemetery upon the only barren flat surface to be found—doing every thing, in short, in utter contradiction to the spirit of the natural scene; and trying, with all the eagerness of vulgar school-boys, to build up a smart and tricksy city where they might, by judicious action, have perfected the very *beau-idéal* of a country town.

If, in such a town, and under such auspices, they were to build a home for strangers, we might well expect that it would have the bricky aspect of a shabby-genteel house of the city; it would be located upon a city-corner, equipped with city-appearing stores, and in site and in character be utterly neglectful of all those natural beauties of scenery, which it is determined to ignore.

We know no object quite so pitiable in our streets, as the lubberly country-fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a stalwart figure, who has sought, with a bunch of chains and a gay-printed vest, to equip himself in the toggery of the town. He wears his gewgaws awkwardly, and provokes only a smile at his conceit. If he had minded the advantages which nature gave him, nor sought to be other than what he was—a hale and hearty scion of the country—he might have provoked envy and admiration. We commend the moral to the little country towns who think they are startling the world with five-story brick stores, and magnificent Peddlington Hotels, when they are, in truth, doing very little to disturb the commercial equilibrium of the country, and a very great deal to shock a quiet, modest, and cultivated taste.

Our Broadway—when it is completed—may pass for the three-miles-long nave of a Crystal Palace, for admittance to which no charge is made. There are windows which regularly beguile us of a quarter of an hour in our morning's walk officeward. The latest addition at our favorite lounging-place is an exquisitely drawn and engraved portrait of Prescott the Historian. Happy the Artist who can secure so gracious a subject, and the Sitter who can command so graceful an Artist. We commend the print to those who wish to acquire a true presentment of the Historian of Cortez and Pizarro.

Speaking of lounging-places, a welcome addition to our summer store is promised in a Panorama of Niagara Falls. The artist has for years summered and wintered at Niagara, storing his portfolio with sketches of the Great Cataract in its ever-varying aspects. It is not a little singular that this magnificent subject has never before been seized upon for a "three mile picture."

We have spoken of hotels, and are reminded that our frequent talk of the Parisian lodging-houses, is at length to find illustration in a New York building. How far it will succeed remains to be seen: the doubtful question in regard to the ascent of five or six flights of stairs, and their several bearings upon the reputation or the dignity of a family, is about to be solved. One striking novelty, however, belongs to the New York plan, which may very possibly have its effect upon the arbitration of dignities. It is this: the introduction of a steam elevator, by which an indolent, or fatigued, or aristocratic person may deposit himself in a species of dumb waiter at the hall-door, and by whistle, or the jingling of a bell, be borne up, like so much roast-goose with gravy, to the third, fourth, or fifth floor.

We are not sure to whom we are indebted for this improvement in stairways. If carried into effect, it would give capital occasion to a sort of Punch drollery. Imagine for a moment a very kind-hearted plethoric friend, who has come to endorse our note, suspended, by some derangement in the machinery, for one or two hours against the back of the lower lodger's chimney, and negotiating in a plaintive way, through the speaking tube, with the engineer in the basement!

We wish well, however, to the project, and to whatever will cheapen a good and clean home. We extract in this connection a short article from the London Times, descriptive of a Model Lodging-House for working people, built under the direction of a London Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes. Where could the surplus moneys of city capitalists go with more beneficent intent, and in a way to call down greater blessings on landlord and on tenant, than in some kindred investment?

"The building is five stories in height from the basement. The latter is surrounded by an open area, and contains baths and wash-houses, with all the requisite appurtenances, extensive cellarage, and ample space for workshops. Upon the ground floor the entrance hall is commanded by the superintendent's apartments, which are placed on the left, while the store-room and cook's apartments occupy about the same space on the right. Immediately in front of the entrance are the stairs, of fire-proof construction, which lead to the three stories of sleeping apartments; and opposite the stairs, on the ground floor, is a good sized lavatory for day use. The coffee-room is directly in front of the staircase hall, and extends to the back of the building, communicating on one side with a reading-room and on the other with a kitchen for the use of the inmates. It is a lofty room, divided into aisles by iron columns supporting an open roof of stained timbers, lighted by a large window at the further end, two smaller side windows, and sheets of rough plate glass in the roof.

Boxes are fitted with tables and seats round three sides, and the room is warmed by hot water pipes. A cook's bar opens into the coffee-room, for the supply of coffee, &c. The reading-room, size 60 feet by 21, is warmed by open fires, and intended to be furnished with some of the daily papers and popular periodicals. The kitchen, 42 by 21 feet, for the use of the inmates, contains two ranges, provided with hot water, a sink with cold water, and common apparatus for cooking purposes. From this kitchen a stone staircase leads to a portion of the basement containing 234 meat safes, all under lock and key, raised on brick piers, placed in ranges back to back, with ample space for ventilation. The cook's shop is connected with the men's kitchen by a bar, from which cooked provisions may be obtained at almost every hour of the day. The three upper stories are fitted with sleeping apartments on each side of the corridors. These rooms are all furnished with iron bedsteads and suitable bed furniture. There is also in each a locker for linen and clothes, with a false bottom for the admission of air, so that the sleeping berths can be ventilated at the pleasure of the lodgers. All the doors are secured by spring latches, of which each inmate has his own key. On each floor are lavatories, fitted with cast-iron enamel basins, set in slate fittings. The partitions forming the sleeping apartments are kept below the ceiling, for the purpose of ventilation, and the corridors have windows at each end, to insure a thorough draft when necessary. With respect to ventilation, the principal agent is a shaft, which rises one hundred feet, into which several of the smoke flues are conveyed, and by which means a powerful upper current is maintained. The sleeping apartments and other principal rooms are connected by vitiated air flues with the ventilating shafts, and the current is regulated at pleasure by means of dampers under the control of the superintendent. Large cisterns in the roofs, and smaller ones in other parts of the building, afford an ample supply of water to every part of the premises. Every floor has an opening, secured by an iron door, into a dust shaft, communicating with a dust cellar in the basement. The whole building is well lighted by gas. The terms 3*s.* per week in advance. Each inmate will have besides his sleeping apartment the use of the coffee-room, reading-room, and the public kitchen, where he may cook his own food, or he can obtain ready cooked provisions from the cook's shop. Every lodger is furnished with a small larder, under his own lock and key, has free access to the wash-house at certain times of the day, and can by the payment of a small sum have a hot or cold bath."

Apropos of the office-seeking of nowadays, we have been favored with a letter from a suffering correspondent, which shows so much of genuine expression, and is withal pervaded with an air of *bonhomie*, so unusual either in letter-writers or in office-seekers, that we print it without any hesitation; and while we commend it to the tender regards of the authorities of Washington, we shall solicit, in our own behoof, a continuance of a correspondence so *naive* and so confiding.

"Mr. Editor," he begins, "you know that in the last campaign I worked like a slave, or if you do not know it, I can bring any number of men in our town to certify to the fact, and get, if necessary, the affidavit (or whatever you call it) of a Justice of the Peace. I swore that Frank Pierce was the charmingest fellow that ever yet allowed his name to be used for any paltry office in the gift of the people; and that it was with the greatest reluctance, and all that sort of thing, that he would allow his name to be used at all, being wedded, as it were, to a quiet life of great usefulness, up in New Hampshire. As for Mr. King, I spoke of him as a hale and hearty man—none of your Taylors or Harrisons, who would be dying off directly, but likely to live, and do an immense deal of good, as long as the people wished him. I was unfortunate in this last statement, to be sure; but about Pierce, I was nearer right.

"So when Pierce came in, I thought it no more than the fair thing that I should have some sort of office, being not much overstocked with the 'ready,' and having increased the Democratic majority in our county at least three or four per cent. over last year. My first application was, in a quiet way, for the Post Office of our town; but here I found that fourteen prominent members of the party were before me; and each one of them having a longer list of 'backers' than I could hope to obtain, I gave it up.

"My next effort was for a fat Western appointment—either Governor of a Territory, or receiver of public moneys, or something in that way. Our Congressman elect gave me a letter of commendation, but here I found myself forestalled by twenty-seven applications, among whom were seven ex-Governors, five ex-Members of Congress, eleven cousins or brothers-in-law of the Cabinet officers, and one ex-candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

"As there seemed very little hope of such an appointment, I moderated my wishes so far as to think contentedly of a consulate, with good perquisites. On making my intentions known, I was told that I must book my application, and produce my papers, before an answer could be given. Upon the books I found just seventy-eight applicants for the consulate selected, numbering several clergymen, broken-down authors, invalid Members of Congress, and country relatives of the various departments.

"My bills at the National Hotel were running on pretty heavily; sundry bottles of Champagne, drank at frequent intervals with a young gentleman who *seemed* very familiar with the authorities, and who promised to be of great service to me, proved after all a very shabby investment.

"A week ago I determined to give up the consulate, and make application for some small place in the Customs, or in one of the Bureaus. But as I grew more modest, I found that the number of rivals was on the increase; so that it is my firm advice to any man, who is really serious in his wish for place, to strike as high as his character will allow of, at the outset. It is the course I shall pursue in the event of our having another Democratic administration, and my becoming candidate for office again—which, however, I am inclined to doubt.

"President Pierce is a gentlemanly enough man, and said he was glad to see me, and asked after my wife and family; all which is very well in its way, but doesn't pay my bill at the National, or help me much toward getting a place.

"I have nearly made up my mind to withdraw altogether from politics, and stick to country business, being satisfied that it pays better in the long run.

"I advise you the same; and remain,

"Your obedient servant."

We are just now in the receipt of a very pleasant letter from an old friend of Tioga County, who has gone on to Washington, to renew a mail contract with the present Government; and his letter unites so much of fair observation with warrantable pleasantry, that

we venture to run the risk of his displeasure in publishing it:

"My dear Sir—You know this is my first visit to the Great Capital; and a very queer place it is. First of all, the town bids fair to be a mammoth town, when the civilization of half a century shall have filled up the gaps between the gaunt skeletons of the public buildings and squares, and put the finishing touch to that monster obelisk, which they call, with a pretty poetic license, the Washington Monument.

"The Mills monument to Jackson (on horseback) has, you know, been the subject of very general eulogium; and considering the comparatively untaught ability of the artist, has received deserved encomium. But I can not say that it altogether pleases me. The metal (bronze) seems of by far too flashy a tint, and though highly creditable as a first specimen of heavy casting in bronze in this country, does still lack very much of that *mellowness of tone* which belongs to a couple of bronze vases on either side of the equestrian statue, and which were purchased in Paris, by the late lamented Mr. Downing. I can well say the lamented Mr. Downing, in view of the public grounds here, which had begun to receive a fashioning from his artistic hand, that I fear greatly no man in the country will have the accomplishment adequately to complete. Yet, even as they stand, I do assure you that the grounds here, of the Capitol and President's Square, give a better idea of the finish, and the artistic grouping, of the true *jardin Anglais*, than any thing else that has ever fallen under my eye in this country

"But I began to speak of Mills's Jackson. It is not only very bright, but it has the air of a child's toy, from its being perched so adroitly upon two legs. Now, strange as it may seem, I understand that it has been greatly admired, and that the artist greatly plumes himself, by reason of the merely *mechanical* triumph, of balancing a horse upon two legs; and it is urgently suggested by his admirers hereabouts, that no other equestrian statue in the world balances itself upon two legs, without help from the tail!

"Is this not an Americanism? Is it not a palpable and unfortunate evidence of the way in which we graft our every-day mechanism even upon the highest order of Art! A horse balanced upon two legs!

"Well, what if he does balance? Are there not thousands in the toy-shops that do the same? To be sure, it requires a very nice adjustment of material; but, the moment an artist leads us to ponder upon his nice measurement of balances, he leads us away from that higher appreciation of his ideal power, which the *expression* of his sculpture ought to command. Therefore it is, that I, simple mail-contractor from 'up-North,' do characterize the popular feature in this horseback Jackson as its worst feature. And I venture to predict, that Mr. Mills will lose by the fatuity which has led him to this mechanic conquest, in future times, as much as he gains by it now.

"Who cares, forsooth, whether Mr. Mills's horse stands firmly on two legs? who *will* care a hundred years hence?

"But the whole world will care, if Mr. Mills has rendered adequately the fiery and the indomitable spirit of the old General who fought among the cotton-bags, and who won, deservedly, whole harvests of renown. It is a misfortune, that in view of Mr. Mills's statue, we forget Jackson, the resolute, and think of Jackson's horse, the accomplished!

"How shall I tell you any thing of the companies of people who are here on the chase for offices? There are old men, grown gray in service, struggling with such show of civility as they can furbish up out of their years of toil—very earnest, and very hopeful. Indeed, it is a sad thing to find very many poor fellows, grown old over the cramping desk, and in the latest hours of life—finding their occupation gone. What becomes of them all? I have puzzled my brain overmuch with the inquiry.

"You don't know what a capital place for the study of human nature, is some such hotel as the National, in these first weeks of the new Government. Here and there you will see loitering some laggard member of the House, or of the Senate, very patronizing to the scores who have come up from 'his district'—very recipient of their dinners and juleps—and full to the brim of promises. He prides himself upon the easy *entrée* he possesses to the cabinets of the Ministers and to the seclusion of the President; he talks with an easy and self-satisfied air of his advice to various members of the Government Council, and clinches his assertions with unmistakable oaths.

"The new appointee to some place of moment is generous to a fault—prodigal of his advice to young members of the office-seeking craft, and a man pointed at in the corridors, as an enviable dog.

"The 'hanger-on' at Washington I have found to be a craftsman of great capacity and much glibness It seems to be uncertain whether the hanger-on is a candidate for any thing more than stray drinks at the bar, and influential social alliances. He certainly keeps his wishes very much in the dark; and in so far is an extremely judicious fellow. He is also eminent, so far as my observation goes, as an easy and well-informed conversationist, engrossing very much of the talk at private suppers, and a shrewd observer of 'what is in the wind.'

"The correspondent of the New York papers is immensely knowing—wholly above the small-fry of office-seekers—very strong upon his salary—very familiar with officials, whether in the Cabinet or at the bar—and scowling immensely with the terseness of his brain-preponderance.

"The town-politician, from some far-away parish of the country, and little versed in the ways of such a Babel as this, makes small speeches under the influence of bar-room liquor, and wonders why the Government does not act quicker—in the direction of the town appointments intrusted to his charge. He is sanguine of carrying a few postmasters', and tide-waiters', and surveyors' fate, beneath his blue coat and brass buttons.

"There is to be added to this galaxy, your hopeful, innocent young man, who has 'strong' letters from the member of Congress, and a district judge, and an eminent merchant, and the selectmen of his town, and who is confident of carrying away in his breeches-pocket a commission for a valuable consulate. It may be that he has set his hopes on one in special, which, on inquiring, he finds is beset by seventeen rival applicants, and is worth something like three hundred dollars a year!

"As for brother contractors, they are of all grades, and very deserving men among them; and having 'settled my own hash' satisfactorily, I shall leave them to squabble it out with the wire-pullers, and shall turn my back upon the capital, with as great good-will as ever I turned my back upon any thing in the world. Yours to command,

"Sandy."

In Paris, they tell us, among other novelties, they have revived the old painting habit of rouge; so that

blooming cheeks are again at a discount—only because they are liable to suspicion. A new blanching powder has, it seems, been prepared from vegetable matter, said in nowise to injure the complexion, and not to leave the ugly "next morning" haggardness which followed the chalk. Rici is the man. And a present kiss of a French lady's cheek, is, the paragraph-makers tell us, no better (and no worse) than a spoonful of "*potage au riz!*"

We dread the extension of this habit to our own side of the water; though it doubtless will come, with the hats and the gloves.

Editor's Drawer.

WE touched upon (but did by no means exhaust) in the last "Drawer," the subject of Spiritual Rappings; and we propose still farther to preserve in these pages, like flies in amber, some of the follies of the day, as exhibited by the devotees of "Spiritualism," as it is called. We have encountered two very amusing incidents connected with this subject, which we shall proceed to relate.

The first is related by a London editor, who had paid a visit to an exhibitor and his "mediums," and who himself performed certain "experiments," which are amusing enough to the public, but could scarcely have been very entertaining to the exhibitor, a Mr. Purcell.

Having been "put in communication" with the Spirits, and instructed in the management of the invisible alphabet, he proceeded to ask divers and sundry questions calculated to test their presence and intelligence. Being a scholar, and reverting to the classics in his thoughts, the visitor called up one of the *Eumenides*, one of that awful troop who "swore" so fearfully in Æschylus. The spirit at once assured him of her presence! The result of the interview was, that she died six years ago, aged twenty-five years, leaving seven children. He called her back subsequently, to ask her, mentally, what *sect* she belonged to in life; and the answer was, *a Jew!* A Greek ghost embracing Judaism!

To show how completely the answers were made at random, where no clew was given, and only "yes" or "no" is required, here are four questions written by the visitor on a piece of paper, and the answers which he received:

"Had the ghost of Hamlet's father *seventeen noses?*"

"Yes."

"Had Semiramis?"

"Yes."

"Was Pontius Pilate an American?"

"No."

"Was he a leading tragedian?"

"Yes!"

The exhibitor also called up the spirit of an old family servant, who at an advanced age married an elderly woman, and who subsequently drowned himself. And these were the questions and answers, as written down on the spot:

"Does James miss his children?"

"Yes!"

(He never had any.)

"How many had he?"

"Yes!!"

"How many boys?"

"Yes!!"

"What did he die of?"

"Wafer!"

The exhibitor explained that there was only a mistake in a letter; that the spirits meant to say that the deceased had died of *water* on the chest!

As the visitor had been so very successful in getting correct answers, and was evidently regarded by the spirits with singular partiality, they never declining to answer any questions he chose to put to them, it occurred to him to ask one more question, which he wrote on a piece of paper, and showed to the exhibitor, as, in fact, he did all the others. That question was this:

"Is Mrs. Hayden" (the 'medium' on the occasion) "*an impostor?*"

"*Yes!!*" was the unequivocating answer, which, "to make assurance doubly sure," was *twice* repeated, and twice answered in the affirmative. This was considered the most "satisfactory" answer of the evening!

Our next incident is so amusingly recorded by a Philadelphia contemporary, that we quote the "undeniable fact" entire:

"Miss Phœbe Barrett does kitchen duty at a respectable mansion on Eleventh-street. The lady of the house, having had melancholy experience in the matrimonial way, resolves that all her female assistants shall be *maids* in every sense of the word. With this object in view, she forbids the reception of any masculine visitors on her premises. But as a mutual love affair has grown up between Miss Phœbe and a young wheelwright named Reuben McCandlish, the orders were not strictly obeyed. The interviews between them took place in the wash-house. In the midst of an interesting dialogue, at night, they were interrupted by approaching footsteps. No other place of concealment being at hand, the young man was obliged to take sanctuary in a large copper wash-kettle.

"Scarcely had he settled himself before the lady entered. Her husband wished to take a foot-bath, and she directed the horror-stricken Phœbe to fill the kettle, and kindle a fire under it. 'Now,' thought the concealed lover, 'I shall get myself into hot-water for certain.' The perplexed Phœbe stood for a moment irresolute. What could she do? Drawing a pail of water from the hydrant, she poured it slowly into the copper vessel.

"A slight tapping was heard from within.

"'What noise is that?' asked the mistress.

"'I think,' answered Phœbe, 'it must be one of the Spirit-Rappers; I hear it often.'

"'Indeed,' cried the lady, 'I'll have no Spirit-Rappers in my kettles; dash in the water and drown them out.'

"Another pail-full of the cold fluid was poured in, and a profound sigh, not the passionate sigh of an ardent lover, but a sigh of misery and despair, came from the interior.

"'That's the spirit,' exclaimed Phœbe.

"'It seems to be an unhappy one,' exclaimed the lady; 'I've heard that sort often cry for cold water. Let him have a little more of it.'

"Another bucket-full was accordingly pitched in.

"'Fire-and-fury!' yelled the wheelwright lover, starting up, 'you put too much water on your *spirits;* I can't stand it.'

"Then, making a dart for the door, he executed a masterly retreat across the yard and out of the back gate; but one of the police-agents, observing his disorderly appearance and hasty exit, very justifiably arrested him on suspicion of burglary. He shivered out the night at the watch-house, and sent for Phœbe in the morning to prove that he was an innocent lover, and not a villainous house-breaker. This fact established, he regained his liberty."

SOMEBODY, on one occasion, annoyed at being advised by one to do this, and by another to do that, burst out with—

"There are societies every where for the suppression of all sorts of vice under the sun, except one; and I wish with all my heart there was one to suppress *that!*"

Being asked what that vice was, he answered:

"*Ad*-vice; a vice which has not unfrequently done as much harm as any other in the world."

This may have proved true of many kinds of advice; but the following "piece of advice" must recommend itself to the good sense of every reader:

"If any thing in the world will make a man feel badly, even more so than pinching his finger in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever failed to think less of himself after it than he did before. It degrades him in the eyes of others; and what is worse, it blunts his sensibility on the one hand, and increases the power and passion of irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on the better—the better for us, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care so to live that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he insults you, the wisest way is just to *let him alone;* for there is nothing better, nothing that will sooner "heap coals of fire" upon your enemy's head, than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs one meets with in this world."

As you walk up Broadway some fine sunny summer's morning, and encounter as you walk the little specimens of dandified humanity which there abound, call to mind the class of which individually they are the representatives, and of which some keen observer and faithful limner has given the following description:

"THE DANDY is the sum-total of coats, hats, boots, vests, neckcloths, gloves, etc. He is the creation of the tailor. His destiny is bound up in broadcloth and fine linen. His worth can only be estimated by the yard, cloth-measure. One is puzzled to tell whether he is a female gentleman or a male lady. He combines the little weaknesses and foibles of both sexes, but knows nothing of the good qualities of either. He is a human poodle, dandled at home in the lap of effeminacy, but the sport and butt of every sensible dog when he ventures into the street. On pleasant days he exhibits himself upon the fashionable promenades, to the admiration, as he supposes, of every lady who is fortunate enough to cross his path. He *does nothing*—either for himself or others. The severest labor his hands find to do, is to carry a dainty cane along with him in his daily walks. The only "head-work" to which he would stoop, is to twist and curl a reluctant *mustache*, or bathe his glossy locks and ringlets in 'odors sweet.' He is inconsolable over a soiled boot, and would be driven to distraction were he compelled to appear in tumbled linen. 'Original sin,' with him, consists in not being born with a full suit, cut and made in the latest Parisian style. In fine, his soul lies in his clothes."

WHAT parent who has ever been called to lay a cherished child in the "dark and narrow house," can read the following without the tenderest emotion? It was suggested to the writer by hearing the remark of one who, passing a grave-yard, was arrested for a moment by a funeral. "'*Tis only a child*," said he, and passed on

"Oh! had you ever been a mother—had you nightly pillowed that little velvet head upon your breast—had you waited for the first intelligent glance from those blue eyes—had you watched its slumbers, tracing the features of him who stole your girlish heart away—had you wept a widow's tears over its unconscious head—had your desolate, timid heart gained courage from that little piping voice, to wrestle with the jostling crowd for daily bread—had its loving smiles and prattling words been sweet recompense for such sad exposure—had the lonely future been brightened by the hope of that young arm to lean upon, that bright eye for your guiding star—had you never framed a plan, or known a hope or fear, of which that child was not a part. If there was naught else on earth left for you to love—if disease came, and its eye grew dim; and food, and rest, and sleep were forgotten in your anxious fears—if you paced the floor hour by hour with that fragile burden, when your very touch seemed to give comfort and healing to that little quivering frame—had the star of hope set at last—then, had you hung over its dying pillow, when the strong breast you should have wept on was in the grave, where your child was hastening—had you caught *alone*, its last faint cry for the 'help' you could not give—had its last fluttering sigh breathed out on *your* breast—oh! could you have said—'*'Tis only* a child?'"

WAS it "Old Parr," or was it that "old bear," Dr. Johnson?—we think it was the former—who was present on one occasion at an evening party in London, which numbered very many distinguished persons (himself, however, the "king amang them a'"), when a voluble young man, with more assurance than accomplishments, or real intellectual merit, was introduced to the society present, and after a little time managed to monopolize almost the entire conversation, and to cause a cessation in that genial interchange of thought and feeling which constitutes the charm of a social circle. Parr and his friends were silenced, while the "wishy-washy, everlasting flood" of small-talk was spuming out of the one mouth.

"A silence still as death," however, and an utter absence of reply or comment, presently silenced the voluble conversationist; and finding that he was no longer heeded, and that a "cold shoulder" seemed turned toward him from every corner of the drawing-room, the "conversational bore" arose, asked the servant for his hat, and with ill concealed mortification, took a hasty and awkward farewell of the company upon whom he had so impudently intruded.

When he had at last gone, there was a mingled murmur of approbation and contempt from the persons present; and at length some one asked of "Old Parr" who that wordy and ostentatious gentleman was who had just left the room.

The Doctor drew the questioner's ear close to his mouth, with an air of the utmost mystery, and in a subdued voice, most like a hoarse whisper which, however, could be heard in every part of the room, replied:

"I may be wrong in my impression; and I have made it a rule, in my intercourse with society, never to give way to a suspicion without first ascertaining that I have good *grounds* for such a suspicion. In this case I may be entirely wrong in my conjecture, but since you have asked me in confidence, I will frankly tell you what—"

(Here he drew his listener's ear closer to his lips as he spoke.)

"I really do suspect—*I am afraid he is a—Lawyer!*"

His suspicions were correct. It was the counterpart of, if not the very man, who had just advertised

in the "Public Advertiser," one hundred and eighty suits at law for sale; adding, as an inducement to his professional brethren, who might be inclined to purchase, that his "clients were rich, and—obstinate!"

PERHAPS the readers of "The Drawer" may laugh, as we could not avoid doing, over the subjoined "*Swinological Reminiscence*," describing a visit which the writer once paid to a celebrated porcine physician in Missouri, for the purpose of consulting him touching the case of a valuable porker, belonging to his uncle, that had exhibited symptoms of being either mad or bewitched. After hearing the diagnosis, treatment, and last symptoms of the sick swine, the "Doctor" favored his visitor with the following prescription:

"When you go back," said he, "tell your uncle to have the hog ketched agin, and cut off about an inch from the end of his tail, and catch nine drops of blood from outen it. Then pull nine *brustles* from outen his back, and cut each on 'em into nine pieces. Then take nine spoonsfuls of molasses and nine spoonsfuls of flour, and put the blood and the pieces of brustles into 'em, and work 'em all together; and when you get 'em mixed, divide it out into nine parts, and roll 'em into nine balls: and then you've got to take one of these balls, each day for nine days, and do with it as I'm going to tell you.

"Three folks must go into a dark room at nine o'clock in the evenin', where there's a fire a-burnin', and a skillet a-settin' by the fire. They must go in back'ards, each on 'em with the ball betwixt his thumb and fore-finger; and when they git in, they must turn to the right, go up to the skillet, and put the ball into it. Then they must all three on 'em take hold of the skillet together, turn clean round nine times, and put it on the fire. The oldest one of the company must then take a piece of chalk and draw a circle on the floor, and when he's got it draw'd, he must stand up on his head in the middle of it, lettin' the other two hold him up strait, while he says over a psalm, three times backwards. He must then take the ball from the skillet, draw three of the brustles from outen it, and throw 'em in the fire, and then put the ball back in the skillet again. The other two must then go through with the same motions, and when they've got through, all of 'em must take holt of the ball the same way they helt it when they come in, and turn around to the right nine times, and throw it into the fire. Mind, now, you're not to speak a word, except sayin' the psalm backwards, while you're doin' what I'm tellin' you; for if you do, the charm will be broke, and you'll have to do it all over agin. Ef you do precisely as I tell you, it 'll knock 'em as cold as krout; but if it *don't*, I'll tell you what *will*. Build a log-heap outen nine kinds of wood, nine logs of each kind, and each kind on different days. Ketch the hog, and tie him, and fling him on the log-heap, and set it a-fire, and I guess it 'll make the witches howl! You mustn't say a word while you're gettin' the logs, and puttin' up the log-heap, nor while the hog's a-burnin'!"

There can be little doubt that the bewitched swine was soon placed out of danger by this unique mode of treatment; a mode of treatment, let us add, that had many a precedent in the olden days gone by. Who has not heard of hundreds of such, that have come down to us from tradition? Turning up a stone in a meadow, and spitting under it, and then replacing the stone in its earthy bed, we have heard in our own day prescribed by an old lady, as sovereign specific against that most tantalizing and agonizing of all afflictions, the toothache, so eloquently and poetically depicted by Burns. Moreover, the mystery of *numbers* was always a potent worker of miracles in the healing art; of which we have another example—quite as effective as the number *nine* in the preceding sketch—which we may present in a subsequent number of this desultory *omnium gatherum*.

THE "element of unexpectedness" was never more thoroughly exemplified than in the following lines by one of Connecticut's most genial poets, the lamented J. G. C. Brainard. They are not new, of course; but it is many years since we saw them in print; and the readers of "The Drawer" who may have seen them, will enjoy them equally with those who have not:

Solemn he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships:
"I have been where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; and I have sailed
In the thick night by the wave-washed coast
Of Labrador, and by pitiless fields of ice
In acres; and I have seen the whale and sword-fish
Fight beneath my bows; and when they made the deep
Boil like a pot, have swung into its vortex;
And I know to *meet* such dangers with a sailor's skill,
And *brave* such dangers with a sailor's heart;
But never yet, or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I with—a METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE!
"Cat-head, nor beam, nor davit has it none,
Larboard, nor starboard, gunwale, stem, nor stern;
It 'comes in such a questionable shape,'
You can not even speak it: up jib, Josey,
And put away for Bridgeport; there, where
Fairweather Beach, Rock-Island and the Buoy
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest;
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
How that a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by—a METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE."

The lines explain themselves. In a sudden spring freshet the Thames River, running past Norwich, overflowed its banks, and a Methodist meeting-house, standing upon the left bank, floated off into Long Island Sound, and was encountered, as narrated, far from land, by the captain of a Charleston schooner. The mingled sublimity and fun of the lines are truly admirable.

IT is Goethe, we believe, who says: "The longer I live in the world the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*, invincible determination; and honest purpose, once fixed, and then—victory! That quality can do every thing that *can* be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a man without it."

Is it not so? Look at the greatest *Self-made Men* that have lived, and *see* if it be not: The discoverer Columbus was a weaver; Franklin was a journeyman printer; Niebuhr was a peasant; Rollin the historian a cutler's apprentice, Burns a plowman; De Foe was a shoemaker's boy, and afterward a cabin-boy; Virgil was a Roman baker's lad, and Hogarth an engraver's apprentice; Gifford was a shoemaker; Sir Richard Arkwright was a barber; Sir Humphrey Davy was a currier's apprentice; Kirk White was the son of a butcher, and himself a "butcher-boy;" the Empress Catharine of Russia was a peasant, and lived as a servant for many years; and even Shakspeare himself was poor and a menial.

What was it besides "energy," genius, "invincible determination," that *made* these great personages among the most renowned of the world?

Is there not something very touching, very tender and very true, in the reflections which ensue? They are from an English journal:

"In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements sink into nothing. The WIFE—she who fills so large a sphere in the domestic heaven; she who is busied, so unwearied, in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered over head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful."

SOME pompous persons have a way of saying the plainest things in the most swelling manner; a manner which is an infallible exemplification of a weak mind. An American writer, of a rare humor, once satirized this species of affectation, by expanding a few plain, every-day maxims into high-sounding phrases. The following are examples:

"*He looks two ways for Sunday.*"

"One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics (squint) is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath."

"*Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.*"

"Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform."

"*Let well enough alone.*"

"Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude."

"*The least said the soonest mended.*"

"The minimum of an offensive remark is repaired with the greatest promptitude."

"'*Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.*"

"That gale is truly diseased, which puffeth benefactions to nonentity!"

SOME "Home-Rambler," in the State of Maine, has been visiting, among other places, the town of Augusta, and an ancient cemetery thereof, from which he extracted sundry epitaphs that are as amusing as any that have heretofore appeared in "The Drawer." We present a selection from them. The first is a lesson as well as an epitaph:

> "Here, beneath this stone, there lies,
> Waiting a summons to the skies,
> The body of SAMUEL JINKING:
> He was an honest Christian man,
> His fault was, that he took and ran
> Suddenly to drinking.
> Whoever reads this tablet o'er,
> Take warning now, and drink no more!"

The next is "short, pithy, sententious:"

> ——"After Life's *Scarlet Fever*,
> I sleep well."

The "Home-Rambler" was astonished beyond measure to find in an old New-England grave-yard an advertising epitaph, quite as remarkable as the one so often quoted from a stone in the Père La Chaise at Paris; an advertisement for a husband, too, by a buxom young widow, on the very monument that commemorated her "loss!" Listen to the veritable record:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. Random, who died August the sixth, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who *can* be comforted, aged only twenty-four, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at —— street, in this village!"

WE know of nothing in Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Tales and Sketches of the Irish Peasantry" (one of the most natural and characteristic of all the books which describe the peculiarities of the Irish, in the "lower walks" of that unhappy country, that we have ever encountered), that excels the following specimen which some months ago found a place in our receptacle, cut from an American paper printed at the South. It is a striking illustration of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." A round-faced, curly-haired Hibernian inquires at the post-office for a letter for himself. But the questions and answers are more effective than the story, in detail, would be; so we present it as originally given:

PAT.—"Have ye iver a letther for meself?"

URBANE CLERK.—"What *name?*"

PAT.—"Why, me *own* name, av coorse; whose *else?*"

CLERK (*still* urbane).—"Well, what *is* your name?"

PAT.—"Me name's the same as me father's afore me, and would be yet, only he's dead."

CLERK (not *quite* so urbane).—"Well, what do you call *yourself?*"

PAT.—"I calls meself a gintleman; and it's a pity there aren't a couple of us!"

CLERK (with dignity).—"Stand back!"

PAT.—"It's 'back' I'll stand when I gits my letther."

CLERK (sternly).—"How can I give it to you, if you don't tell me who you are, you stupid bog-trotter?"

PAT.—"Thin is *that* what you're paid for, abusin' honest people that comes for their rights? Give me the letther, or by the whiskers o' Kate Kearney's cat, I'll cast me vote agin ye, when I gets me papers."

CLERK (very nearly angry).—"You blundering blockhead, can't you tell me how your letter is *addressed?*"

PAT (contemptuously).—"'Dressed!' How should it be dressed, barrin' a sheet ov paper, like any other letther?"

CLERK (*decidedly* angry).—"Confound you! can't you tell me who you *are?*"

PAT.—"Bedad, I'm an Irishman, bred and born, seed, breed, and ginneration. Me father was cousin to Larry Magra', and me mother belonged to the Mooneys of Killmanaisy. You're an ignorant ould spalpeen; and if ye'll creep out o' your dirty hole, I'll welt you like a new shoe; and if you get any more satisfaction out of me, me name is not BARNEY O'FLYNN!"

CLERK (mollified).—"Oh, *that's* your name is it?"

And in whist-phrase, he "shuffles" the letters, "deals" one to Barney, who "cuts."

DOUBTLESS many of our readers have often laughed over the somewhat ridiculous titles to the musical pieces which are every day coming before the public; titles oftentimes derived from the first line of the song; such as, "When my Eye," "Be still, my Heart," "Come to me, then," and the like. Some wag has hit off this indefiniteness of meaning in the following harmless satire:

"The following pieces of music have been laid on our table during the last three months:

"'*Ah, Why! ah, Why!*' Cavatina, from the unpublished opera of '*Oh, Don't! Oh, Don't!*' Price 25 cents.

"'*With Verdance clad,*' from the oratorio of '*The Green Countryman*'—38 cents. The andante and allegro movement is very fine throughout this magnificent piece.

"'*Dearest, I believe I love you.*' Ballad—75 cents.

"'Dearest, I believe I love you,
Yes, my dear, I'm sure I do,
And, like the canopy above you,
I'm always found true-blue.'

"'*My Back is like a broken Bow.*' Ballad—written by a poet; music by an amateur.

"'*A. Jackson, Esq.*' A thrilling song—25 cents.

"'When you see their eyes glisten, oh, then, my men, fire,
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson, Esquire!'"

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many by-standers:

"Jumping into an old-fashioned stage-coach last month, in company with nine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "Down-Easter" and a high-heeled Southerner. We were scarcely seated, before our Yankee began:

"'Traveling East, I expect?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Oh, ah: to New York, maybe?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Calc'latin' to buy goods, I presume?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Never *ben* there before, I wouldn't wonder?'

"'No, sir; never.'

"'New York is a wonderful place.'

"'Such is my impression, sir.'

"'Got letters, I expect?'

"'Yes, sir; I am provided with letters of introduction.'

"'Wouldn't mind showin' you reound myself a spell, if you wanted.'

"'I thank you, sir; but I shall not require your assistance.'

"This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser; and the 'inquisitor' fell back a moment to take breath, and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still further exertions; and summoning up more resolution, he began again:

"'Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just obleege me?'

"This last appeal brought out our Southern friend; who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied:

"'My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and I am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to—*buy it!*'

"Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage-coach; and this was the last of *that* conversation!"

The following anecdote, said by a London journal to be entirely true, would seem to indicate a high state of intelligence in certain parts of "enlightened England:"

"The Bishop of Oxford sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was the following:

"'Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?'

"The church-warden near Wallingford replied:

"'Our officiating clergyman preaches the Gospel, but he doesn't keep a carriage of any kind!'"

Now this reply *may* have been intended as a joke, to which there was strong temptation in the word "carriage," but that it *was* intended as such, does not seem to have been the opinion of the London editor who relates it.

By-the-by, we remember a similar joke once perpetrated by an office-holder, in Alabama, if we recollect rightly, which resulted in rather serious consequences to the perpetrator. The Postmaster-General had written him a letter somewhat like the following:

"Dear Sir—You will please inform this Department how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

"Respectfully, &c., Postmaster-General."

The return mail brought to the Department the annexed curt reply:

"Sir—In answer to yours of the — instant, I have to state that the Tombigbee River doesn't *run up at all!*"

This brief epistle was followed by one equally terse, and equally effective. It ran as follows:

"Sir—You are hereby informed that this Department has no longer any occasion for your services.

"Respectfully, &c., Postmaster-General."

The "beheaded" officer was often heard to say afterward, that he lost a good office by a poor joke.

The following anecdote affords an amusing specimen of simplicity and ignorance of common things in two eminent literary men:

Cottle the publisher drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way, to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed, gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist; Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handy Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marveled by what magic it had ever been got on. "La, master!" said the servant-girl, who was passing by, "you don't go the right way to work;" and *turning round* the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and Wordsworth have spent nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

Literary Notices.

Memorials of the English Martyrs, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This deeply interesting volume is written, not only with the spirit of the antiquarian, but of the Protestant Christian. The author has devoted himself with untiring diligence to the examination of local English antiquities, which preserve the memory of the Protestant martyrs, and here sets forth the fruit of his researches in an eloquent and impressive manner. Among the places to which he has made a pious pilgrimage, Smithfield, Lutterworth, Gloucester, and Oxford, are most conspicuous. The characters of Wycliffe (who though not strictly a martyr, is commemorated as a noble witness for the truth), Hooper, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, are drawn in vivid colors; and a variety of interesting facts are brought forward in illustration of their lives. In the present state of the Protestant controversy with the Church of Rome, this volume will be regarded as a seasonable publication, and can not fail to attract a numerous class of readers.

Marco Paul in Boston, is the title of the latest volume of Jacob Abbott's popular serial, describing the adventures of his little hero while traveling in pursuit of knowledge. One of the chapters is devoted to State-street, and gives a lively delineation of that famous stronghold of Boston money-dealers. The volume exhibits the sturdy common sense and familiar knowledge of every-day affairs, which never forsake Mr. Abbott when writing for young people. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Speller, Definer, and Reader, by Mrs. Vaughan. This is quite an ingenious attempt to pave a royal road to learning with gold and precious stones, by a Southern lady of successful experience as a teacher. It is highly recommended by practical instructors, and deserves the attention of the profession. (Published by Daniel Burgess and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have issued the closing volume of Lamartine's *History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France*, extending from the death of Napoleon to the abdication of Charles X. The period embraces a series of the most interesting events in the modern history of France, and furnishes occasion to numerous admirable portraitures in Lamartine's most brilliant style. The sketch of the character and reign of Louis XVIII. is masterly, combining the author's usual felicity of delineation with more than his usual discrimination and accuracy of thought. The student of politics will find ample food for reflection in the history of the negotiations and intrigues which attended the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, while the general reader will be richly rewarded by the charming narratives which profusely abound in this fascinating volume.

Lindsay and Blakiston have published *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Norfolk, Va.*, by William S. Forrest, containing a description of several of the principal objects of interest in Eastern Virginia, copious antiquarian reminiscences, and a variety of personal incidents and anecdotes. The volume displays a good deal of research, an enthusiastic attachment to the Old Dominion, and an easy and unaffected style of narrative. The interest of the work is not confined to the inhabitants of the great State, celebrated as the "mother of statesmen," but it will be eagerly read by all who cherish a taste for the primitive or current annals of distinguished localities.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Harper's edition of Coleridge's Works, edited by Professor Shedd, contain the *Literary Remains*, *The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, *The Constitution of the Church and State*, *Table Talk*, and other miscellanies. The rich suggestiveness of the *Table Talk*, the originality of its criticisms, and the genial appreciation of the most opposite classes of literary merit, united with its occasional paradox and petulance, will always make it a favorite with readers of taste, although they may find little to attract them in the author's profound, yet fragmentary speculations in philosophy. There is no work which more fully embodies the spirit of modern cultivation than this teeming production. Another volume will complete the edition.

Reason and Faith, and *Other Miscellanies*, by Henry Rogers. (Published by Crosby and Nichols.) In this collection of articles from the Edinburgh Review, we discover less originality and depth of thought than love of literature, refined and agreeable criticism, and polished elegance of expression. The subjects, for the most part, are of a highly attractive character for the scholar, and are not altogether destitute of popular interest. We may refer to the essays on *Thomas Fuller*, *Andrew Marvell*, *Luther*, and *Pascal*, as admirable specimens of literary discussion. The more argumentative pieces, in our opinion, do not display the ability of the author to so great advantage.

The Old Man's Bride, by T. S. Arthur. (Published by Charles Scribner.) This is one of Mr. Arthur's most characteristic productions, showing the skill with which he weaves an important moral into a simple, but not ungraceful narrative. It will add to his already honorable reputation.

A Stray Yankee in Texas, by Philip Paxton. (Published by Redfield.) This is a genuine production of the American soil, full of the stirring incident, brisk movement, rough humor, and fresh, unsophisticated nature, which mark our Southwestern frontier. Whoever has a taste for the hearty, free, and jovial life of the backwoodsman, will find a great deal to his mind in this spirited volume.

Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.) The writer of this graphic narrative was a Paisley weaver, who finding himself cornered for want of employment at home, was tempted, with so many thousands of his countrymen, to seek his fortune in the United States. He arrived at New York with sanguine hopes of rapid prosperity, but meeting with little prospect of encouragement in his trade, he took the desperate resolution of enlisting as a private soldier in the American army. Soon after, the Mexican war broke out, and he was ordered to the scene of action, his regiment forming part of the command of General Scott. He was present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, and Chapultepec, and the occupation of Mexico. Written from personal experience of a nature which is apt to make a deep impression on the memory, and without the slightest appearance of affectation or pretense, the volume certainly presents a lively and natural picture of the soldier's life. The details of battles and sieges, which are given in a free, conversational manner, are not only in a high degree entertaining, but often full of valuable instruction.

Memoirs of Mary L. Ware, by Rev. Edward B. Hall. (Published by Crosby and Nichols.) The subject of this memoir was the wife of the late Rev.

Henry Ware, Jr., a well known Boston clergyman, and a professor in the Theological School of Harvard University. Her biography is here related in a tone of affectionate and modest reverence, with no attempt to give an excessive coloring to the beautiful virtues which adorned her character. She was evidently a woman of rare devotion to duty, singularly disinterested, and possessing an uncommon energy of action, without sacrificing the softer graces of her sex. Her life was checkered with many vicissitudes—darkened by severe trials—and loaded with weighty responsibilities—but her admirable nature, and her strength of principle, gave a character of uniform excellence to her course, such as is seldom exhibited by the most gifted individuals. We have scarcely ever read a biography in which so much worth is commemorated with so little pretension.—A work, entitled *Sickness and Health in Blaeburn*, reprinted from the *Household Words*, by Crosby and Nichols, is founded on certain incidents in the life of Mrs. Ware, which occurred during the prevalence of a destructive epidemic in an English country village. It is a narrative of the courage and tenderness with which she devoted herself to the suffering and forsaken, in the midst of a raging pestilence; and though embellished with some imaginary scenes, gives a correct picture of the moral heroism which, among the subjects of her care, almost procured her the reputation of an angelic visitant.

The *Translators Revived*, by A. W. McClure. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Little has hitherto been known of the personal history of King James's Translators of the Bible. The author of this volume has made it the subject of inquiry for more than twenty years. The task of obtaining correct information was one of great difficulty. He has prosecuted it with commendable patience and zeal. In many cases nothing was known but the surname of the translator. Authentic traditions seemed to be confined to the more prominent men included in the royal commission. But ransacking every source of information on this side of the Atlantic, the author has succeeded in rescuing nearly all of these worthies from oblivion, and showing their eminent qualification for the most responsible undertaking in the religious literature of the English language. In the progress of his researches, he has arrived at the conclusion that the first half of the seventeenth century, when the translation was completed, was the golden age of Biblical and Oriental learning in England. At no other period have these studies been pursued by scholars whose vernacular tongue is the English, with so much diligence and success. Hence the author derives presumptive evidence of the strongest kind that the work of those venerable translators is deserving of entire confidence, and should be received as a final settlement of the translation of the Scriptures for popular use. His volume will be found to possess no small interest both for the antiquarian and the Biblical student. It fills a place in sacred literature, which no previous writer has attempted to occupy, and will be welcomed by the lovers of the English Bible on both sides of the Atlantic.

An Historical Sketch of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd, by William W. Campbell. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The design of this work is to show why the names of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd have excited such general and permanent interest. It maintains that it is the character of Robin Hood as a Saxon yeoman, which has given his name such an ascendency in England. It was the embodiment of the idea of popular resistance to oppressive authorities. The Norman barons and monks were regarded with intense hatred by the Saxon yeomanry; and Robin Hood was held in almost romantic honor, as their representative and avenger. The claims of Captain Kidd to distinction rest upon different grounds. At the time when his name became famous, he was a resident of New York city, where he had married and owned considerable property. A follower of the sea from early life, he was distinguished as a gallant and skillful commander in the war between England and France, prior to the questionable enterprise which has given him such extensive notoriety both in Great Britain and America. The principal details concerning this celebrated character are given in an ancient historical tract, which is here reprinted in full. Much curious information is presented in this little volume, which, though so entirely remote from the current interests of the day, is a valuable contribution to historical literature, illustrating the aphorism of Lord Bacon, which forms an appropriate motto on the title-page, "Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records, and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time."

Carlotina and the Sanfedisti, by Edmund Farrenc. (Published by John S. Taylor.) Another religious and political novel, suggested by the increasing interest of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics. The work is founded on the idea that at the present moment, two powers divide the world—the one, representing the past, with its attendant burden of ignorance, crimes, and miseries, called Catholicism; the other, contending for the present, and foreshadowing the future, known under the name of republicanism. In conducting the plot of his story, the author has shown a very considerable degree of skill; its gradual development constantly grows in interest upon the reader; and several of the incidents which occur in its progress are related with remarkable force of imagination as well as intensity of language. The style often betrays the pen of a foreigner, but, on the whole, is singularly vivid and impressive. Such a contribution to our imaginative literature by a European is entitled to a kind hospitality, though its decided partisan spirit must prove a bar to its favorable reception in many quarters.

Lectures on Life and Health, by William A. Alcott. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) This is the crowning work of a veteran advocate and apostle of physiological reform. Such writers are often one-sided, petulant, barren, and incredibly tedious. Their expectations that the world will gallop at once into the regions of millennial glory on their lank hobbies are ludicrous in the extreme. Dr. Alcott, though often extravagant in his views, belongs to a better class of teachers. He lays down many excellent precepts for the preservation of health, and usually writes in a manner that pleases for its simplicity and directness.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, by Austin H. Layard. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This deeply interesting volume describes the results of a second expedition, devoted to exploring the remains of the ruined cities of the East. Our space forbids any account of the discoveries, which are related with so much graphic beauty by the fortunate author, and we will only remark that they are equally striking with those before published, and throw new light on many obscure passages of Holy Writ, as well as on the social and domestic

characteristics of numerous Oriental regions, concerning which we know comparatively little.

The Old Forest Ranger, by Major WALTER CAMPBELL, edited by FRANK FORESTER. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.) There is no better authority in all matters pertaining to wood-craft than that of the editor of this volume. A gallant and famous Nimrod himself, he has here introduced the work of a brother sportsman, whose adventures among the wild-beasts of Hindostan were second only to those of Col. Gordon Cumming, in Africa. While Cumming is the more insatiable slaughterer, Walter Campbell is as gentle, chivalrous, and kindly a hunter as ever speared a wild-boar, or cracked a tiger between the eyes. His book, which is reprinted from the London edition, is full of wild and romantic incidents, and will form as delightful a volume as can be found in the whole range of the sporting library.

Roland Trevor (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), is an odd narrative of the experiences of the author during the ups and downs of business life. The events to which it is devoted, are entirely of a personal nature, and scarcely of sufficient consequence to bring before the public. Every record of human action, however, must be allowed to possess some value; and in this point of view, the volume must be worth reading.

A new volume of *Poems*, by ALEXANDER SMITH, has recently been issued in London, and is attracting great attention in the English critical journals.

The late London journals contain numerous sketches and notices of American publications, some of which are sufficiently appreciative, while many are contemptibly shallow and prejudiced. WALLIS'S *Spain* is justly treated by the *Examiner*. It says—"Mr. Wallis, an American engaged in the diplomatic service of the Union, wrote formerly a very lively and intelligent book on Spain, to which the present is a fitting sequel. It handles the subject with the greater ease and knowledge of a man who has become more thoroughly familiar with it. It is by far the most favorable account we have had of the existing condition of Spain—of the people, as well as of the country. We think it amusing throughout, always observant and shrewd, and we have read with great interest the notices which are given by Mr. Wallis of the leading politicians and men of letters in Madrid. The book will correct, indeed, much prevailing misapprehension on the various matters of which it treats."

The same journal thus speaks of the American edition of *Shakspeare*, edited by our accomplished countryman, Rev. H. N. HUDSON: "We have now to give a few words of strong commendation to such of the volumes as have been sent to us of the American edition of *Shakspeare*, edited by Mr. Hudson. The editor is an intelligent man, conversant with the *variorum* as with recent editions, able to appreciate and measure what modern taste and research have contributed to the subject, and with sense to discriminate and reject as well as freely to adopt. The introductory notices comprise critical as well as historical accounts of each play, embodying generally the best opinions and judgments; and the notes are never too long. Without offering any thing absolutely new on the subject, Mr. Hudson has made so judicious a selection from what it was desirable to preserve from previous collections of the plays, that we have nothing but praise to bestow upon his labors."

The *London Athenæum*, in a notice of *Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid, Fancies of a Whimsical Man, Fun and Earnest*, &c., published by John S. Taylor, in New York, remarks: "These books by one and the same American author, make up about the most dreary triad of volumes which we have met in that domain so thickly over-stocked with heavy goods that is called by bitter courtesy the world of light literature. Our friends across the Atlantic appear to be fond of humorous essays—Charles Lamb being with them a chosen author: but the announcement of "Fourth Edition" affixed to the second of these books, is enough to breed doubts as to their discrimination—or, at least, to suggest the idea that they are about to possess 'a fun and earnest'—as well as a language—of their own, into which the English will find it hard to enter without a dictionary."

Woman and her Needs, by MRS. E. OAKES SMITH. The same journal says: "This is a vindication of the rights of woman, by an American lady. It is not quite so earnest as the well-known work of Mary Wolstonecraft; but it has in it a dash of transcendentalism, and contains some truth, with a good deal of over-wrought eloquence on the wrongs endured by the other sex. It is hardly by direct appeals, we imagine, to the one side or to the other that the evils complained of will be removed. The most effectual cure for want of harmony in the relations of man and woman, will be found in a wider and deeper culture of the human mind. Our early education is at fault; and the subsequent experience of even the finest class of minds, is incapable of adjusting some of those relations which press very heavily on woman."

White, Red, and Black, by the PULSKYS, says the *Athenæum*, "has a certain freshness of style and novelty of thinking—an absence of sneers and fine-ladyism—a constant reference to national character and the influence under which it is formed, rather than to peculiarities of individual manner—somewhat unusual in books about America issuing from the English press. In fact, these oddly-titled volumes are a welcome addition to our stores of recent travel; and will prove acceptable to some for their amusing anecdote and gossip; to others, as an interesting supplement to the thousand and one stories of the Hungarian War."

Dumas is publishing in a journal the memoirs of his life, which, at all events, are decidedly amusing, if only as specimens of stupendous Munchausen-like fibbing. Among the other things, they reveal the hitherto unknown fact that the Revolution of July, 1830, was not accomplished by the people of Paris, but by Alexandre Dumas himself; that he and a companion, an artist, captured, unaided, a powder magazine, and took a regiment of artillery prisoners; that he is invulnerable to grape-shot, inasmuch as, in the Revolution, half a dozen cannons blazed away at him, one after the other, at only a few yards' distance, and left him unhurt; that he, though in those days a young man, scarcely known at all, talked grandly about what he would allow to be done, and what he would not allow to be done, to General Lafayette, M. Laffitte, and even to Louis Philippe himself, in whose household he was employed in the capacity of clerk.

LADY PRACTICE IN PHYSIC.

Mr. SMITHERS being sick, sends for a Lady Doctress to attend upon him professionally. Being a singularly bashful young man, Mr. SMITHERS' pulse is greatly accelerated on being manipulated by the delicate fingers of the Lady Practitioner, whereupon she naturally imagines him to be in a high fever, and incontinently physics him for the same.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

AGGRAVATING BOY.—Man coming! Man coming! Got a big club!
AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.—Which way? Do tell me which way!
AGGRAVATING BOY.—Don't you wish you knew?

PRECAUTION.

PRETTY NURSEMAID.—Dear me, Children! How often must I have to tell you how to wear your hats properly! Keep them well on your heads—*so*, or they'll be blowing off with the wind, and then there will be a pretty job to catch them again!

AN ORGANIC IMPEDIMENT.

SERVANT.—There's threepence for you, and Master wants you to move on.

ORGAN-GRINDER.—Threepence indeed! I never moves on under Sixpence D'ye think I don't know the walley o' peace and quietness?

Fashions for June.

FIGURES 1 AND 2.—FULL DRESS AND EVENING COSTUMES.

FIGURE 1.—FULL DRESS TOILET.—Head-dress composed of loops of blue ribbon with gold figures, having two long loose ends on the left hand side. Four leaves of gold guipure mounted on wire come out on each side, the other two are higher up on the forehead, and lie on the hair, which is turned up and puffed. Dress of a *disposition* pattern, the ground moire antique, with flowers in figured terry velvet. The body, pointed both before and behind, is plain, low, and trimmed with a band of velvet embroidered and bordered with gold. This band, resembling a bertha, goes quite round, and is about an inch and a half in width. The sleeve, short and puffed, is tightened round the arm by a band of embroidered velvet, three quarters of an inch wide at most.

FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS FOR EVENING.—Jane Grey coiffure of blonde, gold guipure and feathers This coiffure is placed very low behind. The guipure consists of bunches of gold grapes, with open intervals between them, it envelopes the back hair, and hangs down behind on each side. Dress of terry velvet, with satin biais and satin ribbon. The body forms a point, it has a satin bertha, formed of biais, nearly four inches wide behind and on the shoulder, but gradually diminishing to one and a half or two inches at bottom, where the points meet. Two No. 12 ribbons, folded back, are laid as chevrons on the forepart, and meet under a large bow of ribbon; there is a third bow at the point. The sleeves, short and puffed in ribs, have a bow of No. 12 ribbon, from which hang three long loops, like a page's shoulder-knot. On the front of the skirt there are three chevrons of No. 18 ribbon, folded back: each extremity has a bow, from which hang three long ends of ribbon, each middle has a large bow These three chevrons are graduated in size. A small agrafe of diamonds in each bow; bracelets; a double necklace on the neck.

We must not omit to mention a novelty in *chaussure* adapted for balls. It consists of a boot, which presents perfectly the effect of a satin shoe and a silk stocking; the upper part being actually covered with a white silk stocking with open-work clocks.

Boots of silk or satin have long been the favorite *chaussure* of ladies who excel in dancing the polka; but the boot we have mentioned possesses the advantage of giving support, without sacrificing the light and elegant effect of the satin slipper. White shoes or boots are, strictly speaking, the only ones admissible for dancing; but ladies who do not dance frequently wear, in full evening dress, shoes of a color corresponding with that of the dress.

FIGURE 3.—VISITING DRESS.

VISITING DRESS.—Bonnet of satin with bows of terry velvet and a blonde ruche, and loops of terry velvet ribbon No 1. This bonnet sits very back, and has a soft crown. On the top there are two very long flat bows, which hang down at the sides, and a horizontal bow between the crown and the curtain, which last is edged with blonde The ruche which forms what may almost be called a brim, is composed of five or six rows of blonde on tulle, and numerous single bows stitched in. The inside is trimmed toward the bottom with large roses mixed with blonde. The strings are satin, and cut long. Dress of moire and velvet. The moire body is very low, hollow in front, and almost straight behind. It passes under the arm. The edge is trimmed with a flat galloon. The top of the body and the three points that form the epaulette are velvet. This body is sewed under that made of moire about an inch lower than the edge where the galloon is, so that the velvet seems to be separate. Collar and manchettes of Brussels point lace.

Much taste is displayed in some of the new headdresses intended for full evening costume. Among the new models chosen for artificial flowers, we have observed the Phytolacca of the Nile (a pretty white flower, with beautifully tinted leaves), the Ixia, and some others. We must not omit to mention, that the Parisian fleuristes have lately produced the thistle, with good effect, in silver and gold. This is, doubtless, intended as a compliment in reference to the Scottish ancestry of the young Empress of the French. The accompanying illustration is com-

FIGURE 4.—COIFFURE.

posed of the natural hair, ornamented with a wreath of velvet volubilis with foliage, or the same mixed with gold foliage and tendrils. The wreath is composed of tufts of flowers, placed back, and a cordon of foliage forming a point in front. Gold sprigs and balls fall over the tufts. A branch of gold and foliage hangs down the side.

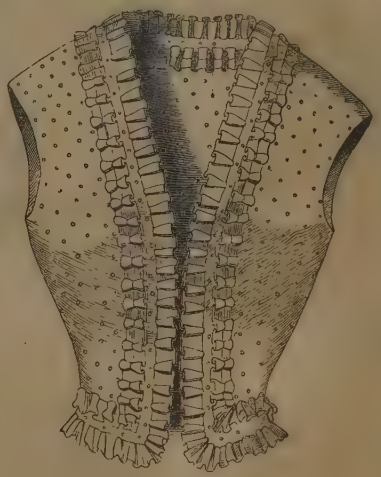


FIGURE 5.—WAISTCOAT

Figure 5 is a waistcoat fichu of tulle, embroidered with the crochet, trimmed with a ruche of white ribbon.

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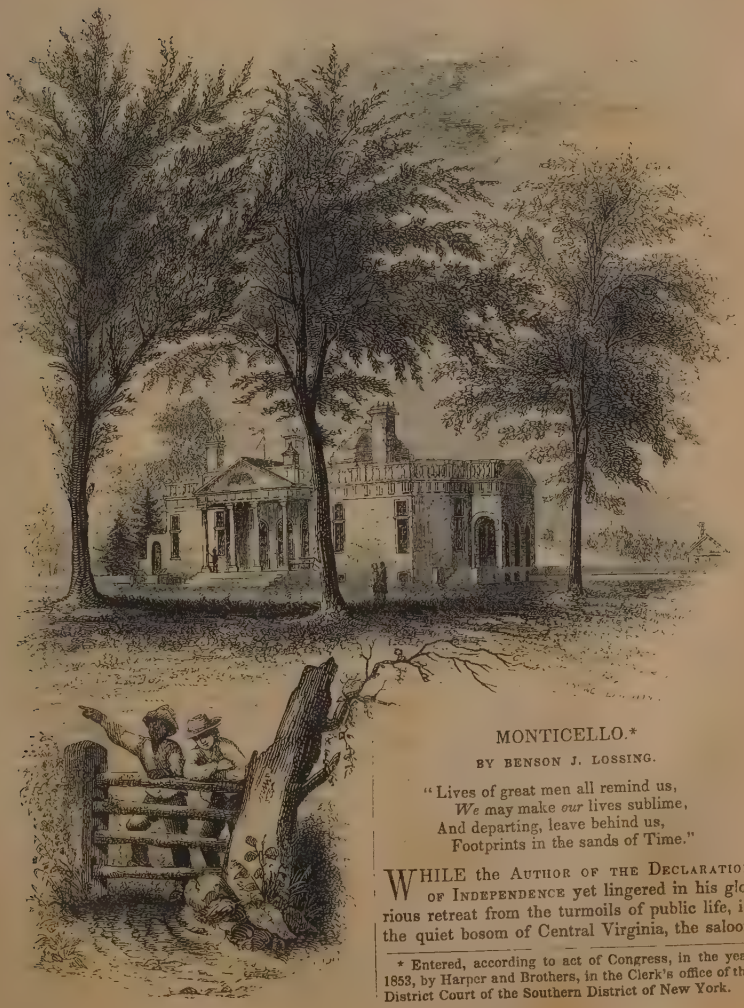
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. XXXVIII.—JULY, 1853.—Vol. VII.



MONTICELLO.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make *our* lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of Time."

WHILE the Author of the Declaration of Independence yet lingered in his glorious retreat from the turmoils of public life, in the quiet bosom of Central Virginia, the saloon

* Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

and the table at Monticello almost daily received guests from far and near, who came to make the obeisance of reverent admiration and affectionate regard to the Patriot and Sage. Noblemen of every degree—noblemen by kingly patent or hereditary right—noblemen knighted by the touch of public opinion in its awards for intellectual achievements, and noblemen in homely guise of mind and person, but lofty patriotism—all flocked to Monticello, not to bow to the rising sun with selfish orisons, but to pay grateful homage to its beneficence, while the splendors of its declining hours yet illumined this western horizon.

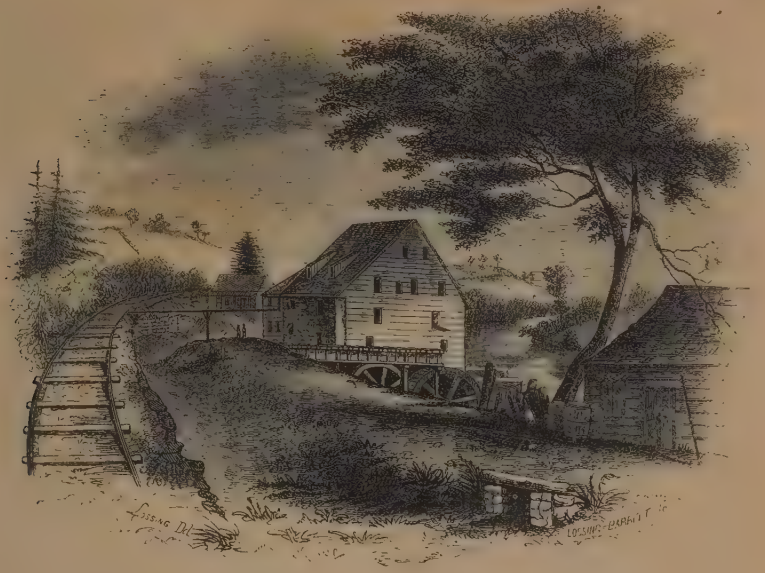
For more than ten years pilgrimages to Mount Vernon had almost ceased, for the idol which the good and great went to worship there had been hidden from sight in the secret shrine of the grave; and then this new Mecca, far away from the Federal city and the tide-water marts of commerce, among the broad, undulating valleys toward the Blue Ridge, became the resort of men of science and political acumen, from Europe, and of those of our several States, distinguished in various pursuits.

Now the scene is changed. For almost thirty years the mortality of THOMAS JEFFERSON has reposed under the mould, in the margin of the grand old forest which wraps the northwestern slopes of Monticello in its solemn shadows. Of all those who once listened to the music of his voice, and followed with delighted vision the sweep of his finger as he pointed to the magnificent mountains, the rolling plains garnished by the tiller's hand, the winding river, and the vast expanse of woods and fields which spread out in panoramic beauty and grandeur around Monticello, few now remain to charm the generation of to-day with reminiscential narratives. Like the Great Patriot, their bodies are earthed, their spirits are enskied, and their experiences have become traditional or historic. The idol is removed, and the tooth of time has marred the beauty of the shrine. Yet pilgrimages thither have not entirely ceased. The motives which prompt the journey are unlike those of former years; now the worshiper bears only the empty offerings of laudable curiosity. For this no harsh word should be spoken, for such motives are harmless. But too often the curious visitor departs with the guilt of sacrilege upon his soul. With Vandal hand he frequently defaces some fair specimen of the Patriot's taste, and even breaks fragments from the granite obelisk over his grave. In many a private cabinet are "relics from Monticello;" a fragment from the monument, a splinter from the delicately-carved cornice, a brick from the foundation, or a piece of putty from a window-pane, broken, perhaps, during the absence of the owner, to procure it! The sight of these should make the possessors blush for shame, for of all petty thieving, this seems the meanest, and without excuse. Such depredators should be regarded with a contempt akin to hatred.

Prompted by the laudable curiosity alluded to, I turned aside at Richmond, while journeying southward, and visited Monticello in blustery March, when the buds were just bursting, and the blue birds were singing their first carols in the hedges. No longer compelled to traverse the hills and valleys along the James River and the muddy Rivanna, on horseback or in chaise, as in former times, I entered the railway coach at sunrise with the assurance of seeing Monticello at meridian, after sweeping across the chief tributary of the Pamunkey, and traversing a country of varied aspect for more than thirty leagues. Rain was falling copiously. A few miles from Richmond we encountered a freight-train off the track, and the locomotive half-buried in mud. We were compelled to walk a plank, and flounder twenty rods along a narrow causeway through yellow-clay almost ankle deep, to another train beyond, or return to the city. As Americans never retrograde, the ladies gathered up their skirts, and the gentlemen walked as daintily as cats among eggs, to the coach in waiting. Soon all was forgotten, except by a poor fellow who volunteered his assistance to a young woman "walking the plank," when his gallantry and comfort both ended in the ditch below, into which he slipped, and filled a boot with as much mire as his leg would allow. The young lady (fie upon her!) more than smiled upon him, and with due independence helped herself along the muddy dyke, and into the best seat in the car beyond the wreck. The victim cursed the girl, the ditch, and the railway, with great unction. The pert girl made the unchristian excuse for her giggle in his hour of peril: "I didn't *ask* him to help me!"

Within an hour after passing the Junction, in Hanover County, we left the flat country and penetrated the more fertile and hilly region of Louisa and Albemarle, lying along the base of the Southwest Mountain. At Cobham station, we had a glimpse of the residence of the Hon. William C. Rives, our minister to the French Court; and soon afterward reached the Shadwell Station, on the Rivanna, close by the picturesque old mill, once owned by Mr. Jefferson. From this point we had a fine view of Monticello looming up on the southwest, and caught slight glimpses of the white columns of the portico of the mansion on the summit. The clouds had now broken, and all over the thoroughly-saturated earth myriads of water-pools glittered in the sun.

I arrived at Charlottesville, in time for dinner, after which, in company with the courteous Editor of one of the village papers (Mr. Cochran), I visited Monticello. The road is very sinuous, especially after fording Moore's Creek. For some distance it courses along the margin of a deep, wooded ravine scooped out from the gap between Monticello and Carter's Mountain. The latter is a portion of the same range of hills, with Monticello (called the Southwest mountain), which dwindle into knolls near the James River, and is memorable in history as the place to which Jefferson fled when Tarleton attempted to cap-



JEFFERSON'S MILL AT SHADWELL.

ture him, in 1781. At the summit of the gap we passed through a rustic gate and up a winding, stony road, by the grave yard on the skirt of the wood, where rest the mortal remains of the AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. It is surrounded by a high brick wall,

JEFFERSON'S GRAVE.

with an iron gate near the road. Just within the gate is the Patriot's grave, over which is a granite monument, eight feet in height, shamefully mutilated by thieving visitors. In the southern face of the pedestal was a marble tablet, with the following inscription, written by the Statesman himself, and found among his papers after his death:

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON:
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

This tablet has been taken from the monument and placed in the mansion, out of the reach of depredators.

Upon each of the sides of the monument is a grave, covered with a marble slab. One (on the right) is that of his wife, *Martha*, who died in 1782, ten years after their marriage. It had the usual record, and below it are inscribed the following Greek lines:

Εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κἀκεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.

These lines are from the speech of Achilles over the dead body of Hector, in which, after saying he will never forget Patroclus while he has life, adds: "And though spirits in a future state be oblivious of the past, he will even there remember his beloved companion." The other two graves are those of his favorite daughter Martha Wayles Randolph, who survived him, and another daughter, Maria Eppes, who died before him.

As we ascended the mountain, we noticed the remains of several roads which wound around the hill. These were made by Jefferson for exercise on horseback, but being out of use now,

they are partly overgrown with shrubbery. Passing through another rustic gate near the top of the hill we came out into an open field on the southern summit, along the slope of which stretches, for a thousand feet, a beautiful terraced garden, once filled with the choicest plants, and fruit trees. A few moments afterward, we were standing upon the eastern front of the venerated mansion delineated in the engraving at the head of this article. Of the mansion, its arrangements, and the scenery around, an abler pen than mine wrote as follows, within a month after the Sage of Monticello was laid in the grave:

"The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements, and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an eliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of the finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape: and among them, to the south, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolutions of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high soul-principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel, over the rights and liberties of man.

"Approaching the house on the east, the visitor instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at the magnificent panorama: and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornament; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art, from the first rude attempt of the aborigines of our country up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Ceracchi. On the other side, the visitor sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal, the polished remains of those monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more, and a variegated display of the branching horns of those "monarchs of the waste" that still people the wilds of the Western continent. From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again burst upon his view; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil —historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and of all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion."*

Alas! this charming picture of the interior of Monticello is *only a picture now*—it has no counterpart in reality. Those Indian relics, the sculptures and paintings, the fossils and minerals, have long since been removed and scattered; and nothing now remains at Monticello of all that fine collection, but a bust of Voltaire. The beauty and grandeur of the aspect of nature around are undiminished; and never did my heart beat with stronger pulsations of delight in gazing upon a prospect of the material world, than on that sunny afternoon in March, although the hills and valleys were clad in the melancholy russet and sober gray of departing winter. Yet there remained the lofty summits of the Blue Ridge, leading the eye away northward, almost a hundred miles to Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac bursts through; and in the rolling valley in that direction reposed the pretty village of Charlottesville, with its fine architectural pile—a monument of Jefferson's taste and patriotism—the University of Virginia. A little further westward is Lewis's mountain, upon a spur of which is the observatory of the University; and half a mile eastward of the village, between it and the Rivanna, near a grove of pines, was depicted in delicate green, the meadow where Tarleton was encamped an hour before sending a detachment up the Rivanna to seize the Governor. Four or five miles beyond, toward the Blue Ridge, arose Still-house Mountain, a wooded eminence where the captive troops of Burgoyne were encamped for many months. Three miles eastward of Monticello, among the hills of Shadwell, is the birth place of Jefferson; and upon the Rivanna, which courses along the base of Monticello, and is lost to view among the adjacent hills, is the old Shadwell mill, delineated on another page. Turning southward, Willis's Mountain, a solitary peak in Buckingham county, beyond the James River,

* Wirts' Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

fifty miles distant, arose above the level country around. An extensive view in every direction is broken only by the higher summit of Carter's mountain, half a mile southwestward, which rather appreciates than diminishes the charm of the whole picture. In the same range of hills, ten miles northward, is *Montpelier*, the residence of President Madison; and three or four miles southward is *Indian Camp*, once an estate of President Monroe.

Monticello is now owned by Commodore U. P. Levy, of the United States Navy, who is also the proprietor of Monroe's estate. His winter residence is in the city of New York. Fortunately for me, he arrived at Monticello on the day of my visit, and I had the pleasure of viewing the house and grounds while partaking of his hospitality. The elements have changed the aspect of the exterior somewhat, but in general appearance it is the same as when Jefferson left it. The interior, likewise, remains unchanged, except in furniture and other movables. In the "spacious and lofty hall" only one object of the sculptor's art remains. It is a model, in plaster,

THE AMERICAN CAPITAL.

of the capital, composed by Mr. Jefferson for a new order of architecture, purely American, in which the column was to consist of a group of maize or Indian corn stalks. The capital has the same general form and style as the Corinthian, but the ornaments are composed of the leaves and blossoms of the tobacco plant, regularly grouped, instead of the acanthus.

Near the capital, upon a pedestal, stood a bust of Jefferson in plaster, made in the same mould in which was cast the fine, life-size, bronze statue of the Patriot, which now stands in front of the executive mansion at Washington. That statue is from the *atelier* of the celebrated David, of Paris. It was made for Captain Levy, at a heavy cost, and presented by him to the United States about twenty years ago. It was modeled chiefly from an excellent portrait of Jefferson by Sully, in the possession of La Fayette, and passed the ordeal of that venerated patriot's criticism. When completed, he pronounced it a most faithful counterfeit of the man. Upon the scroll, held in the hand of the Patriot, the

STATUE OF JEFFERSON.

whole of the Declaration of Independence is engraved.

Near the bust of Jefferson stood a beautiful model of the *Vandalia*, the first ship in our Navy in which flogging was abolished, while she was under the command of Captain Levy. Upon the wall, close by, is a fine portrait of Madame Noel (an aunt of Captain Levy, and also of the late Major Noah, the veteran New York editor), wife of M. Noel, a member of the National Assembly of France, who was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She was afterward a tutor of the Princess Charlotte of England, in a peculiar style of flower painting. The portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two or three more modern paintings adorn the walls of the hall. Over the entrance door from the portico, is a large clock, placed there by Jefferson, which, by an index upon the wall, indicated the days of the week. The weight which propels it is composed of nine eighteen pound cannon balls. The hall itself is about thirty feet square, with high ceiling and a music gallery. The centre of the ceiling is ornamented by an eagle in very low relief, surrounded by eighteen stars, the number of the States of the Union in 1812, when this ceiling was made. The heavy, richly-wrought cornice, carved in wood, in this and the other rooms, all exhibit a line of ornament at the base, representing ancient sacrificial implements.

Adjoining the hall, is the saloon where Jefferson entertained his visitors. It is a superb room, about the size of the hall, with a very

high ceiling, and a beautiful tesselated floor, made of inlaid satin-wood and rose-wood. This floor, which was kept polished like a table, cost two thousand dollars. Of all the rare pictures and other ornaments which once adorned the walls, nothing now remains but two mirrors, four and a half by twelve feet in size. They hang, one upon each side of the door opening into the hall. Over the door is the gilt bracket or crane, upon which hung the chandelier that lighted the room.

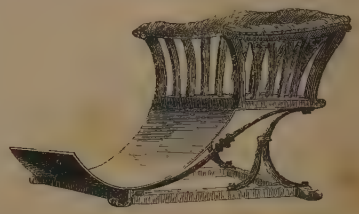
On the southeast side of the hall and saloon is Jefferson's bedroom (delineated in the engraving), which was also his most private apartment for study, and contemplation. It is lighted by two windows on the southwest, and a skylight. The bedstead was only a frame, hung upon hinges and hooks in the recess, seen in the

JEFFERSON'S BEDROOM, IN WHICH HE DIED.

centre. It could be turned up in the day time, and afford a passage through glass doors, to his library in the adjoining room. The three oval openings in the wall were for the purpose of admitting light to a wardrobe over the recess.

On the northwest side of the hall and saloon is the tea-room, which contains a most delicately carved white marble chimney-piece ornamented with three exquisite *basso relievos*, upon a sky-blue ground. Adjoining this apartment is one in which he held private conference with his friends. It is separated from the tea-room by double glass doors, so that, while the party in secret communication could be seen by guests in the other room, not a word could be heard. In this room was the bust of Voltaire, alluded to. The sashes of these glass doors, like those of all the windows in the house, are of mahogany, and were made in Philadelphia.

The stairs are all winding and very narrow, not more than two feet wide. On the northeast part of the second floor is a chamber of hexagonal form, wherein Mr. and Mrs. Madison were lodged whenever they visited Monticello. Except his own immediate family, these were the dearest friends of Mr. Jefferson. From this floor another flight of stairs lead to the upper chambers, adjoining which is a spacious hexagonal room under the dome, lighted by circular windows on the sides. This was used for a billiard-room. In it was an interesting memento of the statesman. It was the body of the *chair* or *gig*, a two-wheeled vehicle, in which Jefferson rode from Monticello to Philadelphia, to attend the Continental Congress in 1775. Near this hung his holsters, in which he carried a pair of pistols when traveling on horseback.



GIG BODY.

The shade trees which form an open grove around the mansion, were planted by the Patriot himself. Among them, standing near the southern end of the building, is a venerable Lombardy poplar (seen on the extreme right of the picture at the head of this article), which he imported from its native soil in Europe. From this have sprung all the trees of that species in this country. It has flourished there for about sixty years,

and, unlike many of its descendants, appears to retain the vigor of its youth.

We have considered the *home* of the AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE; let us contemplate briefly the *man*, his career, and compatriots.

The ancestors of Jefferson came to America from the foot of the lofty Mount Snowdon, in Wales. His father married the daughter of Isham Randolph, of Goochland, Virginia, whose blood was chiefly Scotch; and Thomas, their first child, was born on the estate of Shadwell, in Albemarle county, on the 13th of April, 1743. His father died and left him, with a brother and six little sisters, to the care of his mother. They were blessed with a handsome estate, a part of which, called *Monticello* (Montechello—*little mountain*), fell to Thomas when he reached his majority. He was two years a student in William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, where Doctor William Small first prepared his mind for the love of scientific pursuits, and gave it its democratic bias. In 1762 he commenced the study of law with George Wythe; and while yet a student, in 1765, he heard Patrick Henry's celebrated speech in denunciation of the Stamp Act. It aroused all the fire of patriotism in the soul of young Jefferson, and from that time he stood forth the avowed champion of American freedom. Four years afterward he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and was an active colleague of the patriots of the Old Dominion, in the General Assembly, until the Revolution broke out.

In 1772 Mr. Jefferson married Martha Skelton, a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and then a wealthy widow of twenty-three years. He soon afterward cut down the apex of Monticello, made bricks of the red clay, and erected the noble mansion upon its summit. But he was not allowed to enjoy the sweets of married life in retirement; his country had a noble work for him to perform, and she called him to the arena of political strife. He held a ready and powerful pen, and as a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1773 and '74, and by pamphlets and newspaper essays, he scattered the seeds of revolution broadcast over the land. A pamphlet from his pen, written in 1774, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," displayed such patriotism and political acumen, that Edmund Burke published it in London, and it won for the author the honor of having his name, with more than a score of others, placed on a list of attainder. At home he became the object of hatred by the royalists, and of love by the patriots.

Jefferson was elected to a seat in the Continental Congress in 1775, and five days after his arrival in Philadelphia, we find him one of an important committee, appointed to prepare a declaration of the causes of taking up arms. A large portion of their manly and vigorous report was from his pen. He labored assiduously in that body; and when, the following year, Congress appointed a committee to frame a Declaration of Independence, he was chosen one of them. Notwithstanding he was the youngest member of the committee, being then only thirty-three years of age, he was selected to write the instrument, "because," says John Adams in his autobiography, "he had the reputation of a masterly pen," and "had been chosen a delegate in Virginia, in consequence of a very handsome public paper which he had written for the House of Burgesses, which had given him the character of a fine writer." Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at his lodgings, in the House of Mrs. Clymer, on the southwest corner of Seventh and High-streets, Philadelphia. The committee had several meetings; the draft was discussed, and some portions of it altered, and finally, on the fourth of July, 1776, it was adopted by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. The resolution of Richard Henry Lee, one of Mr. Jefferson's colleagues from Virginia, which declared the colonies "free and independent States," was adopted two days before; it was only the *precise form of declaring it to the world* that was adopted on the fourth.*

Soon after placing his signature to the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson resigned his seat in Congress, returned to Virginia, and was active in the public affairs of his native State until the close of the war. For about two years he was engaged with George Wythe and Edmund Pendleton, in revising the laws of Virginia; and to him belongs the imperishable honor of first proposing, in the Legislature of Virginia, the laws forbidding the importation of slaves—converting estates tail into fee-simple—annuling the rights of primogeniture—establishing schools for general education, and confirming the rights of freedom in religious opinion.

While the captive troops of Burgoyne were quartered in his vicinity in 1779–80,† Mr. Jefferson endeared himself to them by his benevolence. Monticello was the daily resort of the captive officers, who had free access to his library, and often partook of the bounties of his table.

He was elected Governor of the State in 1779, and held the office two years. It was a period of great trial for Virginia and its chief magistrate. During his administration, the traitor, Arnold, invaded and laid waste the country along the James River, as far as Richmond; and Cornwallis, crossing the Roanoke, penetrated the State almost to its centre. It was in June, 1781, that Cornwallis dispatched Tarleton to capture Governor Jefferson at Monticello, and also the members of the legislature, then in session in Charlottesville, in a building upon the site of the present Farmer's Bank of Virginia. While passing through Louisa county, a farmer, suspecting Tarleton's design, mounted a fleet horse,

* I have seen the private diary kept by Mr. Jefferson during the time he was in Congress. He noted the range of the mercury on the 4th of July, 1776, to be sixty-eight degrees, Fahrenheit, or eight degrees below summer heat.

† Congress would not allow these prisoners to return to Europe, and they were sent to the interior of Virginia for security and good subsistence.

reached Charlottesville in time to give the alarm, and when the British cavalry dashed into the town, only seven members, who could not procure horses, were made prisoners. Mr. Jefferson was not aware of the proximity of Tarleton, until a detachment under Captain M'Leod, sent to capture the Governor, had crossed Moore's Creek, and was seen pushing up the winding road to Monticello. The Governor was entertaining several members of the legislature at breakfast when the danger was perceived Among them was the Speaker, who immediately hastened to Charlotte by another way, and adjourned the Legislature to meet at Staunton. Jefferson hurried his family into a carriage, and they were driven to Colonel Carter's, six miles southward, and then, mounting a horse, he fled to the dark recesses of Carter's mountain, before M'Leod reached the entrance-gate at the gap. A trusty servant, who remained behind, raised a loose stone (which yet occupies its place) at the western entrance to the saloon, and deposited the Governor's papers there. Ten minutes after Jefferson had left, M'Leod rode up. It was well for the patriot that it was not Tarleton, for in his rage at being foiled of his prey, he would probably have burned the mansion and its contents. M'Leod allowed nothing to be injured. Without his knowledge, some soldiers got into the cellar and drank and wasted a large quantity of wine. This was the extent of Jefferson's loss. Thirty-six hours afterward, Tarleton left the vicinity, laid waste a plantation belonging to Mr. Jefferson at the Point-of-Fork, at the mouth of the Rivanna, and joined Cornwallis on the James River.

A few days after this event, Jefferson, having declined a re-election, was succeeded by General Nelson, of Yorktown, and sought repose from public duties in his home at Monticello. In reply to Marbois, the Secretary of the French Legation in this country, concerning the resources of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson, about this time, penned his celebrated *Notes on Virginia*. Suddenly a cloud gathered around the brow of Monticello—the beloved wife of the statesman sickened and died. The heart of the patriot was terribly stricken, and for many days life was intolerable to him. He was aroused to action by the voice of his country again calling him to duty, and in December, 1782, he made an eight days' journey to Philadelphia, to proceed to France to assist the American Commissioners in negotiations for peace. Intelligence of the signing of a provisional treaty came in time to prevent his departure, and he returned to Monticello in May. He was immediately elected to a seat in the Continental Congress, and reached Trenton on the day when it adjourned to Annapolis. He wrote the address of Mifflin (president of Congress) to General Washington, when the Father of his Country resigned his commission, on the 23d of December, 1783. On that day he saw the glorious termination of that struggle in which, for ten years, his whole being had been engaged.

In 1784, Mr. Jefferson was appointed, with Adams and Franklin, a Minister to negotiate treaties with foreign nations. In company with his eldest daughter, he reached Paris in August. Dr. Franklin having obtained leave to return home, Jefferson was appointed to succeed him as Minister at the French court, and he remained there until the autumn of 1789. He became exceedingly popular there, and the literati endeavored to persuade him to remain. He expressed his patriotic feelings when he said, in a letter to Baron Geismer, "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello, to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France. I shall, therefore, rejoin myself to my native country, with new attachments, and with exaggerated esteem for its advantages; for, though there is less wealth there, there is more freedom, more ease, and less misery."

Mr. Jefferson left home on the 8th of October, and thirty days afterward arrived at Norfolk After passing some days at Chesterfield, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Eppes, he proceeded, by easy stages, to Monticello. His arrival is thus graphically described by his daughter, afterward Mrs. Randolph:

"The negroes discovered the approach of the carriage as soon as it reached Shadwell, and such a scene I never witnessed in my life. They collected in crowds around it, and almost drew it up the mountain by hand The shouting, etc., had been sufficiently obstreperous before, but the moment the carriage arrived on the top, it reached the climax. When the door of the carriage was opened, they received him in their arms, and bore him into the house, crowding around, and kissing his hands and his feet—some blubbering and crying—others laughing. It appeared impossible to satisfy their eyes, or their anxiety to touch, and even to kiss the very earth that bore him. These were the first ebullitions of joy for his return, after a long absence, which they would of course feel; but it is perhaps not out of place to add here, that they were, at all times, very devoted in their attachment to him. They believed him to be one of the greatest, and they knew him to be one of the best, of men, and kindest of masters. They spoke to him freely, and applied confidingly to him in all their difficulties and distresses; and he watched over them in sickness and in health; interested himself in all their concerns; advising them, and showing esteem and confidence in the good, and indulgence to all."

While on his way from Norfolk, Mr. Jefferson received a letter from President Washington, requesting him to take a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. He accepted the appointment, and in March, 1790, set out for New York, the seat of the Federal Government. Although differing with Washington in some of his political views, he remained in the Cabinet during the stormy period of the first administration. Thoroughly imbued with democratic principles, and deeply sympathizing with the republicans of France, he became the founder and head of

the Democratic party here, and was elected by them President of the United States in 1800. He was Chief Magistrate of the nation eight consecutive years, and was succeeded by his friend Madison in 1809, when hostilities with Great Britain were daily menacing the peaceful prosperity of the two countries.

After seeing Mr. Madison inaugurated, Jefferson retired to Monticello, never more to engage in public life, and the remaining seventeen years of his earthly existence were spent in philosophical and agricultural pursuits, and in efforts in the cause of education. Under his auspices the *University of Virginia*, located at Charlottesville, was founded. The plans of the buildings, even in the minutest particulars, are his, as well as the general laws for the government of the school and the system of instruction. When the weather permitted, he made a personal inspection daily, of the University buildings, while in course of erection, and when compelled to remain at Monticello, he watched the workmen with a small telescope It was the deeply-cherished foster-child of his declining years, and now, with its four hundred and fifty pupils, is a noble monument to its patriotic founder He was indeed the "Father of the University of Virginia."

The evening of Mr Jefferson's life was clouded by pecuniary embarrassments. His estate at Monticello consisted of 5682 acres, with 113 slaves. Another estate at Poplar Forest, Bedford, contained 4164 acres, and 85 slaves. From the time of the Embargo, in 1807, until the close of the war in 1815, the products of landed property were at their minimum in this country; and as his estates had been managed by overseers while he was devoting his time to public business, they not only failed to pay expenses, but debts were incurred in their management. The mills at Shadwell, and the canal and locks there (the remains of which may yet be seen) had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. In such a bad condition were his estates when he retired from the Presidency, he was compelled to borrow ten thousand dollars to pay his debts. His expenses were very heavy, on account of the liberal hospitality ever bestowed upon all who visited Monticello—and their name was legion—and, instead of diminishing, his debts increased. Matters were finally brought to a crisis when the insolvency of his friend, Governor Nicholas, for whom he had endorsed, added twenty thousand dollars to his liabilities. In this extremity, the Legislature of Virginia permitted him to sell a part of his lands by lottery, in order to pay his debts, and retain Monticello. The announcement of his embarrassments produced great surprise, and created deep sympathy throughout the Union It was thought more consistent with national gratitude to relieve Mr. Jefferson without his being deprived of his patrimony; and the initial step was taken by the late Philip Hone, of New York, then mayor of the city, under whose auspices eight thousand five hundred dollars were raised Money was raised in other cities—in all about seventeen thousand dollars. The sum was totally inadequate, and this well-intended movement resulted in suppressing the promising lottery scheme, and total failure ensued. The life of the patriot was now drawing to a close; and on the fourth of July, 1826, he expired, at the ripe age of eighty-three years. On the same day, his friend and colleague in the Continental Congress, John Adams, also died. It was just fifty years after they voted for the Declaration of Independence; and the coincidence of their deaths produced a profound sensation throughout the land. Eulogies were every where pronounced; the harsh voice of party-spirit was hushed; and the names of the two patriots, so widely separated in political opinions during a quarter of a century, are linked in sweet harmony in our memories.

The estates of Mr. Jefferson were sold, after his death, to liquidate his debts, and after twice changing owners, the present domain of Monticello, including a little more than two hundred acres, passed into the possession of Captain Levy Monticello ought, like Mount Vernon, to belong to the nation, and every board and brick should be preserved as sacred to the memory of the great departed. When the materials of these venerated dwellings have crumbled into their native dust, then will some future generation, if the patriotism of the past shall survive the temptations of the present, mourn over the insensibility of their fathers, who allowed these precious shrines to fade from human vision.

Long ago, the compatriots of Jefferson in the Congress of 1776, have, one by one, gone down into the grave like stars in the western sky. The last bright luminary of the constellation that lingered above the horizon, was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who left our firmament twenty years ago. They have set, never to rise again in the heavens of our national destiny, except by the refractive power of memory. We can not too often revive the recollection of their glorious deeds and manifold virtues; and it is not inopportune, at this season of our national anniversary, and in connection with mementoes of the Sage of Monticello, to point anew to their names upon the record of our wondrous history. We have space to do little more than name them, and speak of their nativity and their obituary. We will do it in the order in which they were called upon to sign the Great Manifesto.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Josiah Bartlett was a physician, born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, in November, 1729. He commenced practice at Kingston, New Hampshire; became an active politician, a member of the colonial legislature, of the Committee of Safety, in 1775, and at the close of that year, a member of the Continental Congress. He was afterward a judge, and then Governor of New Hampshire, and died in May, 1795.

William Whipple was a merchant, born at Kittery, in Maine, in 1730. He commenced business as a merchant at Portsmouth, in 1759. He was an active republican, and in 1776 was elected to Congress. He was a brigadier of militia in 1777,

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

and was in the battles at Stillwater and Saratoga. He assisted in escorting Burgoyne's captive army to Boston. He was appointed judge in 1782, and died in November, 1785.

Mathew Thornton was born in Ireland in 1714, and came to America when three years of age. He was educated at Worcester, Massachusetts, became a physician, and was surgeon in the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and was made Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of New Hampshire, the same year. He was raised to the bench of the Superior Court, and died in June, 1803, in Massachusetts.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Samuel Adams was of Puritan descent—born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1722. He was educated at Harvard for the ministry, but preferred politics to theology. He was a conspicuous patriot for ten years previous to the Revolutionary War. He was a member of the first Congress, and during the whole struggle, was one of the firmest supporters of the cause. He was Governor of Massachusetts, and died in October, 1803.

John Adams was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, in October, 1735. He was educated at Harvard, became a lawyer, and an active republican politician in Boston. He was elected to Congress in 1774, and was one of the main advocates of the Declaration of Independence in

ADAMS'S RESIDENCE AT QUINCY

1776. He assisted in important negotiations abroad, and was the first Minister Plenipotentiary sent by the United States to Great Britain. He was elected Vice-President with Washington, and President in 1797. He died on the fourth of July, 1826.

HANCOCK'S RESIDENCE AT BOSTON.

John Hancock was also born at Quincy, in 1737. He was educated at Harvard, became a Boston merchant, was left a large fortune by his uncle, and was an early and active patriot. He was elected President of the Continental Congress in 1775, and occupied the chair when the great Declaration was adopted. He was many years Governor of Massachusetts, and died in October, 1793.

Robert Treat Paine was born in Massachusetts, in 1731. He was educated at Harvard, and was a chaplain on the northern frontier in 1758. He became an eminent lawyer, and was elected to Congress in 1774. He was Attorney-general of Massachusetts in 1780, and was made Judge of the Supreme Court in 1796. He died in May, 1814.

Elbridge Gerry was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, in July, 1744—was educated at Harvard, and prepared for commercial life. He was elected to Congress in 1775, held the front rank in that body on naval and commercial subjects, and in 1797, was appointed an envoy to France. He was made Governor of his State on his return, and died at Washington City in November, 1814, while holding the office of Vice President of the United States.

HOPKINS'S MONUMENT AT PROVIDENCE.

RHODE ISLAND.

Stephen Hopkins was born at Scituate, Rhode Island, in March, 1707. He was a self-taught man; was called into public life at mature age; was Speaker of the Rhode Island Assembly in 1754, and was an early opposer of British aggression. He was elected to Congress in 1774, left that body in 1778, and died in July, 1785.

William Ellery was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in December, 1727. He was educated at Harvard, became a lawyer in Newport, won the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He continued in that body until 1785, and during a portion of the time was Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was the first collector of the port of New-

port, held the office thirty years, and died in February, 1820.

CONNECTICUT.

Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, born at Newton, near Boston, in April, 1721. He worked at his trade and studied law; and in 1754 was admitted to the bar, and elected a member of the Connecticut legislature. He was a Judge, first of the Common Pleas, and then of the Superior Court, and in 1775 was elected to Congress. He was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence; and continued in that body until 1789. He died in July, 1793.

Samuel Huntington was born in Windham, Connecticut, in July, 1732. He was educated at a common school, became a lawyer, and was appointed King's Attorney. He was soon raised to

HUNTINGTON'S RESIDENCE AT NORWICH.

the bench of the Superior Court; was elected to Congress in 1775; chosen president of that body in 1779; was appointed Chief Justice of Connecticut, then Lieutenant-Governor, and afterward Governor, and died in January, 1796.

William Williams was born in Connecticut, in April, 1771, and was educated at Harvard. He prepared for the ministry, but preferring a military life, was engaged in the frontier wars in New York in 1755. He was a member of the Connecticut legislature forty-five years. In 1776 he was elected to Congress, was an active member, and retired from public life in 1804. He died in August, 1811.

WILLIAMS'S RESIDENCE AT LEBANON.

Oliver Wolcott was born in Connecticut, in 1726, was educated at Yale College, became a lawyer, and in 1774 was elected a councilor of State. He was elected to Congress in 1776, supported the proposition for independence, and was an active patriot throughout the war. In 1786 he was Lieutenant-Governor of his State, and ten years afterward was elected Chief Magistrate. He died in December, 1797.

NEW YORK

William Floyd was a lawyer, born on Long Island in December, 1734. He was an opulent farmer, and in 1774 was elected to Congress. He was active during the entire war, and suffered much in loss of property at the hands of the British. He moved to the banks of the Mohawk after the war, and died in August, 1821.

Philip Livingston was born in Albany, New York, in January, 1716. He was educated at Yale College, became a successful merchant in New York, was a member of the Colonial Convention at Albany in 1754, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He was elected senator of his State in 1777, and in June, 1778, he died at York, Pennsylvania, while he was attending to his duties as congressman.

LIVINGSTON'S MONUMENT AT YORK.

Francis Lewis was born in South Wales, in 1713. His education was finished at Westminster, and he entered a mercantile house in London He came to New York at the age of twenty-one, and being agent for British merchants, was captured and sent to France in 1756. On his return he became an active politician, was elected to Congress in 1775, and suffered the loss of much property on Long Island during the war. His death occurred in December, 1803

Lewis Morris was born in New York in 1726 He was educated at Yale, and then adopted the pursuit of his father—agriculture—at Morrisania, Lower Westchester County. He was elected to Congress in 1775, and retained his seat two years, when he was succeeded by his brother, Gouverneur Morris. He died in January, 1798.

NEW JERSEY.

Richard Stockton was born near Princeton, in October, 1730. He was educated at Princeton College, studied law, and rose rapidly in his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and in the autumn of that year, while returning

STOCKTON'S RESIDENCE AT PRINCETON.

from a visit to the Northern army, was made a prisoner, and treated with much cruelty. He died in February, 1781.

John Witherspoon was a native of Scotland, born in 1732; came to America in 1768, to take charge of the college of Princeton; became very popular as a Christian minister and patriot, and in 1776 was elected a member of Congress. He remained in that body a great part of the war; afterward resumed his duties at Princeton, and died in November, 1794.

Francis Hopkinson was born in Pennsylvania, in 1737. He became a distinguished lawyer; was a wit and a poet. He resided at Bordentown, New Jersey, when the war broke out, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He strongly advocated independence, and was an active member many years. He died in May, 1791.

John Hart was a native of New Jersey; the precise time of his birth is not known. His pursuit was agriculture, and his mind was strong, but little cultivated by letters. He was a member of the first Congress in 1774, and soon after signing the Declaration of Independence he retired from that body. He suffered much at the hands of the loyalists, died in 1780, and was buried at Rahway, New Jersey.

Abraham Clark was born at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1726. He was a self-taught, energetic man, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was always an active public man. His death occurred in June, 1794.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Robert Morris was born in England in 1733, came to America in childhood, and was educated in Philadelphia. He entered into commercial life; was always energetic, active, and honorable, and was very popular. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and during the whole struggle was the chief financial supporter of the cause. He lost an immense fortune, and died in comparative poverty in May, 1806.

Benjamin Rush was born near Philadelphia in December, 1743. He was educated at Princeton, studied medicine, completed his instructions in Edinburgh, and became a successful physician in Philadelphia. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and from that period until his death, in April, 1813, he took an active part in public life. He stands in the front rank of American physicians and philosophers.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706. He was bred a printer, went to Philadelphia in early life, became an active and useful member of society, was often called into public life before the war, and was appointed agent in England for some of the colonies. He returned to America in 1775, and was immediately elected to a seat in Congress. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and soon afterward departed for France as American Commissioner. He was an active minister abroad, and returned to America in 1785. He died at Philadelphia, in April, 1790.

John Morton was of Swedish parentage, born in Delaware in 1724. He was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" at New York, in 1765, filled various civil offices in Pennsylvania, and was a member of the first Congress in 1774. He was one of the committee who reported the "Articles of Confederation," and died soon after that event, in 1778.

George Clymer was born in Philadelphia, in 1739. He became a merchant under the auspices of his guardian and uncle, but he preferred science and literature to his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1776, served several years in that body, and in 1781 was elected a member of his State Legislature. Being a revenue officer at the time of the "Whisky Insurrection," his services were of great value in suppressing it. His last public duty was a mission to the Cherokees, in 1796. His death occurred in January, 1813.

James Smith was born in Ireland. He would never give the date of his birth. He was educated at Philadelphia, commenced professional life as a lawyer on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, obtained great influence, and in 1776 was elected a member of Congress. He resumed his profession in 1781, relinquished practice in 1800, and died in 1806, at the supposed age of eighty-six years.

George Taylor was also born in Ireland, in 1716. He came to America while a young man, with no fortune, but good character and sound health. By diligence he rose from a menial servant to a clerk in an iron establishment in Pennsylvania, afterward married his employer's widow, and became possessed of a handsome fortune. He was a member of the State legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He died in February, 1781.

James Wilson was born in Scotland in 1742, educated at Edinburgh, came to America in 1766, was a tutor in the Philadelphia College, and there studied law. He was elected to Congress in 1775. In 1789 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and died in August, 1798.

George Ross was born at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1730. He studied law, practiced at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1768, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was very active in public life until the time of his death, in July, 1789.

DELAWARE.

Cæsar Rodney was born at Dover, Delaware, in 1730. He was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" in 1765, and was speaker of the Assembly of his State in 1768. He held a chaste and fluent pen, and it was much employed in the service of his country. He was a member of the first Congress in 1774, and remained in that body until the close of 1776, when he took the field as a brigadier-general. He was President of his State, but a cancer in his cheek soon incapacitated him for business, and terminated his life early in 1783.

George Read was born in Maryland, in 1734, and was educated at Philadelphia. He studied law, commenced business at Newcastle, Delaware, was a member of the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1774. He was appointed an Admiralty Judge in 1782, was a member of the first Constitutional Convention in 1786, was made Chief Justice in 1793, and died in the autumn of 1798.

Thomas M'Kean was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1734. He was educated at Philadelphia, became a lawyer, was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" in 1765, and was elected to the first Continental Congress for Delaware in 1774. He was president of Congress in 1781, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania for twenty years, and in 1799 was elected Governor of the State. He died in June, 1817.

MARYLAND.

Samuel Chase was born in Maryland, in April, 1741. He was educated at Baltimore, studied law, practiced at Annapolis, became eminent and popular, and in 1774 was chosen a member of the Continental Congress. He remained in that body until 1778. He removed to Baltimore in 1786, was appointed Chief Justice, first of the Criminal Court, and then of the State, and in 1796 was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. He held the office fifteen years, and died in June, 1811.

Thomas Stone was born in Maryland, in 1740. His profession was a lawyer, and in 1774 he was elected to a seat in Congress. He remained a member until 1778, and was again elected in 1783. In 1784, he was elected President of Congress, *pro tempore*. He died at Port Tobacco, Maryland, in October, 1787.

William Paca was born in Hartford, Maryland, in October, 1740. He was educated at Philadelphia, and studied law at Annapolis. In 1771, he was elected to the State legislature, was a member of the first Congress, in 1774, and remained in that body until 1778, when he was elected Chief Justice of Maryland. He was chosen Governor of the State in 1782; was made a district judge in 1789, and died in 1799.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in September, 1737. His father being a Roman Catholic, he was sent to France to be educated. He returned to America a finished scholar, in 1765, soon afterward took an active part in public affairs, and was elected to a seat in Congress in 1776. He retired from Congress in 1778, was elected United States Senator in 1789, and went into private life in 1801. He died in November, 1832, at the age of ninety-four years, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

VIRGINIA.

George Wythe was born in Elizabeth county, Virginia, in 1726. Being wealthy, he chose the profession of the law as an avenue to distinction. He was a member of the colonial legislature of Virginia, and in 1775 was elected a member of Congress. He suffered much loss of property during the war. In 1777 he was Speaker of the Virginia Assembly, and was appointed Judge of the High Court of Chancery. He was afterward appointed Chancellor, filled the office for more than twenty-five years, and died in June, 1806.

Richard Henry Lee, the Cicero of the Congress of 1776, was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, in January, 1732. He was educated in England, and soon after his return was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was a member of Congress in 1774, and remained in that body during a greater part of the war. He was a United States Senator in 1789, and died in June, 1794.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, in April, 1743. He was educated at William and Mary College, was member of the Virginia Legislature before the Revolution, was elected to Congress in 1775, and in 1776, as one of the Committee appointed for the purpose, wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was afterward Minister to France, the first Secretary of State under Washington, elected President of the United States in 1801, and died at Monticello, Virginia, in July, 1826.

Benjamin Harrison was a native of Virginia, was educated at William and Mary College, and began his political career in the Virginia legislature in 1764. He was elected to Congress in 1774, where he remained until 1777. He was chosen Speaker of the Virginia Assembly in 1778, and held that office until elected Governor in 1782. He died in April, 1791. The late President Harrison, who was born at

HARRISON'S RESIDENCE AT BERKELEY.

his father's house at Berkeley, on the James River, was his son.

Thomas Nelson, Jr. was born at York, Virginia, in December, 1738. He was educated in England, entered into political life soon after his return, and was elected to Congress in 1775. He held a seat there during the first half of the

NELSON'S RESIDENCE AT YORKTOWN.

war, and in 1781 succeeded Jefferson as Governor of the State. He was actively engaged in military life when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Governor Nelson died in January, 1789.

Francis Lightfoot Lee was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, in October, 1734. He was educated at home. He was elected to a seat in the House of Burgesses in 1765, and continued a delegate until 1775, when he was sent to Congress. He retired to private life in 1779, and died in April, 1797.

Carter Braxton was born in Newington, Virginia, in September, 1736. He was educated at William and Mary College, went to England, and remained there until 1760, when he was called to a seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was distinguished during the Stamp Act excitement, and in 1775 was elected to the Continental Congress. He was a member of the Federal Congress, and remained in active life until his death in October, 1797.

NORTH CAROLINA.

William Hooper was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in June, 1742. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, and commenced its practice at Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1767. He was a member of the State legislature in

HOOPER'S RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON

1773, was an active patriot, and in 1774 was elected to a seat in the Continental Congress. Soon after signing the Declaration of Independence, he resigned his seat, and returned home. He was elected a judge in 1786, and died in October, 1790.

Joseph Hewes was born at Kingston, New Jersey, in 1730. He was educated at Princeton, became a merchant, and at the age of thirty years, settled at Wilmington, North Carolina He was a member of the Colonial Assembly for several years, and in 1774 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was compelled to leave that body, by sickness, in 1779, and died in November of that year.

John Penn was born in Caroline County, Virginia, in May, 1741. His early education was defective, but a strong mind overcame all obstacles. He studied law, went to North Carolina in 1774, was an active politician and an eminent lawyer, and in 1775 was elected to a seat in Congress. He returned home in 1779, retired from public life in 1783, and died in September, 1788.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Edward Rutledge was born in Charleston in November, 1749. He was educated at Princeton, completed law studies in England, returned to America in 1773, and in 1775 was elected to Congress. He was a member until the close of 1776, and again in 1779; and in 1780 he was made a prisoner in Charleston, when the city was surrendered to the British He was elected Governor of the State in 1798, and died in January, 1800.

Thomas Heyward, Jr. was born in South Carolina in 1746. He completed law studies in England, and soon after returning to America, engaged in political life. He was elected to Congress in 1775, and left that body in 1778 to fill a judicial station in his own State. He commanded a battalion of militia during the siege of Charleston in 1780, was made prisoner, and sent with others to St. Augustine. He retired from public life in 1798, and died in March, 1809.

Thomas Lynch, Jr. was born in South Carolina in August, 1749. He was educated in England, studied law in London, returned home in 1772, became an active politician, and was elected to Congress in 1775. He left that body in the summer of 1776 on account of ill-health, and, with his wife, sailed for the West Indies in December The vessel was never heard of afterward.

Arthur Middleton was born in South Carolina in 1743. He was educated in England, returned to America in 1773, was an active republican, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress He was in Charleston in 1780, and made prisoner at the surrender. The fires of the Revolution melted away a large portion of his ample fortune. He remained active in public life until his death, on the first of January, 1789.

GEORGIA.

Button Gwinnett was born in England in 1732. He was a well-educated merchant, settled at Charleston when he first came to America, and afterward purchased a large tract of land in

Georgia, and made that his permanent residence. He was elected to Congress in 1776, afterward assisted in framing a State Constitution for Georgia, and was elected first governor under it. He had a quarrel with General M'Intosh, a duel ensued, and Gwinnett was mortally wounded in 1779.

Lyman Hall was born in Connecticut in 1721. He was educated at Yale, studied medicine, and went to South Carolina in 1752. He was a practicing physician in Georgia when the war broke out, and was sent a delegate to Congress by the parish of St. John's, in 1775. He was soon afterward elected a general delegate by a State Convention. He was at the North until after the evacuation of Savannah in 1782, when he returned, and found all of his property confiscated to the Crown. He was elected Governor the following year, and died in Burke County in 1784.

George Walton was born in Frederick County, Virginia, in 1740. He was bred a mechanic, but at the age of twenty-one he studied law, and commenced its practice in Georgia. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and returned home in 1778. He was in military service at Savannah, and was wounded and made prisoner there when it surrendered to the British. He was elected Governor of the State in 1779, and was again sent to Congress in 1780. He was afterward Governor, Chief Justice, and United States' Senator. He died at Augusta in February, 1804.*

These compatriots of Mr. Jefferson in the Congress of 1776, were chosen by the people to represent them, because of their moral and intellectual cultivation, their social position, their prudence and integrity, and their boldness in advocacy of the inalienable rights of the colonists. Many of them were men of great experience in public affairs; all thoroughly understood the nature of the quarrel with the Mother Country, and saw clearly the proper remedies for the political evils which were hourly accumulating. They were not hot-headed revolutionists, moved by zeal without knowledge, with no other definite object but *change*. They were proud of their origin—proud of the honor of forming a part of the great British Empire, then foremost among the nations as the conservator of constitutional liberty, and more truly great than any other, because more free and enlightened. Yearning for reconciliation, they petitioned and remonstrated, year after year, for a redress of grievances, with sincere loyalty of feeling, and an earnest desire to maintain the security and glory of the British realm. They felt, as they declared, "that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes." But they also felt and declared, that "when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security." Such an exigency existed, when they declared the colonies "free and independent" States, and appealed to past history to vindicate the righteousness of their act, and to God for the rectitude of their intentions.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were men engaged in almost every prominent pursuit of life. There were twenty-four *lawyers*; fourteen *farmers*, or men whose only business avocation was agriculture; nine *merchants*; four *physicians*; one Gospel *minister*, and three who were educated for that profession, but chose other fields of usefulness; and one a *manufacturer*. A large proportion of them lived to the age of three score and ten years. Three of them were over ninety years of age when they died; ten over eighty; eleven over seventy; fourteen over sixty; eleven over fifty; and six over forty-four. Mr. Lynch, who was lost in a vessel on its way to the West Indies, was only about thirty years of age. The aggregate years of life of the whole band of patriots, was three thousand six hundred and eighty-seven.

It is a fact worthy of record, that of the fifty-six members of the Continental Congress of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and thereby took a position of great eminence in the sight of the nations, not one fell from his proud estate, either by the effects of political apostacy or lukewarmness, or by moral degradation. In public and private life they remained pure; and in that glorious constellation of which the Patriot of Monticello is the chief luminary, there is not a single star whose light is dim, or unworthy of the highest homage that may be paid to man by the patriot and Christian. The memory of their achievements, accomplished with an eye single to the general good, should make us, the inheritors of the resulting blessings, bow in reverent adoration before the omnipotent spirit of UNION, in which alone, as in the group of celestial orbs, is strength and beauty. They were a band of brothers, indeed; and the family hearth, consecrated by their protection, which we have inherited, extended over every broad acre of the Republic. Let us see to it, that no disunion lines are traced upon it; for—

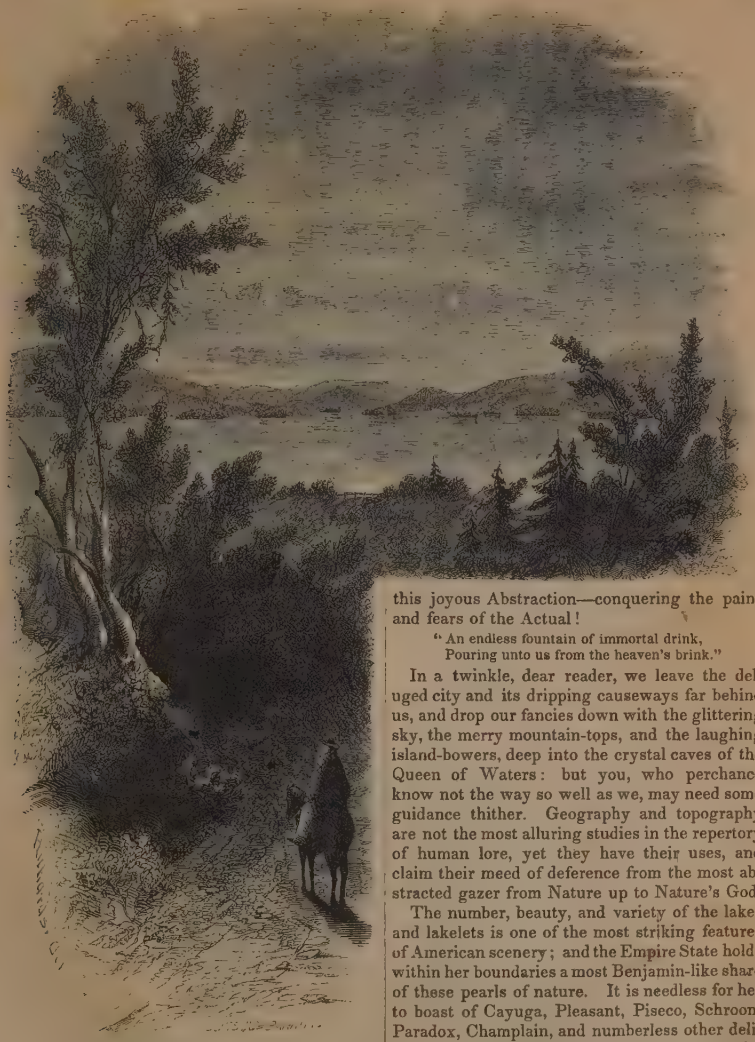
"Oh! 'tis a noble heritage—this goodly land of ours—
It boasts, indeed, nor Gothic fane, nor 'ivy-mantled towers;'
But far into the closing clouds its purple mountains climb—
The sculpture of Omnipotence, the rugged Twins of Time.

. . . . . .

"Oh! surely a high destiny, which we alone can mar,
Is figured in the horoscope where shines our risen star;
The monarchs all are looking on, in hope some flaw to see
Among the yet unbroken links that guard our liberty.

"But may we disappoint the hope of every despot lord,
And keep our Union's gordian-knot uncleft by Faction's sword,
And as, with those girt in of yore, new provinces are twined,
Still let us with fresh bands of love the sheaf of Freedom bind!"

* The group of the signers of the Declaration of Independence (page 154), and the illustrations which accompany the brief sketches of those illustrious men, are from LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.*



SOUTHERN APPROACH TO LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE GEORGE.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE rain-drops upon our roof and against our window-pane trip in elfin measure—the harsh voice of old Boreas melts into a zephyrous breathing—glad sunshine illumines the dark clouds—and the gleeful rainbow spreads her magic sceptre of peace over the earth, as we nib our pen this wintry morning to conjure up summer memories of the gentle Horicon. Happy talisman—this remembrance of the Beautiful! this joyous Abstraction—conquering the pains and fears of the Actual!

> "An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

In a twinkle, dear reader, we leave the deluged city and its dripping causeways far behind us, and drop our fancies down with the glittering sky, the merry mountain-tops, and the laughing island-bowers, deep into the crystal caves of the Queen of Waters: but you, who perchance know not the way so well as we, may need some guidance thither. Geography and topography are not the most alluring studies in the repertory of human lore, yet they have their uses, and claim their meed of deference from the most abstracted gazer from Nature up to Nature's God.

The number, beauty, and variety of the lakes and lakelets is one of the most striking features of American scenery; and the Empire State holds within her boundaries a most Benjamin-like share of these pearls of nature. It is needless for her to boast of Cayuga, Pleasant, Piseco, Schroon, Paradox, Champlain, and numberless other delicious scenes, while with fair Horicon alone she may challenge all the earth. This bright gem—gem of purest water—is befittingly set in a surrounding of kindred beauties, shedding its effulgence upon the most attractive portion of the most picturesque State in the Union. It is as accessible in all directions as steamers, railways, and plank-roads can make it. And what magnificent modes of access! The Canadian, dropping down Lake Champlain, nods to the Adirondacks on one hand, and to the Green Mountains on the other, as he hastens to pay a morning call; while the Southron glides swiftly through the

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

enchanted fastnesses of the Hudson, and peeps into the gay saloons of Saratoga, as he runs up to dinner or tea. And what cordial and hospitable greeting and entertainment they receive—moral and physical! What gracious smiles from the hostess, and what dinners and teas from the stewards of her hotels!

The transit of Lake George is a link in the high road from the States to the Canadas, by which happy accident men of business toils may worship God for a moment through the still, small voice of His handiworks, without abating a jot of their devotion to Mammon. The general scenery-hunter and the fashionable tourist "do" the Lake without trouble, in connection with their devoirs at Saratoga—a good preparation, had Horicon need of such a foil as the intellectual and moral fast of a sojourn at that temple of empty gallantries and unreal life.

The Indian, true to that dominant emotion of his heart—a pure and reverent love of Nature—always fervently worshiped at this shrine, and baptized it humbly—in sympathy with its own character and sentiment—Horicon, or the Silvery Waters; he called it too Canideriout, or the Tail of the Lake, from its relative position to the proximate waters of Champlain. The French Catholics, equally obeying the specialities of their *morale*, christened it, in honor of their religious creed, Lake Sacrament; while the Anglo-Saxon, no less mindful of his highest and holiest love, made it do homage to his egotism, and named it after himself—Lake George! To this hour, well-a-day! the voices of poetry and of religion are drowned in the more clamorous cry of human pride and selfishness.

Who can say what deeds of heroism and horror, of love and hate, the shores and depths of Horicon may have witnessed in the forgotten ages of the past, when the red man alone was lord and master. What unwritten histories, rich and strange, may lie buried in its sealed waters. Certainly, since its story has found chroniclers, numberless events of classic and historic charm have clustered thick around it. The poet and the romancer have embalmed it in the quaint old rhyme and in winsome story. Brave armies lie under its sods, and its ripples now break over the graves of once gay and gallant fleets. Not a few of the most daring and important events of our Colonial wars, and of our Revolutionary struggle, endear these haunts to the national heart. We shall recall these records of the lyre, and these "moving accidents by flood and field," as briefly and comprehensively as we may, as in our traverse of the lake we reach the several points and scenes with whose story they are interwoven.

Let us start, as nine out of ten of you will, from the piazza of one of the giant hotels of Saratoga. We may manage the whole intervening distance of twenty miles, either wholly on an easy plank-road, or in part by the more rapid railway. We say of the latter route, "in part," because not yet has the demon voice of the locomotive profaned the holy stillness of Horicon. By either path, we shall pass over the last and most interesting part of the journey at a decorous and convenient pace.

As we jog on, we may, if we are poetically or archæologically bent—as one is apt to be under such circumstances—recall the woeful story of the ill-fated Jenny M'Crea, and the victory of Gates, and defeat of Burgoyne on Bemis' Heights, both stories of the vicinage. After dinner at Glen's Falls, we may delight us with the angry and tortuous passage of the upper Hudson, over immense barriers of jagged marble; and looking into the past, we may espy the hiding-place of Cooper's fair creations—Alice and Cora Munroe, with their veteran guardians, Uncas and Hawk-Eye. The clamor of human industry at this once quiet spot would now drown the foot-fall of the Mohican better than ever did his stealthy moccasin.

Midway between these famous falls and the lake, we take a peep at Williams' Rock, a venerable boulder on the wayside, remembered with the fate of its god-father, Col. Williams, killed here in the "soul-trying" times. The action which immortalized this ancient druid has given a dreary interest to another spot hard by—a deep-down, dank, and dismal "Bloody Pond," where sleep the poor fellows who were left to pay the scot at this sad merry-making.

From this point we catch our first glimpse of the watch-towers of Horicon; and soon after a joyous gleam of water blesses our vision, growing into a broad, far-spreading sea, studded with mythical isles and edged with gallant hills. Then the little village of Caldwell peeps up to greet us, and hastening to grasp its extended hand, we are soon cosily housed in the parlors of Sherrill's famous house, at the head of the Lake. The unusual course of the Horicon, from south to north, results in a little jumbling of the ups and downs of travel, sending the loiterer down the lake, while he is going up the shore, or road, and *vice versa:* thus leaving the queenly water open to the derogatory imputation of an insane weakness for standing on its head! Sup with the model appetite achieved by your day's travel—puff your Havana lazily as you commune for an hour upon the piazza, with the slumbering waters—sleep serenely, as under such gentle influences you infallibly must—rise betimes, and breakfast befittingly, as you will, upon Sherrill's immaculate trout, and if no very heinous sins press you down (like the leaded ends of the toy pithmen), there is no saying whether you yourself will be found standing upon your head or feet, for it requires but a marvelously short time here to make you a "boy again," and to revive your ancient passion for wild-oats.

It is the custom of many folks to take the steamboat at Caldwell, after breakfast, traverse the entire lake to Ticonderoga, get back again to tea, and consider the thing done: but as these people are only themselves "done," we shall consider their custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Catch us, forsooth, wasting Lake George on a single day's pleasure! We are not such thriftless prodigals. We are here *chez le* Commodore: we know when we are well off, and we are going to upset our trunks and make ourselves comfortable.

The morning is advancing, and we had well nigh forgotten our bath. To pass a day here without this luxury is to make but a shabby use of the blessings of Providence. What is Stoppani, with his "hot and cold?" or Rabineau, with his "salt?" in comparison with the vast crystal tub in which you here make your daily ablutions? A few steps—your skiff (skiffs abound) is manned; a few pulls, and that dreamy isle whose mazes you threaded last night with the blue wreaths of your cigar, is reached; one plunge, and your youth is renewed—you are in Elysium:

> "We have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below!"

Our morning bath accomplished, now let us, like Shakspeare's hero, "sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings." Here, in the cooling shadow of the stately hemlock, so gracefully softened by the lighter humor of the more genial birch—the Socrates and the Alcibiades of the woods. Yonder, to the northward, are gathered, in promiscuous and crowded groups, as if to do honor to your coming, all the mountain-tops of the neighborhood. It is the same glimpse, seen nearer, as that caught occasionally in our approach to the Lake yesternight, and which we have sought to transcribe in our frontispiece. The islands lie chiefly off there in the distance; but so abundant are they, that quite enough still stand around you and dot the

SHELVING ROCK.

SCENE NEAR BOLTON.

water, like exclamation-points, in all directions. With the changing hour—dawn, sunset, and night; with the varying weather; from the calm of drowsy morning to the eve of gathering storm, these islands are found in ever-changing phases. As they sleep for a moment in the deep quiet of a passing cloud-shadow, you sigh for rest in their cooling bowers; anon, the sun breaks over them, and you are still as eager to mingle in their now wild and lawless revelry. You may shake up the Lake like a keleidescope, seeing with every varying change a new picture, by simply varying your relative position to these islands. Now you have a foreground of pebbly beach, or perchance of jagged rock, or of forest *débris*, with the spreading water, and the distance-tinted hills, to fill up the canvas; or, peeping beneath the pendant boughs of the beach and maple, an Arcadian bower discloses vistas of radiant beauty.

Still new volumes open as you thread the shores on either hand. This you may do, for some dozen miles on the western side, upon a comfortable carriage-way. Some four miles onward, you pick up the accompanying picture of "Shelving Rock," a feature which gives saliency to the landscape in all directions. Hereabouts, this particular grouping is seen over and over again, with sundry variations. Behind the Shelving Rock rises Black Mountain, a bold and omnipresent spirit in the scenery of Horicon: to be got rid of only by turning your back upon him—a discourtesy to which there is no temptation.

The charm of many of the islands and localities embraced in the view from Caldwell, is pleasantly heightened by associations of historic incident. Diamond Isle was once (who, now watching its peaceful aspect, would ever think it!) a depôt for military stores and war-clad bands. Long Point, hard by, in 1757 formed with the shore a harbor for the bateaux of Montcalm. Yonder too are still found the ruins of forts, and other adjuncts of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. Fort William Henry, the most interesting of these relics, was built by the English during their colonial wars with the French, in 1755. Two years after, it was destroyed by the Gallic general, Montcalm, on the surrender of the English garrison. The circumstances of this capitulation are too tragical to be easily forgotten. As the conquered troops were leaving the fort, under the promise of protection and escort, they were savagely attacked by the Indian allies of the victors, and fifteen hundred were slain or made captives, the French looking calmly and perfidiously on the while, and denying all succor or interference. To complete the horror of the scene, the mangled corses of more than a hundred women strewed the ground.

In this vicinage are the ruins of Fort George; and close by was once a third fortification, named in honor of General Gage. The history of neither recalls to our memory any very active scenes.

Caldwell, though possessing not over two hundred inhabitants, is yet the most considerable village—indeed the only one worthy of the name—until you reach Ticonderoga, at the north end of the Lake. Its position at a terminus, and on the high road of travel, together with its well-ordered summer hotel (the favorite Lake House,

at whose table we have thus far in our journey been delighting our souls with the rich products of the angle and of the chase), have made it the place where tourists most do congregate. In every respect it is capital head-quarters. Still there are other resting-places and bivouacs none the less desirable from being more secluded and quiet. Chief among these is Bolton, some three leagues distant by road or water, and Garfield's, still another decade of miles removed. At both of these landings are admirable hotels, with every facility for a satisfactory immolation of Old Tempus. A new inn has been very recently erected opposite Caldwell; and Toole's, some miles beyond, on the eastern shore, is well known to the hunting and fishing visitors.

But of all the haunts on the Lake, Bolton is pre-eminent in its array of natural beauty. In no other vicinage can you put out your hand or your foot, and in one leisurely pull on the water or in one quiet stroll on the shore, possess yourself of so many and so richly contrasted pictures. The genuine lover of nature may linger long at other spots, but here is his abiding place. Bolton is a township which, while having a name to live, is yet dead. It possesses a shadowy conglomeration of huts, which the modesty of the good Boltonians themselves dares not dignify with any prouder appellation than that of "the huddle." The farm-houses round about are reasonably thick and well to do, certainly; but still Bolton, in the vocabulary of the stranger, is neither more nor less than the "Mohican House," whose esteemed commandant is Captain Gale, a name next to that of "Sherrill" most gratefully interwoven with the carnal history of Horicon. Yes! the Mohican House is Bolton, and Bolton is the Mohican House; even as Bardolph was his nose, and his nose was Bardolph. Great are both!

Among the genial spirits who were our few fellow guests here during two happy moons, some year or so ago, was one of Italia's most gifted daughters, whose voice has rung in melody through all this wide land, yet never in such sweet and winning harmony, and with such worthy accessories, as under the starry canopy and amidst the enrapt stillness of Horicon. "*Casta diva che in argenti*," floating spirit-like over the glad waters, and gently echoed by listening hill and isle, is not quite the same thing as when sent back from the proscenium of "Astor Place." Our Signorina had "the heavens and earth of every country seen:" had known and loved Katrine and Windermere, Constance, Lomond, Geneva and Grassmere, had grown to womanhood on the sunny banks of immortal Como, yet found sweet Horicon more charming than them all. What better evidence of the sweet poetry and power of the lovely theme of our present memories can we have than the earnest and enduring emotion and sympathy it wins from the most cultivated souls, no less than from the wonder-stricken novice amidst the *chefs-d'œuvres* of nature!

It is no slight task to determine in which direction here, to seek the picturesque—whether in the bosom of the Lake, on the variedly indented shores, or on the overlooking mountain tops. Every where is abundant and perfect beauty. Among our poor trophies of the pencil we have preserved a little glimpse looking southward from the edge of the water at Bolton. Our only regret is, as we offer it with its companions, that, with our best seekings, we may still appear to the reader, too much like the pedant in Hierocles, submitting a brick as a sample of the beauty of his house.

The average width of Lake George is between two and three miles. At the Mohican House, this average is exceeded; indeed, at one other point only, is it any where broader than here. All the leading features of the locality are happily commanded here. The islands within range of the eye are many and of surpassing beauty—and among them is that odd little nautical eccentricity, called Ship Island, from the mimicry in its verdure of the proportions and lines of the ship. The landing is near the mouth of the northwest bay—a special expanse of five miles, stolen from the main waters by the grand mountain promontory aptly called the Tongue. It is

SHIP ISLAND AND BLACK MOUNTAIN.

THE NARROWS.

the extension into the Lake of this ridge of hills which forms the Narrows, entered immediately after passing Bolton. Contracted as the channel is at this point, it seems yet narrower from the greater elevation of the mountains among which are the most magnificent peaks of the neighborhood. Here is the home of Shelving Rock, with its hemisphere of palisades, and its famous dens of rattlesnakes; here too, monarch of hills, the Black Mountain, with his rugged crown of rock, holds his court. Tongue Mountain is the favored haunt of the Nimrods in their search for the luscious venison. Speaking of the chase reminds us that we owe a line to the sister sport of the angle. It is in the vicinage of Bolton that both these delights may be best attained, and particularly is it the field, *par excellence*, for piscatory achievements. Were it not that so very little credence is placed in the avoirdupois of fishermen, we would allude modestly to the weight of certain astonishing creatures of the trout and bass kind, which we have ourselves persuaded to the hook.

Charming as are the scenes from the surface of the Lake, they are surpassed by the glimpses continually occurring in the passage of the road on the western shore (the precipitousness of the mountains on the other side admits of no land passage), and commanded by the summits of the hills. Leaving Bolton, the road which has thus far followed the margin or the vicinage of the water, steals off, and sullenly winds its rugged and laborious way across the mountains, offering nothing of interest until it again descends to the Lake near Garfield's—a tedious traverse of a score of miles or more. The interval is much more rapidly and pleasantly made on the steamer. From Sabbath-Day Point and Garfield's, the road again jogs on merrily in the neighborhood of the water. Descending the mountains at the northern end of this central portion of the Lake road, you catch a noble and welcome panorama of the upper part of the Horicon. But returning to Bolton—we were about speaking of the delightful scenes from the shore thereat. Within a short walk northward, an exceedingly characteristic view is found looking across the mouth of the Northwest bay to the Narrows. From all the eminences or from the shore, the landscape is here of admirable simplicity, breadth, and grandeur. It is seen most justly as the morning sun peeps over Black Mountain and its attendant peaks. Looking southward from various points yet further on, fine views of the head of the Lake are obtained—among them our sketch of the master feature of the southern extremity—the French

mountain—terminating a pleasant stretch of lawn, hill, and islanded water.

It is while the eye is filled with such scenes as these modest hill-tops offer, more perhaps than when embowered in the solitudes of the island shades, or than when wandering by the rippling shore, that the soul is most conscious of the subtle nature of the charms which make us cling to and desire ever to dwell near Horicon. This secret and omnipotent essence is the rare presence of the quiet and grace of the beautiful—heightened, but not overcome, by the laughing caprices of the picturesque, and the solemn dignity of the grand in nature. The beautiful alone, wanting that contrast and variety which keeps curiosity alert and interested, soon wearies and cloys—the sublime calling forth feelings of astonishment, and sometimes even of terror, stretches the fibres so much beyond their natural tone as to create pain, so that the effect, however great, can not be very enduring. When these several qualities are united, as they are in the luxuriant, changeful, and wide-spreading landscape of Lake George, a pleasant and lasting sensation of delight is the result—a healthy tone of pleasurable excitement, in which are avoided the extremes both of the languor of beauty and the painful tension of emotion produced by the sublime

The attractions of Horicon will be yet more perfect when time shall effect the additional infusion of the picturesque, which will follow the enterprise, opulence, and taste of increasing population Though now exhibiting all the elements of perfect beauty, she yet bides her time for complete development. She is now, to her sister waters of the Old World, as the untaught forest maiden is to the peerless queen of the boudoir and saloon The refining and spiritualizing hand of art will soon enliven her quieter features, and soften her rougher characteristics Ruined battlements and legendary shrines may never deck her bluffs and promontories in the mystic veil of romance, but happy cottages and smiling homes of health and content will climb her rude acclivities, and merry summer villas will peep gleefully out of the clustering shrubbery of her lovely isles, bringing to the heart more grateful thoughts and hopes than would the vaunted accessories of older spots, inasmuch as they will whisper of a yet higher civilization and of a nobler life.

So admirably attuned are all the elements of beauty in the scenery of Lake George, that on our first acquaintance with the region we could scarcely imagine it ever to appear under a different aspect than the sunny phase in which we then saw it. So perfect did nature appear, both in the general sentiment and in the most minute detail, that we could think of her doing

> "Nothing but that, more still, still so, and own
> No other function—"

As we gazed around upon the chattering waters and upon the rejoicing hills, we wondered whether storm and cloud ever darkened their radiant face —whether the wrath of the mad and unchained elements ever managed to break the spell of calm repose But we learned in due time that, as the mildest eye will sometimes glance in wrath, and the rosiest lip will curl in scorn, so the black scowl of the tempest would gather upon the brows of the peaceful hills, and hide the smile of the gentle floods of Horicon—only, though, soon to pass away, and leave hill and water more verdant and sparkling than before. When the air is thus cleared by storm or shower, the surrounding hills glitter in almost painful distinctness, each stem and stone from the base to the crown of the mountains seeming to come within the grasp of your hand. Once—deceived by this false sem-

FRENCH MOUNTAIN.

SABBATH-DAY POINT

blance—we were persuaded to undertake the passage of the Lake and the ascent of the Black Mountain. "It is so easy and simple a matter," said our adventurous friends, "and may be managed so readily and so rapidly" Alas! poor deluded wretches! Well was it that our fancy came with the rising of the sun, and that no delay followed in the execution, for night fairly overtook us before we regained our domicile, under a firm conviction of the verity of the old proverb touching the deceitfulness of appearances. As a memento of this excursion, we brought back a rattle-snake, which we demolished on the way; and the skin of which one of our party, following the sumptuary habits of the people, afterward wore as a hat-band. Turning from the position whence we have been gazing upon the French Mountain, we may detect, upon the extreme left, the petite area of Fourteen Mile Island, lying at the base of Shelving Rock, and near the entrance to the Narrows. This is a famous temporary home of the Nimrods who chase the deer over the crags of the Tongue Mountain, opposite. The domestic appliances of this rude resting-place are as nomadic as the roughest hunter could desire.

On the Pinacle, a lofty peak west of the hotel, a more extended panorama of the Lake is obtained. We often climbed to the summit of the hills on the road westward from Bolton; once we found ourselves there at the very peep of day, when the stern and rugged phiz of Black Mountain was bathed in the purple light of the rising sun; the few fleeting clouds visible in the heavens were tinged with gold, doubly gorgeous in contrast with the gray hue of the unillumined hills beneath, the blue waters, and the yet sleeping islands. Still a few moments, and "heaven's wide arch was glorious with the sun's returning march." Floods of living light swept over the extended landscape—the hundred islets rubbed their sleepy eyes, and joyously awoke again; while the waters threw off the drapery of their couch in the shape of long lines of vapor, which the jocund king of day—merrily performing the rôle of chamber-maid—busied himself in rolling carefully up on the hill-side, and hiding away until they should be again required. It was one of those magical scenes of which the poet and painter more often dream than realize.

Thus far our panorama gazings have (from the intervening of the Tongue) shown us only the southern end of Horicon. At the 2200 feet elevation of the Black Mountain, the eye sweeps the entire extent of the Lake—of Champlain, lying at its eastern base—and of all the region round, to the peaks of the Adirondacks, and the green hills of Vermont. But very few tourists, few of the Nimrods even, brave the toils of an ascent to the crown of this stately pile. The way is wearisomely steep and beset with dangers. Watching with due precaution for the rattlesnake, an indigenous product of all this region, you may overlook the approach of the bear, or unexpectedly encounter the catamount—not to mention the host of less distinguished animals, "native here, and to the manner born."

When you are ready, or necessitated rather,

to say adieu to Bolton (for continual parting is the sad alloy of the traveler's rare privilege of varied greeting), the little steamer will pick you up all in the morning betimes, and whisk you through the Narrows to your next bivouac, at Sabbath-Day Point.

The passage of the Narrows, either in storm or sunshine, at noon-tide or night, is not the least agreeable item in your Lake experience. The waters here reach a depth of four hundred feet, and so surprisingly translucent are they, that you may watch the gambols of the finny peoples many fathoms below the surface. In most parts of the Lake you may count the pebbles at the bottom as your skiff glides along.

We shall be set ashore at Sabbath-Day Point in a batteau, for want of a steamboat landing. Such a convenience was once found here. Once Sabbath-Day Point was a point every body longed to know. A commodious and fashionable summer hotel stood here, and a miraculous old landlord did the honors in his own remarkable way. Hotel, landlord, and visitors have all vanished. Nature, though, yet remains—young, lovely, and *riant* as ever. The pleasant strip of meadow pokes its merry nose into the Lake with the saucy impudence of other days, and scans with wonted satisfaction the glorious sweep of the waters, as they vanish southward in the defile of the Narrows; or northward, reflect on their broad expanse the Titan phiz of good Saint Anthony, and the rocky flanks of Roger's Slide.

In 1756, a handful of colonists here successfully repelled a stormy onslaught of the Indians and French. Here too, in 1758, General Abercrombie and his gallant army lunched, *en route* from Fort George, at the head of the Lake, to attack the French at Ticonderoga. The sky was gemmed with stars, and the disc of the moon fell unbroken upon the motionless waters, as this glorious array of a thousand boats, bearing sixteen thousand men, pursued their stealthy march. As the brilliant cavalcade debarked, the bright uniforms sparkled in the beams of the rising sun, and the morning being the Sabbath, the little cape was happily called Sabbath-Day Point. Here again, in the memorable 1776, the patriot militia dealt some successful back-handers to the Tories and their Indian allies.

From Sabbath-Day Point we may re-embark on the steamer, or continue our journey by land, as the road now touches the Lake again. Three miles onward we make the little village of Hague, if village it can be styled. The visitor will remember the locality as Garfield's—one of the oldest and most esteemed summer camps. Judge Garfield would seem to have an intimate acquaintance with every deer on the hill-side, and with every trout in the waters, so habitually are these gentry found at his luxurious table. An excellent landing facilitates the approach to Garfield's, and the steamboat touches daily, up and down.

The shore route hence to Ticonderoga is through a pleasant country, well worth exploration. We will pursue our journey now by water. Just beyond, the Lake is again reduced to Procrustean limits, as it brushes between the opposing walls of Roger's Rock and Anthony's Nose. The reader is doubtless familiar with the ruse by which Major Rogers, flying from the Indians in 1758, persuaded them that he had achieved the marvelous feat of sliding down this grand declivity; thus cleverly reversing the

ROGER'S SLIDE AND ANTHONY'S NOSE.

RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

theory of the sublime Western poet—seeking to—

——"Prove that one Indian savage
Is worth two white men, on an av'rage!"

North of Roger's Rock the character of the Lake changes; the wild mountain shores yield to a fringe of verdant lawn and shady copse, and the water grows momently more shallow. This last variation was a god-send to the first English captives, detained by the French and Indians in the olden time, upon Prisoner's Island, hereabouts. At a quiet moment they took French leave, and waded ashore!

Directly west of Prisoner's Island is Howe's Landing, the point of debarkation of the mighty flotilla which we met at Sabbath-Day Point: and here, too, good reader, is *our* landing, and the end of our voyage of Horicon.

You will now collect your traps, and stepping with us, into one of the carriages which await—take a pleasant jog of four miles down the merry outlet of Lake George, and through the two villages of Ticonderoga, or "Tye," as they are familiarly called, to the brave old fort which the sturdy Ethan Allen so audaciously seized, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." In this little four-mile gallop of Horicon to Lake Champlain, the water makes a descent of two hundred and thirty feet, forming in the journey two series of very considerable cascades, called the Upper and the Lower Falls; both made industrially available by the denizens of the villages just mentioned. This ride, with its opening vistas of the valleys and hills of Vermont; its foaming cataracts; its charming revelations of the grand waters of Champlain; and, above all, its termination amidst the remains of the famed old Fort, is a welcome sequel to the day's delights.

Nothing could be more charmingly picturesque than the position and surroundings of the hotel at this memorable spot: the fairly-like air of the verandahed and latticed little house, its dainty walls gleaming in the drops of sunshine which steal from beneath the "sloping eaves" of the verdant grove which encircles it, and the rich velvety lawn sloping so gently to the very edge of the water.

Within immediate reach of this quiet and secluded retreat, stands the ancient Fort, looking proudly down, even in the feebleness and decrepitude of age, upon the scenes which once looked to its strength for protection and defense.

Ticonderoga, though geographically belonging to Lake Champlain, is essentially, in all its historical associations, and in all its natural beauties, part and parcel of Horicon; and nowhere may we more appropriately end our day's rambles than within its quiet shades.

Let us linger yet a moment, while the moonlight holds, amidst these eloquent mementoes of the past. Once these aged and tottering piles braved the defiance thundered from the frowning brow of yonder mountain. Here many of that glad and gorgeous array which we have twice met, found a gory resting-place. Here the feeble arm of a young nation first grew strong to humble the pride of tyrant power.

Feeble and mouldering walls, too weak to bear even the tender embrace of the clinging ivy! You were once the envied and the vaunted glory of the three great powers of the earth. France, Britain, and America successively confessed your strength. You are no more a contested prize, and never again may you be. Quiet is within your walls, and Peace dwells among the nations.

FERRY HOUSE AT BROOKLYN, 1791.

GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

EVERY thing in the United States presents the aspect of freshness, vigor, and elastic vitality to the European on his arrival here, and he is continually impressed with the consciousness that he is in the midst of a vast progressive movement of a people young, lusty, and indomitable, toward the highest social refinement, political wisdom, and national grandeur. The cities and villages appear as if they were recently commenced, and were being rapidly pushed toward completion, to appear well at some great cosmopolitan fete near at hand. To the citizen of some old town in Continental Europe which was embalmed in history centuries ago, and where a new house has not been erected, nor an old one altered, within the memory of man, every thing here seems in its nativity—a magician's wand appears to be summoning vast marts of commerce from the blue waves of the ocean, and beautiful villages from the bosoms of the forests.

We have many startling data with which to illustrate the wonderful progress of our country in industrial pursuits, social refinement, and true national greatness; but there is none more tangible than the growth of our cities. We will select for illustration, only three, from a single State—the cities of *Brooklyn*, *Rochester*, and *Buffalo*, in the State of New York. The wonderful vitality which has stimulated the growth of each has been drawn from separate and distinct sources: Brooklyn from its proximity to a great and increasing commercial city; Rochester from the inherent energy, industry, and enterprise of its aggregating population; and Buffalo from its eligible position in the great pathway of commerce between the Atlantic and the States along the Lakes and the Father of Waters. Brooklyn is like the child of a rich parent, nursed into life and placed in good society without much personal endeavor; Rochester is like a sturdy youth, with ax and spade, sent forth from the homestead roof to hew down the forest, let in the blessed sunlight to the bosom of Mother Earth, and then to seek sustenance and manly vigor from the generous soil; and Buffalo is like a publican and toll-gatherer upon the highway, growing rich and lusty upon the spendings of troops of wayfarers, who eat, drink, and are merry, pay tribute, and pass on.

BROOKLYN is earliest in date and greatest in population. Within its corporation bounds Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born on Long Island, inspired her earliest breath, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago. The hills around were called *Breucklen* (broken land) by the Dutch, and the orthoepy has but little changed, now that a beautiful city covers their slopes and crowns their summits, and the Dutch language is no more heard. When settlements and farms increased upon Long Island a ferry was established. A broad flat-boat for man and beast was provided, and the rental of the privilege to navigate the channel was appropriated to the building of the old City Hall in Wall Street, New York, where Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. A ferry house was built upon the Brooklyn side, where the farmers ate and drank, and parties from New York went to devour delicious fish, served in Epicurean style. The ferry house was famous for these things all through the dark period of the Revolution, when many a scarlet uniform was seen beneath its "stoop," its owner often "hob-and-nob" over a plate of fish with a rebel of bluest dye. Long years afterward the ferry house continued to be a solitary tenant of the soil, where now is so much life—so much of brick and mortar, merchandise and confusion.

A friend of the writer (John Fanning Watson, Esq., the well known annalist of New York and Philadelphia), whose memory, vivid as morning light, goes back full sixty years, has given him, in a letter recently written, a picture of Brooklyn as it appeared to him in boyhood, and with it a pencil sketch of the ferry house, depicted at the head of this article. The house stood upon the high bank, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and the road to the little ferry wharf below was cut through the bank, where Fulton Street now terminates. At the bottom of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards below the ferry house, was a large fresh water spring, from which almost every vessel that came into the harbor procured a supply. To that spring young Watson went with a boat's crew, in 1791, and filled casks with water, to supply their vessel anchored in the stream. Then New York was a comparatively small city. The ship yards (foot of Catharine Street) were upon its extremest verge; the City Hall Park was close by the green slopes that terminated in the "Fresh Water Pond," where the *Halls of Justice* now stand, and beyond were orchards and "milk farms," whose "bars" opened into the "Bowery road to Boston." Among the luxuries enjoyed by young Watson at that time, was a stroll in "Brannan's Garden," just out of town, on the Greenwich road, near

BROOKLYN IN 1810.

the present junction of Greenwich and Franklin Streets.* What wonderful changes within the memory of a man yet actively engaged in life's pursuits, managing with energy a portion of the daily business of that most active agent in our social progress—*a railway!* Let those who would enjoy the luxury of supping upon his reminiscential dainties uncover his delicious dish, the *Annals of New York*.

For twenty years longer, Brooklyn remained in almost an embryo state. Three churches were erected, but the worshipers were chiefly from the adjacent farms. The nest-egg ferry house, so long a *solitaire*, began to have a few companions, and some of the more progressive people aspired to the dignity of villagers. But opposition to the measure was strong and pertinacious, and it was not until 1816 that a majority said "Yes," and Brooklyn became an incorporated village. It then received its vital spark. Commerce expelled families from the lower wards of the city of New York, and many sought pleasant residences over the water. Emigration thither became fashionable; steam succeeded horses in the propulsion of ferry boats; the village developed strength, dignity, and beauty; put on city airs, and in 1834 the whole little township of Brooklyn, with its kernel at the ferry house, was incorporated a CITY. Since then (not twenty years), its progress has been wonderful. Williamsburg, Bedford, Flatbush, and Gowanus, are already hiding beneath the fringe of its mantle. Its population to-day is more than one hundred thousand—greater than that of the city of New York on the moonlight winter's night when the artist's pencil portrayed the above sketch. Its trade and commerce, and all its prosperity arising from industrial pursuits, are so interwoven with New York, that we pass the matter by in silence.

ROCHESTER IN 1812.

ROCHESTER is emphatically a Child of the Wilderness, only forty years of age. It is at the First Fall of the Genesee, a few miles from Lake Ontario, and upon the spot where, fifty years ago, Allen, a semi-savage Tory of the Revolution, built a mill to supply the scattered settlers in the wilderness all over western New York. It was called "a God-forsaken place; inhabited by musk-rats; visited only by straggling trappers, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation, or fever and ague." When public spirited and far-seeing men were making earnest endeavors to open highways from the Hudson to the Lakes, and resolved, in 1807, to erect a bridge over the Genesee River at the First Fall, Enos Stone built a log-cabin there. He cleared a few acres and planted corn, but the wild beasts destroyed it. His chief enemy was a huge she-bear, who long baffled his attempts to destroy her. Early in the autumn of 1811 his rifle bullet brought her from a tree, mortally wounded, and he had but little trouble afterward. The scene and the scenery is faithfully depicted in the engraving. That log-house yet stood upon St. Paul's Street when a resident population of more than twenty thousand were eating, drinking, loving and trafficking, upon the cornfield

* From 1840 to 1850, the aggregate number of new buildings erected in the city of New York was 15,409. Last year (1852) about 2500 buildings were constructed.

where, twenty-five years before, the she-bear depredated.

In 1810 Micah Brooks, Hugh M'Nair, and Mathew Warner, acted as State Commissioners for laying out a road to connect the Susquehanna with Lake Ontario; and a little later they were busy in surveying a route by which to connect the turnpike at Canandaigua with the Mississippi Valley, through the Alleghany River. When they were upon the site of Rochester, they slept upon straw and bear skins in the only house in the city, the log-cabin of Mr. Stone. Some of the fine old forest trees which they *blazed* on the route of their surveys, are yet standing in the groves of Mount Hope Cemetery, at Rochester, living monuments which speak of the progressive spirit and energy of many of those whose mortality slumbers beneath their shadows. General Brooks was one of the earliest advocates, in public and private, of the Erie Canal and other internal improvements; and in 1816 he offered a resolution in Congress to inquire "as to the expediency of establishing a post-route from the village of Canandaigua, by way of the village of Rochester, to the village of Lewiston, &c.* Nine years later he saw, not only post-roads and frequent mails there, but a great artificial river, bearing upon its bosom the vast soil-products of the West, and the manufactures and merchandise of the East, flowing over the Genesee, near the original bridge. He lived ten years longer, and, at a public meeting in Rochester, then a city of almost twenty thousand inhabitants, he lifted up his voice earnestly in favor of a great and immediate enlargement of that mighty artery of inland commerce. Since then seventeen years have elapsed, and he still lives, enjoying a ripe old age, and hoping not to close his eyes forever until the great work shall be accomplished. Hawley, Ellicott, Eddy, Watson, and other of his associate-backwoodsmen of New York, who inspired Clinton with the idea and importance of such a work, and the zeal to use his private and official influence in prosecuting it to completion, have all passed away. The cities and villages along the canal are their monuments, upon which a generous posterity will yet inscribe their names and epitaphs.

Nathaniel Rochester, a brave patriot of the Revolution, who served his country in the council and in the field in North Carolina, became a resident of Western New York in 1810; and in 1812, in company with two others, procured from the Holland Land Company a hundred-acre lot, at the Falls, for a settlement to be called ROCHESTER. The patriot became a resident of the village bearing his name in 1816, and lived there until his death, in 1831, when the log-cabin of Mr. Stone was surrounded by a permanent population of eleven thousand people. In the very year when Rochester became joint proprietor of the wild tract, "inhabited only by musk-rats," pagan religious rites were celebrated, where now is the centre of the city of Rochester. There, in the winter of 1812 and '13, the Seneca Indians were quartered upon the ground now traversed by a portion of St. Paul's Street; and in January, 1813, the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" was celebrated for five days. The life of a white dog was offered up at the door of the council-house, while separate bands of men and women, ornamented with feathers and trinkets, each holding an ear of corn, danced around the council-fire! Then the white dog was placed upon a sacrificial pile and consumed; the ceremonials ended; and henceforth the ground was dedicated by Christian men to the uses of enlightened enterprise and liberal institutions. In 1812 the

* In 1812, the mail was carried from Canandaigua to the Niagara frontier, once a week on horseback, a part of the time by a woman.

ROCHESTER IN 1812.

BUFFALO IN 1815.

population of Rochester was 15; in 1820 it was 1500; in 1830 it was 11,000; in 1840 it was 20,000; and now (1853) the number is about 40,000!

The little log flour-mill of Ebenezer Allen, fifty years ago, has passed away; but in its stead, there are now twenty-two large mills, with one hundred runs of stone, capable of grinding more than twenty thousand bushels of wheat daily. Flour is the great staple product of Rochester; yet every other kind of business incident to a numerous and thriving population, is flourishing there; and the future growth of the city will doubtless exhibit a result as wonderful as that of the past.

Buffalo is the Child of Traffic! It is at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at the outlet of the great chain of lakes whose waters, twenty miles below, make the leap of Niagara. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Land Company, upon a bluff or terrace, and partly upon the marshy ground between the high land and the creek. In 1813, it contained a few scattered houses, but no signs of even a respectable village appeared in the horoscope of its future. It was then made a military post, which invited a visit from the British and Indians on the frontier, with whom our people were then at war. They came in December, and laid every house in ashes, but two. Such was its condition and aspect two years afterward, when the artist made the above sketch of the port of Buffalo. When peace came, and there seemed a probability of the opening of a water communication with the Hudson from that point, enterprising men, with the old inhabitants, began earnest efforts there; and in 1817, one hundred houses had arisen from the ashes of the little hamlet of 1813. In 1822, it began to feel the prospective advantages of the completion of the Erie Canal, which was to terminate there. It was incorporated a village that year, and in 1832, twenty-one years ago, it was incorporated a city. Now it contains a population of about fifty thousand. The marshes are drained and covered, and where, thirty-eight years ago the little Buffalo Creek wound its way into Lake Erie, along the low banks which were covered with trees and shrubbery, long lines of wharves, with forests of masts, and stately warehouses filled with merchandise and produce, now present themselves.

The aggregate of commercial operations, best illustrates the growth of this modern Tyre upon the American Mediterranean Seas:

In 1852, there arrived at the port of Buffalo, nine hundred and twenty-nine sailing vessels, with an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, and eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-one men and boys, as crews During the same period, a thousand and sixty-two sailing vessels left the port, with the same average amount of tonnage, and number of men and boys. The value of imports was, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of dollars; and the amount of duties collected was about seventy thousand dollars. This amount of imports is exclusive of the hundreds of thousands of dollars value in earth-products and merchandise brought by canal-boats and railway-cars. During the year, six steam-boats, nine propellers, and eight schooners, were built at Buffalo; and four steam-boats, of eighteen hundred tons burden each, one of six hundred and fifty tons, two propellers, four schooners, a brig, and a steam-tug, were in process of construction. There are twenty-eight steamers, thirty-one propellers, and one hundred and thirty-four sailing vessels, with an aggregate of fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-three tons, now owned at Buffalo.

During 1852 the value of exports from Buffalo, by the Erie Canal, was twenty-one millions forty-nine thousand nine hundred and eight dollars, producing eight hundred and two thousand eight hundred and six dollars, in tolls. The

value of imports by the same channel was forty-one millions eight hundred and ten thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The whole amount of productions delivered in Buffalo, by the canal, during the year, was three hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty tons. In these statements no account is made of the immense amount of property carried to and taken from Buffalo, by the various express companies.

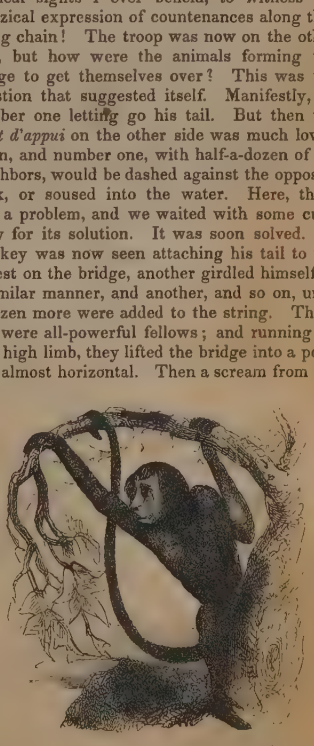
The future prospects of Buffalo are brilliant in the extreme. Within the past year two new lines of railway to the city have been completed, namely, the *New York City* and the *State Line*; and three other lines are rapidly progressing toward completion.

Such, in brief, is the record of the birth and growth of three flourishing cities in the State of New York. Look westward of the Alleghanies, and greater wonders meet the vision. B. J. L.

MONKEYS.

MANY a hearty laugh have we enjoyed in observing the grimaces of young Jocko, as, clothed in a red coat and seated on the back of a bear, or on the top of an organ, he tucked buns and biscuits into his cheek pouches till they would retain no more; and then, with a knowing, half-serious look, seemed to ask whether we did not admire his sagacity in laying up for "a rainy day." Young and old were equally amused when he took off his cap and bowed his head in acknowledgment of favors received; and the exhibitor—a tall old man, in cocked hat and loose coat—laughed, and showed his toothless gums, in anticipation of the supplies which the gazing throng would probably vote to him.

We trust, therefore, that our reader's sense of propriety will not be outraged, if we act the part of the monkey-exhibitor for once. And first of all, we introduce to their notice an army of ring-tailed monkeys in the act of crossing a stream—for they would rather go into fire than into water; and if unable to leap over, will bridge it. Captain Reid was an eye-witness of a performance of this kind. One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—he says, ran out upon a projecting rock; and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*. At length, they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost ran out upon a limb; and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped down, and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws on the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was adroitly executed, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension-bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled himself in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all-powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the



last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The whole troop

then scampered off into the chaparral and disappeared.

But here is another monkey: he will scarcely do any thing he is required without beating; for if his fears be entirely removed, he is the most insolent and headstrong animal in nature. Witness a few of his pranks. When a traveler enters the wood where the monkey and his companions are the sovereigns, he is considered to be an invader of their dominions, and all unite to repel the intruder. At first they survey him with a kind of insolent curiosity. They leap from branch to branch, follow him as he goes along, and make a loud chattering, to call the rest of their companions together. Hostilities now commence, first by grimaces, then by threats, followed by a direct onset. Breaking withered branches from the trees, they fling them at the

invaders of their dominions. In the contest which ensues, if one be wounded, the rest assemble round him, and put their fingers into the wound, as if desirous of sounding its depth. "If the blood flows in any quantity, some of them keep it closed, while others get leaves, which they chew and thrust into the opening; however extraordinary this may appear, it is asserted to be often seen, and to be strictly true. In this manner they wage a petulant unequal war; and are often killed in numbers before they think proper to make a retreat.

Abroad, they are fond of frequenting the neighborhood of bazaars. A traveler watched one, which he calls a bandar, and which took his station opposite to a sweetmeat-shop. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then softly raised his head to look at the tempting piles, and the owner of them, who sat smoking his pipe without symptoms even of a doze. In half an hour, the monkey got up as if he were just awake, yawned, stretched himself, and took another position a few yards off, where he pretended to play with his tail, occasionally looking over his shoulder at the coveted delicacies. At length, the shopman gave signs of activity, and the bandar was on the alert; the man went to his back-room, the bandar cleared the street at one bound, and in an instant stuffed his pouches full of the delicious morsels. He had, however, overlooked some hornets, which were regaling themselves at the same time. They resented his disturbance, and the tormented bandar, in his hurry to escape, came upon a thorn-covered roof, where he lay stung, torn, and bleeding. He spurted the stolen bon-bons from his pouches, and barking hoarsely, looked the picture of misery. The noise of the tiles which he had dislodged in his retreat brought out the inhabitants, and among them the vendor of sweets, with his turban unwound, and streaming two yards behind him. All joined in laughing at the wretched monkey; but their religious reverence for him (for monkeys in India are more or less objects of superstitious reverence) induced them to go to his assistance; they picked out his thorns, and he limped away to the woods quite crest-fallen.

Major Rogers, who was spending a short time with a friend in India, had been out shooting, and returning had reached within a mile or two of the bungalow where his host and hostess awaited his arrival to dine, when, passing by a pleasant river, he thought a bathe would be a most renovating luxury; so he determined to take one, sending home his servants with an intimation that he would shortly follow. So stripping, and placing his clothes very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys overhauling his entire wardrobe. One was putting his leg through the sleeves of his shirt; another was cramming its head into his trowsers; a third was trying to find if any treasure were concealed in his boots; while the hat formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavoring to unravel its mystery by ripping the linings and taking a few bites out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium (for the thing was so ridiculous that it made him laugh heartily) he made with all haste toward the shore; but judge of his perplexity when he saw these mischievous creatures each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle. All he heard was a great chattering as they, one by one, disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty state of things under a broiling sun! And here he staid till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which we may conceive to be more easily imagined than described.

We can not conclude without noticing those mischievous creatures belonging to the tribe of monkeys, called mottled baboons, which appear to be under a sort of natural discipline, perform-

ing whatever they undertake with surprising skill and regularity. Their robberies seem to be the result of well-concerted plans. If about to rob an orchard or a vineyard, they set to work in a body. A part enter the inclosure while one is set to watch. The rest stand without the

fence, and form a line reaching all the way from their companions within to their rendezvous without, which is generally in some craggy mountain. "Every thing thus disposed, the plunderers within throw the fruit to those that are without as fast as they can gather it; or, if the wall or fence be high, to those that sit on the top; and these hand the plunder to those next them on the other side. Thus the-fruit is pitched from one to another all along the line, till it is securely deposited at head-quarters." During these proceedings, they maintain the most profound silence; and their sentinel continues on the watch extremely anxious and attentive; "but, if he perceives any one coming, he instantly sets up a loud cry, and at this signal the whole company scamper off. Nor yet are they at any time willing to leave the place empty-handed; for, if they be plundering a bed of melons, for instance, they go off with one in their mouths, one in their hands, and one under their arm. If the pursuit is hot, they drop first that from under their arm, and then that from their hand; and, if it be continued, they at last let fall that which they had hitherto kept in their mouths."

We were in the habit of visiting a family where a common monkey was a pet. On one occasion, the footman had been shaving himself —the monkey watching him during the process —when he carelessly left his apparatus within reach of the creature. As soon as the man was gone out of the room, the monkey got the razor and began to scrape away at his throat as he had seen the footman do, when, alas! not understanding the nature of the instrument he was using, the animal cut its own throat, and, before it was discovered, bled to death. A friend of ours possessed one of these creatures, whose disposition seemed very affectionate; if it had done wrong and was scolded, it immediately seated itself on the floor, and clasping its hands together, seemed to beg earnestly to be forgiven. Mrs. Lee also tells us of one belonging to her eldest daughter, which seemed to know he could master the child, "and did not hesitate to bite and scratch her, whenever she pulled him a little harder than he thought proper. I punished him," she adds, "for each offense, yet fed and caressed him when good; by which means I possessed an entire ascendency over him." The same writer also gives an interesting account of a monkey which a man in Paris had trained to a variety of clever tricks. "I met him one day," says she, "suddenly, as he was coming up the drawing-room stairs. He made way for me by standing in an angle, and when I said, 'Good-morning,' took off his cap, and made me a low bow. 'Are you going away?' I asked; 'where is your passport?' Upon which he took from the same cap a square piece of paper, which he opened and showed to me. His master told him my gown was dusty, and he instantly took a small brush from his master's pocket, raised the hem of my dress, cleaned it, and then did the same for my shoes. He was perfectly docile and obedient; when we gave him something to eat, he did not cram his pouches with it, but delicately and tidily devoured it; and when we bestowed money on him, he immediately put it into his master's hands."

Monkeys watch over their young with great assiduity, and appear to educate and train them upon a given plan. They not only (says Bingley) procure every possible comfort for their little ones, but they also preserve among them a due share of discipline, and seem even to hold them in subjection: they appear to watch their antics with great delight; but if, while wrestling with each other, they become violent or malicious, they immediately spring upon them, seize their tails with one paw, and administer correction with the other; nor if the young ones elude the parents' grasp will they make any show of rebellion, but rather approach in a wheedling and caressing manner as if seeking reconciliation.

SKETCHES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS IN CUBA."

ONE of the most interesting and important portions of our country, whether viewed in the light of its past history, its present progress, or its future destiny, is that region which embraces the Upper Mississippi and its higher tributaries, known as the *Minnesota Territory*. It has a history coeval with the narratives of Marquette, Hennepin, La Salle, and other French explorers of the great Lake Country, a century and three quarters ago. Its fertility is exuberant; its climate, many months of the year, delightful, and never very changeable; its industrial resources are vast and abundant; and the promises of future glory, as one of the States of our Confederation, which its present progress and the great movements of society reveal, are full of beauty, grandeur, and beneficence. Its

GALENA, ILLINOIS.

soil, capable of sustaining a population of eighty millions of inhabitants is most agreeably diversified in its external aspect by hills and vales, lakes and rivers, vast rolling prairies and magnificent forests. In appearance and resources, Minnesota has properly been called the New England of the West. From its bosom gush forth the fountains of great rivers which flow into the Atlantic, at points almost the length of the Continent apart—some through Hudson's Bay, some through the chain of great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and some through the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

This region was once the broad land of the powerful Sioux, through which flows the Upper Mississippi and the *Mi-ni-so-tah* (turbid water), piously named St. Peter by the French missionaries. After Cartier discovered and sailed up the St. Lawrence to ancient Hochelaga (Montreal), more than three hundred years ago, and by the "divine right" of the King of France, claimed the whole country of the Indians as the property of his royal master, the land of the Sioux, as well as that of other forest tribes in America, became upon the maps, that vaguely defined country called *New France*. More than a century afterward, missionaries of the Gospel and of Mammon came to make Christians of the Indians, and to exchange worthless glass beads for their valuable furs.

The Jesuits raised their first rude temple in the wilderness, upon Lake Huron, in 1634, and there planted the first seeds of empire in a fertile soil. In 1650, the waters of Lake Superior, the great Mediterranean Sea of the New World, were first rippled by the oars of Europeans; and five years afterward, a mission was established at La Pointe, on the westerly shores of that lake. Thither, upon the tongues of chiefs from distant tribes, came marvelous stories of the Michisipic (great river), whose springs were among the snow hills of the far North, and its outlet in the midst of groves of the orange and the palm. The energies of Avarice and Religion were aroused, and in 1673 the Padre Marquette, followed by traders, penetrated the forests toward the setting sun, and discovered the Upper Mississippi at the mouth of the Wisconsin. Six years afterward, the Padre Hennepin and some followers, went down the Illinois River to its mouth, descended the Mississippi, were taken prisoners by Indians and carried to the Sioux country, sixty leagues above the Falls of St. Anthony. Such was the name given by Father Hennepin to the great cataract of the Upper Mississippi. All over that region the names of saints applied to rivers, &c., attest the presence of the reverent Jesuit Fathers; and now the capital of the Territory, situated within sound of the rushing waters of the great falls, is called St. Paul.

In 1682, La Salle went down the Illinois River, established Fort St. Louis near its mouth, and named the great Valley of the Mississippi, *Louisiana*, in honor of his king. French settlements were soon afterward commenced. The first permanent one was made at Detroit, in 1701; another at Vergennes and Kaskaskia in 1710; another at New Orleans in 1718; and another at St. Louis, a little below the mouth of the Missouri, in 1764. From these settlements traders penetrated the Indian countries in all directions, intermarried with the native women, and became

semi-savage in their habits. Trading-posts were established at Mackinaw, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, and upon the banks of the St. Peter, the St. Croix, the Blue Earth, and other tributaries of the Mississippi. When, in 1763, Canada passed into the possession of the English, further French settlements in this direction were suspended.

In 1805 Lieutenant Pike explored the upper waters of the Mississippi, and wintered at the mouth of the St. Peter. Barracks were erected there in 1819. The following year General Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Michigan Territory, went, by way of the lakes, to explore the Upper Mississippi. One of the results of this expedition was the purchase of a tract at the Saut St. Marie, and the subsequent erection of Fort Brady there, in 1822. This is the most northerly military post in the United States. Major S. H. Long explored the Mi-ni-so-tah (St. Peter) to its source in 1823. He penetrated northward as far as the settlement of Pembina, on the Red River, just south of the 49th parallel. In 1832, Henry R. Schoolcraft explored the head waters of the Mississippi, and discovered, for the first time, its true source to be in Lake Itaska, in latitude 47° 13′ 35″, north; and that in its whole majestic course it flows within the territory of the United States. It is indeed a majestic river! It extends through 18½ degrees of latitude, from among the high hills clad with Norway pines, to the bayous fringed with orange-trees and the sugar-cane of the tropics. It washes the borders of nine States and two Territories; bears upon its bosom more than eight hundred steamboats; and, with its tributaries, affords twenty thousand miles of steam-boat navigation, and at least thirty thousand for smaller craft.

The Minnesota Territory was established in 1849, and St. Paul, then a hamlet of a few houses (eight miles by land below the Falls of St. Anthony), was made its capital. That hamlet, which even yet is on the borders of civilization in that direction, is making rapid strides toward the population and dignity of a city; and the Territory will soon have its sixty thousand legal claimants to the title of a sovereign State of the Confederation. To that land, until lately so dark, mysterious, undefined, and almost unknown, I went, with pencil and portfolio, in the autumn of 1852, to gaze upon its scenery, and wonder at the receding tribes which still linger, mere tenants at will, upon the borders of the Mi-chi-si-pic and Mi-ni-so-tah, and to transfer to paper, as aid to memory in future years, many things that might seem noteworthy. I here offer a few of these jottings to the reader who, bridegroom-like, must take them upon trust, "for better or for worse," and prove their faithfulness by future experience.

How I got to Rockford, in Illinois, where the railway from Chicago ended, is of little consequence. Until then nothing had marred the pleasure of my journey; all had been comfort and convenience. During thirty-six hours after leaving that terminus, all was mud and misery. Jupiter Pluvius seemed to have upset his watering-pot; and into the rickety stage-coach, crowded and ill-ventilated, the rain trickled in little turbid streams, and so softened the cerements of many an oath bound up in the bosom of a Buckeye from Cleveland, that they came

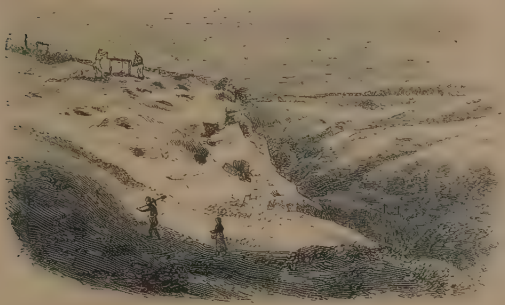
SCENERY BELOW HOLMES'S LANDING, MINNESOTA

MINNIHAHA FALLS, MINNESOTA.

forth in full feather at every jolt. The language was objectionable, but the sentiment was natural; for a slower coach, with worse accommodations, never tortured poor traveler more than did the one in which we were packed like sacks of salt. Relief came: an axle of the coach snapped in twain, and we traveled the remainder of the journey to Galena in a farmer's open wagon, enjoying the delights of fresh air, and clear water direct from the clouds. Earth, sky, jokes, and sympathies were all leaden in aspect as we approached the galenic metropolis; and as silent and forlorn as a funeral cortège, we rode half a night in that open vehicle, unpitied except by the clouds that wept over us. We reached Galena at an hour past midnight; and it was ten in the morning before wearied limbs, and more wearied eyelids were aroused to the enjoyment of a warm breakfast within, and the glorious sunshine without. The storm-clouds had rolled away to the prairies of Illinois, or their homes on the lakes; and over the hills of Galena and the majestic forests across the river, the sun and the rain had scattered diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, in profusion.

As no steamboat was to leave Galena that day, for the Upper Mississippi, I employed the compulsory leisure to stroll through the town and its suburbs. Galena, like its patronymic, is a mineral production altogether, and among its rivals, exhibits the fact of its Greek original, "I shine." Its growth has been rapid, and its future is bright, while the mineral wealth around remains inexhaustible; but so unfavorable is its location between the two high shores of Fever River, for other business than that which gave it birth, that should the buoyancy of lead fail to keep it up, it must sink. The business street is at the foot of the bluff, and the dwellings are scattered over its summit a full hundred feet above, to which the people ascend by flights of steps. Art and business have given the town

almost every attraction which it possesses. The narrow Fever River is filled with steamboats and other craft, and the mart is full of rough miners, and the implements of labor and trade incident to their business. One seems to be pent up in a chasm; but ascend the bluff to the dwellings, and there is beauty, neatness, and taste. The houses are pleasant, and around them are gardens and shade trees, and delightful walks. But all adjacent to this pretty creation of taste, is the forbidding and desolate hill country of the lead region. All is poverty on the surface, but riches below. The roots of the sparse shrubbery penetrate toward glittering chambers of wealth, while their tops wave over dwarf-grass, wiry, and unpalatable even to goats. Storms have furrowed the hills in every direction, and the shovels of the miners have dotted the whole surface with unsightly pits, walled round with heaps of limestone and sand, through which the delver has sought the lead. Out of the town there is no culture; and the edifices consist of rude cabins for the miners, and smelting furnaces where the lead is prepared for the market.



SKETCH OF THE LEAD REGION

As in the gold regions of California and Australia, at Galena the mineral is so abundant that scientific mining is but little practiced; and there are very few restrictions upon those who go out with the capital of strong sinews and a good shovel Most of the mining is done in this simple way. The furnaces, too, are quite primitive in appearance and arrangement, yet they are sufficiently effective to prepare the mineral properly for the market. The various operations are of great interest, and tempt the pen to description. Unwilling to be drawn from my rambling purpose into a dry detail of the mining business, and to make my notes as heavy as the metallic basis of Galena itself, I will hasten down the nearest steps to the steamboat, whose bell is clanging a notice of its arrival from below, and readiness to go up.

We left Galena in the morning—a warm, serene, and altogether lovely morning. The headlands of the narrow and sinuous Fever River soon placed Galena out of sight; and after brushing the dew from many an overhanging tree with our wheel-house for almost an hour, we left the narrow stream, and were floating upon the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. I now beheld the Father of Waters for the first time, and the impression of its grandeur as its turbid volume came rolling on in a still but stayless current from the far off wilderness, more than a thousand miles away, can never fade from memory. The aspect of the scene changed every moment as we glided by the beautiful islands, heavily wooded headlands, picturesque bluffs, beautiful green slopes, neat hamlets, and thriving villages.

A FURNACE.

Our first landing-place was at Dubuque, a town of Iowa, twenty-six miles from Galena. Like the latter, it is a legitimate offspring of the lead region, and contains about six thousand inhabitants. It is charmingly situated, and possesses so many advantages other than the lead business, that it must become a large city, even if the products of the mines should fail. The grave of Dubuque, its founder, is upon an eminence near the town, and the pious hands which covered him there, erected a wooden cross at the head of his sepulchre. A few miles above Dubuque, a small stone-house, between two high perpendicular rocks, is all that remains of the village of *Sinapee*, the intended rival of Galena, which stood upon the bluff above. Galena continues to "shine," while Sinapee is sunk into obscurity.

At sunset we passed Cassville, a finely-located town, but lying almost inert under the incubus of a speculating monopoly. Under more propitious circumstances it may become a large town. During the night, we passed many interesting spots upon the shores of Wisconsin and Iowa, and at peep of day we were greeted with the sight of the

pretty village of Prairie du Chien, lying upon the river margin of the charming plain of that name, about four miles above the mouth of the Wisconsin River. The prairie is ten miles in length, and three in width, inclosed by bold bluffs sweeping in majestic curves around its borders, like the shores of a lake. Here was an early French settlement, and in its vicinity are rich copper-mines. Immediately south of the village is Fort Crawford, a United States military post, erected in 1819, but now unoccupied. Here the Mississippi presents a perfect labyrinth of islands, crowned with cotton-wood and willows, and festooned with vines, forming a scene highly picturesque and beautiful.

We did not tarry long at Prairie du Chien. Three hundred miles of our voyage was yet unaccomplished. The beautiful and picturesque scenery continually increased in attractiveness as we ascended the river, and the monotony of mere sight-seeing was relieved by occasional historical associations. Toward evening we passed the famous battle-ground of the Bad-Ax, five miles below the mouth of the Bad-Ax River, where the last battle of the "Black Hawk War" was fought between the United States troops under General Atkinson, and the Sacs and Foxes under Black Hawk. It was the decisive stroke. Many warriors, and their wives and children, were slain; the great chief and his brother were made prisoners; and the war ended.

Our second night voyage brought us at daylight to Prairie du Crosse, another of those beautiful plains which abound along the Wisconsin shore of the Mississippi. It is a most lovely prairie, three miles in width and fifteen in length, level as a floor, and was formerly a place of great resort for the Indians to enjoy their favorite game of ball-play. It now contains many French and German settlers, and the nucleus of a large town. Here is to be the termination of a railway from Chicago, by way of Milwaukie, and across the State. In anticipation of this result of enterprise, quite a flourishing village has already burst into bloom from the little bud of a few years of gentle growth.

After leaving Prairie du Crosse, the scenery changed from the mere beautiful and picturesque to an aspect of grandeur. On each side of the river arose lofty bluffs—some rocky, and some alluvial—presenting the appearance of Cyclopean towers, grand old castles in ruins, and grotesque figures of undefinable shape. These cliffs rise to an altitude sometimes of six hundred feet; and being highly colored by the variety of materials of which they are composed, crowned often with lofty pines, and clumps of birch and chestnut-trees, and hidden below by dense forests of oak, they have a mysterious beauty and magnificence hardly to be described. The hand of culture has not yet approached their vicinage, and those magnificent creations of nature stand there in all the solitary grandeur of the early centuries, before even the ancestors of the Indian tribes came to the Great River.

Just at dawn we passed Holmes's Landing and the beautiful prairie of Wapasha. We were now within the boundaries of Minnesota, and this prairie was yet the habitation of Wapasha (Red Leaf) and his Sioux band. I never beheld a more charming silvan picture than this prairie presented; and I could well understand the feelings of the sorrowful Winnebagoes when, in 1819, while on their way to strange homes in the deeper wilderness, they stopped here, raised the war-whoop, and determined to go no further. But Messrs. Bullet and Bayonet from Fort Crawford persuaded them that the arid plains of Nebraska were more delightful than the cool shadows of Wapasha's prairie.

Toward noon we entered that grand expansion of the Mississippi, called Lake Pepin. Its width is from three to five miles, and its length about twenty-five. It is destitute of islands, and all along its shores are high bluffs of picturesque forms, crowned with shrubbery, and commingled with dense forests. The white man has not yet made his mark upon Lake Pepin and its surroundings; and there lay its calm water, and yonder uprose its mighty watch-towers in all their primal beauty and grandeur. High above all the rest loomed the bare front of the Maiden's Rock, grand in nature, and interesting in its romantic associations. It has a sad story to tell to each passer-by; and as each passer-by always repeats it, I will not be an exception. It is a true tale of Indian life, and will forever hallow the Maiden's Rock, or Lover's Leap. Listen.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

Winona, a beautiful girl of Wapasha's tribe, loved a young hunter, and promised to become his bride. Her parents, like too many in Christian lands, were ambitious, and promised her to a distinguished young warrior, who had smote manfully the hostile Chippewas. The maiden refused the hand of the brave, and clung to the fortunes of the hunter, who had been driven to the wilderness by menaces of death. The indignant father declared his determination to wed her to the warrior that very day. The family were encamped upon Lake Pepin, in the shadow of the great rock. Starting like a frightened fawn

at the cruel announcement, she swiftly climbed to the summit of the cliff, and there, with bitter words reproached her friends for their cruelty to the hunter and her own heart. She then commenced singing her dirge. The relenting parents, seeing the peril of their child, besought her to come down, and take her hunter-lover for a husband. But the maiden too well knew the treachery that was hidden in their promises, and when her dirge was ended, she leaped from the lofty pinnacle, and fell among the rocks and shrubbery at its base, a martyr to true affection. Superstition invests that rock with a voice; and oftentimes, as the birch canoe glides near it at twilight, the dusky paddler fancies he hears the soft, low music of the dirge of Winona.

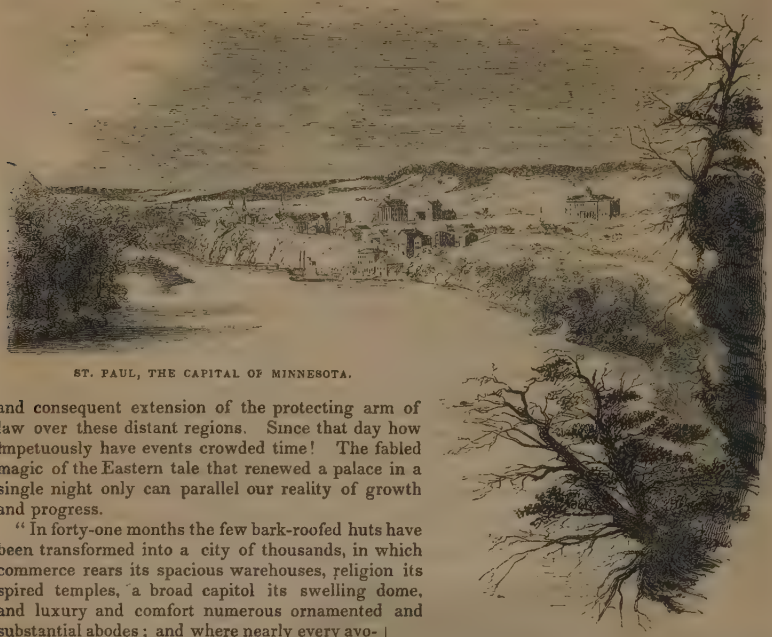
Late in the afternoon we saw the top of La Grange, and at sunset passed the upper entrance of Lake Pepin to the narrow river above. The scenery became less picturesque along those lower shores, and the coming on of night was not so much regretted as on the previous evening. We passed Lake St. Croix during the darkness, and at sunrise arrived at Kaposia, or Little Crow village, a few miles below St. Paul. There I first saw an exhibition of that strange custom of the Sioux, of laying their dead, wrapped in blankets of bright colors, upon high scaffolds, instead of burying them in the earth. Several of

INDIAN BURYING PLACE.

these airy sepulchres, with flags waving from long poles over them, were seen a little in the rear of the village, and gave me the first deep impression that I was really in the midst of pagans.

Soon after leaving Kaposia, the whole panorama of St. Paul and the adjacent scenery burst into view, as we passed a headland; and in the midst of a motley crowd we landed at the capital of the Minnesota Territory. St. Paul is one of the hundred wonders of America. Here, five years ago, were only a few log huts; now there is a large and rapidly growing village of almost four thousand white people, with handsome public buildings, good hotels, stores, mills, mechanics' shops, and every other element of prosperity. St. Paul is upon the north (or left) bank of the Mississippi, which here flows in an easterly direction from the mouth of the St. Peter. The central portion of the village is upon a beautiful plateau, almost a hundred feet above the river; the remainder is chiefly near the water, and already there is a strife for supremacy between the "upper" and "lower" towns. The first sale of government lands there took place in 1848, and the ground upon which St. Paul is built was purchased in 1849, for the government price—one dollar and a quarter an acre. An idea of the wonderful changes in progress there may be obtained by reading the following eloquent passage from the last Annual Message of Governor Ramsay, to the Territorial Legislature of Minnesota:

"In concluding this my last annual message, permit me to observe, that it is now a little over three years and six months since it was my happiness to first land upon the soil of Minnesota. Not far from where we now are, a dozen framed houses, not all completed, and some eight or ten small log buildings, with bark roofs, constituted the capital of the new Territory over whose destiny I have been commissioned to preside. One county, a remnant of Wisconsin territorial organization, alone afforded the ordinary facilities for the execution of the laws; and in and around its seat of justice resided the bulk of our scattered population. Within this single county were embraced all the lands white men were privileged to till; while between them and the broad rich hunting grounds of untutored savages rolled, like Jordan through the Promised Land, the River of Rivers, here as majestic in its northern youth as in its more southern maturity. Emphatically new and wild appeared every thing to the in-comers from older communities; and a not least novel feature of the scene was the motley humanity partially filling these streets—the blankets and painted faces of Indians, and the red sashes and moccasins of French *voyageurs* and half-breeds, greatly predominating over the less picturesque costume of the Anglo-American race. But even while strangers yet looked, the elements of a mighty change were working, and civilization, with its hundred arms, was commencing its resistless and beneficent empire. To my lot fell the honorable duty of taking the initial step in this work by proclaiming, on the 1st of June, 1849, the organization of the Territorial Government,



ST. PAUL, THE CAPITAL OF MINNESOTA.

and consequent extension of the protecting arm of law over these distant regions. Since that day how impetuously have events crowded time! The fabled magic of the Eastern tale that renewed a palace in a single night only can parallel our reality of growth and progress.

"In forty-one months the few bark-roofed huts have been transformed into a city of thousands, in which commerce rears its spacious warehouses, religion its spired temples, a broad capitol its swelling dome, and luxury and comfort numerous ornamented and substantial abodes; and where nearly every avocation of life presents its appropriate follower and representative. In forty-one months have been condensed a whole century of achievements, calculated by the Old World's calendar of progress—a government proclaimed in the wilderness, a judiciary organized, a legislature constituted, a comprehensive code of laws digested and adopted, our population quintupled, cities and towns springing up on every hand, and steam, with its revolving wings, in its season, daily fretting the bosom of the Mississippi in bearing fresh crowds of men and merchandise within our borders."

Yet all around this nucleus of a powerful commonwealth is the wilderness and its pagan inhabitants. Across the river we can see the Indian in his wildness and freedom upon his own soil; his canoe is darting in every direction upon the waters, and his squaw, with her pappoose upon her back, is mingling with the crowd in the streets of St. Paul. The legislators are obliged to traverse pathless forests to reach the capital; and it is worthy of record, for future reference, that the member from the French half-breed settlement at distant Pembina, was almost a month on his way from his home to St. Paul, to attend the last session of the Legislature; and his conveyance was a sleigh and dogs! A few years hence the Pembina legislator may make the journey in a railway coach in twenty-four hours.

I remained a couple of days at St. Paul and its vicinity, and then started on a visit to the Indian

FOUNTAIN CAVE.

VIEW ON THE MINNESOTA.

in his native condition. Before ascending the river to the Falls, I went up a beautiful clear stream that enters the Mississippi two miles above the capital, to visit Fountain Cave, a remarkable cavern out of which this tiny river flows. The whole scenery was exceedingly picturesque. The entrance to the cave is an arched vault of rocks, about twenty feet in height, and twenty-five feet in width. The entire rock composing the level floor, the margin, and the roof, is of pure white sandstone. We lighted torches at the entrance, and followed the limpid stream from chamber to chamber for about seventy rods, when the narrowness of the passage precluded

BLACK-DOG VILLAGE.

further progress. The scene in the interior, illuminated by torches, and contemplated by an excited imagination, was truly enchanting; and I was anxious to penetrate the gloomy adytum still further. Beyond our halting-place we could hear the murmur of the waters, as if leaping from point to point in little cascades amidst the gloom This cave will doubtless be explored much further by more courageous and curious mortals than I, and will become one of the "lions" of St. Paul. About two miles below the village is Carver's Cave, said to contain a beautiful lake, and to be of far greater extent than Fountain Cave. Informed that its entrance had been closed by falling rocks, I did not visit the locality

The next day I went up the river to Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the Minnesota and the Mississippi. The current of the great river is here quite swift, and its high, steep banks are composed chiefly of pure white sandstone. In some places the green slopes come down to the brink of the river, and the branches of trees, hanging over the rim, are washed by the tide. The Minnesota comes flowing through a wide valley, in meandering course, from the western hills four hundred and seventy miles distant, and enters the Mississippi at right angles with that stream. Upon the bold rocky promontory at their confluence stands Fort Snelling, an United States military post, erected as a defense against the western tribes. It commands both rivers, is a strong fortification, and has a powerful influence in maintaining peaceful relations between the settlers and the roving tribes beyond. The rock upon which it stands is pure sandstone, almost as white as marble, and appears in fine contrast with the rich green foliage, and the dark walls of the fort. The military reservation embraces an area of about ten square miles around Fort Snelling Over almost this entire extent, the eye may wander from one of the bastions of the fort; and from Pilot Knob (a supposed sacred sepulchral mound of the ancient people), in the rear of Mendota, opposite the fortress, a magnificent view is obtained of the high rocky banks of the Mississippi, with St. Paul in the distance; the broad and fertile valley of the Minnesota; the "meeting of the waters;" the fort, and its appurtenances within and without; Sioux villages, and the wide and gently rising prairie stretching away westward to undefined boundaries.

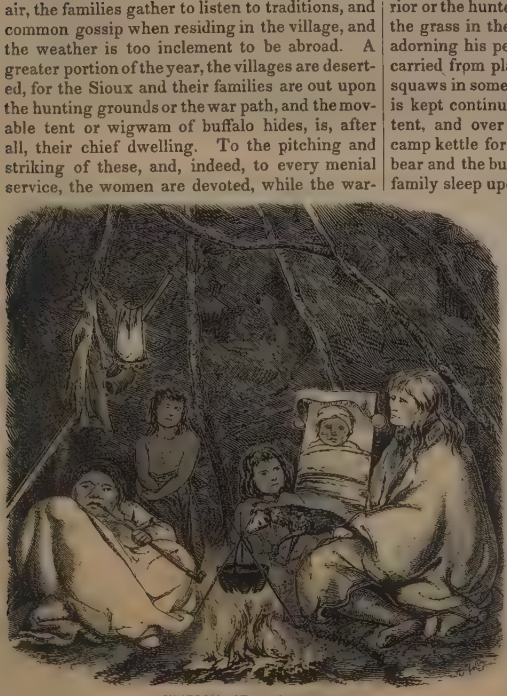
About four miles from Fort Snelling is the Sioux village of Black Dog. As in every other location of the Indians, a lively appreciation of the beauties of nature seemed to have determined the site of this cluster of huts. Here, too, I saw several bodies lying in blankets upon high scaffolds, beyond the reach of wild beasts, where they generally remain several months, their friends believing it to be a source of enjoyment to the dead to be, as long as flesh remains, where they may see all that is going on among those they associated with in life. In the course of a few months, they are usually taken down and buried in the earth.

The huts of the Sioux are rude structures, made of posts stuck in the ground and covered with the bark of oak trees, with only one opening which answers the double purpose of a door and window. A rude veranda of bark is generally placed over the door; and under this, in the open

INTERIOR OF FORT SNELLING.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT SNELLING.

air, the families gather to listen to traditions, and common gossip when residing in the village, and the weather is too inclement to be abroad. A greater portion of the year, the villages are deserted, for the Sioux and their families are out upon the hunting grounds or the war path, and the movable tent or wigwam of buffalo hides, is, after all, their chief dwelling. To the pitching and striking of these, and, indeed, to every menial service, the women are devoted, while the warrior or the hunter is abroad, or lies stretched upon the grass in the cool shade, smoking his pipe or adorning his person. The tent poles are never carried from place to place; they are cut by the squaws in some thicket, when demanded. A fire is kept continually burning in the centre of the tent, and over it is hung, from a cross pole, a camp kettle for cooking the meat of the deer, the bear and the buffalo. Around the fire the whole family sleep upon buffalo robes or rude mats, and nothing appears wanting to insure real comfort to these simple people, but cleanliness.



INTERIOR OF A SIOUX TENT.

Wandering in another direction from Fort Snelling, and when two or three miles distant, my ear caught the music of a cascade, and following the beck of its cadence, I came suddenly upon a high bank, crowned with shrubbery, which overlooked a deep chasm. Into this a clear stream, the outlet of several little lakes, was leaping from the crown of a precipice, about fifty feet in height. Coming upon it so suddenly and unexpectedly, and the bright sun burnishing every ripple and painting an iris upon its front, I stood in mute admiration for a long time, before I could open my portfolio to tether to paper, as far as possible, the beauty of the cascade. The Indians, in their exquisite appreciation of nature, have given this

SIOUX TENTS.

water-fall the appropriate name of MINNIHAHA, or The Laughing Waters, but the utilitarian, egotistical white man calls it Brown's Falls! In the name of common sense and all that is poetic and pleasing in human nature, let us solemnly protest against those desecrations which rob our beautiful lakes, rivers, and cascades of their charming and significant Indian names, and no longer allow every Brown, Smith, Snooks and Fizzle, who happens to be the first to see some beautiful creation of Nature, with dull eyes which have no appreciation for any thing more sentimental than a lump of copper or lead, a buffalo hide or a cat-fish, to perpetuate his cognomen at the expense of good taste and common honesty. Let all good Christians, with proper reverence for every saint in the calendar, plead earnestly for the expulsion of St. Peter from among the naiades of these waters; let the *Mi-ni-so-tah* be called Minnesota forever.

The distant roar of St. Anthony's Falls called me away from Minnihaha, and I hastened over a fine rolling prairie, bespangled with late-blooming flowers, passed along the margin of Lake Harriet, and at noon, after a ramble from the fort of almost a dozen miles, I stood upon an eminence overlooking the sublime spectacle of the whole volume of the Mississippi rushing and foaming along a bed of huge rocks, and falling, at one part of the cataract, about twenty feet perpendicularly. St. Anthony! Shall we ever forgive Father Hennepin for hiding the Chippewa name of *Kakabikah* (severed rock), and the Sioux *Irara* (laugh,) beneath the brown mantle of St. Anthony of Padua? Never mind; a cataract by any other name is just as attractive, I suppose, and so we must allow that, as "St. Anthony" the tumultous rapids above and below the great falls, the piles of rock, the swift current and the spray, produce a *coup d'œil*, as beautiful and imposing as if they were called *Kakabikah*. Above the falls the river is about six hundred yards in width. In its descent it is divided by Cataract Island, a high, rocky mass, covered with trees and shrubbery. All around this island, above and below, are strewn huge masses of limestone rocks, heaped in Titanic confusion, and attesting the mightiness of the waters with which they seem to be contending. In the greater expanse of the river above, is Hennepin Island, where the Jesuit Father was placed by the Indians. Near it saw-mills have been erected, and the eddying currents are filled with logs which have floated down from the great pine

FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

forests of the North. A dam has been constructed from Cataract Island to the eastern shore, and almost the whole volume of the river rushes through the narrow western channel.

Directly opposite the cataract, on the east side of the Mississippi, is the city of St. Anthony. It is pleasantly situated upon a handsome elevated prairie, gently inclining toward the river. There was only one house there in 1849; now it contains a population of about two thousand. It promises to be an extensive manufacturing town, and depot of all the future productions of

CITY OF ST. ANTHONY.

the extreme Upper Mississippi. Steamboats ascend from New Orleans to Fort Snelling, and small steamers are now navigating the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. The city of St. Anthony has good hotels, and will hereafter be a place of great resort for summer tourists. Now that railways are about to connect the Atlantic with the Mississippi for land travel, and fine steamers are daily traversing the whole length of the great lakes, the tide of fashionable Summer travel which has been heretofore at flood at Niagara, will flow on to the Falls of St. Anthony; and those who have been accustomed to angle in Lake George or the clear lakes and streams of Northern New England, will cast their lines ere long in the green depths of the remote Itaska.

There is a country beyond the Great Falls, of surpassing beauty, fertility and grandeur, not yet opened to the light of civilization. It is still the abode of the dusky children of the forest; but the knell of their empire has sounded. It is heard in the ring of every woodman's ax, as he fells the mighty pines along the rivers; it is heard in the crack of every white man's rifle, who is seeking game for the markets upon the borders of civilization. Soon the Red Man's hunting ground must be far beyond the Red River, for the cornfields of the White Man must occupy all the land eastward of it. A tide of emigration is just beginning to flow in that direction, bearing upon its bosom the elements of a wealthy and powerful commonwealth, the mother of two or three future States. Already its foundation is laid deep and strong in sound territorial organization and social regulations. There a new Canaan is opened to the toiling slaves of Europe, whose oppressors are driving them into an exodus, such as the world never saw. They are coming here by hundreds of thousands, and yet there is room. Our welcome to the oppressed is yet as free and generous as the couplet,

"Come along, come along, don't feel alarm;
Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm.

The vestibule of Minnesota has only been entered. The great interior is yet unoccupied.

"There are its interlinking lakes, its forests wild and wide,
And streams—the sinews of its strength—that feed it as they glide;
Its rich primeval pasture grounds, fenc'd by the stooping sky,
And mines of treasure, yet undelved, that 'neath its surface lie.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

FROM Bayonne Napoleon returned to Paris. He visited by the way many of the southern departments of France. In every place he was received with transports of enthusiasm. France was in the highest state of prosperity. This prosperity was justly and universally attributed to the genius of Napoleon. With his own subjects, he was by far the most popular sovereign in Europe. No monarch was ever surrounded with homage more sincere and universal. "He was every where," says Thiers, "greeted with every demonstration of respect by immense multitudes. The prodigious man, who had rescued those provinces from civil war, and had given them back quiet, safety, prosperity, and the exercise of their religion, was in their eyes more than a man. He was almost a God."

Testimony like this falls strangely upon the ears of those who are familiar with only such representations as conquering England and the Bourbons of France have hitherto allowed to reach the public mind. Let the intelligent reader reflect for one moment upon the fact, that as soon as Napoleon had been crushed by his allied foes it became a matter of the utmost importance to the reigning family in France, to England, and to every despotic government of Europe, to misrepresent the character of their illustrious foe. The stability of their thrones depended upon convincing the people that Napoleon was an execrable tyrant. Consequently the wealth and the almost boundless patronage of all the monarchies of Europe were concentrated in securing the vituperation of the one lone exile of St. Helena. The trumpet peals of these assaults still reverberate through Europe, and now and then are faintly echoed even on our own shores. Never before was mortal man exposed to such an ordeal. Yet Napoleon, vanquished at Waterloo, became the victor at St. Helena. Alone upon his barren rock, prohibited from uttering one word in self-defense, he silently breasted the clamor which filled the world, and triumphed over it all. The *people*, in all lands, adore the name of their great friend, Napoleon. Who *now* will venture to affirm that the Duke of Wellington, in alliance with all the despots of Europe, was struggling for *popular rights;* and that Napoleon Bonaparte, sustained by the sympathies of the people, was contending for *aristocratic privilege?* England had the boldness to affirm that she was fighting for the *liberties of Europe.* She conquered. She attained the end for which she fought. And where now are those boasted liberties? Did the perfidious Ferdinand confer them upon Spain? Are they to be found beneath the iron rule of the Bourbons of Naples? Did that Hungarian wail, which recently tingled upon the ears of the world, sound like the shout of an enfranchised people? Are those dirges, blending with the gales which sweep the snows of Siberia, the peans of popular freedom? The liberties of Europe! They fell, by the onslaught of all the banded despots of Christendom, in the carnage of Waterloo. They were entombed beneath the weeping willow of St. Helena. England now dreads the despotism of Russia as much as she once feared the democracy of France. When Napoleon fell, popular rights fell with him, and feudal aristocracy regained its sway. "Europe," said Napoleon, "must soon become Republican or Cossack." The gloom of Russian despotism, like the black pall of midnight, is now settling down over all the Continent.

It is not always easy to ascertain the facts in reference to the private morals of one who occupies a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world. There was a time when Napoleon was accused of every crime of which a mortal can be guilty. All the members of the Bonaparte family were likewise represented as utterly infamous. Even his bitterest enemies now admit that in this respect he has been grievously wronged. Says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "At one time any slanderous or infamous story, derogatory to Napoleon, readily gained credit in this country [England]. Indeed the more slanderous or the more infamous the tale, the greater became the certainty that it would be believed. The credulity of national hatred was not shocked by ordinary improbabilities. For instance, it was commonly said, and we may add universally believed, that Josephine was a woman of infamous character, or worse. The common belief is, however, altogether unsupported by evidence. *Is it probable that he who so fully recognized the necessity of discountenancing immorality, and who afterward drove from his presence and his service all women of questionable reputation*, would have done so, had he been conscious that he had married a person of doubtful or of indifferent character?"

Says Ingersoll: "In the autumn of 1802 I saw Bonaparte. Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given color to the vast detraction to which Napoleon was subjected. It will be some time before the truth can be gradually established. But it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall. Posterity will recognize him not only as a great, but likewise in many respects a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs—Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial virtues."

Louis Bonaparte, a man of unsullied purity of character, thus speaks of his brother Napoleon: "He was temperate, and had only noble passions. That which is incontestable is, that, the husband of a first wife, much older than himself, he lived matrimonially with her in the most perfect harmony, even to the last day of their union, without giving her any subject of complaint. It is undeniable that no one can reproach him with keeping any titled mistress, nor with any scandal, and when married a second time, at the age of forty-two years, he treated his second spouse with courtesy, amiability, and with a delicacy of attentions which were never intermitted."

Among the innumerable gross charges which were brought against Napoleon, he was accused of improper intimacy with Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. Bourrienne was the private secretary of Napoleon. He was charged with peculation, and was dismissed from office. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons he was taken into their service, and while drinking of their cup he wrote a bitter work against his former master. And yet he says, "This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. His principles were rigid in an extreme degree. Any fault, of the nature charged, neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes says of Hortense: "In the year 1800, she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. The First Consul looked upon her as his child. It was only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited. It is now only remembered to be confuted." "The fact is," she says, "that Bonaparte had but one real passion. In that all his other feelings were absorbed." "Josephine," she says, "was insufferably vain of the fidelity of her husband."

His habits in this respect were so peculiar in those times of universal corruption, that while one party accused him of the most revolting debauchery, another party affirmed that he was a *monster*, whom God had deprived of the ordinary energies and passions of a man. In confirmation of this view, they referred to the fact that he was childless.

In reference to this charge, Josephine wrote thus to Hortense: "They who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not *his* soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions."

The Duchess d'Aiguillon, a former friend and benefactress of Josephine, during the tumult of those times had not preserved a perfectly spotless character. She wished to be received at court. Josephine, grateful for past kindness, made application in her behalf. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to the duchess: "I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I can obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must think that I have forgotten the past. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day reading the *Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*, by Goldsmith. The character of the Emperor was painted in the darkest hues of infamy. As Napoleon read page after page, he sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and at times even laughed outright. At last he mildly said, without betraying the least sign of anger, "They are in the wrong to attack me on the score of morals. All the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They can not be ignorant that I was not at

all inclined by nature to debauchery. Moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it." When he came to the pages where his mother was described as guilty of most infamous conduct, he repeated several times, in tones of blended grief and indignation, "Ah, Madame! Poor Madame! with her lofty character! if she were to read this! Great God!"

These facts sufficiently prove that Napoleon is not to be catalogued with the dissolute and licentious kings who have so often disgraced the thrones of Europe. History can not record his name with such profligates as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV. From the companionship of such men he would have recoiled with disgust.

As Napoleon was visiting the southern departments of his empire an incident occurred, peculiarly illustrative of his watchfulness and of his discrimination. He had ordered some very difficult and important works to be executed on a bridge of the canal of Languedoc. The engineer had admirably accomplished the arduous achievement. Napoleon wished to inspect the works, and to reward the author of them on the theatre of his glory. He sent orders to the prefect of the department and the chief engineer to repair to the spot. Napoleon, ever punctual, arrived before the prefect, and found only the chief engineer at the place. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and asked many questions upon every point of difficulty which must have been encountered in the execution of an enterprise so arduous. The engineer seemed embarrassed, and replied with hesitation and confusion. Soon the prefect appeared. Napoleon promptly said to him, "I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is far beyond his capacity." The prefect then confessed that the chief engineer was neither the originator of the plan nor the author of the works, but that they both belonged to a modest, subordinate man, unknown to fame.

The Emperor immediately sent for this sub-engineer, and questioned him closely upon every point upon which he was desirous of receiving information. He was perfectly satisfied with the answers. "I am quite pleased," said he, "at having come in person to inspect these splendid works; otherwise I should never have known that you were the author of them, and you would have been deprived of the reward to which you are so justly entitled." He appointed the young man, whose genius he had thus discovered, chief engineer, and took him to Paris.

In the month of August, 1808, Napoleon returned to the metropolis. Austria, ever hostile at heart, and intensely humiliated by her defeats, had long been watching for an opportunity to fall again upon the dreaded foe of aristocratic privilege, the renowned champion of popular rights. Encouraged by the hostile attitude of Spain, and believing that Napoleon would be compelled to direct his main energies to that point, she began to assume a menacing attitude. She affected to believe that Napoleon intended to overthrow all the ancient reigning families of Europe. Pointing to the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, she exclaimed, "This is the fate which awaits all the old royalties of the Continent." "We will die," exclaimed the Archduke Charles, "if it must be so, with arms in our hands. But the crown of Austria shall not be disposed of as easily as that of Spain has been."

Military preparations immediately resounded throughout the whole kingdom. Seven hundred thousand men were armed and exercised every day. Fourteen thousand artillery horses were purchased, and a million of muskets. Twenty thousand workmen were employed upon the fortifications of Hungary, that the Austrians, in case of defeat, might retire to those distant retreats, for a prolonged and a desperate resistance. Powerful divisions of the army began to defile toward the frontiers of France. National enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. The French, wherever they were found, at Vienna, at Trieste, at the watering-places of Germany, were wantonly insulted.

Napoleon dreaded another war. He had nothing to gain by it. It thwarted his magnificent plans for enriching and embellishing his majestic empire. Peace was the most intense desire of his heart. Under these circumstances he had an interview with M. Metternich, the Austrian minister. Napoleon was particularly gracious and mild, but very decided. Many of the ministers of other courts were present. In a low and gentle tone of voice, but sufficiently loud to be overheard by many who were present, he said:*

"You wish, M. Metternich, either to make war on us, or to frighten us."

"We wish, Sire," M. Metternich replied, "to do neither the one nor the other."

"Why, then," replied Napoleon, "your armaments? They agitate yourselves and Europe. They put peace in jeopardy, and ruin your finances."

"These arrangements are only defensive," said M. Metternich.

* "Meanwhile, the Austrian embassador at Paris had the difficult task to discharge, of maintaining apparently amicable relations with the French government, at the time when his cabinet were openly preparing the means of decided hostility. But the Baron Metternich, who then filled that exalted situation at the court of Napoleon, was a man whose abilities were equal to the task. A statesman, in the widest acceptation of the word; gifted with a sagacious intellect, a clear perception, a sound judgment; profoundly versed in the secrets of diplomacy, and the characters of the leading political men with whom he was brought in contact in the different European cabinets; persevering in his policy, far-seeing in his views, unrivaled in his discrimination, and at the same time skillful in concealing these varied qualities; a perfect master of dissimulation in public affairs, and yet honorable and candid in private life; capable of acquiring information from others, at the very moment when he was eluding all similar investigation from them; unbounded in application, richly endowed with knowledge, he also enjoyed the rare faculty of veiling those great acquirements under the cover of polished manners, and causing his superiority to be forgotten in the charms of a varied and intellectual conversation."—*Alison.*

NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

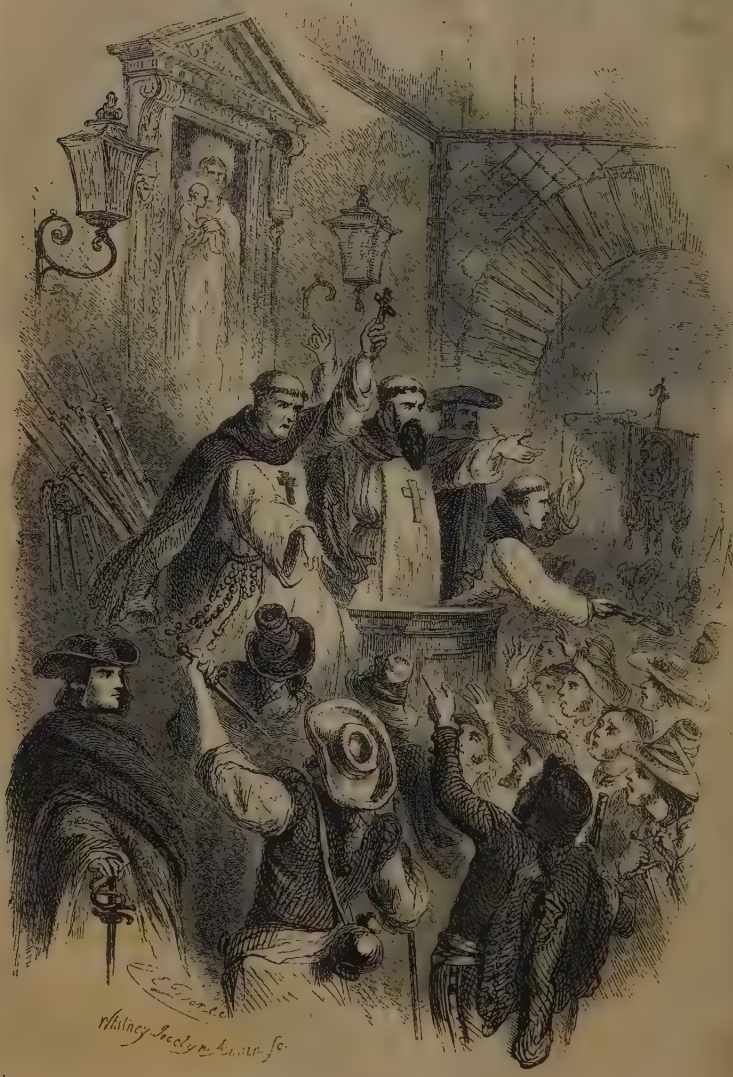
Napoleon mildly but firmly replied: "Were your armaments only defensive, they would not be so hurried. When new organizations are to be created, one takes time, does nothing abruptly. Things are done best that are done slowly. One does not, under such circumstances, erect magazines, order assemblages of troops, and buy horses, particularly artillery horses. Your army amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men. Your militia will nearly equal the same number. Were I to imitate you, I should add four hundred thousand men to my effective force. That would be an armament out of all reason. I will not follow your example. It would soon be necessary to arm women and children, and we should relapse into a state of barbarism. Wherefore all these military preparations? Have I demanded any thing of you? Have I advanced claims to any of your provinces? The treaty of Pressburg has settled all claims between the two empires. Your master's word ought to have settled every thing between the two sovereigns. I demand nothing of you. I want nothing of you except mutual quiet and security. Is there any difficulty, any one difficulty, between us? Let it be known, that we may settle it on the spot."

M. Metternich replied: "The Austrian government, Sire, has no thought of attacking France. It has not ordered any movement of troops."

"You are mistaken," Napoleon with quiet decision rejoined. "Assemblages of troops have taken place in Gallicia and Bohemia, in front of the quarters of the French army. The fact is incontestable. The immediate result must be the assemblage of equal forces on the French side. I must, consequently, instead of demolishing the fortresses of Silesia, repair, arm, and provision them, and put every thing again on a war-footing. You are well aware that I shall not be taken by surprise. I shall be always prepared. You rely, perhaps, upon aid from the Emperor of Russia. You deceive yourself. I am certain of his adhesion, of the disapprobation he has manifested respecting your armaments, and of the course he will adopt on the occasion. Do not imagine, then, that the opportunity is a favorable one for attacking France. It would be a grievous mistake on your part. *You* do not desire war. I believe it of *you*, M. Metternich, of *your Emperor*, and of the *enlightened men* of your country. But the German nobility, dissatisfied with the changes which have occurred, fill Germany with their rancor. You allow yourselves to be influenced. You communicate your emotions to the masses in urging them to arm. By-and-by you will be brought to that point at which one longs for a crisis, as a means of escaping out of an insupportable situation. That crisis will be war. Moral and physical nature

alike, when they are come to that troubled state which precedes the storm, have need to explode, in order to purify the air and bring back serenity. This is what I fear from your present conduct. I repeat to you, I want nothing of you I demand nothing but peace. But if you make preparations, I shall make such that the superiority of my arms will not be more doubtful than in the preceding campaigns. Thus, in order to preserve peace, we shall have brought on war."

This conversation was immediately committed to paper by the Austrian minister, and sent to Vienna. The next day, effectually to sound the disposition of Austria, the French embassador was instructed to repeat to the Austrian cabinet, that these extraordinary armaments must be stopped, or that war must openly be declared. Napoleon also called upon Austria for the recognition of Joseph as King of Spain. At the same time Napoleon addressed a circular to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he called upon them, "to make ready their contingents, *to prevent a war, without a pretext as without an object*, by showing to Austria that they



THE MONKS AROUSING THE PEASANTS.

were prepared for it." An article also appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was said to be from the pen of Napoleon, in which he accused Austria of attempting to rouse the populace of Europe again to arms: "Austria has adopted the revolutionary system. She has now no right to complain of the conduct of the Convention in proclaiming war to the palace, and peace to the cottage. A plan has been organized at Vienna for a general insurrection all over Europe; the execution of which is confided to the ardent zeal of the princes of the house of Austria, propagated by the proclamations of its generals, and diffused by its detachments, at the distance of six hundred miles from its armies."

But, in the mean time, affairs in Spain had assumed a most disastrous aspect. The monks, whose influence was almost boundless over the ignorant and fanatical populace, were exasperated. All over the land they suddenly kindled a blaze of insurrection. The pride of the nation was wounded. The French and the friends of the French were massacred with every conceivable act of barbarity. Chateaus were pillaged and burned. All the tumultuous and sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution were renewed. The Spanish people defended the throne and the altar with the same ferocity with which the French had assailed them both. While Austria was assuming such a threatening attitude, Napoleon did not dare to withdraw from the vicinity of the Rhine the veteran troops assembled there. He had, consequently, been compelled to send only young recruits into Spain. Of the 80,000 inexperienced and youthful conscripts whom Napoleon had ordered to the Peninsula, 17,000 were in the hospitals; leaving an efficient force of but 63,000 men. The Spanish authorities friendly to Joseph could place but little reliance upon the army under their command. The Spanish soldiers fraternized with the people. Bells rang the alarm. Beacon-fires blazed on every hill, the signal for revolt. The pauper peasantry, weary of the monotony of a merely vegetable life, were glad of any pretext for excitement, and for the chance of plunder. Napoleon had conferred upon Spain a good prince and good institutions. The Spaniards hurled that prince from his throne, and riveted again upon their own limbs the fetters of the most unrelenting despotism. Napoleon smiled when the Abbé de Pradt said to him, "Sire! you are in the condition of the benevolent man who has rescued a termagant wife from the brutality of her husband. She falls upon her benefactor, and scratches out his eyes."

The British navy, swarming in the waters which washed the Spanish coast, without waiting for orders from home, immediately and ardently espoused the cause of the insurgents. The English government received the tidings with enthusiasm. The king exclaimed to his parliament, "The Spanish nation, thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France, can no longer be considered by me as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognized by me as a natural friend and ally." All the Spanish prisoners of war were immediately released, clothed, armed, and sent to Spain, to swell the number of the insurgent host. The vast energies of the British navy were called into requisition to land upon the Peninsula money and all kinds of military supplies. This was done with such profusion as to amaze the Spaniards. An army of 30,000 men was also sent to co-operate with the Spanish forces. These English troops were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. The iron decision he had developed in the bombardment of Copenhagen, proved him worthy of the trust.*

Joseph, mild, humane, and a lover of peace, was appalled by the storm of war which had suddenly burst upon him. In his alarm he wrote to Napoleon: "I have nobody for me. We want fifty thousand veteran troops, and ten millions of dollars. If you delay, we shall want one hundred thousand troops, and twenty-five millions of dollars." Already loving his own subjects he complained bitterly of the outrages with which the French soldiers retaliated the ferocity of the Spaniards.

Napoleon replied: "Have patience and good courage. I will not let you want any resource. You shall have troops in sufficient quantity. Do not set yourself up as the accuser of my soldiers. To their devotedness you and I owe what we are. They have to do with brigands who murder them, and whom they must repress by terror. Strive to gain the affection of the Spaniards. But do not discourage the army. That would be an irreparable fault."

With Austria raising such formidable armaments in the north, it was not safe for Napoleon to withdraw any of the veteran troops who were still lingering beyond the Rhine. He could only send to Joseph young conscripts, and an abundant supply of all military stores. Matters grew worse every day. All Spain and Portugal were in a blaze of insurrection. A division of the French army, consisting of nearly 20,000 men, under General Dupont, was surrounded at Bay-

* Says Napier, the world-renowned historian of the Peninsular War:

"But the occult source of most of these difficulties is to be found in the inconsistent attempts of the British cabinet, to uphold national independence with internal slavery, against foreign aggression with an ameliorated government. The clergy [of Spain], who led the mass of the people, clung to the English, because they supported aristocracy and church domination.—*The English Ministers hating Napoleon, not because he was the enemy of England, but because he was the champion of equality*, cared not for Spain, unless her people were enslaved. They were willing enough to use a liberal Cortes to defeat Napoleon; but they also desired to put down that Cortes by the aid of the clergy, and of the bigoted part of the people."—Vol. iv. p. 259.

"It was some time before the church and aristocratic party [of Spain] discovered that the secret policy of England was the same as their own. It was so, however, even to the upholding of the Inquisition, which it was ridiculously asserted had become objectionable only in name."—Vol. iv. p. 350.

"The *educated classes* in Spain, shrunk from the British government's known hostility to all free institutions."—*Ibid.*

len by vastly superior forces of the Spaniards. The French, wasted by sickness and suffering, and emaciated with starvation, were compelled to surrender. It was the first disgrace which had befallen the French eagles. When Napoleon heard the news he trembled with emotion. He had reposed the utmost confidence in General Dupont, and felt, that under the peculiar circumstances of the case he should have died, rather than have capitulated. Napoleon was at Bordeaux when the first tidings of the capitulation reached him. He read the dispatches in silent anguish. The minister for foreign affairs, who was present, was alarmed at the deep dejection manifested by the Emperor. "Is your Majesty unwell?" he inquired.—"No!"—"Has Austria declared war?—"Would to God that were all!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What, then, has happened?" Napoleon, in bitterness of soul, recounted the humiliating details of the capitulation, and added:

"That an army should be beaten is nothing. It is the daily fate of war, and is easily repaired. But that an army should submit to a dishonorable capitulation, is a stain on the glory of our arms which can never be effaced. Wounds inflicted on honor are incurable. The moral effect of this catastrophe will be terrible. What! they have had the infamy to consent that the haversacks of our soldiers should be searched like those of robbers. Could I have expected that of General Dupont? a man whom I loved, and was rearing up to become a marshal. They say he had no other way to prevent the destruction of the army, to save the lives of the soldiers. Better, far better, to have perished with arms in their hands, that not one should have escaped. Their death would have been glorious. We would have avenged them. You can always supply the place of soldiers. Honor alone, when once lost, can never be regained."

In the first outburst of his anguish he exclaimed, in reference to those who had signed the capitulation: "They have sullied our uniform. It shall be washed in their blood." Soon, however, more generous feelings regained the ascendency. Sincerely he pitied his unfortunate friend. "Unhappy man!" he exclaimed again and again; "unhappy man! What a fall, after Albeck, Halle, Friedland! What a thing war is! One day, one single day, is enough to tarnish the lustre of a life-time."

General Savary now advised Joseph to retire from Madrid, and fortify himself upon the Ebro. "But what will Napoleon say?" asked Joseph "The Emperor will scold," quietly replied Savary. "His fits of anger are boisterous, but they do not kill. *He*, no doubt, would stay here. But what is possible for him, is not so for others." Joseph retreated from Madrid, and from his intrenched camp upon the Ebro, wrote to his imperial brother:

"I have not a single Spaniard left, who is attached to my cause. As a *general* my part would be endurable—nay, easy; for, with a detachment of your veteran troops, I could conquer the Spaniards. But, as a *king*, my part is insupportable. For I must slaughter one portion of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline, therefore, to reign over a people who will not have me. Still, I desire not to retire as conquered. Send me, therefore, one of your old armies. I will return at its head to Madrid, and treat with the Spaniards. I shall demand back from you the throne of Naples. I will then go and continue, amidst the quiet which suits my tastes, the happiness of a people that consents to be prosperous under my care."

Napoleon was keenly wounded by the covert harshness of judgment which this letter contained. He ever loved Joseph, and prized his judgment and his co-operation above that of any other of his brothers. By the energies of his own mind he strove to reanimate the waning courage of Joseph.

"Be worthy of your brother," he wrote. "Try to bear yourself as becomes your position. What care I for a parcel of insurgents, whom I shall settle with my dragoons, and who are not likely to defeat armies that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia could withstand. I shall find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain. I shall not find there the limits of my power." Napoleon promised him immediate and effectual reinforcements, and gave the most minute and sagacious counsel in reference to the prosecution of the war. The most exaggerated reports were sent to him of the forces of the insurgents. "In war," Napoleon replied, "it is at all times and in all places *difficult* to know the truth. But it is always *possible* to collect it, if one will be at the pains. You have a numerous cavalry and the brave Lasalle. Send out your dragoons to sweep the country over a range of thirty or forty miles. Seize the alcades, the curés, the notable inhabitants. Keep them until they speak. Interrogate them judiciously, and you will learn the truth, which you will never learn by going to sleep within your lines."

Joseph had no heart to fire upon the Spaniards. The war was conducted with but little vigor. Napoleon at first smiled at the continued display of weakness. He then wrote to Joseph to remain quietly behind his entrenchments upon the Ebro until the Emperor should arrive to help him. Matters had now assumed so threatening an aspect that Napoleon, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of Austria, ventured to withdraw about one hundred thousand troops from the Rhine. He sent them by forced marches across the vast territory of France to climb the Pyrenees, and to await his arrival. One hundred thousand young conscripts, gathered from the fields of France, were ordered to the vacancies caused by the departure of the veteran battalions. All the great thoroughfares of France were thronged by these vast masses of men passing in opposite directions.

The well-trained soldier cares little for his life. He becomes a mere animal The soul is brutalized. The conscience is dead. He seeks to enjoy, by every indulgence, the short life which is

left for him. Napoleon was consummately skillful in touching all the secret springs of human action. For these immense bands of men traversing France his foresight provided, in all the important towns through which they should pass, the most brilliant entertainments. Illuminations and banquets greeted them. Martial songs were composed to be sung at these fêtes, celebrating the heroic exploits of the army and stimulating the passion for military glory. At the same time vast magazines of munitions of war were established at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When Alexander heard of the disasters in Spain, he said to M. Caulaincourt, Napoleon's embassador: "You must make the best of a bad job, and go through this matter without flinching. Your master sent to Spain young soldiers, and not enough of them. Besides *he* was not there, and blunders have been committed. He will, however, soon repair all that. Your Emperor can not suffer any Bourbon so near him. This is, on his part, a consistent policy, which I entirely admit. I am not jealous of his aggrandizement, especially when it is prompted by the same motive as the last. Let him not be jealous of those which are, in like manner, necessary to my empire, and quite as easy to justify. For my part, I shall be invariable. I am about to address Austria in language which will induce her to reflect seriously on her imprudent conduct. I will prove to your master that I am faithful in bad and good fortune. Tell him, however, that we must see each other as soon as possible."

The state of the empire was now such that the public funds began to decline. England, Spain, and Portugal had combined their arms in the south. Austria, in the north, was arming seven hundred thousand men. Prussia, in the depths of her humiliation, was longing for an opportunity to retrieve her fallen fortunes. It was well known that the nobility of Russia, headed by the queen-mother, were bitterly hostile to Napoleon. It was doubtful how long Alexander would be able to withstand their opposition. Speculators in the public funds endeavored to excite a panic. The price fell from ninety-four to as low as seventy. Napoleon immediately roused himself to encounter this financial warfare with the same vigor with which he was accustomed to meet his foes upon the field. "*I mean*," said he, "*to make a campaign against the bears.*"* By means of judicious purchases, steadily executed for one or two months, the speculators for a fall were beaten. The public funds rose again to the price which Napoleon deemed it a point of honor for the government to maintain. He was extremely gratified at this success. "We have beaten the bears," he said; "they will not try the game again. We have preserved for the creditors of state the capital to which they have a right; we have also effected good investments for the army funds." Many of the speculators in this financial warfare were ruined. Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, conferred upon them some private recompense.

The 27th of September, the day appointed for the meeting at Erfurth, was drawing near. The attention of all Europe was directed to this celebrated interview: the destinies of the world seemed to depend upon its issues. Kings, princes, courtiers, from all parts of Europe were crowding to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The Emperor of France was the hospitable host, who was to receive them all as his guests. Napoleon left Paris, surrounded by the most brilliant retinue which ever accompanied an earthly monarch. The people were proud to have their king on this occasion tower in splendor above all the kings of the nobles. Napoleon had previously dispatched thither all the appliances of gorgeous pleasure for the entertainment of those who lived for pleasure only.

He arrived at Erfurth at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The streets were already thronged with kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the church, the army, and the state. After having received the homage and the congratulations of this illustrious throng, he rode at noon on horseback, accompanied by the King of Saxony, and attended by an immense and magnificent staff, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who was approaching in an open carriage. Napoleon met his friend and ally at the end of about six miles. On perceiving the carriage in which Alexander rode, he galloped toward it with the utmost eagerness. The two Emperors alighted and embraced each other with every expression of cordial friendship. Horses had been provided for Alexander and his suite. The two Emperors rode into Erfurth side by side, conversing with most friendly animation.

At Erfurth, Napoleon presented to the Emperor Alexander all the illustrious personages admitted to the interview. He then escorted him to the palace prepared for his reception. It was arranged that Alexander should dine every day at Napoleon's table. In the evening there was a splendid banquet, crowded by the most illustrious personages Europe could furnish. The town was illuminated. A tragedy, developing the noblest traits of human nature, was performed by the most accomplished actors of France. Alexander sat by the side of Napoleon, As the sentiment was expressed from the stage.

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods!"

Alexander gracefully rose, took the hand of Napoleon, and, bowing, said: "I experience the truth of that sentiment every day." An instinctive burst of applause from a pit full of princes, nobles, and kings, shook the walls of the theatre.

* "*Bears and Bulls.* Terms applied to persons engaged in the gambling transactions of the Stock Exchange. *A Bear* is one who contracts to deliver, at a specified *future* time, stocks which he does not own; *a Bull* is one who contracts to take them. Hence, in the intervening time, it is the interest of the former to depress stocks, as the bear pulls down with his strong paws; and of the latter to raise stocks, as the bull throws upward with his horns. The stock is, in fact, never delivered, and was never meant to be. When the time for delivery arrives, the losing party pays the *difference* between the price of the stock *then* and at the time when the contract was made."—WEBSTER.

MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

Napoleon had no relish for pleasure. Business was his only joy. Arrangements were immediately made for uninterrupted hours of conference. Alexander could hardly restrain his impatience to obtain possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was decided, that at all hazards Russia, already too formidable in her gigantic power, must be prevented from making that acquisition. He was, however, extremely desirous to gratify Alexander. The conference continued for nearly twenty days. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of his hostile attitude, had not been invited to the interview. Francis, however, sent an embassador, ostensibly to present his congratulations to the two sovereigns who had met so near to his empire, but in reality to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the interview. Napoleon received the Austrian envoy with courtesy, but with reserve. With his accustomed frankness, he said: "Your master has not been invited to this imperial meeting. We could not invite him while he is raising such threatening armies. If Austria desires the friendship of Russia and of France, she must manifest a friendly disposition. If she prefer the alliance of England, to England she must go for her intimacies." That the secrets of the interview might be safe, they were confided to but four persons—the two Emperors and their two ministers.

All the splendor and the beauty of Germany had flocked to the little town of Erfurth. Napoleon, as the host of these illustrious guests, had made the most magnificent preparations for their enjoyment. While he kept them incessantly occupied with festivals, banquets, fêtes, and balls, all the energies of his mind were engrossed during the morning and the afternoon, and deep into the hours of the night, by the majestic interests which were at his disposal.

There was a very distinguished lady whom the occasion had called to Erfurth, the Princess of Tour, sister of the Queen of Prussia. Her rank, her beauty, her intellectual fascination, attracted to her drawing-rooms all the refinement, loveliness, and genius of Germany. The highest names in literature and in science, allured by the patronage of Napoleon, mingled with the throng of princes and kings. Wieland and Goethe were there. Napoleon turned aside from the brilliance of birth and of rank, to pay his homage to the splendors of genius.

Wieland thus describes an interview with the Emperor, in the saloon of the Princess of Tour: "I had been but a few minutes in the room when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of Weimar. He paid me some compliments in an affable tone, fixing his eye piercingly upon me. Few men have appeared to me to possess, in the same degree, the power of penetrating at a glance the thoughts of others. I have never beheld any one more

calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentatious in appearance. Nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch. He spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal. What was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the assembly. He appeared to have no relish for any thing gay. In spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, he seemed to me to be of bronze. Toward midnight I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire. 'Go, then,' said he, in a friendly tone. 'Good-night!'"

Muller, the celebrated Swiss historian, had an interview with Napoleon about the same time He thus records the effect which the conversation produced upon his mind. "Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observation, the solidity of his understanding filled me with astonishment. His manner of speaking to me inspired me with love for him It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness, he has conquered me also."

Alexander with all his ambition, was graceful, amiable, and a pleasure-loving gentleman. One evening at a ball, while Alexander was dancing with the queen of Westphalia, Napoleon was conversing with Goethe, the author of Werter. At the close of the evening Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I have attended a ball in Weimar. The Emperor Alexander danced. But I? no! Forty years are forty years"

Alexander was a man of gallantry. There was a distinguished actress at Erfurth, alike celebrated for her genius and her beauty. She attracted the particular attention of the pleasure-loving Emperor. He inquired of Napoleon if there would be any inconvenience in his forming her personal acquaintance. "None whatever," Napoleon coolly replied, "excepting that it would be a certain mode of making you known to all Paris. At the next post-house the most minute particulars of your visit to her will be dispatched." The Czar was very sensitive to such notoriety, and this hint cooled his rising passion. It was at Erfurth that Napoleon made the memorable observation to Talma, on his erroneous view of Nero in the Britanicus of Racine. "The poet," said he, "has not represented Nero as a merciless despot in the commencement of his career. It was not till love, his ruling passion at the moment, was thwarted, that he became violent, cruel, and tyrannical."

A fête was arranged on the field of the battle of Jena, where Napoleon had annihilated the Prussian army. It was given to Napoleon by those who were willing to forget their defeat in their desire to honor him. A magnificent tent was pitched on the summit of the Landgrafenberg, where Napoleon had bivouacked on the 19th October, two years before. Napoleon with a gorgeous retinue rode over the field of battle A vast multitude from leagues around thronged the field, and dazzled by the splendor of the mighty conqueror, surrounded him with their acclamations. The little town of Jena had been seriously injured in the conflict of that dreadful day. Napoleon sent a gift of 60,000 dollars for the benefit of those inhabitants who had suffered from the calamity.

SOIREE AT ERFURTH.

At last the two Emperors had resolved all their difficulties, and signed the following convention. France and Russia solemnly renewed their alliance, and engaged to make peace or war in common. The two Emperors agreed to make a formal proposal for peace to England; and to do this on terms so manifestly just, that the people of England should demand peace of the English cabinet. Russia consented that the crown of Spain should remain upon the head of Joseph. France consented that Alexander should take possession of Finland, Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon with his own hand drew up the letter which was addressed directly to the King of England proposing peace. It was signed by both of the Emperors.

Austria was deeply irritated in not being admitted to this interview. Napoleon granted the embassador of Francis an audience of leave. He took occasion again to remonstrate against the unfriendly attitude Austria was assuming. "The court of Vienna," said he, "must expect to be excluded from the affairs of Europe, so long as she manifests a disposition again to disturb the repose of Europe." Napoleon presented the embassador with a letter for the Emperor Francis. It was conceived in a frank, generous, and noble spirit. It was expressed as follows:

"SIRE AND BROTHER,

"I have never doubted your Majesty's upright intentions. I have, notwithstanding, had fears for a while, of seeing hostilities renewed between us. There is a faction in Vienna, which affects alarm, in order to hurry your cabinet into violent measures. I have had it in my power to dismember your Majesty's monarchy, or at least to leave it less powerful. I did not choose to do so. What it is, it is by my consent. This is the most convincing proof, that I desire nothing of your Majesty. I am always ready to guarantee the integrity of your Majesty's monarchy. I will never do any thing contrary to the substantial interests of your dominions. But your Majesty must not open questions which fifteen years of war have settled. Your Majesty must prohibit every proclamation or proceeding provocative of war. By pursuing a straightforward and frank line of conduct, your Majesty will render your people happy, you will enjoy yourself the repose which you must earnestly desire after so many troubles. Let your Majesty's proceedings display confidence and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days, is simplicity and truth. Let your Majesty make known to me your apprehensions. I will instantly disperse them."

During these private interviews, the question of the divorce of Josephine, and of a nuptial alliance with the Russian monarchy was introduced. It is with deep pain that we approach that subject. It is the great, and the ineffaceable stain, which rests upon the character of Napoleon. Josephine, the gentle, the loving, the magnanimous, forgave him. The world never can. She had stood by his side during all the conflicts of their tumultuous life. She had aided in achieving his renown. She had loved him with a fervor and a faithfulness which never has been surpassed. No earthly motives ought to have had sufficient power to sever the sacred ties which bound them. God seems to have frowned upon the deed. Napoleon himself was constrained to confess, that it was the greatest calamity of his life. It is no excuse for Napoleon to admit, that the temptation was stronger than was ever before presented to mortal man; that there were blended with the motives which instigated to the deed, sentiments as lofty and sublime as ever mingled with towering ambition.

But while we thus in sorrow condemn, let us still be just to Napoleon, and listen to the plea which he presents to mitigate the verdict of the world's censure. Josephine also, her face all bathed in tears, her heart all glowing with love, presents herself before that same severe tribunal, to implore the forgiveness of that adored husband, who loved her as he loved no other mortal, and yet discarded her. The divorce of Josephine! it is one of the most extraordinary, the most sublime, the most touching of the tragedies which time has enacted. Listen to the plea of Napoleon. He says to Josephine, "I love you, and you only. To your affection I am indebted for the only few moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed on earth. Monarchical Europe is in arms against me, a plebeian monarch. All feudal thrones are in heart still hostile. There is no prospect of any termination to wars and woes, desolating ten thousand homes, and deluging all lands with blood. If I form an alliance with some imperial house like that of Russia or Austria, it introduces me into the family of kings. My child is recognized by other monarchs as of royal lineage. I secure an ally whose dignity is involved in sustaining my rights. Peace is restored to Europe. Thousands of dwellings are rescued from the ravages of war. We can still love each other. We can still be in heart, the nearest and dearest friends. We can still correspond and meet, in the most confiding friendship. Ought we not to be willing to sever the *one tie*, which makes us husband and wife, to accomplish purposes so infinitely vast. United as our hearts are, it is the greatest sacrifice mortals ever made; but it is to accomplish the greatest benefits which were ever presented to mortal choice.

"Should I die, Josephine, who is to succeed me upon the throne of France? A hundred ambitious claimants, grasping the sword, will rouse the nation to anarchy. Fire, blood, ruin, will be the legacy we shall bequeath to France. Should God bless me with an heir, all these woes will be arrested. The nation will go on in prosperity and peace. Is it not then a noble offering for us to place upon the altar of our country, the sacrifice of our hearts? France will appreciate the offering. The blessings of unborn generations will rest upon us."

No one can be insensible to the grandeur of these sentiments. Napoleon had not been edu-

cated in the school of strict religious principle. He could not contemplate the subject as it is regarded by the well instructed Christian. He heard no voice uttering the solemn words, "Thus saith the Lord." He was influenced only by considerations of worldly justice and expediency. In that view, it was apparently a noble sacrifice, promising most beneficial results. But there is a divine justice, which sustains divine law, even when mortal vision is blind to its requisitions. Napoleon sinned against the law of God. High upon a pinnacle of glory, his sin was witnessed by the world. The world has seen the penalty.

Alexander, with the most flattering expressions of regard, replied to the overture, which M. Talleyrand suggested, upon this delicate subject. He immediately signified to Napoleon, how ardently he anticipated the day, when they should be not only friends, but brothers. His countenance beamed with satisfaction, as he alluded to the period, when in visiting Paris, he might embrace his sister as the Empress of France. He, however, spoke freely of the strong prejudices cherished by his mother and by the majority of the nobles. They were violently opposed to that popular monarch who was shaking every where in Europe the foundations of feudal power. The subject was but briefly alluded to in this interview. Napoleon had often pondered the matter deeply. He had, however, always been arrested in that design, by the sincere affection which bound him to the wife of his youth. A thousand busy tongues had often whispered the dreadful rumor to Josephine. But Napoleon had not yet ventured to allude to the subject in her presence.

Alexander was never weary of expressing his admiration of the French Emperor, not only as regarded his genius, but his grace, his fascinating vivacity, and his kindliness of heart. "He is not only," he often said, "the greatest man living, but he is also the best man. People think him ambitious and fond of war. He is no such thing. He makes war only from political necessity, from the compulsion of circumstances."

All were amazed at the extent and the accuracy of Napoleon's information upon every subject which was introduced. He conversed with divines, philosophers, historians, dramatists, and his intellectual superiority, was universally recognized. His acute criticisms upon Tacitus, as picturing his own times in hues too sombre. His powerful contrast between Christianity and Mohammedanism, his rapid glance at the defects in the literature of modern times, impressed all scholars with the consciousness of the universality of his genius. Speaking of the German drama, imitated from Shakspeare, in which tragedy and comedy, the terrible and the ludicrous, are strangely blended, he said to Goethe, "I am astonished that a great intellect like yours, does not *prefer the more distinctly defined forms!*" —"A profound saying," remarks Thiers, "which very few critics of our day are capable of comprehending."

At one of the dinner parties, a question arose, concerning a certain Papal decree, known as the "*Golden Bull.*" Some one in quoting this document, assigned its date to the year 1409. "You are wrong," said Napoleon, "the Bull was published in 1336, in the reign of the emperor Charles IV." A curiosity was immediately expressed to learn how Napoleon could be acquainted with such minute matters of learning. "*When I was a lieutenant in the army,*" said Napoleon, smiling at the surprise of his princely auditors, "I was three years in garrison at Valence. Not being addicted to society I lived very retired. I happened to lodge at the house of a bookseller, to whose library I had ready access. I read through the books it contained, more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents whether relating to military or other affairs."

Indeed his powers of application and memory, seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France of any note with whose private history, character, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had tables drawn up with great accuracy by his ministers, which he called "the moral statistics of his empire." These he carefully corrected by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, read them, and never forgot their contents. He slept but little, and improved every moment of time when awake. So retentive was his memory that sums over which he had once glanced his eye, were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes, through every year of his administration. His detection of errors in accounts appeared so marvelous as to create a general persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a particular battalion, charged on a certain day at Besançon. "But the battalion was not there," said Napoleon. "It is an error." The minister, remembering that at that time Napoleon was absent from France, insisted that the account was correct. It proved to be a fraud. The dishonest accountant was dismissed. The anecdote circulated through the empire, a warning to every unfaithful clerk.

The Swiss deputies in 1801 were astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country. The envoys of the obscure republic of San Marino were bewildered on finding that Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the families, the feuds, and the local politics of their society.

When Napoleon was passing to the Island of Elba, in the Undaunted, he conversed much upon naval affairs. One day, at the dinner table, he alluded to a plan which he had once conceived, of building a vast number of ships of the line. It was suggested that he would find much difficulty in forming thorough seamen, as the English fleet had command of all seas. Napoleon replied that he had organized exercises for the seamen, not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, that they might be trained in rough weather

to the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship. Among other difficulties which he enumerated, he mentioned that of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. One gentleman at the table asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. "The Emperor," says Captain Usher, "took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that I know of none but professional men who could, off-hand, have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred that the person making it had received a naval education."

On the same voyage, the question arose as to putting into the harbor of Bastia, on the island of Corsica. Napoleon immediately described the depth of water, shoals, currents, anchorage, and bearings, with as much minuteness as if he had passed his life in piloting ships into that port. Captain Usher, on reference to the charts, found that the information which Napoleon had given was scrupulously accurate.

The commander of the transports incidentally mentioned that he had thought of putting into a creek near Genoa. "It is well that you did not," said Napoleon. "It is the worst place in the Mediterranean. You would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to a minute description of the peculiarities of the little bay. When this circumstance was mentioned to Captain Dundas, who had recently returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Genoa, he confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "I thought it," said he, "a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience."

Napoleon possessed a power of intense and protracted application which has probably never been surpassed. In the deliberations on the civil code, he was often employed twelve or fifteen hours, without any abatement of energy. He established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract and classify the contents of the English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or malignant. Mounier ventured to soften, and sometimes to suppress the virulent abuse which was occasionally thrown upon Josephine. Napoleon questioned others upon the contents of the English journals. He thus detected Mounier in his kindly-intentioned mutilations. He forbade him to withhold any intelligence or any censure. He still found time for private and varied reading, garnering, at a glance, the contents of a volume. Every morning his librarian was employed some time in replacing books and maps, which his insatiable and unwearied curiosity had examined before breakfast.

On one occasion at Erfurth, the Czar, on entering Napoleon's dining-room, was about to lay aside his sword, but found that he had forgotten it. Napoleon immediately presented him with his own weapon. Alexander accepted it with the most evident gratification. "I accept your Majesty's gift," he exclaimed, "as a pledge of your friendship. You may be assured that I shall

THE PRESENT OF THE SWORD.

LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EMPERORS.

never draw it against you." "We exchanged," said Napoleon, "the most striking testimonies of affection, and passed some days together, enjoying the delights of perfect intimacy, and the most familiar intercourse of private life. We were like two young men of fortune who, in our common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." Napoleon wrote to Josephine: "I am content with Alexander. He ought to be so with me. If he were a woman, I think I should fall in love with him."

On the morning of the 14th of October, Napoleon and Alexander rode out of Erfurth on horseback, side by side. The troops were under arms. A vast multitude from all the adjoining country thronged the streets to witness their departure. They rode a few miles together, and then dismounted. While grooms led their horses, they walked for a short time, deeply engaged in confidential communings. They then embraced with cordial affection. The ties of sincere friendship, as well as those of policy and ambition, united them. Alexander entered his carriage. Napoleon mounted his horse. They then clasped hands in a final adieu. The rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs was heard, as the two Emperors, surrounded by their brilliant suites, separated. Alexander departed for St. Petersburg, Napoleon returned, silent and thoughtful, to Erfurth. They never met again. But their respective armies soon rushed to the conflict against each other, amidst the flames of Moscow and on the ensanguined field of Waterloo.

Napoleon upon returning to Erfurth took leave of the princes and other illustrious personages who still remained. In the afternoon of the same day he took his carriage for Paris. The little town, which had thus suddenly become the theatre of the most gorgeous display of earthly grandeur, was left to its accustomed silence and solitude. Napoleon, with his ordinary disregard of sleep or of rest, pressed forward with the utmost velocity, by day and by night. On the morning of the 18th he arrived at St. Cloud.

An embassy, consisting of two couriers—one from France the other from Russia—was immediately dispatched, to convey to the King of England the united letter of the Emperors, imploring peace. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which was signed by Napoleon and Alexander:

"SIRE—The present situation of Europe has brought us together at Erfurth. Our first wish is to fulfill the desire of all nations, and, by a speedy pacification with your Majesty, to take the most effectual means for relieving the sufferings of Europe. The long and bloody war which has convulsed the Continent is at an end, and can not be renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe; many governments have been destroyed. The cause is to be found in the uneasiness and the sufferings occasioned by the stagnation of maritime commerce. Greater changes still may take place, and all will be unfavorable to the politics of England. Peace therefore is, at the same time, the common cause of the nations of the Continent and of Great Britain. We unite in requesting your Majesty to lend an ear to the voice of humanity, to suppress that of the pas-

sions, to reconcile contending interests, and to secure the welfare of Europe and of the generations over which Providence has placed us."

This important dispatch was directed to Mr. Canning, the Prime Minister, inclosed in an envelope, the superscription of which signified that it was addressed, by their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. The couriers were requested to say every where, that they came with proposals of peace. Napoleon wished the English people to understand that the responsibility of the war, if hostilities were to continue, rested not with him, but with the cabinet at London. The couriers dispatched from Boulogne found no little difficulty in reaching England. The British ministers were so opposed to peace, that the most stringent orders had been issued to the British cruisers *not to allow a flag of truce to pass.** The very able French officer who commanded the French brig, succeeded in eluding the cruisers, and anchored in the Downs. It was some time before the couriers were permitted to land. At last the Russian courier was sent on to London, while the French envoy was detained at the seaboard. An order, however, soon arrived from Mr. Canning, and the French courier was permitted to repair to London. They were both treated with civility, but were placed under the surveillance of a British officer, who never left them for a moment. After a lapse of forty-eight hours they were sent back with notes, not to the Emperors, but to the Russian and French *ministers*, acknowledging the receipt of the dispatch, and promising a subsequent answer. This cold response indicated too clearly the unrelenting spirit of the English cabinet. In the course of a few days, an evasive and recriminative answer was returned by the British minister. The message stated that though England had often received proposals for peace, she did not believe them to be sincere. She insisted that all the allies of England, including the Spanish insurgents, should take part in the negotiations. This dispatch, which also was directed to the French and Russian ministers, was accompanied by the exceedingly insulting declaration, "that the English ministers could not reply to the two sovereigns, since *one of them was not recognized by England.*" Notwithstanding this chilling repulse, and this unpardonable insult, Napoleon had so much respect for his own glory, and was so intensely anxious for peace, that he returned a friendly reply. He promptly consented to admit all the allies of England, to participate in the negotiations excepting only the Spanish insurgents. Upon the receipt of this note, England peremptorily declared, in most offensive terms, to both France and Russia, that no peace was possible with two courts, one of which dethroned and imprisoned the most legitimate kings, and the other of which, from interested motives, countenanced such atrocities.

Colonel Napier admits "the insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication," and says, what Napoleon's "real views in proposing to treat were, it is difficult to determine. He could not expect that Great Britain would have relinquished the cause of Spain. He must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so. But what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! The notion as applied to them was absurd. It is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place, warrant a belief in that assertion."

Thus the English minister broke off the negotiation, and all hopes of peace vanished. The gold and the diplomacy of the cabinet of St. James now infused new vigor into the warlike spirit of Austria, and roused anew the fanatic peasantry of Spain. The storms of war again swept, in flame and blood, over ill-fated Europe, and new changes were rung upon "*the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte.*" *

Said Napoleon to O'Meara, at St. Helena: "Let your ministers say what they like, I was always ready to make peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Lauderdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him that he had better persuade his countrymen to make peace, as I should be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. The Russians were three months' march distant. As I had intelligence that the Prussians intended to defend Berlin, instead of retiring to obtain the support of the Russians, I could destroy their army and take Berlin before the Russians came up. The Russians alone I could easily defeat afterward. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace before Prussia, who was your best friend on the Continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Lauderdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace. But they would not agree

* "The couriers dispatched from Boulogne had some difficulty in reaching England, for the most precise orders had been given to all the British cruisers, not to let any vessel pass under a flag of truce. Nevertheless a very able officer, who commanded the brig they were on board of, succeeded in passing through the line of English cruisers without being captured, and moored in the Downs." —THIERS's *Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxii.

* It is a little remarkable that Sir Archibald Alison should not have deemed these extraordinary events of sufficient moment to be even alluded to in his voluminous and glowing pages.

Sir Walter Scott briefly says: "The two Emperors joined in a letter to the King of Great Britain, proposing a general peace. The proposal as must have been foreseen, went off, on Britain demanding that the Spanish government and the King of Sweden should be admitted as parties to the treaty." We can but admire the felicitous ambiguity of the phrase, "*went off.*"

to it, thinking that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides every thing. And sometimes the most trifling event decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right. After Jena, Prussia was mine. After Tilsit and at Erfurth, a letter containing proposals of peace to England, and signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers; but they would not accept of them."

Says Napier: "The real principle of his [Napoleon's] government and secret of his popularity made him the *people's monarch*, not the *sovereign of the aristocracy*. Hence Mr. Pitt called him 'the child and the champion of democracy;' a truth as evident as that Mr. Pitt and his successors were *the children and the champions of aristocracy*. Hence, also, the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their natural and implacable hatred of the French Revolution to his *person*. For they saw that in him innovation had found a protector; that he alone, having given pre-eminence to a system so hateful to them, was really what he called himself, 'The State.' The treaty of Tilsit, therefore, although it placed Napoleon in a commanding situation with regard to the potentates of Europe, unmasked the real nature of the war, and brought him and England, the respective champions of *Equality* and *Privilege*, into more direct contact. Peace could not be between them while they were both strong, and all that the French Emperor had hitherto gained only enabled him to choose his future field of battle."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN OCEAN STEAMERS.

BY CAPT. MACKINNON, ROYAL NAVY.

THE Atlantic is now so completely bridged by the magnificent steamers of Cunard and Collins, that a voyage across the ocean has become a mere pleasure trip. As I have never seen a popular account contrasting the performances of these great lines, I propose to give a sailor's experience of a voyage to New York, by a Cunard steamship, the "America;" and a return voyage to Liverpool by a Collins vessel, the "Baltic."

At 11 A.M., on the 10th July, 1852, I found myself and luggage on board the steam-tug, at the place of embarkation, at Liverpool, and in a few minutes was conveyed alongside the Cunard vessel "America." The passengers who crowded the decks of the little tug were anxiously scanning every thing about them, and, no doubt, speculating on the characters of those with whom they were to be so closely packed up for the next ten days.

The passengers by a Transatlantic mail-steamer are of a very mixed character. Commercial travelers are the most numerous class, as the great manufacturing houses in England have discovered that Brother Jonathan is, after all, one of our best customers.

Although every arrangement in the "America" was substantial and good, and the captain an experienced and able officer, there was a degree of pompous mystery in the arrangements of the vessel, very much in contrast with the Yankee steamers. For instance, it was impossible to get the ship's daily run, or any information of her position. If a passenger ventured to ask a question from one of the officers, he met with a sullen reply. A part of the upper deck was denied to the passengers, unless especial friends of the officers. These trifles caused a certain degree of restraint, and formed a topic of conversation among the American passengers, who could not fail to perceive the contrast thus afforded to the universal and cordial civility and attention in Yankee vessels.

The "America," although one of the oldest and slowest of the Cunard line, is a very good vessel. Upon starting from Liverpool, deeply laden with cargo and coals, her speed did not exceed eight and a half knots per hour, which gradually increased to nearly ten, as, in proportion to the consumption of her fuel, her weight was diminished. Nothing could exceed the smoothness and beauty with which the engines performed their work. Fortunately, the ocean was as smooth as glass, and the passengers, after meeting twice at the dinner-table, became sociable and friendly. Some Canadians were aboard, who very freely expressed their opinions, particularly as to the treatment they had met in England. One gentleman, to the great edification of our Yankee fellow-voyagers, described his attempt to visit Portsmouth Dockyard. "I went down," said he, "with two American friends, with whom I had been stopping in London, to see the Dockyard at Portsmouth. On giving our names at the gate, my American friends put down their residences in certain American towns which bore English names, and were allowed to proceed without further question; while I, unfortunately, stated Canada to be my place of residence. Immediately the official pronounced me to be a *foreigner*, adding that my admission could not be permitted!"

Several intelligent American ship-masters and builders were likewise on board, and the celebrated constructor of the "Marco Polo," from New Brunswick. The conversation after dinner turned upon the various modes of naval architecture, and the general opinion appeared to be, that if fifty feet bow was added to the "America," her speed would be prodigiously increased, even with her present engines.

The American steamship "Baltic," belonging to the Collins line, was built by Jacob Bell, of New York, at a cost of 710,000 dollars. She is barque-rigged, and can spread about the same quantity of canvas as an ordinary sloop of war. She is fastened with diagonal iron braces throughout, and has three decks below the spar deck. With 1100 tons of coal, 600 tons of freight, and full complement of passengers and baggage, she draws about 22 feet. She can ac-

commodate 167 first class passengers, and 38 second class. She is fitted with two side-lever engines; 96 inch cylinders, and 10 feet stroke; and the entire cost of engines and boilers was 250,000 dollars Her average consumption of fuel is 80 tons a day; and she daily lightens 3½ inches.

In smooth water the wheels average 15 revolutions. Her average steam for the last year, 15 inches. Limit permitted by the company, 18 inches, but it is seldom reached at sea, as the cylinders consume the steam faster than it can be produced. The highest speed ever made at sea is 15 knots per hour, and the least run for 24 hours last winter, 167 nautical miles. None of the vessels of this line have been calked outside, since they were launched, or were ever hove-to at sea from stress of weather! Fifteen thousand dollars are expended to supply passengers and crew for one voyage to England and back. Wines and liquors are not included in this expenditure, and are a matter of accommodation to the passengers; as no profit is made, only a sufficient advance upon prime cost to cover losses from breakage, &c. The officers of the ship are charged the same as passengers. I can answer for the goodness and cheapness of these articles from my own experience.

The usual charge for passengers is £30 from England, and £24 from America; the return trip being thus considerably cheaper. It is usual to give the waiter that attends at table 10s., and likewise the bed-room attendants The stewardess attends ladies at the same rate. The officers mess together; there are likewise separate messes for the engineers, sailors, stokers, and coal-trimmers, so that they do not interfere with each other. The three latter classes have fresh meat in the morning and at noon, and salt pork and beef for supper. The firemen and coal-trimmers, in consequence of the severity of the work, have supplies of provisions set out for them all night. The officers and men are in two watches, and careful logs are kept both in the sailing and engine departments.

I am only doing justice to these magnificent vessels in stating, that, they are, beyond any competition, the finest, the fastest, and the best sea boats in the world. I am sorry to be obliged to say this; but, as a naval officer, I feel bound in candor to admit their great superiority. Their extraordinary easiness in a sea can not fail to excite the admiration of a sailor; I never beheld any thing like it. There was none of that violent plunging—that sudden check usually attending a large ship in a heavy head sea. The elongated bow dipped gently in, when a vast, wall-sided, and threatening swell, appeared overwhelmingly to rush upon her. The whole fore-length of the vessel appeared to sink gently down until almost level with the water, and as gradually to rise again after passing. Most wondrous of all no sea ever came on board, and the foaming and angry waters appeared to glide harmlessly past her peaked and narrow bows. The extraordinary difference in this respect to the America was most marked, as a very ordinary head sea would dash angrily, and with huge volumes over *her* bows. I attribute these admirable qualities to two reasons. First, the long and gently graduated bow; and secondly, the lightness and buoyancy of the fore part of the vessel, when relieved from the heavy boltsplit. This boltsplit, in the Cunard line, projects considerably from the bow, and its weight is greatly aggravated by the leverage caused by its projection. I am not aware of the exact weight, but it must be enormous, particularly at the extremity. The most experienced sailor would be very much deceived in forming a judgment of the sea-going qualities of the Cunard and Collins steamships, from a mere outside inspection; and I acknowledge that, at first, I could not conceive the Collins line to be so safe and easy in a sea as the Cunard line. From a considerable experience in all classes of steam vessels besides the Cunard America, I advisedly assert that the Baltic is out and out, by long odds, the very best and easiest steamship I ever sailed in.

I can not refrain from calling the attention of steamship builders of England, to the uselessness, and even absurdity of a heavy boltsplit to a vessel that mainly depends upon her steam. It would be considered an absolute absurdity for either of these vessels to attempt to beat to windward. Before the wind, there is little doubt that the Collins would run the Cunard out of sight in a dozen hours. The vast and heavy boltsplit of the Cunard line, therefore, is an absolute excrescence—a bow-plunging, speed-stopping, money-spending, and absurd acquiescence in old-fashioned prejudices about appearance, and what the old school attempt to swamp all argument by condemning as *not ship-shape!* Pshaw! what confounded stuff! This is the sort of feeling that prevents improvements, and allows Brother Jonathan to build the finest sea-going steamers in the world, which the Collins liners undoubtedly are.

As some slight proof of this assertion, let me describe what took place in the Baltic, on the 6th and 7th of November, 1852, on the passage to England, in about latitude 48° N. longitude, 18 W. At 10 A.M., on the former day, this vessel was proceeding with full power, at the rate of thirteen knots; the engines making sixteen revolutions per minute. At this time a light breeze was blowing from the southwest, with a slight swell from the eastward. About noon the swell increased, and a very dense, dark, coppery sky was perceived on the starboard bow, bearing southeast. The barometer, which had been carefully noted, had been gradually sinking for thirty-six hours, but still the southwest wind ever and anon breathed hoarsely into, and filled the flapping canvas. The stormy indications in the southeast gradually increased in intensity as we rushed forward at the great velocity before described—namely, thirteen knots. At 2 P.M., the barometer—that faithful and valuable monitor—sunk considerably. Captain Comstock, the experienced commander, invited me into his

cabin, and we began to discuss the now clear indications of an approaching storm. From the various signs afforded by changes in the direction of the wind, swell of ocean, descending glass, and other infallible tokens, known only to experienced seamen, we speedily came to the conclusion that the Baltic was approaching the course of an Atlantic cyclone. From the position of the vessel, and her rapid motion, we mutually agreed that the easterly breeze, which had suddenly set in, clearly indicated that we were rapidly approaching the northern edge of the cyclone. This will be plainly understood by the landsmen and uninitiated, when I explain that the cyclones in the northern hemisphere revolve against the sun with a progressive motion toward the southeast. The easterly breeze, therefore, could only strike the ship on its northern extremity. If she had been, for instance, at the southern extremity of the rotatory storm, it is clear that the wind would have been southwest, until the vortex was passed, when the southeastern course of the circular or whirlwind storm would have struck the ship.

Although we were confident that our theory was correct, yet Captain Comstock, like a prudent, careful, and able commander as he is, made every preparation to withstand the worst weather. At this time the barometer had sunk lower than I ever experienced it (28·40), even in the most furious storms; and the gyratory motion of the tortured and fragmental clouds in the southeast, showed to the practiced eyes of the seamen, that a fearful war of the elements was going on in that direction. The eastern swell was now rapidly rising into a heavy and perpendicular sided sea, whose solid-looking curly tops threatened destruction to all that opposed their headlong course. The wind, likewise, increased in strength, urging on the too willing waves, until they were lashed into apparent destructive fury.

Let us ascend the bridge, between the paddle-boxes, and try to describe this sublime scene. A furious gale was raging, and wind and waves combined, were hurled with gigantic force against the poor Baltic. To avoid rushing madly against the fierce watery barriers, the engines were slacked to nine revolutions, and the brave vessel still held her course at the rate of eight knots! Although the heavy spoondrift, in a moment, drenched every thing exposed, still the ship held on with the most extraordinary ease. At intervals, a mountain would appear approaching, giving the idea (often felt by the most experienced) of a gathering power in advance that nothing could withstand. Onward it rolls, so high, that from your elevated position the horizon is concealed—it is upon us with a crash—nothing can avoid the avalanche of water—the decks are inundated fore and aft!

Not at all; the noble ship rises gently, just sufficient to cleave the crest of the surge—her bulwarks are even with the surface of rolling water—but not a drop comes in. Again and again did this happen; and although we were drenched to the skin by the spoondrift, we were fascinated by the wonderful triumph of the ship's course over the madly-vexed waters, and remained in our exposed situation, spell-bound, at her easy performance over such rough and formidable obstacles. Place a Cunard liner, or any vessel in this position, with the present lines of English ocean steamers, and they would ship tons and tons of water. The heavy bows, bolt-sprit and all, would plunge into the sea with a crash, and a bang, that would shake and strain the ship to her centre. On rising the forefoot from her watery bath, the bolt-sprit, enveloped with the gear, would *visibly bend* with the jerk.

This is the main difference between the ocean steamers of England and America, and we strongly advise the builders of England to wake up from their lethargy, half composed of prejudice. I tell them again plainly (however unpleasant to myself), that there are no ocean steamers in England comparable with the Baltic.

It is the fashion in England, among a certain class, unhappily too numerous, to shake their noddles when these steamers are mentioned. "Oh," say they, "these steamers are all to pieces; they will be done up in a short time; they won't pay." I beg to disabuse their minds, and the minds of all persons in England who have not had such an opportunity as mine to judge for themselves. These steamers are as good and as strong as ever; they are as well officered and manned as any ships afloat; they treat their passengers with as much, or more, civility and attention than any other line; and, finally, their food and wine, and all arrangements of the table (at least in the Baltic), are as good as any person can require, even if spoilt by the Sybarite luxuries of the great Metropolitan cities in the world. To prove my assertions, I subjoin a bill of fare, taken by chance on the passage to England:

New York and Liverpool U. S. Mail Steam-ship Baltic, Nov. 9th, 1852.

DINNER BILL OF FARE.

Soups.—Green Turtle Soup; Potage aux choux

Boiled.—Hams; Tongues; Cold Corned Beef; Turkeys, Oyster Sauce; Fowls, Parsley Sauce; Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.

Fish.—Cod-fish, stuffed and baked; Boiled Bass, Hollander sauce.

Roast.—Beef; Veal; Mutton; Lamb; Geese, Champagne sauce; Ducks; Pigs; Turkeys; Fowls.

Entrées.—Maccaroni au gratin; Filet de Pigeon au Cronstaugh; Croquette de Poisson a la Richelieu; Salmi de Canard Sauvage; Poulets, pique, Sauce Tomato; Cotelette de Veau a la St. Gara; Fricandeau de Tortue au petit Pois; D'oyeis en cassi; Epigram d' Agneau, Sauce truppe.

Vegetables.—Green Corn; Green Peas.

Salads—Potato and Plain.

Pastry.—Baked Vermicelli Pudding; Apple Fritters, Hard Sauce; Almond Cup Custards; Red Currant Tartlets; Apple Tarts; Open Puffs; Cranberry Tarts; Coventry Puffs, &c.

Dessert.—Fruit, Nuts, Olives, Cakes, &c., &c.

Coffee; Lemonade (frozen).

The last day's steaming of this beautiful vessel was the absolute poetry of motion. At 3 o'clock, P.M., she was off the western extremity of Ireland, exactly three hundred miles from the

light vessel at the entrance of Liverpool harbor. The weather was beautiful; a light breeze from the northeast, just sufficient to ruffle slightly the glass-like surface of the water. Onward she rushed with headlong speed, her ponderous engines revolving at the rate of nineteen revolutions a minute. So clean and beautiful was her shape, that she appeared to glide through the water, leaving hardly a ripple behind. Numerous steam vessels, likewise running up the Irish channel, were passed as if at anchor; and in twenty-two and a-half hours from making the land on the previous afternoon she had achieved the three hundred miles that separated her from her home.

Reader, this is a wonderful performance, and what I fear can not be rivaled by any English vessel at present. The whole thing is obvious to the meanest understanding, and may clearly be traced to the unequaled beauty of the model. The English engines are allowed by the Americans to be superior. Why, therefore, should we allow brother Jonathan to beat us on our own element? The reason is plain enough, and patent to the whole world, and is summed up briefly in one sentence: *The British model is far inferior to the American.* I say this in sorrow, and earnestly entreat my countrymen to cast away unworthy prejudice and jealousy, and investigate calmly and dispassionately this momentous question. When once inquiry is thoroughly aroused in England, I do not fear the result. If, however, obstinacy and pride are allowed to blind our ship-builders, they will richly merit the fate that will inevitably befall them, namely, to be soundly beaten by American naval architects.

We arrived at Liverpool in ten days and a half from New York, during which time the engines were never stopped, and not the slightest accident happened.

THE BATTLES ON THE LAKES.*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

DURING the summer of 1814 the English at the northern, and the Americans at the southern portion of the lake, had been busy in building ships to contest the supremacy of this sheet of water, whose head pierces so deep into the bosom of New York. The latter had at length assembled a flotilla consisting of four vessels—the largest carrying twenty-six guns—and ten galleys, the whole under the command of Macdonough. After some skirmishing, this little fleet, which early in the season lay in Otter Creek, was got into the lake and steered for Plattsburg Bay, to assist Macomb in his defense of the town. This bay opens to the southward, and instead of piercing the mainland at right angles, runs north, nearly parallel with the lake itself. A narrow tongue of land divides it from the main water, the extreme point of which is called Cumberland Head. Just within its mouth, and nearly opposite where the turbulent Saranac empties into it, Macdonough anchored his vessels, on the 2d of September. Between him and the main-land was a large shoal and an island which effectually blocked the approach of vessels on that side.

The English fleet sent to attack him, consisted also of four vessels—the largest mounting 32 guns—and 13 galleys. The American force, all told, was 14 vessels, mounting 86 guns and carrying 850 men, while that of the English was 17 vessels, mounting 96 guns and carrying 1000 men. The largest, the Confiance, "had the gun deck of a frigate," and by her superior size and strength, and her 30 long twenty-fours, was considered a match for any two vessels in Macdonough's squadron. Captain Downie, who commanded the British fleet, joined his gun boats at the Isle au Motte on the 8th of September, where he lay at anchor till the 11th. In the mean time, Prevost, whose batteries were all erected, remained silent behind his works, waiting the arrival of the fleet before he should commence his fire.

During those sleepless nights and days of agitation, young Macdonough lay calmly watching the approach of his superior foe, while Macomb was straining every nerve to complete his defenses. Fearless, frank, and social, the young General moved among his soldiers with such animation and confidence, that they caught his spirit, and like the Green Mountain boys and yeomanry of New York at Saratoga, resolved to defend their homes to the last.

At length, on Sunday morning, September 11th, just as the sun rose over the eastern mountains, the American guard boat, on the watch, was seen rowing swiftly into the harbor. It reported the enemy in sight. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and every vessel was cleared for action. The preparations being completed, young Macdonough summoned his officers around him, and there, on the deck of the Saratoga, read the prayers of the ritual before entering into battle, and that voice, which soon after rung like a clarion amid the carnage, sent heavenward, in earnest tones, "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few." It was a solemn and thrilling spectacle, and one never before witnessed on a vessel of war cleared for action. A young commander who had the courage thus to brave the derision and sneers which such an act was sure to provoke, would fight his vessel while there was a plank left to stand on. Of the deeds of daring done on that day of great achievements, none evinced so bold and firm a heart as this act of religious worship.

At eight o'clock the crews of the different vessels could see, over the tongue of land that divided the bay from the lake, the topsails of the enemy moving steadily down. They had also been seen from shore, and every eminence around was covered with anxious spectators.

* From Headley's "Second War with England;" now in the press of Charles Scribner, New York.

The house of God was deserted, and the light of that bright Sabbath morning, with its early stillness, flooded a scene at once picturesque and terrible. On one side was the hostile squadron, coming down to the sound of music —on the other, stood the armies on shore in order of battle, with their banners flying—between, lay Macdonough's silent little fleet at anchor, while the hills around were black with spectators, gazing on the strange and fearful panorama.

As the British approached, Macdonough showed his signal, "*Impressed seamen call on every man to do his duty.*" As vessel after vessel traced the letters, loud cheers rent the air.

The English vessels, under easy sail, swept one after another round Cumberland Head, and hauling up in the wind, waited the approach of the galleys.

As Macdonough lay anchored with his vessels in line north and south—his galleys on their sweeps forming a second line in rear—the English fleet, as it doubled the head, was compelled to approach with bows on. The Eagle was farthest up the bay, the Saratoga second, Ticonderoga third, and Preble fourth. The impressive silence which rested on the American fleet was at last broken by the Eagle, which opened her broadsides. Startled by the sound, a cock on board the Saratoga, which had escaped from the coop, flew up on to a gun slide and crowed. A loud laugh and three hearty cheers acknowledged the favorable omen, and spread confidence through the ship. Macdonough, seeing the enemy were at too great a distance to be reached by his guns reserved his fire, and watched the Confiance standing boldly on till she came within range. He then sighted a long twenty-four himself and fired her. The heavy shot passed the entire length of the deck of the Confiance, killing many of her men and shivering her wheel into fragments. This was the signal for every vessel to open its fire, and in a moment that quiet bay was in an uproar. The Confiance, however, though suffering severely, did not return a shot, but kept boldly on till she got within a quarter of a mile, when she let go her anchors and swung broadside to the Saratoga. Sixteen long twenty-fours then opened at once with a terific crash. The Saratoga shook from kelson to cross-trees under the tremendous discharge. Nearly half of her crew were knocked down by it, while fifty men were either killed or wounded, and among them Lieutenant Gamble. He was in the act of sighting a gun, when a shot entered the port and struck him dead. The effect of this first broadside was awful, and the Saratoga was for a moment completely stunned. The next, however, she opened her fire with a precision and accuracy that told fatally on the English ship. But the latter soon commenced pouring in her broadsides so rapidly that she seemed enveloped in flame. The Eagle could not withstand it, and changed her position, falling in nearer shore, leaving the Saratoga to sustain almost alone the whole weight of the unequal contest. She gave broadside for broadside, but the weight of metal was against her, and she was fast becoming a wreck. Her deck soon presented a scene of the most frightful carnage. The living could hardly tumble the wounded down the hatchway as fast as they fell. At length, as a full broadside burst on the staggering ship, a cry of despair rang from stem to stern, "the Commodore is killed!—the Commodore is killed;" and there he lay on the blood-stained deck amid the dead, senseless and apparently lifeless. A spar, cut in two by a cannon shot, had fallen on his back and stunned him. But after two or three minutes he recovered, and cheering on his men, took his place again beside his favorite gun that he had sighted from the commencement of the action. As the men saw him once more at his post they took new courage.

But a few minutes after, the cry of "the Commodore is killed," again passed through the ship. Every eye was instantly turned to a group of officers gathered around Macdonough, who lay in the scuppers, between two guns covered with blood. He had been knocked clean across the ship, with a force sufficient to have killed him. Again he revived, and limping to a gun, was soon coolly hulling his antagonist. Maimed and suffering, he fought on, showing an example that always makes heroes of subordinates.

At length every gun on the side of his vessel toward the enemy was silenced, but one, and this, on firing it again, bounded from its fastenings, and tumbled down the hatchway. Not a gun was left with which to continue the contest, while the ship was on fire. A surrender, therefore, seemed inevitable. Macdonough, however, resolved to wind his ship, so as to get the other broadside to bear. Failing in the first attempt, the sailing-master, Brum, bethought him of an expedient, which proved successful—the crippled vessel slowly swung her stern around, until the uninjured guns bore. The Confiance, seeing the manœuvre, imitated it, but she could not succeed, and lay with her crippled side exposed to the fire of the Saratoga.

Captain Downie had fallen some time before —not a gun could be brought to bear—the ship had been hulled a *hundred and five times*—while half of her men were killed and wounded. Farther resistance was therefore useless; and she surrendered.

The Eagle, commanded by Capt. Henley, behaved gallantly in the engagement, while the Ticonderoga, under Lieutenant Cassin, was handled in a manner that astonished those who beheld her. This fearless officer walked backward and forward over his deck, encouraging his men and directing the fire, apparently unconscious of the balls that smote and crashed around him. His broadsides were so rapid and incessant, that several times the vessel was thought to be on fire.

The surrender of the Confiance virtually terminated the contest, which had lasted two hours

and a quarter; and as flag after flag struck, the galleys took to their sweeps and escaped.

In the midst of this tremendous cannonade, came, at intervals, the explosions on shore. The first gun in the bay was the signal for Prevost on land, and as the thunder of his heavy batteries mingled in with the incessant broadsides of the contending squadrons, the very shores trembled, and far over the lake, amidst the quiet farm-houses of Vermont, the echoes rolled away, carrying anxiety and fear into hundreds of families. Its shore was lined with men, gazing intently in the direction of Plattsburgh, as though from the smoke that rolled heavenward some tiding smight be got of how the battle was going.

To the spectators on the commanding heights around Plattsburgh, the scene was indescribably fearful and thrilling. It was as if two volcanoes were raging below—turning that quiet Sabbath morning into a scene wild and awful as the strife of fiends. But when the firing in the bay ceased, and the American flag was still seen flying, and the Union Jack down, there went up a shout that shook the hills. From the water to the shore, and back again, the deafening huzzas echoed and re-echoed. The American army took up the shout, and sending it high and clear over the thunder of cannon, spread dismay and astonishment into the heart of the enemy's camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded, was one hundred and ten, of whom all but twenty fell on board the Saratoga and Eagle—that of the English was never fully known, though it was supposed to be nearly double.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

After the capture of Forts York and George, by which the river of Niagara was opened to American navigation, Captain Perry was able to take some vessels bought for the service from Black Rock intoL ake Erie. The lake at the time was in the possession of the British fleet, commanded by Captain Barclay, and Perry ran great hazard in encountering it before he could reach Presque Isle, now Erie, where the other vessels to compose his squadron had been built. He, however, reached this spacious harbor just as the English hove in sight. Having now collected his whole force he made vigorous preparations to get to sea. By the first of August he was ready to set sail, but the enemy lay off the harbor, across the mouth of which extended a bar, that he was afraid to cross under a heavy fire. To his great delight, however, the British fleet suddenly disappeared—Captain Barclay, not dreaming that his adversary was ready to go to sea, having gone to the Canada shore.

Perry was at this time a mere youth, of twenty-seven years of age, but ardent, chivalrous, and full of energy and resource. From the time he arrived on the frontier, the winter previous, he had been unceasing in his efforts to obtain and equip a fleet. Materials had to be brought from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, dragged hundreds of miles over bad roads and across unbridged streams. But after his vessels were ready for sea, he was destitute of crews. To his repeated and urgent calls for men, only promises were returned, nor did they arrive till the English had been able to finish and equip a large vessel, the Detroit, which gave them a decided preponderance. Perry was exceedingly anxious to attack the hostile fleet before it received this accession of strength, but prevented from doing this through want of men, he was at last compelled to abandon all his efforts, or take his chance with his motley, untrained crew, in an action where the superiority was manifest. He boldly resolved on the latter course, and taking advantage of Barclay's sudden departure, gave orders for the men to repair immediately on board ship, and dropped with eight of his squadron down the harbor to the bar. It was Sabbath morning, and young Perry, impressed with the great issues to himself and his country from the step he was about to take, sent his boat ashore for a clergyman, requesting him to hold religious services on board his ship. All the officers of the squadron were assembled on the deck of the Lawrence, and listened to an impressive address on the duty they owed their country. Prayer was then offered for the success of their cause. Young Perry reverently listening to the voice of prayer, as he is going forth to battle, and young Macdonough lifting his own in supplication to God, after his decks are cleared for action, furnish striking and beautiful examples to naval men.

Next morning the water being smooth, the guns of the Lawrence, the largest vessel, were taken out, and two scows placed alongside and filled till they sunk to the water's edge. Pieces of timber were then run through the forward and after ports of the vessel, and made fast by blocks to the scows. All being ready, the water was pumped out of them, and the vessel slowly rose over the bar. She stuck fast, however, on the top, and the scows had to be sunk again before she finally floated clear and moved off into deep water. The men worked all night to get this one brig over. The schooners passed easily, and moored outside. The Lawrence was scarcely once more afloat before the returning fleet hove in sight. Perry immediately prepared for action. But Barclay, after reconnoitring for half an hour, crowded all sail and disappeared again up the lake. The next day Perry sailed in pursuit, but after cruising a whole day without finding the enemy, returned to take in supplies. On the 12th of August he was about to start again, when he received information of the expected approach of a party of seamen under the command of Captain Elliot. Waiting a day or two to receive this welcome aid, he set sail for Sandusky, to put himself in communication with Gen. Harrison and the northwestern army. He then, on the 25th, returned to Malden, where the British fleet lay, and going into Put-in Bay, a haven in its vicinity, waited for the enemy to come out.

Here many of his crew were taken sick with fever, which at last seized him, together with the three surgeons of the squadron. He was not able to leave his cabin till the early part of September, when he received an additional reinforcement of a hundred volunteers. These troops came from Harrison's army, and were mostly Kentucky militia and soldiers, from the 28th regiment of infantry, and all volunteers for the approaching battle. The Kentuckians, most of them, had never seen a square-rigged vessel before, and wandered up and down examining every room and part of the ship without scruple. Dressed in their fringed linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts, with their muskets in their hands, they made as novel a marine corps as ever trod the deck of a battle-ship.

On the morning of the 10th of September, it was announced that the British fleet was coming out of Malden, and Perry immediately set sail to meet it. His squadron consisted of three brigs, the Lawrence, Niagara, and Caledonia, the Trippe, a sloop, and five schooners, carrying in all fifty-four guns. That of the British was composed of six vessels, mounting sixty-three guns. It was a beautiful morning, and the light breeze scarcely ruffled the surface of the water as the two squadrons, with all sails set, slowly approached each other. The weather-gage, at first, was with the enemy, but Perry impatient to close, resolved to waive this advantage, and kept standing on, when the wind unexpectedly shifted in his favor. Captain Barclay observing this, immediately hove to, and lying with his topsails aback, waited the approach of his adversary. With all his canvas out, Perry bore slowly and steadily down before the wind. The breeze was so light that he could scarcely make two miles an hour. The shore was lined with spectators, gazing on the exciting spectacle, and watching with intense anxiety the movements of the American squadron. Not a cloud dimmed the clear blue sky overhead, and the lake lay like a mirror, reflecting its beauty and its purity. Perry, in the Lawrence, led the line.

Taking out the flag which had been previously prepared, and mounting a gun-slide, he called the crew about him, and said, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response. Up went the flag with a will, and as it swayed to the breeze it was greeted with loud cheers from the deck. As the rest of the squadron beheld that flag floating from the mainmast of their commander's vessel, and saw "Don't give up the ship!" was to be the signal for action, a long, loud cheer rolled down the line. The excitement spread below, and all the sick that could move, tumbled up to aid in the approaching combat. Perry then visited every gun, having a word of encouragement for each captain. Seeing some of the gallant tars who had served on board the Constitution, many of whom now stood with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, all cleared for action, he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" "All ready, your honor," was the quick response. "I need not say any thing to you. *You* know how to beat those fellows," he added smilingly, as he passed on.

The wind was so light that it took an hour and a half, after all the preparations had been made, to reach the hostile squadron. This long interval of idleness and suspense was harder to bear than the battle itself. Every man stood silently watching the enemy's vessels, or in low and earnest tones conversed with each other, leaving requests and messages to friends in case they fell. Perry gave his last direction, in the event of his death, to Hambleton—tied weights to his public papers, in order to have them ready to cast overboard if he should be defeated—read over his wife's letters for the last time, and then tore them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, and turned away, remarking, "*This is the most important day of my life.*" The deep seriousness and silence that had fallen on the ship, was at last broken by the blast of a bugle that came ringing over the water from the Detroit, followed by cheers from the whole British squadron. A single gun, whose shot went skipping past the Lawrence, first uttered its stern challenge, and in a few minutes all the long guns of the enemy began to play on the American fleet. Being a mile and a half distant, Perry could not use his carronades, and he was exposed to this fire for half an hour before he could get within range. Steering straight for the Detroit, a vessel a fourth larger than his own, he gave orders to have the schooners that lagged behind close up within half cable's length. Those orders, the last he gave during the battle, were passed by trumpet from vessel to vessel. The light wind having nearly died away, the Lawrence suffered severely before she could get near enough to open with her carronades, and she had scarcely taken her position before the fire of three vessels was directed upon her. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of the fleet could close, and for two hours sustained without flinching this unequal contest. The balls crashed incessantly through the sides of the ship, dismounting the guns and strewing the deck with the dead, until at length, with "every brace and bow-line shot away," she lay an unmanageable wreck on the water. But still through the smoke, as it went before the heavy broadsides, her colors were seen flying, and still gleamed forth in the sunlight that glorious motto—"*Don't give up the ship!*" Calm and unmoved at the slaughter around him and his own desperate position, Perry gave his orders tranquilly, as though executing a manœuvre. Although in his first battle, and unaccustomed to scenes of carnage, his face gave no token of the emotions that mastered him. Advancing to assist a sailor whose gun had got out of order, he saw the poor fellow struck from his side by a twenty-four pound shot, and expire without a groan. His second lieutenant fell at his feet.

Lieutenant Brooks, a gay, dashing officer, of extraordinary personal beauty, while speaking cheerfully to him, was dashed by a cannon-ball to the other side of the deck, and mangled in the most frightful manner. His shrieks and imploring cries to Perry to kill him and end his misery, were heard even above the roar of the guns in every part of the ship. The dying who strewed the deck would turn their eyes in mute inquiry upon their youthful commander, as if to be told they had done their duty. The living, as a sweeping shot rent huge gaps in the ranks of their companions, looked a moment into his face to read its expression, and then stepped quietly into the places left vacant.

Lieutenant Yarnall, with a red handkerchief tied round his head, and another round his neck, to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, his nose swelled to a monstrous size, from a splinter having passed through it, disfigured and covered with gore, moved amid this terrific scene the very genius of havoc and carnage. Approaching Perry, he told him every officer in his division was killed. Others were given him, but he soon returned with the same dismal tidings. Perry then told him he must get along by himself, as he had no more to furnish him, and the gallant man went back alone to his guns. Once only did the shadow of any emotion pass over the countenance of this intrepid commander. He had a brother on board, only twelve years old. The little fellow, who had had two balls pass through his hat, and been struck with splinters, was still standing by the side of his brother, stunned by the awful cannonading and carnage around him, when he suddenly fell. For a moment Perry thought he too was gone, but he had only been knocked down by a hammock, which a cannon-ball had hurled against him.

At length every gun was dismounted but one, still Perry fought with that till at last it also was knocked from the carriage. Out of the one hundred men with whom a few hours before he had gone into battle, only eighteen stood up unwounded. Looking through the smoke he saw the Niagara, apparently uncrippled, drifting out of the battle. Leaping into a boat with his young brother, he said to his remaining officer, "If a victory is to be gained, I will gain it," and standing erect, told the sailors to give way with a will. The enemy observed the movement, and immediately directed their fire upon the boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers' hands by musket balls, and the men themselves covered with spray from the round shot and grape that smote the water on every side. Passing swiftly through the iron storm he reached the Niagara in safety, and as the survivors of the Lawrence saw him go up the vessel's side, they gave a hearty cheer. Finding her sound and whole, Perry backed his maintop sail, and flung out his signal for close action. From vessel to vessel the answering signals went up in the sunlight, and three cheers rang over the water. He then gave his sails to the wind, and bore steadily down on the centre of the enemy's line. Reserving his fire as he advanced, he passed alone through the hostile fleet, within close pistol range, wrapt in flame as he swept on. Delivering his broadsides right and left, he spread horror and death through the decks of the Detroit and Lady Prevost. Rounding to as he passed the line, he laid his vessel close to two of the enemy's ships, and poured in his rapid fire. The shrieks that rung out from the Detroit were heard even above the deafening cannonade, while the crew of the Lady Prevost, unable to stand the fire, ran below, leaving their wounded, stunned, and bewildered commander alone on deck, leaning his face on his hand, and gazing vacantly on the passing ship. The other American vessels having come up, the action at once became general. To the spectators from the shore, the scene at this moment was indescribably thrilling. Far out on the calm water lay a white cloud, from out whose tortured bosom broke incessant flashes and thunder claps—the loud echoes rolling heavily away over the deep, and dying amid the silence and solitude of the forest.

An action so close and murderous could not last long, and it was soon apparent that victory inclined to the Americans, for while the enemy's fire sensibly slackened, the signal for close action was still flying from the Niagara, and from every American vessel the answering signal floated proudly in the wind. In fifteen minutes from the time the first signal was made the battle was over. A white handkerchief waved from the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte announced the surrender. The firing ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and strewed with dead. The loss on each side was a hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded.

Perry having secured the prisoners, returned to the Lawrence, lying a wreck in the distance, whither she had helplessly drifted. She had struck her flag before he closed with the Niagara, but it was now flying again. Not a word was spoken as he went over the vessel's side; a silent grasp of the hand was the only sign of recognition, for the deck around was covered with dismembered limbs, and brains; while the bodies of twenty officers and men lay in ghastly groups before him.

As the sun went down over the still lake his last beams looked on a mournful spectacle. Those ships, stripped of their spars and canvas, looked as if they had been swept by a hurricane, while desolation covered their decks. At twilight the seamen who had fallen on board the American fleet were committed to the deep, and the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church read over them.

The uproar of the day had ceased, and deep silence rested on the two squadrons, riding quietly at anchor, broken only by the stifled groans of the wounded, that were echoed from ship to ship. As Perry sat that night on the quarter-deck of the Lawrence, conversing with his few remaining officers, while ever and anon the moans of his brave comrades below were

borne to his ear, he was solemn and subdued. The exciting scene through which he had safely passed—the heavy load taken from his heart—the reflection that his own life had been spared, and the consciousness that his little brother was slumbering sweetly and unhurt in his hammock beside him, awakened emotions of gratitude to God; and he gravely remarked, "I believe that my wife's prayers have saved me."

It had been a proud day for him; and as he lay that night and thought what a change a few hours had wrought in his fortunes, feelings of exultation might well swell his bosom. Such unshaken composure—such gallant bearing—stern resolution, and steadiness and tenacity of purpose in a young man of twenty-seven, in his first battle, exhibit a marvelous strength of character, and one wonders more at him than his success.

It was a great victory; and, as the news spread, bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon, and shouts of excited multitudes announced the joy and exultation of the nation. The gallant bearing of Perry—his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy's fire to the Niagara—the motto on his flag—the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy's line, and then closed in half pistol shot—his laconic account of the victory in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS"—furnished endless themes for discussion and eulogy, and he suddenly found himself in the front rank of heroes.

The day after the battle the funeral of the officers of the two fleets took place. A little opening on the margin of the bay, a wild and solitary spot, was selected as the place of interment. It was a beautiful autumn day, not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the lake, or moved the still forest that fringed that lonely clearing. The sun shone brightly down on the new-made graves, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath stillness that rested on forest and lake. The fallen officers, each in his appropriate uniform, were laid on platforms made to receive them, and placed, with their hands across their breasts, in the barges. As these were rowed gently away, the boats fell in behind in long procession, and the whole swept slowly and sadly toward the place of burial. The flags drooped mournfully in the still air, the dirge to which the oars kept time rose and fell in solemn strains over the water, while minute-guns from the various vessels blended their impressive harmony with the scene. The day before had been one of strife and carnage, but those who had closed in mortal hate, now mourned like a band of brothers for their fallen leaders, and, gathering together around the place of burial, gazed a last farewell, and firing one volley over the nameless graves, turned sadly away. There, in that wild spot, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual dirge, they slept the sleep of the brave. They had fought gallantly, and it mattered not to them the victory or defeat, for they had gone to that still land where human strifes are forgotten, and the clangor of battle never comes.

LOVE SNUFFED OUT.

I DON'T know that I have any Puritan blood in my veins; but the moment I found myself really engaged to help my friend marry an heiress, I felt some compunction.

"Doesn't your conscience prick you in this matter?" inquired I.

"What does my young friend mean by conscience?" replied Don Bobtail.

"Why, are you not afraid that you may really make the woman you marry for money unhappy?"

"I am not yet conscious of that fear, and in any case, I should be more likely to consider the happiness of the gentleman in question."

"But, my dear Don Bobtail, is that not rather a selfish view?"

"Certainly it is selfish, my young friend. But with whom have I the most vivid sympathy? whose pains pain me? whose pleasures please me? with whom and for whom do I suffer, think, act? To whose misfortune am I not resigned?"

"Decidedly to those of Don Bobtail Fandango," replied I.

"Precisely. Yet I am the only person who is not at last resigned to them. I endure your sorrows with perfect equanimity. Why? Because I know that if there is any way to mitigate them, there is an individual who will not fail to discover it."

"Meaning me?"

"Infallibly. My first and deepest interest is in myself. It is so in the nature of things: and if (in my case a rather vague supposition) if I have a very delicate conscience which leads me to prefer your well-being, for instance, to my own, it is only a refined selfishness; inasmuch as, in that case, self-sacrifice secures my own happiness."

The Embassador took snuff with a satisfied air. I could say nothing, for I am not a metaphysician. But what an invaluable friend, as I wrote my maiden aunt, then in the country, is a man who is not only perfect in knowledge of the world, but who enjoys so clear a perception of principles.

"Hence you see," continued the Don, as he returned his snuff-box to his waistcoat pocket, "that in a marriage for money there are two parties and two interests. If I, for the sake of illustration, am one of those parties, you will see whose happiness I shall naturally consider. I give the lady credit for being able to take care of herself. If we both look to one interest, who takes care of the other? Nothing should be so cautiously managed as a little affair of this kind."

"True," said I, "but where is the glow of feeling?"

"To what glow of feeling do you now refer?" inquired the Don, with a puzzled air.

"Why, the bloom of emotion, the enthusiasm of young hearts," cried I.

"I am not familiar with those blooms and enthusiasms," returned the Embassador quietly.

"Don't you believe in love, Don Fandango Bobtail?" gasped I, with a shudder.

The Don took snuff.

"I am afraid, my dear boy," after looking at me sorrowfully for a few moments, "that you read novels."

"Of course I do," replied I, "and forget this work-day world in the fascinations of fiction."

"You read Bulwer?"

I nodded.

"And Dickens?"

I shook my head.

"And Disraeli?"

My eyes sparkled.

"And James?"

They filled with tears.

"Poor fellow!"

We walked on silently for some moments. At length the Don said to me:

"Let me relate to you a little episode of blooms and enthusiasms. When I was eighteen years old my father was made Minister to the Shah of Persia, and I accompanied him to Teheran as Secretary of the Embassy. I was unsophisticated (as I have always been), and occupied myself in watching the differences in habits of life, which much amused me. With my high Spanish notions of etiquette, I was pleased to reach a country in which proper respect was paid to the sex. The devout Persians, who are followers of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, hold that woman is the chief of blessings; and, as the poet Saadi sings,

'You can't have too much of a good thing,'

they say to each other, 'get as many blessings as you can.'

"The Shah of Persia, who indulges himself with six hundred blessings (one hundred less than King Solomon), observed that I was an amiable and modest youth, but wondered that I was content to look and learn.

"'Why is it,' said he, to my father, 'that the young Bobtail has no heart's treasure?'

"'He is young, Serene Potentate,' replied my father, 'and amuses himself in his own way. I beseech you, graciously permit him to mind his own business.'

"'It can not be,' returned the Shah of Persia; 'I know not what evil would befall my empire, should there be one of my court without a heart's treasure. I will vouchsafe to bestow upon him one of my own imperial blessings.'

"Thereupon he clapped his hands, and two thousand slaves entered at the right, and two thousand at the left, and prostrated themselves before the Shah. He then ordered them to fly upon the wings of swiftness to summon the Dove of Beauty. Adding, that the slave who first reached that lady should be rewarded with the highest post in the empire, and that the heads of all the rest should be incontinently struck off.

"One of them presently returned, accompanied by a vailed figure. I was young, and a Spaniard. My heart kindled instantly. I stole to her side, and whispered vows of eternal fidelity.

"'She does not understand Spanish,' said the Shah.

"Then he stepped up to the figure, and lifted the vail gently, so that he, but no one else, could see the face beneath. He dropped it, and wiped his eyes.

"'This,' said he, turning to me, 'this is Heaven's last, best gift to man.'

"His emotion overpowered him, and he said no more. My father intimated to me that it was the imperial pleasure, I should no longer scandalize the Court of Teheran by not being in love, but should instantly be enamored of the vailed figure.

"'I am so already,' replied I; and my father left the room, supporting the Shah of Persia, who fell into an agony of tears; and pausing upon the threshold, turned toward the vailed divinity, and, with outstretched arms, exclaimed, in the words of Hafiz,

'Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'

"They left us alone, the vailed figure and the young Don Bob. The Shah had said she did not understand Spanish. I did not speak a word of Persian. I thought of an interpreter. But—to make love through a third person!—It would be awkward. At least, I will see her, thought I, and attempted to lift the vail. It was in vain. She held it closely drawn around her face and form. Music, thought I, is Love's interpreter. I began to sing the most mournfully passionate of love-songs. The vailed figure seated itself. I pulled out the guitar, which every Spanish gentleman always carries in his pocket, and struck the strings wildly. I sang more and more passionately, until at length I saw a movement—the vail was raised—and I beheld the youngest and most beautiful of women.

"From that moment dates my happiness. I am amazed when I reflect how rapidly I learned Persian, which I now speak with singular purity. I committed pages of Hafiz and Saadi, and the moral axioms of the sages, which I repeated to her in an irresistible manner. We walked in the royal gardens, and sat under the royal roses. At all the court balls we walked and polka'd together. Young Persia was green with jealousy. Happy with my blessing, what cared I? The Court was no longer scandalized that the Spanish Secretary was not in love.

"And yet—I had not said so.

"Not even to the adorable Dove of Beauty had Don Bob whispered that he adored her—at least, since he could speak to her in her own language. I quoted, with trembling lips, what poets had vowed to their mistresses. I described the appearance and character of the woman to whom I would willingly devote my last sigh: and the description was a thrilling portrait of herself. I looked—Jupiter Ammon! how I looked. I sighed—it would have kept the South in wind for a year. I sang—until the sounds gurgled

into sobs in my throat, and tears trickled from her eyes as well as mine. I wrote reams of poems to her beauty. I sang Troubadour-romances which related our intimacy under other names. I serenaded until Teheran protested.

"Evidently I was in love, but I had not said so. Here I think, my young friend, was a fine crop of 'blooms,' 'glows of feeling,' and 'enthusiasms.' I wish I were a novelist, instead of a mere man of the world. I would then treat my Persian experience in three volumes octavo, and the circulating libraries would hush to hear. When I was eighteen, and the enamored adorer of the Dove of Beauty, I scorned those theories which asserted that love was no more eternal than the summer. And when El Verité, the Persian Court-jester, asked, 'what is that dizziness which will not let a fool go about his business?' I did not answer, as I ought to have answered, 'Love;' but, simply, 'Dyspepsia,' which was wrong.

"However, it came at last.

"We were sitting one morning in a bower of roses by Bendermere's stream. The air was soft, and the nightingales were singing My heart was melted in the fervor of conflicting emotions. I threw myself upon the ground in an agony of grief and love. The violence of my emotion had quite exhausted me, and I was just sinking into a profound and refreshing slumber, when I heard, faintly uttered, the words:

"'Don Bob, I love you.'

"No one not perfectly conversant with the Persian language can tell how those words sound in that tongue. I was drowned in happiness, and murmured only:

"'Ask my father.'

"That day did not roll by in hours, it exhaled in one fervent sigh of joy. We did not hear the nightingales, nor smell the roses. I told my mistress, whom I would call nothing but Dove, of the dazzling splendors of the Alhambra in which my father lived. To the best of my recollection, now, my father did not occupy that edifice. But is love to be fettered to cold fact? Is it not love that inspires imagination? Is any fable too fair to be breathed by its lips? Seen by 'the glow of feeling' is not the landscape of life an infinite stretch of 'bloom'? Do not chide me, my dear Smytthe, that in that crisis of Persian felicity, when I had just heard from the lips of beauty the words of affection, this world ceased to be an aggregate of facts, and flashed before my eyes as a fairy dream.

"I have read much good verse dedicated to the subject of love. But I remember none that does not seem to have been quite carefully written Certainly on that rapturous day there was no line which did not seem to me frigid. I recall that I repeated Hafiz three times from beginning to end, but it was only as a relief, and I was just commencing the fourth time, when a thousand slaves approached, prostrated themselves, and told us that dinner was ready.

"Vivacious as an antelope the Dove sprang to her feet in a moment, nor was I dilatory. Exhausted nature craved sustenance, and I was glad to see that my heart's treasure, in the words of the poet Saadi,

'Played a good knife and fork'

"The siesta is a beautiful feature of Oriental life. After dinner Persia sleeps. Consequently I slept: and when I awoke the moon was riding high in heaven. The palace of the Shah, in which I resided with the rest of the diplomatic body, was in a great uproar. Lights were glancing in the gardens and the court. I heard the Muezzins calling in an unwonted manner from the minarets. There was the sound as of a roaring multitude, in the direction of the Shah's apartments.

"'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that petty larceny is going on!'

"I was still asking myself the question, when a preternatural silence appalled me. It lasted but a moment, and then there came echoing down the halls and thundering through the courts the report of a sneeze that shook Teheran to its foundation, and caused the Muezzins to rock in the minarets.

"'Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet!' cried I in purple horror, 'the imperial nose must have exploded!'

"Solemn silence ensued. A few fainter, but startling reports of the same character followed, and died in melancholy reverberations, among the moonlit pavilions. I sat pale and anxious, straining my ears for the slightest whisper, when I heard a tap at my door. My father came in.

"'Bobtail,' said he sadly, 'I have incurred eternal disgrace. We must leave to-morrow morning. You know how universal among the Persians is the practice of snuff-taking; and it was because of the harmony of that taste with that of our beloved country, which induced me to accept a mission to a court where I could take snuff tranquilly and without exciting curiosity. How could I know that the present Shah of Persia is too delicately organized to endure that mild titillation of the nasal nerves, and that therefore the use of snuff in his presence is strictly forbidden? If one of his six hundred blessings should be found guilty of snuff-taking she would be instantly repudiated. Not twenty minutes since, I was admitted to an audience of the Shah. During a moment of diplomatic silence, and just as his Highness had remarked upon the beauty of the weather, I ventured to draw out my box, open it, and present it to his Highness, who instantly fell back, in a mortal sneeze. Hence the confusion, the noise, the disgrace. The Muezzins are calling upon Ali, and all Teheran is upon its knees supplicating for the Shah. We must leave to-morrow, my son, and be grateful if we get off with our heads on.'

"Thus my father. I had but one thought. Young Spanish secretaries in love always have but one thought—that of their Queen of Beauty. I asked my father if he was aware of the state of my affections—if he knew that, in obedience to the etiquette of Teheran, I had fallen in love

with the Dove of Beauty. He remembered the interview with the Shah, and could not be surprised.

"'I am sorry, my dear son,' said he, 'that circumstances—'

"'Sir,' interrupted I, 'I despise circumstances.'

"'Circumstances will then destroy you,' replied my father, calmly. 'What do you expect to do in Spain with a Persian wife? I really hope you will act like a sensible man.'

"'Father,' said I, 'when young hearts are tenderly united, they fear no ill but the decline of affection.'

"My father took snuff—a hereditary habit.

"'When I return with my young and blushing bride to my native land, I shall hire (with your approbation) a small cottage in the environs of Madrid, dance the fandango with my wife all day, and sing and play to her upon the guitar all night. Surely nothing can be more sensible than that—for a man in love.'

"My father assented.

"'I am glad to see,' he said, 'that you are truly my son, and even thus early display your hereditary good sense. For, of course, if you propose to pass life in dancing and singing, you have ascertained that the Shah will give a liberal dowry to your wife.'

"'My dear father,' I hurried to say, 'I assure you I have taken no such mercenary view of the case. You are aware that I am dependent upon your bounty, and my peerless bride comes to me rich only in loveliness.'

"'And loveliness will pay your rent, and buy you guitars, and pomegranates, I suppose,' cried my father, in a fine Spanish wrath.

"'I've not troubled myself to inquire,' retorted I, sharply. 'But I think it is a great pity if two young persons, in the first glow of feeling, can not blend the enthusiasm of their young hearts without being bothered by the world. Shall the inability of supplying pomegranates keep two loving creatures apart? No, sir. I am a lover, and I believe in love; I believe in love, and I defy the world.'

"'That's your privilege certainly,' said my father. 'When you are of my age, you will be as willing to take what you can get, as to have nothing because what you want is beyond your reach. Good-night, my son. Don't look to me for a single real. I've none to spare. Good-night. The elephants will be ready at five. If you take your bride you must have her on your own elephant. And, by-the-by,' added he, as he was leaving the room, 'I advise you to hire two or three pack animals to carry the riches of loveliness that she brings you in dowry. Pleasant dreams!'

"I heard him tapping his snuff-box as he sauntered down the hall.

"A lover at bay is a dangerous man. If the Shah of Persia had entered at that moment, I think I should have thrown a box-full of snuff into his face, and then have suffered smilingly as a regicide. I cried aloud, and shook my part of the palace with the frenzy of my vows. The moon looked placidly upon my passion, and reminded me that the Dove of Beauty would be awaiting me in our accustomed pavilion. The thought shod my feet as with wings of fire. I glided along the ample corridors, across the space of moonlight, beneath the balconies of the Shah's hareem, into the open court, where fountains played, and fragrant plants glistened, and nightingales plained. My fancy fed upon her image as fays upon honey-dew. I was in a delirium of love and high resolve. We would fly the base world that admonished us of circumstances. We would take the cottage in the environs of Madrid; order the bills to be sent to my father, and if he unnaturally refused to pay, the Dove of Beauty and I would fall into each other's arms, and perish in the ruins of our cottage. Future pilgrims would wander from Vaucluse to the environs of Madrid—would there pensively muse upon the sorrows of lovers, and thus our memory be kept fresh by the sweetest tears that eyes can shed.

"My feet seemed to burn the dewy pavement of the court. I was savagely sure that I heard it hiss as I flew along. I gained the airy pavilion of my beloved. Thick clouds of golden tapestry rolled around the entrance. A mystic perfume penetrated my brain. A sound as of sobs came, muffled, through the curtains. I tore them aside, drunk with the odor, frenzied with the sound of sobs, I pressed into the apartment. She was there. She was sitting upon the floor of the pavilion, gazing tranquilly at the moon; and, O celestial Houris!—*taking snuff!* The mystic perfume was explained. Ali! son-in-law of the Prophet—it was genuine maccaboy! The sobbing sounds were no cough muffled—they were delicate female sneezes!

"'My precious!' said she, as she saw me approaching, 'behold a gift of your revered father. He calls it the gold-dust of delight, the sweepings of Paradise!'

"I drew nearer in fatal fascination. Forbearing reader!—it was *yellow!*

"There was no alleviation. But a frightful consciousness gradually dawned upon me A scoffing demon asked: Why had the Shah allowed me to love a Dove of Beauty to whom he was so evidently attached? Was it because she indulged in habits fatal to his well-being, or was it not? Had I been made to play second-fiddle, to wear an old shoe, or had I not?

"So also with my father. Had he known that love, when most exalted, is most easily overthrown? Had he known it to be a bubble, bright as the sun, and reflecting all the world, but shivered by a breath? And did he see that my rapt imagination would be paralyzed by a snuff-taking heart's treasure?

"I fear that he did. I fear that his still Spanish astuteness taught him how noiselessly, but effectually, he might undermine my palace of delight, and, while I sat in the very throne of love, blow me up with snuff, as erewhile Lords and Commons were to have been exploded with another powder.

"The most harrowing scene of my life immediately ensued. I taunted and scorned the poor pale Dove, who looked at me wildly, and sneezed at intervals. I called Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet, to witness how ruthlessly she had destroyed our happiness. I scowled, and muttered, and wept. Then the keen odor penetrated my brain, and I, too, sneezed violently; I was the more enraged. The curtain I had carelessly omitted to draw together. The perfume escaped from the pavilion into the corridors and courts. I heard strange noises from the nightingales. From time to time the echo of a distant sneeze from some slave of the palace, overtaken by the odor, rang faintly along the arcades. They became more and more frequent. The moonlight air quivered with the various reiteration. I heard the six hundred blessings, the ministers, the slaves, all relentlessly sneezing. The palace-guard beat to arms—the muezzins rushed into the minarets—and the moment they opened their lips to call the faithful to prayer, they only sneezed. I lay in quiet horror. I dreaded to hear one sound superior to these petty sneezes. All Teheran was awake, and engaged in the movement. And I knew that Teheran shared my anxiety. I lay and listened, and at length it came—a crash, peculiar to the nasal conformation of the Shah, and Persia shook to its centre. The Shah had sneezed.

"My father and I left before light, in close disguise. The kingdom was alive with sympathy for the gracious Potentate. Expresses were flying from one town to another in rapid succession, and bearing bulletins from the palace, in the style peculiar to Persia, as follows:

"'12 o'clock. His Highness has just sneezed in an alarming manner.'

"'1 A.M. His Highness sneezes more easily.'

"'5 A.M. His Highness has had a comfortable sneeze.'

"'8 A.M. Order reigns in His Highness's Imperial N——E!'

"Before the moon had entirely waned, we were again in Madrid. Persia is a dream to me now; the Dove of Beauty like a sweet strain heard long ago. In the Morning-land, as the Germans call it, lie buried my 'blooms,' and my 'glows of feeling.' We all love once, my dear young friend—we undergo raptures, ecstasies, and other emotions catalogued by the Lyric Poets. They pass like beautiful spring flowers. Then comes wisdom in the place of enthusiasm, and we prefer the taste and nourishment of the fruit to the mere beauty and fragrance of the blossom. Wild young love demands only the riches of loveliness, and scorns seven per cent. stocks. It grows surly as it feels the inevitability of poverty. It wears seedy coats with a defiant air; it carries cotton umbrellas, and buys two-penny calicoes for its wife. Alas! my dear Smytthe, for the Queen of Beauty sitting down to a plain boiled dinner in a plain bombazine, no longer young, nor radiant, nor mysterious: no longer a bright 'impossible she,' glancing at you from the radiant heights of happiness, but faded, fat, and fifty. The 'glow' is dimmed, the 'bloom' is withered. It is an ugly fact, and it is your business to disbelieve it. You are young, and probably undergoing your first love. I am old; I have been in Persia; and have enjoyed the smiles of a Dove of Beauty, who has forgotten me, and whom, I trust, a kind Providence will never permit me to see again. You are content to crown yourself with flowers. I rather go in for a heaping dish of fruit. And yet—and yet, one morning with my Dove in that bower of roses by Bendermere's stream, is dearer to me in remembrance than my whole diplomatic and continental career."

Don Bobtail Fandango took a huge pinch of snuff.

"How, after your experience, can you use snuff?" I ventured to inquire.

"Partly in memory of departed days, my friend, and partly because of the hereditary habit," answered the Spanish Embassador.

We walked on silently for some moments. The Don was even pensive. I was lost in respect for his great wisdom and knowledge of the world.

"You certainly now see," said he, at length, "why my mind inclines to an heiress. Thus it is. I am no longer young, and I am not rich. I love luxury, and have certain expensive habits. Among those habits I can not conscientiously reckon that of work. The diplomatic career has not fitted me for labor. Perhaps I ought not to have the expensive habits. Perhaps a man who can not earn seven dollars a week, ought not to wear seven pairs of dollar lemon-kids weekly at various soirées. Perhaps every man ought to work. Perhaps I am a drone and an encumbrance to society. I certainly am not prepared to dispute those propositions. But, as a sensible man, I must take the facts as they are, however much I may deplore them, and do my best with them.

"Now, the sole thing I want, to secure my luxury and indulge my habits, is money. Money must be made. It can only be made by some kind of sacrifice. I must sell myself for it in some way. That is, I must devote my time and adapt my habits somewhat to obtain the money. I take a calm survey of my position. I say, if I go into a profession, the chances are thousands to one that, at my time of life, I arrive nowhere, but drudge along in a frightfully unluxurious way until I die. If I go into business, not having capital, I must serve an apprenticeship. I must work hard and for little pay. I must lose all my time, and have no opportunity of giving full swing to my peculiar habits, which are now absolute necessities. I look a little further, and I find that by marrying an heiress, I do not sell so much as in the other cases. I have my time. I have the means and the opportunities for the pursuit of my private luxuries. And, although I cut myself off from marrying any woman with whom I may choose to fall in love, I consider that poverty would be as insurmountable a barrier to matrimony as previous marriage.

"I do not allude to what you will call the base, and unworthy, and unmanly conduct in all this, because I have given the subject an impartial consideration. I have thrown that kind of thing in the scale against the heiress, with the other moral views which will undoubtedly occur to your well-regulated mind. But I find that the heiress outweighs them. I should be a discreet husband, quiet and domestic. I should smoke in my own room only, if Madame Fandango insisted. I would go occasionally to balls and to the Opera. In the summer I would willingly accompany my estimable lady to the most fashionable watering-places, and enter myself upon the books in the style of your friend Spoon, thus:

"'Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Embassador.'

"'Madam Fandango.'

"'Master Ferdinando Fandango (if Providence should bless our prayers) and Tutor.'

"'Miss Christina Fandango (ditto) and Governess.'

"'Master A. Fandango and Tutor.'

"' " B. " " "

"' " C. " " "

"' " D. " " "

"' and

"' more

"' of

"' the

"' same.

"'Horses, nurses, carriages, coachmen, footmen, baby-jumper, &c.

"I am quite sure Madame would have very little reason to complain of me. Of course, I should not indulge in guitar accompaniments, as in the Persian days. Roses and moonlight have little to do with a reasonable connubial felicity, and I think I could easily submit to that little peculiarity of habit which so darkens my remembrance of Teheran. In fact, as I am somewhat addicted to the usage myself, it might save me some reproach, if Madame Fandango would consent to s—ff."

His Excellency ceased. Life is a mysterious thing. I am more and more convinced of it. An ardent youth, in the very prime of his passion, leaves a woman forever, because she betrays an idiosyncrasy. The mature man, in proposing marriage, mentions that idiosyncrasy as desirable.

"That is a fine house," said Don Bob, interrupting my reflections, "and suggestive of heiresses."

"Certainly," said I; "here live Mr. and Mrs. Romulus Swabber, my best friends."

"Has a kind Providence blessed their prayers?" inquired Don Bob, respectfully.

"To the extent of one daughter," answered I.

"In the remark I made upon this house, I distinctly see the finger of fate," continued the Spanish Embassador, warmly.

"Would you like to call upon Mrs. Swabber?" I asked.

"It is my heart's desire," replied my eminent friend, with fervor.

I rang, and Mrs. Swabber was at home.

"It is her day," said the servant.

As we passed over the fine pavement in the hall, the Don smiled; and I heard him hum a bar or two of that justly favorite air.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

"Mrs. Swabber, permit me to present my friend, the Spanish Embassador, Don Bobtail Fandango."

Mrs. Swabber courtesied, as she courtesied when she was presented to King Louis Philippe, who said to her with his own royal lips, as he passed down the line: "Madame, it is a fine day." When Mrs. Romulus Swabber returned to her native land, her portrait was painted by a celebrated artist, and represented that eventful moment of her life. The picture was much admired at the Exhibition of the National Academy, and a capital article upon the state and prospects of American art commended it as a noble specimen of "historical painting."

Our conversation, as is usual at morning calls, was exhilarating. The weather was discussed with marked ability. Indeed I have never known the Don more eloquent. For, having ascertained by a rapid transition from that morning to weather in general, and thence passing to climates, and that of Spain and the South particularly, that Mrs. Romulus Swabber was romantic, he dilated upon Spain, and asked if he might venture to offer to Mrs. Swabber's acceptance a vial of pure Guadalquiver-water collected by himself, upon occasion of accompanying Queen Isabella, in his capacity as glove-buttoner in-waiting to the august Infanta of Spain, down that far-famed river. Mrs. Swabber expressed her acceptance of the polite offer with more eagerness than elegance. It is pleasant to see that intimacy with distinguished people does not always destroy native simplicity. I have observed it in myself. My friends tell me that I have all the freshness—verdancy, as it were—of manner that characterized my extreme youth. I also have observed that the Romulus Swabbers, although suddenly elevated into the selecter walks of life, retain the aroma, so to say, of their earlier associations. As Beau Brummell indicated his excessive intimacy with the Prince Regent by slapping him on the back, thus violating the ordinary rules of etiquette, so the Romulus Swabbers show their familiarity with the elegancies of life and of language, by violating the ordinary rules of grammar.

"There is something observant in the conversation of fashionable people which shows you at once who we are," says Mrs. S.

There is no denying it. I am fond of the Romulus Swabbers, and I have no doubt that it will do me a great deal of good to watch the progress of their intimacy with my friend Don Bobtail. Young Remus Swabbers—who is my despair, he has such a gentlemanly air, such repose of manner—asked me aside while the Spanish Embassador was talking with Mrs. S., whether he was not a "muff." I thought he meant a soldier who wears a cap called a muff;

and answered—I am afraid with some asperity —accordingly.

"Why, man, I'm only chaffing you," returned young Remus Swabbers.

I did not quite understand that either. But having since learned that young Remus has lately returned from a few months' trip to Europe, including a week in London, the fluent, although unknown, slang of his conversation was more explicable. I am glad to ascertain from the conduct and conversation of that gentleman, how essential an easy and indifferent garnishing of race-course, and cider-cellar, and mess slang is to the character I am so anxious to cultivate.

Before we left, Mrs. Swabbers invited us to view a picture of a scene in what she called, "Shakspeare's Poem of Hamlet;" and added that she supposed I had read Shakspeare. I assented, unwilling to appear uncultivated. And I have suggested to an artist, as another illustration of national "historical painting," a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Romulus Swabbers reading Romeo and Juliet.

"I am glad to perceive, Madame," said the Don, in his most Spanish style, "that the fashionable people of this great country are conversant (the Don's pronunciation of English is imperfect), not only with poetry but with painting. I had not hoped to see such gems as I find upon your walls. I think they would attract attention in the Pitti Palace. And should Madame, their owner, enter the gorgeous saloons of my friend the Grand Duke of Tuscany, sure am I that my friend the Grand Duchess of Tuscany would inquire who she was."

Mrs. Swabbers made a courtesy, the Don made a bow. How courtly! how stately! I thought of Louis Quatorze and Madame Pompadour. It was beautiful. But when, in the midst of a torrent of indifferent grammar from the mother, Miss Dolly Swabbers entered the room, the Don was irresistible. He deferred so gracefully to Mrs. Swabbers, he spoke so gently to Miss Swabbers, that I, who am not ashamed of my address toward the sex, was almost jealous.

But then he is old enough to be my grandfather.

"You also enjoy the fine arts, I am sure, Miss Swabbers," said the insinuating Embassador.

"Oh, law, yes!" interrupted Mrs. Romulus Swabbers. "Dolly, dear, where is the last sketch you done?"

Don Fandango Bobtail winced. The young lady left the room for her sketch. The mamma pressed the Embassador to "take something." He declined; and Mrs. S. inquired whether folks didn't do so in Spain. The Don pleaded that he did not know folks; and in the midst of the consequent explanation Miss Dolly entered, holding a crayon sketch. The Embassador declared it would be remarkable in any gallery in Europe. I saw he was quite ready to go, and we took leave.

Don Bob sighed deeply when he gained the street.

"That's an heiress," said I.

Don Bob sighed again.

"My dear young friend," answered he, "I make no assertions as yet, because I have scarcely seen the lady; but I will impart to you in confidence my conviction that the flame of love may be snuffed out by other things than yellow maccaboy."

"You don't mean ——," I began.

"Smytthe, I mean nothing. I shall consider the chances. My theory is quite perfect, and I wish to see how far it can be reduced to practice. I wish idleness was not so expensive a luxury. I will tell you if I wish to continue the acquaintance."

And I will tell the patient reader.

SHELLS.

SHELLS are common ornaments upon our sideboards and mantle-pieces, but, in general, we know as little about them as the savage who points his arrows and forms his fish-hooks with them, or the dairymaid who employs them for skimming her milk or slicing her butter. We almost regard them in the same light as we do a curious piece of rock crystal, or a beautiful precious stone, forgetting entirely the little industrious animals by whom they have been reared with so much skill and patience. And yet how wonderful is their organization, and how varied is their construction! Their colors are often so intensely vivid, so richly disposed, and so fancifully variegated, that, as objects of beauty, they rival many of the most esteemed productions of the vegetable kingdom. In some instances, they minutely imitate even the works of art; for the beautiful music shell has the five lines and the dotted notes, as if the sirens had written upon it the music which constantly sounds within. In their forms, too, they exhibit an infinite variety. Some are shaped like a cup or tube; some appear in the form of cones, and spires, and columns; and others exhibit the most graceful and delicate convolutions, and the most complicated articulations. Surely it is not too fanciful to suppose that, in the early ages, they had given many a valuable hint in architecture to those nations whose most graceful pillars were first suggested by the leaf of the acanthus and the tile. In this country, at least, many of the most beautiful ornaments of stucco, particularly for chimney-pieces, are copied from the univalve testacea, and are greatly admired.

The animals by whom shells are produced are called *molluscous* animals, from *mollis*, the Latin word for soft. They are so called because they have no jointed bones or skeleton; the muscles being attached to the skin, or *mantle*, as it is called, which forms a soft contractile envelope, protected in almost all the species by a shell. They either wholly want the organs with which we are so well acquainted in other animals, or they possess them so peculiarly constructed, that we are under the necessity of considering them in another aspect, and under different relations. Their nervous system forms numerous separate masses spread irregularly through the

body, termed ganglia, one of which, surrounding the throat, is considered to perform the functions which the brain does in more perfect animals. Their senses seem also to be very imperfect, though they usually possess taste and touch, and sight and hearing are found in a few. The head can scarcely be distinguished from the rest of the body, and in some species is entirely wanting; while the foot, or means of locomotion, is situated close under the head, where the mouth is often seen. The greater number are possessed of tentacula or feelers, at the extreme ends of which are found the eyes, like two blackish points, as in what is commonly called the horns of the garden snail. These eyes, by the wonderfully rapid power of extension and contraction which the feelers possess, can be directed to different objects at pleasure, and sometimes, as in cases of danger, withdrawn and hidden in the belly. They are besides provided with arms, to assist them in rowing or in climbing the rocks, which are sometimes membraneous, and made to serve as sails, as those of the Nautilus. Lastly, it may be remarked that they are all, with the exception of a very few which inhabit moist ground, tenants of the water, where they subsist on vegetable substances, or by sucking the juices of other fishy inhabitants of the deep, and are almost all eatable, and therefore useful.

The manner in which they form the shells, destined to serve the purposes of mechanical support and protection to them, and which must be considered almost as much a part of themselves as our teeth and nails, is at once curious and interesting. The moment the young mollusc leaves the egg, it carries upon its back an external envelope, from the innumerable glands of which exudes a slimy, glutinous liquid, composed principally of calcareous matter, capable of condensing, and acquiring a stony hardness. This slimy liquid resembles the glistening substance which marks the track of a common snail along the ground. The first stratum of the shell is a fine pellicle, resembling a spider's web, which is extended all along the back of the animal. But in a few days the web increases in thickness by the addition of other layers to its inner surface; and this process goes on until it has encased itself in a shell composed of five volutes, sufficient for its preservation. As the animal grows larger, it effects the removal of large portions of this shell, even although it has become quite consolidated, when they interfere with its growth, or prove otherwise inconvenient. The beautiful variety of form and coloring observable in different shells, is due to the extent and particular form and position of the secreting organ, as well as the different combinations of the accidental concretions of earthy or saline particles which adhere to the slimy matter when it is first exuded. Some shells are perfectly opaque, and some, as the shell of the *Nautilus vitreus*, are almost as clear and transparent as glass. Those which are fished up from the depths of the ocean, and which are never seen upon shore, are called *Pelagi*, and are the scarcest, the most beautiful, and the most valuable; while the *Littorales*, or those that are thrown upon shore, are more frequent, and, though of the same kind with the *Pelagi*, are not at all so beautifully colored, thin, and brittle, owing to the scaling, abrasion, and ravages of worms, which they suffer by being long exposed. It may also be remarked that the shells of the tropical seas differ widely, as a whole, from those of the temperate regions. Some of the forms appear to be peculiar to warm regions; and, in general, the intensity and beauty of color diminish as we approach the poles.

Naturalists have divided shells into five orders —univalve, bivalve, plurivalve, multivalve, and sub-bivalve. The univalve shells are formed of one piece alone, such as the Periwinkle and Whelk. The bivalves have two valves or scales, united at the back by a hinge-joint, secured by a substance of great strength, and having sometimes teeth that lock into each other, as Oysters, Mussels, and Cockles; and the multivalve are those which constitute a series of imbricated dorsal plates, like the cuirasses of an armed knight, as the Chiton and Echini. The sub-bivalve are composed of one piece, like the Whelk, but have in addition an *operculum* constructed by a process similar to that by which the rest of the shell is formed, and attached to the superior and posterior part of the foot. The use of this peculiarity is to form a hard solid lid or door, to close the entrance of the shell when the animal has withdrawn into the cavity, during the winter season, or a long continued drought. It also prevents evaporation from the surface of the body of the animal; and for this reason snails, &c., may be preserved for years in a dormant state, capable of being restored to the active functions of life when placed in water.

It is not our intention to dwell on the endless diversities of structure which this very extensive department of natural history presents, nor to describe the various genera and species into which molluscous animals have been divided, but simply to give one or two examples of a more remarkable kind, such as may prompt the reader to go in search of more information upon a subject which will open up a source of pleasure and profit available in every leisure hour.

Our first example is the *Giant Mussel* or *Giant Chama*, the most extraordinary and splendid shell at present known. It belongs to the Conchifera order, which surpasses all the molluscs in the amount of human nutriment which its members afford; and is furnished with bivalve shells, which open or shut by a hinge composed of two compressed teeth, a motion effected by the mantle of the animal. It is confined exclusively to the Moluccas, and the East Indian seas, and commonly lives at the bottom, where it moves about in the muddy slime by means of its expanding muscle or foot. The extraordinary size it attains is almost incredible to those who are only acquainted with the puny shells strewed on our sea-shores. We have

seen one that would cradle an infant, with a circumference of nearly eight feet, and a weight of two hundred pounds; the mollusc which inhabited it being capable of furnishing a plentiful meal, almost equal to the delicacy of our own Oyster, to nine or ten men It is said to be often used in architecture in the countries where it is found, as a basin or receptacle for the fountains which adorn the beautiful pleasure-grounds around pagodas and temples.

The *Mytilus*, or Gammon mussel, is a triangular, violet-colored shell, shaped like a ham, with eatable flesh when boiled, though sometimes acting as a poison, and producing in some cases violent bowel complaints. It is furnished with a singular apparatus, by means of which it attaches itself to other substances, withstands the fury of the sea, and prevents dangerous collisions with bodies which might easily destroy its brittle shell. This apparatus prepares, much in the same way as a spider does his web, a bunch or tuft of silky threads, nearly a foot long, in different directions round the shell, the strength of which the animal ascertains before it attaches them to the adjacent rock, by swinging itself round, so as to put every individual thread fully on the stretch. In the *Pinna*, or Sicilian mussel, so called from its form of a wing or feather, this *byssus*, or tuft, is so large, soft, and delicate, that the inhabitants of various parts of the Mediterranean manufacture it into stuffs which resemble silk, of which gloves and other small articles of dress are made, and are not unfrequent in cabinets of curiosities. The genuine Pearl mussel (*Mytilus margaritifera*) also belongs to this genus. It is a native of the East and West Indies, and the Persian Gulf, and is about eight inches long, and still broader than it is long; the inside being beautifully polished, radiating all the colors of the rainbow, and producing the true mother-of-pearl, as well as frequently the most valuable pearls There is still another species, which is not so well known, although perhaps the most singular of all, viz., the singing mussel. In the calm, delicious night of the tropics, when the cloudless moon, and the bright constellations of the Ship and the Cross, sailing through the dark azure firmament, gild with their soft magical beams every wave rippled by the perfumed breeze, the lonely wanderer on the coast of Ceylon hears its melancholy but melodious music from the opposite shore. At first it steals upon his ear faint as the evening sigh over the strings of the Æolian harp, but anon it increases in loudness and sweetness, then changes into the same low tones again, and at last dies away at intervals; and the murmurs of the surge, and the all-pervading rustling sound produced by the humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground, alone disturb the deep stillness around. The wanderer walks home, fully convinced that the old legend of the sea-nymphs, who charmed so much with their melodious voice that strangers forgot their pursuits while listening to them, was no poetic myth or fable, but a strict reality.

The *Murex* is a very abundant and interesting genus, containing many varieties, one of which is inhabited by the little animal, so celebrated in the works of the Latin and Greek poets, and which supplied the ancients with the beautiful Tyrian purple, used to die the costly robes of kings. Since the introduction of the cochineal insect, the use of this dye has been superseded, so that we are in a great measure ignorant of the process by which it was formerly extracted. It is supposed, however, that the shell was broken in a vice, and a longitudinal whitish vein, containing a yellowish liquor, extracted from the back of the animal under the skin. When this juice was applied to cloth, by means of a small brush, and exposed to the rays of the sun, it became green, blue, and purple, and at last settled down into a glowing crimson, unaffected by acids and alkalies. There is another very rare specimen of the Murex, called the *Murex prismatica*, which is of a dingy brown color, and any thing but captivating in its external appearance; and yet, when placed in a basin of water, its surface becomes irridescent, and exhibits the most beautiful variety of colors.

The most wonderful of all the mollusca, however, is the *Argonauta*, Glass-boat, or Paper-nautilus. Its habits are still but very imperfectly known. Many strange tales have been told concerning it, how that, like another cuckoo of the ocean, too idle to build a shell for itself, it deprived some other unknown species of mollusca of its habitation, and appropriated it to its own purposes. This fanciful belief has perhaps originated from the fact, that it is capable of carrying its shell on its back, or withdrawing itself from it altogether, and sailing about naked and exposed in the ocean. The name Argonauta, which it sometimes receives, is derived from the renowned expedition which was undertaken by Jason and his companions, 1263 years before Christ, for the purpose of obtaining the golden fleece so zealously guarded at Colchis. It belongs to the order *Cephalopoda*, because its tentacula or motive organs are situated on the head, and surround the opening of the mouth. These organs, by their flexibility and strong muscular power, are peculiarly well adapted for the purpose of seizing its prey, or of attaching itself firmly to other objects, or of enabling it to swim about in the water. The shell, white and irridescent like mother-of-pearl, is beautifully convoluted, and is sometimes, for this reason, formed into elegant drinking-cups. It is also exceedingly thin, and almost pellucid, probably for the sake of lightness, as it is intended to be used as a boat. Perhaps there is no object so beautiful and interesting in the eyes of the weary voyager, standing at the ship's side, and gazing out on the wide, shoreless expanse of the tropic ocean, as this little animal. Like a tiny fairy of the deep, with all its membraceous tentacula spread out to catch the light breeze, and plying its oars on either side, it moves calmly and gracefully along, amidst the most wonderful play of light and shade, altered every moment by the

dreamy splash of the wavelets, or the mazy track of a troop of porpoises, following each other in long winding lines, through the crystal clear water. For a while it thus enjoys itself, drinking in the vertical rays of the sun at every pore, until at length the breeze freshens, and the sea becomes ruffled, when it instantly withdraws its oars within its shell, furls its sails, and, by letting water into its hold, sinks like a dream from the wondering view of the spectator, into more tranquil regions beneath the surface.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN EXCITEMENT SEEKER.

NUMBER IV.

IN regard to my good old friend, Mr. White, I must add a word or two more, in order that my dear nephew may know whence comes a considerable portion of the fortune which he will inherit from me. The worthy old man, notwithstanding the exactions to which he had been subjected for many months before his death, left behind him much greater wealth than any one knew he had possessed. He had no relations, few intimate friends, and though he provided well for two old servants, and left his house, his business, and all that the apothecary's shop contained, to a young man who had been with him for some years as assistant, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, in value about one-and-twenty thousand pounds, to myself. He especially added a codicil giving me his library, all his papers, and his anatomical collection, of which he declared me worthy on account of my strong predilection for science. My father smiled when he heard this codicil read, and my elder brother declared, that the only science for which he had discovered in me a predilection was the science of dreams. The anatomical collection I made over to the College of Surgeons, together with all the books purely medical. Some curious treatises I kept myself, and among the papers I found a number of interesting anecdotes, written down with his own hand, but by no means in his own style, which makes me imagine that they were taken verbatim from the lips of others. Some of these I subjoin.

THE SLOW MATCH.

To the real lover of science, and the friend of the human race, no phenomenon affords a subject of such deep and painful interest as mental insanity. In the small village of Pacy, in Normandy, there lived, about twenty years ago, a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, whose means were somewhat small for their station, although they could not well be called poor. They had a handsome chateau, or country house, perched upon the top of the rock which overhangs the highway, and from it extended a very pretty formal garden, bounded by the farm to the south, which farm afforded an income to Monsieur de B—— of about fifteen thousand livres per annum. Monsieur de B—— himself was a very good sort of man, with no great share of feeling or understanding; but well educated, and polished in his manners. Madame de B—— was of a somewhat rougher character, sharp and quick in her temper, imperious in her demeanor, and always believing that her own judgment was the best thing on earth, not only when applied to her own conduct, but to that of others. She was never in her life known to do any thing that any body else asked her, in the way that they asked it, and she was exceedingly offended, on all occasions, if any one even dreamed that their own way was best. Henriette de B—— was an exceedingly lovely, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, gentle and affectionate to those who were gentle and affectionate to her, but showing in her infancy some sparks of a quick temper, which her mother took especial care to trample out before she was eighteen.

Both Monsieur and Madame de B—— would have been very glad to have figured at the court had their means permitted it, and grumbled through many a fine summer's day, which they might have employed to much better purpose. Henriette, for her part, neither grumbled nor repined, and the villagers imagined that the cause of her being so well contented at Pacy, was the fact that she saw every Sunday, and sometimes on the Friday also, young Alphonse de Breuil, a nephew of the count of that name, and one of the handsomest young men that ever drew a sword for the service of his king and his country. One scandalous old woman, the grand aunt of the sacristan, declared that she had seen Alphonse kiss Henriette in the corner of the garden, behind the apricot tree, which nobody believed, of course. However that might be, Alphonse had to go away to the wars, as all young noblemen of France had to do in those days, and whatever were Henriette's feelings, she had to conceal them; for the idea of choosing a husband for herself was a thing which could never enter into a French young lady's head, whatever romance writers may have said to the contrary. She was somewhat dull and melancholy for a few days, and then recovered her spirits.

About four months after, a gentleman from Dauphiné came to visit at the chateau of Pacy: a good-looking, middle aged man, grave and gentlemanly in his deportment, and the last man in the world, one would have supposed, to fall in love with a girl of eighteen. His name was the Marquis d'Andaure, and he was rich—quite an unobjectionable sort of son-in-law; or, if there was an objection in the eyes of Monsieur de B——, it merely proceeded from a dislike which the Marquis d'Andaure had to courts and crowds, and his love for his chateau and vineyards in Dauphiné. He made his proposal in due form to Monsieur and Madame de B—— for the hand of mademoiselle, and was accepted by madame, before her husband could open his mouth. That same evening, Henriette was informed that she was going to be married, which took her so much by surprise that she looked both frightened and confounded; for which Madame de B—— scolded

her heartily, although she had not offered a word of objection to the interesting ceremony. Madame de B—— was a very rapid woman, and had not Monsieur d'Andaure been very much in love, she might have lost her fish by trying to land him, without playing him. Very much in love, however, he was: he married Henriette before he had known her a complete month, and away he took her to his native province. Madame de B—— suggested, in very plain terms, that it would be better first to take her to the court; but Monsieur d'Andaure very coldly replied that he thought not; and there was a something about him not easily described, which sheltered him from the storm of angry words and sharp looks which generally fell upon every one who opposed the will and pleasure of Madame de B——.

Monsieur d'Andaure soon found that he had deceived himself in regard to Henriette—not respecting her character, or her amiableness of disposition; for she was kind, pure-minded, and generous; but Monsieur d'Andaure had expected—and he was mad to expect it—that the mere fact of his loving her violently, would produce in her a passion equal to his own for her. Nothing of the kind took place. Henriette was as cold as a stone. She submitted to her fate, and tried to do it well; but, of course, she did not love a man the better for having disappointed the first sweet dreams of young affection. There was nothing in her whole conduct or demeanor that her husband could object to: it was the most perfect model of propriety and prudence But, in six months, Monsieur d'Andaure found out that he was not loved · that he had got a passive and obedient slave, and not an attached wife He became dreadfully morose and irritable; the more because there was nothing he could find fault with. Dark, gloomy, and discontented, he seemed to every one. The physician of the place said he thought he would go mad, as his father had done, and the curé believed in his heart, that the same evil spirit had fallen upon him which had possessed Saul. Every one pitied and loved Madame d'Andaure; but, as she could not love Monsieur d'Andaure, that made no difference in her situation. If it made any, it rendered him the more morose. Perhaps it was not an unnatural conclusion that if she did not love him, she did, or soon would, love some one else; and Monsieur d'Andaure took all sorts of unpleasant precautions to prevent her having the opportunity. He kept her almost without society in the chateau; he seldom, if ever, suffered her to go out alone; he watched her night and day. However, he discovered and prevented nothing; for there was nothing to discover or prevent; and he only irritated an excited brain, and fed the evil and gnawing spirit that devoured his own heart. For hours, every day, he would walk up and down before the gates of the chateau, as if he were keeping sentinel, and dark, bitter, insane, were his thoughts during that gloomy march. His relations marked his conduct, as well as his wife and neighbors, and very gladly would they have made it out that Monsieur d'Andaure was mad; for, as yet, he had no children; if he died without, his estates went to his cousin, and it seemed to that cousin, and several others, that it would be very advisable to guard against the contingency of Madame d'Andaure having a family, by shutting her husband up in a mad-house. They came to see her twice when he was absent, and went so far as to consult some physicians at Lyons. But they gained nothing by these proceedings. Poor Henriette behaved very well, and gave no encouragement, declaring that she had nothing to complain of, and, even from their own showing, the doctors concluded that there was no pretext for calling Monsieur d'Andaure mad. What they had done came to his ears, however, and, in a cold, bitter, sneering way, he insinuated to his wife, that she was cogging with his relations to deprive him of his liberty. A miserable life led poor Henriette; but such things generally grow worse instead of better. She had not been out of the gates of the chateau for nearly three months, when, in a brighter moment than usual, Monsieur d'Andaure one day took her over to a small town in the neighborhood. There he left her for a few moments in the carriage, while he went into his notary's, and on his return, unfortunately found a gay-looking, very handsome young officer at the door of the vehicle speaking to her.

"This is Monsieur Alphonse de Breuil, my husband," said Henriette, "a friend of my childhood."

But Monsieur d'Andaure got into the carriage without a single word, and ordered the coachman to drive home. The distance was about nine miles; and during the whole way Monsieur d'Andaure never opened his lips.

When they arrived at the chateau, he ordered his wife to go to her room, without giving any explanation whatever; and there was a dark, gloomy expression in his eyes which frightened her. Nevertheless, she had some spirit left, and she said, reproachfully—

"Why do you serve me so? What have I done to offend you?"

"You resist!" he said, through his set teeth. "I will teach you better;" and grasping her wrist, with a force that left every finger imprinted in it, he led her up-stairs to her own chamber, and gazed at her for a moment in silence. Henriette's blood boiled. Conscious of innocence in thought and deed, his brutal treatment was too much to bear, and she exclaimed, vehemently, "Very well, sir. I shall stay here, as you force me. But remember, this is my own room; and it, at least, shall be my sanctuary. I wish you to free it of your presence, and never more to see you in it."

Monsieur d'Andaure laughed, with a low, quiet, fearful sort of laugh, but made no reply; and walking out, he locked the door behind him. When he went down-stairs, he walked about the great saloon for nearly an hour. A servant came and told him that dinner was ready; but he paid not the least attention. The man repeated the information, and asked if he should call madame.

His importunity irritated his master, and Monsieur d'Andaure took up a fine china cup, and threw it at his head. He went into dinner, however, and the servants were a good deal alarmed to see how he felt the point of the carving knife with his thumb. Consternation spread through the household. One talked to another of what they saw, and every one concluded that Monsieur d'Andaure had gone quite mad, and that some mischief would come of it. During the evening, the symptoms were unmistakable. He pursued a turkey about the court-yard for about half-an-hour; and when he caught it, began plucking it alive. He knocked down one of the grooms without any provocation whatever, and then went up to his wife's chamber, and tried the door. He found it bolted on the inside, however, and retired, muttering, to a bedroom down below, where he shut himself in; but whether he slept at all, or not, no one could tell.

The alarm was, by this time, so great in the household, that every one trembled for his life; and after a long and terrified consultation, the servants fled, in a body, during the night, with the exception of the gardener, who slept out of the house. At daybreak on the following day, Monsieur d'Andaure's valet set out in search of his relations, to warn them of his master's state, and of the dangerous position of his young wife. But the man had to hunt far and wide before he found those he sought, and the day was far spent before any measures could be taken.

But let us return to the preceding day and to the chateau of Andaure, which was an old building, not fortified, but built with the towers and conical roofs common in that part of the country. The room which Henriette occupied, was somewhat high up in one of these towers, and looked toward the park which surrounded the house. Below, was a flower garden, in which she had taken some delight; but the gardener's house was on the opposite side of the chateau, near one entrance of the grass court. The basement rose in a thick stone wall for about four feet, to a level with the floor of the saloon. Then came the wall of the saloon itself, some fourteen feet high: then an *entresol*, as it is called in France; and then the room of poor Henriette. In the foundation wall was a small aperture, perhaps one foot square (but not a window), pierced to give air to the cellar. The chamber of Madame d'Andaure was a large, airy room, with two windows, and those windows were large; but the height of the window-sill from the ground could not be less than thirty-five feet; and though during the first evening of her captivity, Henriette, more than once, thought of endeavoring to make her escape from a husband, of whose insanity she was now convinced, yet she soon saw that the attempt would be hopeless. The door was too thick and strong to be broken open by any implement that her room contained, and death, or worse than death, must be the consequence of attempting to drop from the window. The unhappy girl sat still, and wept, till darkness fell over the earth Shortly after, the voice of her maid was heard, speaking through the keyhole. "Ah, Madame," she said, "Monsieur has gone quite mad; and Monsieur Charles, his valet, has determined to go and tell some of your friends to come hither and deliver you. Who had he better go to?"

The name of Alphonse de Breuil had almost started to Henriette's lips, but something in her heart checked her. She dared not send for him, though he was the friend of her youth, and quartered in the nearest town, and she replied, that it would be better to go to any of Monsieur d'Andaure's relations. The girl then spoke about supplying her with food; but they could devise no means, she had not even a ribbon which would reach to the ground from the window, and she was obliged to remain fasting all night. She was awake with the earliest ray of the sun, and in sad guise, went to the window to look out. The morning was bright, and beautiful; the whole earth sparkling with dew; and the sun rising yellow in the east. But the sight of sweet free nature only moved her to tears again. A moment or two after, she heard a sound of voices, and the next instant perceived her husband in the garden, coming round the corner of the tower. She drew back immediately; but at the glance she obtained, Monsieur d'Andaure did not seem mad in the least. He was walking quietly along by the side of the gardener, with his hands behind his back, and they both stopped at the foot of the tower, and talked in quiet tones. Her husband seemed to be giving some directions. "There," he said; "dig there. Make it pretty deep. You will need it eighteen inches long, and about twelve wide. I will come back in a quarter of an hour, and see."

"Won't that be too near the wall, sir?" asked the gardener.

"No," said the marquis, sharply; "not at all. I told you that it is intended to run over the whole house, and it must be planted there."

Thus saying, he walked away, and the gardener began to dig. Henriette crept back to the window, and looked out. There was nobody there but the gardener, a good-natured, middle aged man, somewhat stupid; and she spoke to him, asking him if he could not help her to escape by bringing a ladder from the stables, and putting it up to her window.

"Bless you, no, madame," he said. "The marquis is wandering all about, and would find us out in a minute. But you will soon have help; for Monsieur Charles, the valet, has gone to seek it. He says, and they all say, that Monsieur is mad; but he does not seem to me mad at all; only mighty ill-tempered. You had better draw down the blind, madame, and then he can't see you are talking to me."

"What are you digging that hole for?" asked Henriette.

"To plant a wonderful rose tree in," replied the gardener "Monsieur says that it will run all over the house in two years, and I am to go

over to St. D—— to fetch it, as soon as I am done digging."

Thus saying, he shoveled out a few spadefulls of earth, while Henriette watched him from the window, with the blind drawn down, so that she could see the garden below, without being seen. In less than a quarter of an hour, Monsieur d'Andaure returned, blamed the gardener sharply for his slowness, and soon after sent him away, telling him to take the brown horse, and the cart, and fetch what he had been ordered to bring. He then went away himself, and Henriette, soon after, heard the roll of wheels as the gardener went upon his errand. All then became still in the house, and round it. She did not know that all the servants had left the place, and the complete silence seemed to her strange. She became nervous and alarmed; but still she sat near the window, sometimes weeping, and sometimes looking out, while the blind was moved gently backward and forward by the air. Presently, she heard a step, and a grating sound; and turning her eyes in that direction, she saw her husband rolling a small barrel along the gravel walk. Curiosity now superseded other emotions; and she watched him till he rolled it up to the spot where the gardener had been digging, which was close against the aperture in the foundation wall which I have mentioned. Then he rolled it into the little pit, and laughed strangely. Its position did not seem to suit him, at first; and he turned it one way, and then another, adjusting it with great care.

"What could be in that barrel?" Henriette asked herself. She had heard of people burying treasures. The barrel seemed to be heavy, though it was so small; and she concluded that it must contain gold.

She was soon undeceived. Monsieur d'Andaure went away, and came back again, bringing with him a gimlet in his hand, and round his arm a large coil of what seemed to be small cord. Then he bored a hole in the barrel, inserted one end of the cord in it, and then stretched the other out to its full length, some twelve or fourteen yards, then putting his hands in his pockets, he pulled out two powder flasks, and emptied the contents into the aperture in the wall.

The truth flashed suddenly upon her mind: the barrel contained gunpowder: the cord was a slow-match: it was his intention to blow up the tower in which he had confined her; and he had sent away the gardener, for the purpose of doing so undisturbed. Terror and anguish seized upon her; and, forgetting that he was mad, she called to him, beseeching him to forbear, entreating, imploring, adjuring. But it was all in vain. Her husband looked up, and laughed, only saying, "Ah, it will soon be over. Make ready; for we are going a journey, *mon amie*. From that moment he seemed to hear nothing that she said; but went about his work as quietly and deliberately, as if he were transplanting a shrub. He gathered a number of stones together, placed them round the barrel, so as to fix it firmly against the wall, laid a large one over the powder in the aperture, and then piled the earth up all round, taking care not to embarrass the fuse. Then getting a lantern, he set fire to the end of the slow-match.

Henriette shrieked with fright; but he only looked up, nodded his head significantly, and walked away. The anguish, and horror of her sensations were now indescribable. For a few minutes there was the usual struggle of hope and fear. She thought he might repent, come back, and extinguish the match; but then she remembered that he was mad, and that madness has no repentance; and dull, heavy despair took possession of her. Yet that match, and the small speck of red fire at the end of it, had a strange fascination for her. There was no flame: it looked like a glow worm moving through the grass, only with a brighter, and a redder fire, and a slower progress. Whether the man intended to protract her torture, who can say. But the fuse was very long, and the time it took to burn, immense. Her own sensations, too, were most strange. Once, she felt as if she could throw herself from the window, to escape from the horrible impression of impending death by flying at once into his arms. Once, she felt as if she could go to sleep; but then again, she said to herself, "No; I will die praying for him, and for me. God knows I have never injured him by word, deed, or thought;" and kneeling before the crucifix she prayed for several minutes, expecting each instant to be hurried into eternity.

Suddenly the thought came across her mind that the match might have gone out, and she went timidly toward the window. But there it was, burning still. It had made very little progress, but it had made some. When she had looked at it before, the spot of light was in the green grass; now, it was upon the farther edge of the gravel walk. She looked at her watch, remarked how long it took to cross an inch or two of the walk, and calculated how many minutes she had to live. Slowly, slowly it went on. An hour and a half would elapse, at the least, before it could creep up to the powder. A momentary flash of hope arose. The gardener might return. But then, when she remembered the distance he had to go, the hope went out; and she sat, and gazed at the match, with the leaden apathy of despair. Then, strange to say, sweet dreams of what might have been, began to present themselves to her imagination: how happy she could have been with Alphonse de Breuil, even with very limited means! and then she turned her eyes to the match again, and thought of death. The memory of many a little incident of sweet early times came up before her eyes: childhood's pleasures: youth's hopes and warm affections: the visions of dawning love. She sat as a dying woman, recalling all the things of a past life, while the slow fire marched insidiously onward, shortening every instant her allotted space by almost imperceptible degrees. Very strange and very terrible were her sensations, varying almost

every instant through the long and dreadful period of suspense. Sometimes her brain would seem to turn with the horror of her situation. She felt as if in a dream: all around her became unreal to her imagination: she could have laughed: she could have sung; but soon, very soon, the stern reality rushed back upon her again with all its fearful circumstances. Sometimes a gleam of hope rose up in the midst of the dark blank of her despair, like one of those small wandering sparks which burst forth in a charred paper, long after all fire has seemed extinct. Sometimes a soft and gentle melancholy possessed her: a calm, resigned, tranquil expectation of coming fate. A bird began to sing in one of the trees of the garden, and she thought it wonderfully sweet: a light cloud floated over the sun, checkering the brilliant yellow lustre of the morning by a blue shadow. Oh, how beautiful! She felt like a person on the eve of quitting their home—a home still loved, though there might have been pangs and sorrows there—and every joy and pleasure was remembered, every sweet thought, and gentle emotion of life came back to gild the scene she was parting with forever. Oh, warm, bright, cheerful, happy world, how hard, how sad is it to part from thee! It was a dream—it must be a dream. There could not be such a thing in reality. It was too frightful to be true. It was but a horrible vision. Could that little spark, which had now nearly reached the midway of the gravel path, be bearing her on every instant nearer to eternity? Could that slow, creeping light be the messenger of death, to tear her away from all kindly relations, from all sweet enjoyments, from the loves, the hopes, the emotions, the affections, even from the sorrows of life—a little spark like that? Impossible! Yet there it was, creeping on, creeping on, tardy as the snail, but sure and even.

Once she thought it had gone out. Some black ashes concealed it from her eye. She sprang up, and could have danced for joy. Ah, no! It reappeared again, brighter than before. Five minutes after, just round the corner of the tower, where she could catch a glimpse of the open country beyond the park, two horsemen appeared. She saw them, and too early thanked Heaven for help. But they were not coming to the chateau: their horses' heads were turned the other way. She leaned forth from the window: she called to them: she shrieked. The wind was from the west, and bore her voice away; and riding quietly on, they were hid behind the trees. Henriette sank down again, and covered her eyes with her hands.

When she looked out once more, the spark of fire had reached the nearest edge of the walk Two feet more it had to travel, and then all would be over. It was inevitable. Fate was upon her. She tried to calm her whirling brain, to think of death—of God—of salvation—to cast from her the clinging garniture of this world's hopes, and robe herself in faith for the world to come. She walked slowly and quietly to the place where stood the crucifix, and taking it from the table, carried it with her to the window, and pressed it to her breast with her crossed arms. The feeling of all hope in this world, of all doubt in regard to the dread reality, passed away. There was the small spark creeping along the slow-match. There was the locked door behind her. It was Fate. Yet she could not take her eyes from that spot of light, that glimmered there like the fascinating eye of the serpent. Stilly, steadily she gazed at it. It crept over the grass, among the green blades—nearer, nearer; sometimes hardly perceivable, but yet her eye detected it, and marked its progress with terrified acuteness. All her senses seemed to be sharpened with the horrors of her condition. It came up, up, over the fresh turned earth, which her mad husband had cast over the powder. Not above an inch or two was left. Her ear caught the sound of horses' feet, galloping hard, before the riders came from behind the trees. The next moment a party of men appeared. But it was in vain. She knew it; she saw it: not an inch of the match was left. Gallop hard as they would, they could not reach the house in time. Oh, horrible, to be dashed to pieces with hope and relief in sight!

Suddenly the bird began to sing again. How strangely, and at what strange moments imagination acts. To her ear, the song seemed to say, "Fly far—Fly far—Fly far: Fly, fly, fly!"

The spark was burying itself in the earth. The sound seemed a warning from an angel. She darted from the window to the farthest nook of the room, where the tower was joined on to the main building: she crouched behind the bed.

Suddenly there was a roar that deafened her, and her heart stood still. The windows were dashed to pieces; the tower rocked and shook; the stout rafters and the heavy walls rent and cracked, and then she felt the whole mass swaying slowly, fearfully. Then, with a rattle as if a mountain had fallen, the front wall of the tower, part of the west angle, and a considerable portion of the flooring were cast a mass of ruins into the garden below.

Where was she? Was she living?—was she dead?—what had happened? All thought seemed for an instant to have been extinguished; all consciousness. But gradually her breath came back and her recollection. Through the clouds of smoke and dust, she saw the blue sky, and the trees of the park. Her bed stood firm before her; a picture of her father hung against the wall; but beyond that was an awful fissure, and the whole front of the chamber was open to the outer air. She paused, trembling, and not daring to move, or only move to press the crucifix to her lips. Was she safe? she asked herself. Was she yet safe? Would not the tower still fall? Suddenly a beam went rattling down from above, carrying part of the ceiling with it. It fell heavily on the flooring that remained. But there it rested, and the tower remained unshaken.

"Henriette!" cried a voice from without, which she recognized as that of one of her hus-

band's cousins. "Good God! what is all this? Henriette—Henriette!"

She crept slowly forward, holding by any object near at hand, and dreading every step, till she could see out into the garden. Every thing there seemed confused and indistinct—partly perhaps from the whirling of her own brain, and the faint sinking of her heart—partly from the clouds of mingled dust and smoke which still rose up against the yellow light, paling the sunshine. She saw several figures, however, grouped together at a little distance, gazing up at the tower. Their faces she could not distinguish; but she stretched forth her beautiful arms, exclaiming, "A ladder!—Oh, bring a ladder!—Quick!"

The next moment some one tried the lock of her chamber-door, and then pushed it hard; but she called to them in terror to forbear, saying, "For Heaven's sake do not shake the tower! It is all shattered. Bring a ladder to the window—quick—quick!"

Poor girl, she forgot it had windows no longer.

Speedily a ladder was brought, raised carefully, and lightly placed against remnants of flooring. Some one ascended from below, and as he came she saw that it was a young cousin of her husband's, who had ever been kind to her. She crept toward the edge, trembling lest the shaken boards and beams should give way beneath her little feet at every step. But they stood firm; and, aided by the lad, she descended safely to the garden.

When her feet touched the solid ground, however—when the peril and the agony were over—when she was safe, rescued, restored almost from death to life, the emotions of thankfulness and relief proved more overpowering that even terror had been, and she fainted.

On opening her eyes again, she found the same people round her; but it was the face of Alphonse de Breuil that bent so anxiously over her. They gave her a little time to recover, and then young Claude d'Andaure told her that, while walking in the streets of St. D——, with his friend, De Breuil, and some other gentlemen, he had met the old gardener of the chateau. From him he heard that all the servants had fled, thinking their lord mad; and that Henriette herself had been locked into her chamber by her husband. The old man added, that he did not believe the Marquis to be mad at all, but only out of humor; but apprehension took possession of the kindly lad, and De Breuil proposed that they should set out instantly. Other relations were gathered together in haste, and a party of some six or seven gentlemen were now assembled before the chateau. The explosion of the barrel of powder, and the fall of part of the tower, had at once directed their attention to that part of the building; but they had as yet seen no living soul in the neighborhood, except Henriette herself. Many were the questions they asked her, as they led her to the old gardener's cottage. But it was with difficulty they extracted a reply. Undefined, but painful feelings rendered her unwilling either to dwell upon or to relate the particulars of the terrible event which had just occurred. She would have spared her husband if she could. Young Claude d'Andaure, however, at length asked eagerly for his cousin, and, suddenly, some words which the Marquis had uttered came back upon Henriette's memory. "Make ready," he had said, "for we are going on a long journey." He had spoken in the plural, at the moment he was devising her death; and clasping her hands, she exclaimed eagerly, "Seek for him, seek for him! God knows what has happened! He blew up the tower to destroy me, but he spoke of himself too!"

They placed her in the cottage, and while two or three remained to guard her, the rest hurried back to the chateau. The great doors were locked. Two smaller ones were tried in vain; and the windows were too high up to be forced open. But one of them remembered that the breach in the shattered tower gave entrance by the great saloon, and through it they made their way into the main body of the house. They hunted through all the chambers on the lower floor, without success—the lesser saloon, the dining-hall, the library, the marquis's dressing-room: he was not there. They then went on to the floor above, which was an entresol, and in several rooms they entered, were equally unsuccessful. At length, however, they came to a door which was locked, and there they knocked and shouted. They were going on, when one of the gentlemen exclaimed, "Stay; open that door opposite, and give us some light. The floor is wet here."

The door was opened, and then they saw a stream of blood flowing from under the locked door, across the passage. An entrance was speedily forced, and then all was revealed. The marquis was seated in a chair, with his head bent forward upon the table, so that his face could not be seen. But the whole parquet was dabbled with blood, an open razor lay upon the table, and it was soon found that he had cut his throat from ear to ear. He was quite dead; but it was evident that the act of suicide had not been long committed; for the body was still warm, and the limbs flaccid. His watch lay upon the table beside the razor; and it is probable he had waited there, counting the minutes till the explosion took place, and, then satisfied that he had accomplished his object, had destroyed himself.

It was a sad history, which the family endeavored to bury in silence, as far as possible, and there being little publicity for any thing at that time in France, they were, to a great degree, successful. A few *procès verbeaux* recorded the facts, and these were suppressed in the boxes of a police-office. But I heard the story, while traveling through that part of the country, from old Doctor S——, the physician at St. Valery, to whom I had letters. He had been one of those consulted by the relations of Monsieur d'Andaure on the first appearance of mental aberration, and had made it his business subsequently to obtain all the particulars of his after-fate and

death. He told me that Henriette had not married as soon as might have been expected, although she was now her own mistress, and possessed of a considerable jointure, in the enjoyment of which, strange to say, her husband's relations left her unmolested. But the terrible events through which she had just passed, and a long period of anxiety and grief which had preceded, impaired her health, and depressed her spirits. She remained a widow for more than two years; and the old doctor imagined that it was a wound which Alphonse de Breuil received in battle, as well as some attempts of her mother to resume an ancient and extinct domination, which had at length induced the fair young widow to bring her lover's term of probation to an end. She was again married, he said, on her twenty-first birthday, and bestowed upon Alphonse a larger family than French husbands are usually blessed with.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS.

It was in one thousand eight hundred and two, I was at St. Valery, and the same good old Doctor S——, who lodged me in his own house, and taught me to eat snails and vipers (N. B.—This is literally in poor Mr. White's manuscript), gave the following account of curious experiments which he had made during the Revolution.*

These proceedings puzzled the worthies of the mob who were then uppermost very much, the old doctor said, and might probably have got him into a scrape with the Sans Culottes, who always hated every thing they did not understand. But he was saved, he intimated, by other experiments, which led him to conduct that greatly excited their admiration. "The various theories of muscular motion," he said, "and of the voluntary, and involuntary movement of the muscles, induced me to be present, if I had an opportunity, whenever an execution was going on; and, I need not tell you, my good friend, that they were tolerably frequent in those times. I had various objects in my investigations; but the principal one was to ascertain, if possible, how long the brain retained its sensibility, when the supply of blood was cut off by the separation of the sensorium from the heart; whether consciousness remained after the separation; or whether the action of the heart and the brain was so necessary to both, that the functions of each stopped, as soon as the one was parted from the other. I had made some experiments upon a turtle; but, for reasons that will be evident to you, they did not satisfy me; and I determined to pursue them with the human subject, for which the Revolution gave ample opportunity. My fondness for the scaffold made me a great favorite with the crowd, and established an intimate friendship between me and the town executioner, who was a patient of mine, and the most desperate coward I ever saw when he was ill. I thus had him under my thumb, and we arranged our matters quite easily. Though he had a decided taste for blood, and all the natural qualifications for his trade, the poor man was sometimes over-fatigued with the number of executions at that time. The mob itself occasionally grew tired of him, and when any thing occurred to attract their attention in another direction, or to render the great square an unpleasant abiding place, the neighborhood of the scaffold would be quite deserted, and the condemned man, the executioner, and the guard, had it all their own way.

We watched for one of these opportunities, and one came sooner than we expected. Seven gentlemen had to have their heads cut off one morning; and I mounted the scaffold early with my friend, who was rather languid and indifferent. He did not seem to enjoy his morning's pastime as much as usual; but if he was cool and at his ease, his patients, as he called them, were hardly less so; and it would have surprised any body who does not know how soon human nature reconciles itself to any thing, to see with what *sang froid* people can undergo the guillotine. Five had already been shortened by the head, and two only remained to suffer: a Monsieur St. Martin, a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, and who chatted with me quite jocosely while he was taking off his cravat, and another with whom I had no acquaintance. I did not even know his name, and I do not think any body in the town did; for they chopped off his head anonymously, and inscribed him in the register, "*Aristocrat: nom inconnu.*"

Just as they were going to begin with St. Martin, and the people who thronged the square gave a howl as he stepped forward, down came a pour of rain, which set the worthy Sans Culottes scampering, and we were soon left very nearly alone. "Those poor devils will have their skins washed for once," said Monsieur St. Martin, unbuttoning his shirt-collar, and looking up at the knife. "For my part, I shall not need an umbrella, I shall be under shelter so soon."

I just whispered a word or two to the executioner: our friend was put in the proper position, and down came the knife. The executioner instantly snatched the head from the basket, and held it up by the hair. I put my lips to the ear, hallooing out as loud as I could bawl, "Pierre St. Martin;" and then looked at the face. The eyes, which were wide open, and as lively as ever, rolled quickly round toward the side on which I had spoke, and then stopped. I thought I saw a movement of the lips, too, as if in an effort to speak; but it was not as successful as in the case of the physician Douban.

This seemed so far satisfactory. It went some way to show that sensation lingered in the sensorium after the brain was separated from the heart. I hinted to my friend the executioner, however, that I must have some more experiments, to see if the result would be always the same. "No time like the present," he said. "We have still got another to try upon; and we may not again get so good an opportunity as this." They were just bringing the last man

* Several of these statements, more interesting to the man of science than the general public, which Mr. Harcourt had preserved, have been omitted here by the editor.

out of the cart, and I stepped politely up, and asked his name. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I shall have no name at all in three minutes, and it is not worth while to trouble myself with so useless a piece of baggage for so short a time." I was a little vexed; but I formed my plan in a moment, and told the executioner what to do. As soon as the head was off, he took it up, and held the face right toward me. I had an open penknife in my hand, and I darted the point toward the pupil of the eye. The eyes closed instantly, remained closed for a moment, and then opened again. There was no sort of convulsive movement that I could detect about the features; and here was another indication. Still, I do not mean to say that these experiments were as satisfactory as I could have desired. It was lucky, however, that I seized that opportunity; for that very night my worthy friend of the pulley and the knife was struck with complete paralysis of his lower extremities. You may see him in the town, dragging about his legs in a go-cart. The man who was appointed in his room was a brutal fellow, without any real love for science, and I never could get him to give me any facilities whatever. One time, when I was applying to him, he growled forth a hope that he should have me under his hands some day; adding, "And then you will know as much about it as you want to know." I thought it best, after that, to hold aloof, and let him forget me.

HESTER.

CHAPTER I.

"THEY'RE only a ha'penny, sir—any one you like;—only a ha'penny."

"No!" said the gentleman addressed, with great emphasis and decision, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but with inflexible determination straight before him.

"Oh sir, please do!" the first little voice said again. It was a very sweet, faint, childish voice, and there was a very earnest, plaintive tone in it, as it made its simple entreaty. Perhaps the gentleman thought so; for, with a sudden jerk of his head, he turned round, and fixed a pair of very bright gray eyes upon the little ragged creature who was struggling, not very successfully, to keep up with his rapid pace. He came to a stop as soon as he saw her, and planted his walking-stick firmly in the ground.

"They're all different, sir," the child said, eagerly but timidly presenting a little bird, formed of a flat piece of pasteboard, covered with black velvet, for the approbation of the stranger.

"And what do you think I'm going to do with that?" the gentleman asked fiercely, as he gazed with unspeakable contempt upon the diminutive object that was being held up to him.

"I thought you'd buy it, sir," the child said, in a frightened whisper, drawing in her hand again, and preparing to back out of sight.

"You thought I'd buy it, did you? And did you think I'd play with it too?" the gentleman said, with still increasing emphasis.

"I don't know, sir," the child answered, with her eyes fixed on his. "A good many gentlemen *do* buy them for their children," she added, after a moment's thought.

"For their children, do they? Well, I've got a child, so there's a halfpenny. Now give me one—a good one."

"There's the biggest, sir," the child said, with an instinctive feeling that the biggest was best suited to her customer. "Thank you, sir;" and she was moving away.

"Stay still!" growled the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the child, staying still accordingly.

"You must lead a very pleasant life, no work, no lessons, nothing to do all day but to play with these birds. Come, don't you?"

"I don't ever play, sir," she said—not saying it as if it were any thing strange.

"Not play!" cried the gentleman, quickly. "Why, what on earth *do* you do, then?"

"Just go about with them all day, sir."

"Go about with *what?*"

"With the birds, sir."

"Oh, with the birds, do you? Well, there's nothing very hard in that."

"No, sir," said the child faintly, thinking he waited for an answer.

"And when you've sold the birds, what do you make of the money?"

"I take it home to my mother, sir."

"Oh, you've got a mother? And she sells birds somewhere else, I suppose?"

"No, sir, she makes them."

"And sits comfortably at home while she sends you out to sell them? Well, I like that! —And so she is making birds?"

"No, sir, these are the last."

"The last! What, won't she make any more?"

"We've used every thing up, sir."

"What—all the velvet?"

"Yes, sir, and the card and all."

"That's a bad job!"

"Yes, sir."

"And when did it all come to an end?"

"A week ago, sir."

"A week ago, did it? And what's your mother been doing since?"

"Starving, sir."

"Starving!" the gentleman cried, in such a voice that the child involuntarily retreated; "starving, and nobody doing any thing to help her! And are *you* starving too? Are you hungry?"

"Oh yes, sir!" she answered, in a tone as if *not* to be hungry was a thing she had never imagined.

"Oh, God help her!" cried the stranger suddenly to himself. "What, are you *always* hungry?" and he turned to her again; "did you *never* have enough?"

"I don't know, sir," the child hesitated; "I don't remember."

"It's a bad case—a shocking bad case," said the gentleman, frowning at the child, and shak-

ing his head so vehemently, that she got more alarmed than ever, and again began to retreat backward, but with a single step he was up to her again.

"Well, and what do you expect I'm going to do?"

"Sir?" stammered the child, with dim visions of a police-office floating through her brain.

"I say, what do you suppose I am going to do?"

"Oh, sir, please don't do any thing, because, because—" and she burst into tears, and looked round despairingly for some possibility of taking flight.

The gentleman looked confounded.

"Why, what do you think I *want* to do?" he cried, stamping his stick upon the stone pavement to give more emphasis to his words, a proceeding which was certainly unnecessary, for they almost made the child leap off her feet, and arrested her tears so completely that for very terror not another fell.

"I don't know, sir; but, if you please, sir—if you'd let me go now, I wouldn't ever trouble you again," the child murmured timidly, in very great childish distress.

"Let you go and starve—of course I will!—the very thing I'll do!" the stranger said, shaking his head at her more angrily than ever. "Come, what's your name?"

"Hester, sir."

"Hester, is it? Well, Hester, and where do you live?"

"In Monmouth-street, sir."

"A bad place—a very bad place. Up or down?" said the gentleman.

"Down," said the child on a venture, "down in a cellar."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, drawing a long breath between his teeth, "just the place to starve in. Well, Hester, I'll give you sixpence if you'll take me there."

With sparkling eyes, the child looked up at him: "Oh! will you, sir?" she cried.

"Will I? There it is for you. Why, Hester, you don't seem much used to sixpences?"

"Oh no, sir!" she said earnestly, as she turned it over and over.

"Well, well, you can look at it another time; come away now. No, stop a moment. Don't move from this spot!" and the gentleman darted from her side, disappearing so suddenly that she looked around her in blank amazement. Before she had recovered, he was back again with a couple of buns in his hand, which being of a most overgrown and unusual size, had caught his eye in a shop window.

"Now, Hester, begin to eat," he said gruffly. "There, now, you'll never hold them both, and the birds, and the sixpence too—give the birds to me; now eat quickly. Well, is it good, well made, well baked?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the earnest answer, more earnest in look than in words. "I haven't had one such a time," she ventured to add, for her fear was beginning to pass away beneath the rough kindness of her new friend.

"Not for such a time, haven't you, Hester? Well, but I suppose you look into the bakers' shops, and get half the pleasure of the things so, don't you?"

"Not lately, sir, since I've been very hungry," she said gently.

"Oh, Hester, you've been hungrier than ever of late, have you?" the stranger said, and the voice was almost soft, so that in amazement Hester looked up into his face, and saw that it too was very full of kindness.

"Oh, it's been much worse this last month or two, sir," she said, in a touchingly hopeless, uncomplaining tone; "some days we haven't had any thing at all."

"Nothing at all, Hester! And what have you done then?"

"There wasn't any thing to do, sir," the child said.

The gentleman walked on very quickly indeed, so quickly that Hester, running, was just able to keep up with him, and could only every now and then give a bite to her great bun, for to most people it is difficult to run and eat together, but especially to those who are starving, and have little breath to spare at any time. It was a very feeble, slow, unsteady kind of running too, such as might be expected from a child who could never remember once in its life to have had enough to eat.

"It just turns off the street, sir; it's down here," Hester said, quite breathless; but, with a great effort, catching the gentleman's coat tail as he was swiftly passing on. It brought him to a stand-still at once.

"Oh, it's down here, Hester, is it? Well, that's worse still! What! not got through the bun yet?" the gentleman said with an alarming gesture. "Ah, it's very clear you're not used to eating. Come along—go on in front, and point out the place. Now, now, Hester, you needn't run, just walk as I do. Why, bless me, it's my belief you've been running all this time! Now, is this the place, Hester?"

"Yes, sir. I think I'd better go in first."

"I certainly think you had: but take care, child—take care! Oh, heaven help her—what practice she's had! Now, Hester, take my hat, and put it down carefully, for I'm coming," and gently and cautiously he began the descent of the short, steep ladder.

"If you please, sir, I'll just take hold of your foot," Hester said from below.

"What?" roared the gentleman, abruptly stopping in his descent, and clinging with both hands and both feet to the ladder, immovable.

"Just to help you, sir, in case you should miss the steps," the child said.

"Ah, well, you may do that if you like, so that you don't throw me down. Yes, yes, I feel—now, that'll do. Give me my hat. Come, where's your mother? Has she gone out?"

"Gone out!" the child echoed mournfully; "oh! sir, she couldn't. It's the next room, sir; this isn't ours, only we've got no door of our own."

They passed through a low opening in the wall into an adjoining cellar, whose only light came through an aperture nearly at the top of the wall. It was not a window—had never been a window, but simply a square hole, through which a glimpse of the narrow, blackened street could be caught. The only air that ever entered the room came through it, and rain, and wind, and snow came through it too, all unhindered, for there was nothing that would serve for even a temporary shutter. There was no fireplace in the room, no sign any where of fire. The walls and ceiling were black with age and dirt; the floor was blacker still, for it was made of clay, moist, and uneven, and cold as ice. Within the cellar there was no furniture at all, except in one corner the skeleton frame of a bedstead—four posts of old deal, polished by wear, with transverse poles connecting them at the head; but the thing was a mere mockery, for there was nothing to support the wretched, torn mattress, and it lay in the centre of the four posts upon the damp, cold ground. From this corner there came a faint voice as they entered the room.

"Oh, thank God! I thought I should never see any one again," and then it went off into a low groan.

"Mother, mother, here's a good gentleman come: he's given me sixpence and two great buns. Look, mother dear—eat it."

The woman raised a thin, wasted hand, and took the cake, looking at it with a hungry, starved look, and then she shook her head, and bursting into tears, murmured, "I can't do it now."

"Oh, mammy!" the child said, sobbing too, but quite perplexed, not understanding why she couldn't eat.

"Good God! she's dying!" the stranger cried, with intense emotion; and in a moment he was on his knees on the bare ground. "My good woman, tell me what I can do? Is there no one living here to whom I can apply?—no doctor near? Try to rouse yourself! Oh, Hester, child, do what you can for your mother!"

The woman raised her eyes to his with a strange kind of amazement, with a look such as none but those who have no friend in the wide world can give; and then, after a moment, she said, "God bless you!" in a voice that trembled, and turned away her head.

"Hester, do you know where to find a doctor?" the gentleman said hastily.

"No, no, I don't want one," the woman faintly whispered; "he couldn't do any thing—it's been coming on a long time."

"Some wine!" the gentleman exclaimed; "that's the thing! Hester, there's money—go and get a bottle of wine at once. Quick, don't be a minute. Oh! God help us!—God forgive us!" he cried, pressing his hands together.

The dying woman's eyes were turned on him again.

"Hester didn't know it was so near," she said; "I kept it from her, and I hoped that to-day, or some day soon, I should die when she was away. But I didn't know how hard it was—how horrible it was—to die alone; I didn't think that, after all that's passed, the end could be so bad."

There was something strangely lethargic in her voice, as if starvation had deadened every feeling, even now in the hour of death.

"It mayn't be too late yet, it mayn't be too late," the stranger said, eagerly, taking the woman's thin hand in his, as tenderly as if she had been some one whom he loved; "but lie still until Hester comes; hush! lie still."

She was a delicate-looking woman, with regular features, and large dark gray eyes. The face was so worn and wasted with care, and suffering, and hunger, that there was little of beauty left now, but she must have been handsome once. Hester was very like her, but hunger had robbed her of her beauty too, and pinched and sharpened the little face.

"Here you are, Hester; well, have you got it? Oh, child, don't cry so! Now, my poor woman, raise your head; take care, can you swallow it? There, that'll do at first. Hester, lay her head right. No, wait a moment, wait a moment," and he tore off his outer coat; "here, put this under her. Oh! heaven help her, what *is* that pillow made of!"

"Oh, mammy dear! you're better now?" Hester whispered, trembling, and full of fear, she scarcely knew for what. "Couldn't you eat a little bit now?—try it; oh, mammy, do try it!"

But the woman shook her head, and feebly put the food aside again; then suddenly, as her child still bent over her, she stretched out her arms, and passionately clasped her to her bosom, crying, "Hester, Hester, my little child!" with bitter tears.

"Oh, mammy dear!" was all the weeping child could say, as she clung to her.

How many a dying mother, clasping her little child for the last time to her, has not felt so great a bitter, passionate anguish, that half-consciously in her heart she has bid defiance to death, and, with a wild rising in her soul, has said that it shall not part her from her child? And when the paroxysm of despair has passed, and she gives it into a loving Father's arms, and with clasped hands and gentler tears, says to her heavenly Father that she is resigned, and will be content to die, do we not say that faith is strong in her?

Strong in *her!* then what would it need to be in those who, dying, leave their children fatherless and friendless, without a roof to cover them, without a crust of bread to eat, without one single thing in this wide world to call their own; surrounded with dangers, with snares, with temptations; vice and sin on their right hand and on their left, and before and behind them nothing but starvation and death—what would it need to be in them? And what must

their agony be, as, without hope, and without faith, and, in their terrible despair, almost striving to believe that death *is* an eternal sleep, they take their last passionate embrace of the thing they are being torn from forever!

Kneeling by her side, the stranger tried to soothe and comfort her; and as she still wildly wept and clasped her child, he prayed her to be calm; but at the word she turned upon him with such sudden energy that he shrank back involuntarily.

"Calm!" she cried; "who are you who *dare* to tell me to be calm! Do you think because I lie here starving to death—because sorrow, and suffering, and misery, have been pressing down on me for years, killing me by slow torture—because I have no food, no money, no friends, do you think I am to be treated as if I had not still a woman's heart What can you know of my agony—you, well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed? I was all that once; I know how the rich feel for us!" and she laughed with bitter scorn. "Look here, look at this child, she is all I have in the world, the only thing I have had for years; I have lived, and struggled, and suffered for her; I have done every thing but sin for her, and it was she alone who kept me from that, and now I am dying! I am dying! and what do you think will become of her? Oh, man! will you tell me to be calm again? I tell you, if you were to take my child—my child, the one solitary thing that my heart yearns over—if you were to take her and kill her before my eyes, I could almost thank you. I have tried to do it; I have tried, but I could not! Do you shrink from me? You didn't think this was in me; why did you give me your wine to rouse the devil in my heart? I had scarcely strength to speak, scarcely strength even to feel, when you came; it would all have been over now, but you have made me mad! Had not I suffered enough before that? could you not have let me die in peace? Oh, Hester, my child!" she suddenly cried, with a softened voice, stretching out her arms to her; "my child, my darling! come to me again. I say wild words, don't mind them; I am ill, oh! hold me close, close! Blessings on the dear arms, blessings on the dear lips!—my little child! my little child!"

Again they clung to one another, and the woman's fierce face was full of love again, and her burning eyes gushing out with tears. There was silence in the wretched room, except for their sobs, they, too, becoming presently faint and low, for the woman's momentary strength was fading from her, and her soul was about to pass away.

Then, in the stillness, the stranger spoke, bending over her, and speaking slowly and solemnly, that she might hear his words.

"Listen to me, that you may die in peace. As I kneel now in God's sight, I promise that I will take your little daughter home with me to my house, to live with me, and to be to me as my own child. By God's blessing she shall never know hunger or poverty any more. Do you consent to this?"

She looked at him almost wildly, in an agony of half-believing, half-doubting joy. With one last effort of strength she grasped his arm, and said, "You are not mocking me?" in such a tone of passionate eagerness.

"God forbid!" the stranger cried.

She fixed her eyes upon him for one moment longer, and then such a look broke over her face, as though a ray of heavenly light had pierced through that dark, miserable room, and fallen upon her. Her joy and gratitude were unutterable; she could not speak them; but as she burst into new tears, she sobbed forth, "I think there is a God!" and hid her face, as if in shame and penitence.

"Yes, there is a God; a God who hears the prayers of the wretched and the sorrowful," the stranger said in a low, firm, gentle voice; "oh, woman, believe in Him!"

There was a few moments' pause.

"I do believe," she whispered, clasping her feeble hands; "oh, God forgive me!"

"Mother!" Hester murmured, half-fearfully, laying her head down upon her bosom.

"Oh, my darling, pray for me, too!" the softened woman said. "I have sinned—I have sinned; God be merciful to me!"

Solemnly and gently, still stooping over her, the stranger spoke again.

"'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest for your souls.'"

And as the last words died away, with one low, deep sigh, a life was yielded up, and a weary, suffering spirit was released from earth, and went away to find its long, deep rest.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was very little to be learned about the history of the woman who had died. Mr. Thurnell—such was the name of Hester's new friend—made all inquiries that were possible concerning her, but who she was, except that she had called herself Mrs. Ingram, or where she had lived before her arrival at this house, he was quite unable to ascertain. During the two years she had lived there, she had always been miserably poor, the woman of the house said; but it had got worse and worse toward the end, until every article of furniture in their wretched cellar had been sold, and they were sometimes for days together without food.

Hester herself had faint recollections of living once in a large house, and of some one whom she used to call "Papa," but who was never kind to her or to her mother. Every body, she thought, was very miserable, and the house seemed often in great confusion; and one night, she remembered, as if it had been a dream, that her mother came crying bitterly, and snatched her in passionate haste from the little bed in which she was sleeping, and carried her in her

arms out into the dark street, sobbing and weeping wildly. And from that night she did not think she had ever seen her father, or the house where she had lived, again; but she and her mother had staid always together, going about from place to place, and getting ever poorer and poorer, until they came here at last. She did not know how long they had been wandering, but it seemed to her a very, very long time.

And this was all that Mr. Thurnell could learn about the previous history of his adopted child.

The sun shone very brightly, and the air was very soft and warm for an April morning, as little Lily Thurnell stood at her father's gate, watching for her father's coming home. It was a rustic gate of twisted boughs, between two of which Lily's curly head looked out upon the road, for Lily was a little thing, not four years old, and there was quite room enough between the bars of that garden-gate for such a little head as hers to insert itself. So now looking through the wide bars of her prison, now gayly running through the winding walks of the great old garden, with the soft spring breeze blowing back her golden curls, and singing all the time all kinds of merry little songs, Lily spent an hour of that bright April morning before her father came.

But at last, from far away, her quick ears caught the sound of carriage-wheels, and flying to the house, she called aloud for some one to unlock the gate; then, standing in the open entrance, and clapping her little hands with joy, she waited with impatience for her father to alight.

"Well, my little pet, so you're all ready for us?" cried Mr. Thurnell's strong, cheerful voice; and in another moment Lily was caught up from the ground, and raised high in the air in her father's arms, and for two or three moments there was a mingled sound of hearty kisses, and merry laughter, and glad childish words of welcome; and then, without further prelude, Lily was on the point of launching forth into an account of every thing that had happened since her father went, when he laughingly stopped her with—

"Wait a little bit, Lily! We'll hear all about that presently, but there's something else to be done first. Don't you know I've brought you a little friend? Hester, my dear, give me your hand. There, Lily, down with you—down on the step. That's right! Now, my dears, kiss one another."

But Lily, standing on the carriage-step, hung her pretty head, and even showed a decided inclination to put her finger in her mouth, and Hester, from within, colored very deeply, and looked very timidly and distressfully on the ground.

"Come now, what is it?—what's the matter? Can't you look at each other? Lily, behave like a lady! Why, Lily, I'm ashamed of you!"

Upon which poor Lily's eyes began to fill with tears, and there seemed less chance than ever of her conducting herself like a lady; but, fortunately, upon Hester the rebuke had a better effect, for she raised her eyes for a moment to Mr. Thurnell's face, then dropped them upon Lily, and finally, hesitating a moment, moved a little nearer to the door, and took Lily's two hands into hers.

"That's right, Hester! that's a good girl, my dear!" said Mr. Thurnell, approvingly.

Then, blushing a good deal, Hester knelt down, for Lily being such a little thing, and standing on the carriage-step, she was far below Hester, and stooping forward she gave Lily a very quick, tremulous kiss upon her soft, round cheeks, and whispered very gently and timidly, "Sister Lily!" And then Lily at last looked up. There must have been something in the quiet, gentle, sad little face to take away fear, and inspire confidence and love, for as Lily looked at her suddenly all her shyness passed away, and gazing for one moment on her, all at once, with a few murmured childish words, the little arms were raised, and the soft hands clasped round Hester's neck, and a little shower of kisses came down on her pale cheek. But while Lily laughed tears gathered fast in Hester's eyes, although she dropped their lids, and with her long, dark lashes hid them, smiling the while as Lily kissed her. And then they walked together, hand in hand into the house, and from that day—from that very hour, they grew to love each other.

Such a merry, light-hearted little creature was Lily Thurnell, that it seemed as if nothing like pain or sorrow could live near her. Sad as Hester was when she first came to her new house—sad, not only on account of her mother's death, but because for so many years sorrow and poverty had been her daily companions—not many days had passed before a strange, new feeling of joy began to put fresh warmth and life into her half-dead heart—before the slow, weary, unelastic step began to grow so light and gay that she herself was full of wonder at it—before the heavy-lidded eyes began to beam with a clear, hopeful light—before the pale, hollow cheek grew touched with rose, and the sad and sickly smile changed to a merry laugh, and the low, timid, tremulous voice grew strong, and sweet, and clear. It was a strange and touching thing to see how, in the light and warmth and happiness around her, the stunted life began at last to expand. She had suffered so much almost without knowing it—she had lived for so long so utterly without joy or hope—that gradually and unconsciously she had grown accustomed to her wretched life—had ceased ever to think that any change would come—ever almost to wish for it; all that was childlike in her had withered away—had been starved out of her; a listless torpor had by slow degrees crept over her, deadening the little life that still remained—day by day making her more insensible to the misery and poverty that was around her; every thing that was beautiful in her—every thing that was natural—had been, as it were, frozen up: now, at last, in

this new warmth the ice began to melt, the sluggish blood began to flow again, the almost forgotten hopes and feelings of her early childhood began once more, after their long sleep, to come to life. She was like one who had been blind receiving her sight again; and blind she had indeed been, living in ever-deepening darkness, knowing and seeing nothing of all the beauty that was in the world around her, forgetting even the little that she once had known.

She grew to be so happy in this new, kind home; not happy altogether as Lily was, for Lily seemed to live in sunlight and laughter, and to be herself a very embodied joy—a thing that never could know pain or grief; and Hester, changed and beautiful as all things were around her, could never forget what her life once had been, and thus she did not grow gay and laughter-loving like Lily, but had a grave, still look about her, very unlike the laughing sunshine of Lily's face, which never passed away, but grew ever more deeply sweet, and gentle, and calm. A smile lay always hidden in the dimples round Lily's rosy lips, a world of merry thoughts was always looking out from Lily's deep blue eyes, her voice was full of softest laughter, her step like that of one who ever hears some hidden music, her every movement was so full of grace, and joy, and love, that one might read all that was in her heart only by silently looking at her.

It was not in Hester's nature to be so very glad. Happy as she was, having almost every thing in the world that she could wish for, for herself, she kept always in her heart so deep a memory of all she once had been, that her joy, if it was not clouded, was at least subdued, and calmed by thoughts of others' griefs. With a pale cheek, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, she would listen to all tales of poverty and suffering, bursting sometimes into wild weeping, as though the poor and sorrowful were all her friends; and often meeting some poor child with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the impulse of her love and pity would become so strong, that she would throw her arms about it, sobbing so bitterly, as though *she* was the sufferer—trying to speak childish words of comfort to it—comforting it with all she had of more substantial things than words.

Even when she was young there was a strangely thoughtful look in her large gray eyes, which deepened still more as she grew up. Not but that they could look bright, too—both bright and gay, and could laugh almost as merrily as Lily's own; but in their ordinary expression there was a little touch of sadness, or, perhaps, rather of gravity than sadness; yet it passed mostly away when she raised the long-fringed lids that often, when she was silent or alone, threw a soft shadow across their clearness. It was very natural that she should be a little grave and thoughtful, for as her childhood passed away it could not be but she must often think about her unknown father—often long to hear some tidings of him—still more often sorrow over her mother's sufferings and death. Happy as she was, it was most natural, that, as she grew up to womanhood, this thought, that she had no one in the world to claim her, no one who *owed* her love, should weigh heavily upon her. Mr. Thurnell was as a father to her, Lily like a sister, and as a father and sister she loved them; but yet, in many silent hours, an unutterable longing would come upon her to know something of her own people: cruel as she could not but believe her father was, her loving heart yet yearned so strangely toward him.

This was the one sorrow that she had, and she kept it a secret in her own bosom. Perhaps it was not hidden there from Mr. Thurnell's eyes, but if he guessed it, he guessed, too, her wish to hide it, and so hid from her his own knowledge. Most kind and good he was to her, and kind and good he was to all; for, beneath his rough exterior there beat a noble, warm, and generous heart. He treated Hester like his own child, and almost like his own child he loved her, and she returned his love so eagerly, so warmly, and with overflowing and unspeakable gratitude for all that he had done for her. Her gratitude from the first almost oppressed her: she had tried once or twice to thank him, and the thought of what he had saved her from moved her always so deeply that tears only came instead of words; but he well understood her, and ever tried to make her feel that she far more than rewarded him for his kindness to her.

And it was true, for as she grew up she became the good angel of the house. Lily was a bright little spirit, gay, and beautiful, and lovable, whose use in the house was to be a beam of sunlight, to make every body glad who looked at her, and listened to her merry voice and silver laughter; but, to tell the truth, sometimes Lily hid herself, as the sun himself does, for a little while, under a cloud. For Lily was a petted child, and just a little spoilt by petting; but so joyous and so beautiful, that every body loved her at first sight, and continued, too, with rare exceptions, to love her always, forgiving and half-forgetting her faults, for the sake of all that was noble and lovable in her. And of all her friends, none loved her half so dearly as Hester did, none admired her so warmly, none was so good and true a friend, though perhaps she, too, helped a little now and then to spoil her. And Lily loved her with her whole warm heart, and looked up to her, and, in a docile mood, would let herself be guided by her, and sometimes, when she was very humble, as she could be at times, she would even wish that she was as sensible, and as useful, and as even tempered as Hester, and, throwing her arms round Hester's neck, would ask her to forgive her all her willfulness and naughtiness, and to love her always, receiving such an answer—pretty, spoilt Lily!—as would put at once all her humble thoughts quite to flight again.

And so the two girls grew together, loving each other dearly, until Lily was eighteen, and Hester two-and-twenty.

CHAPTER III.

It happened in the early summer, about that time, when Lily was just past eighteen, that she went for a fortnight's visit to a country house, some twelve or fourteen miles from Mr. Thurnell's. Such visits were of very frequent occurrence, for both the girls were extremely intimate at this house of the Gilbournes', and were, one or other of them, continually running away to their friends there for a few days during the summer; but this particular visit of Lily's was a far more important one than she, or Hester either, had ever paid before, and brought very important and unexpected consequences after it—for in the course of it Lily fell in love. So, at least, every body said but Lily herself, who contended stoutly for months afterward that it was only Mr. Staunton who fell in love with her, and that she had nothing at all to do with it until long afterward, when, simply out of pure compassion for him, she was induced to follow his example. But whether Lily's account of the matter was the true one or not, about one thing there was no doubt at all—and even she herself was too happy to deny it—that when his example *was* followed, it was followed with her whole warm, true, loving heart. And, in truth, Mr. Staunton was worthy of all the love she gave him.

He was the nephew of a gentleman who had very recently settled in the neighborhood, a Colonel Staunton, of whom, however, little was known besides his name, and the fact that he was a wealthy man, for he was a confirmed invalid, and rarely or never left his house. He had been Mr. Staunton's guardian, and being still his nearest living relative, his consent was in due time asked, as a matter of courtesy, at least, if nothing more, to his nephew's marriage with Lily, and very cordially given; a little, as it seemed, to Mr. Staunton's relief. Besides signifying his approbation to his nephew, Colonel Staunton also addressed a courteous note to Mr. Thurnell, apologizing for his inability to call on him and his daughter, but warmly inviting them to visit him at his own house. The invitation was of course accepted, and they all went.

They reached the house early, for they were to spend the day there; and, while Hester and Lily had retired to remove the out-of-door portions of their dress, Mr. Thurnell, at Colonel Staunton's request, was at once ushered into his presence. In half an hour afterward, he returned to fetch Lily, and she, with Hester, for Lily was a timid little thing, and would not go alone, accompanied him to Colonel Staunton's room.

As they entered, Colonel Staunton rose to meet them, and came forward. He was like a man who had grown prematurely old. His hair was scarcely gray, and his age might not have much exceeded fifty, but his eye was dim and sunken, his white and hollow cheeks seamed with wrinkles, his step feeble and unsteady, his whole appearance worn out and faded; and yet, in strange opposition to all else about him, his manner was almost courtly in its studied urbanity and ceremonious politeness. But it ill-suited him. The artificial smile with which he came forward to meet his visitors sat strangely on his pale, withered lips. The very first tones of his voice raised an involuntary suspicion of insincerity; the still visible remains of eminent handsomeness of form only seemed to make the faded face and figure more unprepossessing.

Lily came in a little in advance; before Mr. Thurnell could introduce her, he guessed that it was she who was to be his future niece, and at once addressed her:

"Miss Thurnell, I have to make a thousand apologies—and yet I scarcely know how to regret my inability to visit you, since I am indebted to it for the pleasure I now—"

The sentence broke off abruptly, and in an instant Colonel Staunton stood in perfect silence, but a great and sudden change had come over him. The false smile had passed from his lips; the whole studied expression of high-flown courtesy had vanished from his face; every thing that was artificial and unreal seemed in a moment, as if by magic, to have been torn away from him; more haggard even than before, more deadly pale, he stood still by Lily's side, holding the tips of her fingers in his hand; but her very existence was forgotten, for, looking beyond her, his eyes had fallen, and were fixed in wild amazement upon Hester's face.

For one instant every thing was silent, for all were thrown into a sudden, strange surprise; then, in a shaking voice, yet loud and passionate, Colonel Staunton cried, "Who is this girl?" and his eyes, not dim now, but burning with a fierce, uneasy light, flashed for an instant upon Mr. Thurnell, then fixed themselves again where they had rested first.

Mr. Thurnell stood by Hester's side, and answered steadily and calmly, "She is my adopted daughter; her name is Hester Ingram."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when, with a wild cry, they were echoed through the room.

"Hester Ingram! Hester Ingram a girl like that! Are you daring to mock me?" and from one to another of the astonished group his piercing glance went like a flash of fire; then, with a quick step forward, he was by Hester's side, with his hand upon her shoulder, grasping her firmly.

She shook from head to foot, her color went and came, her heart beat passionately with a wild hope, a wild fear; her eyes met Colonel Staunton's, as he gazed upon her, with a pleading, melting look, that seemed to move him strangely, for, as he looked on her, his lips began to tremble, his frowning brow began to be unknit, the fierce expression of his eyes began

to soften, as though the reflected light from hers was falling on them.

Some moments passed in perfect silence; then Colonel Staunton spoke again, and it was to Hester that he addressed himself. There was an assumed calmness in his voice as he began, and yet, against his will, it trembled.

"Your name, you say, is Hester Ingram. Will you permit me to inquire if Ingram was your father's name?" He bent his eyes more eagerly than ever on her face.

"I never knew my father's name," she answered, in a low, agitated voice; "my mother's was the same as mine."

"Her maiden name, you mean? her maiden, not her married name?" he asked, eagerly and impatiently.

"I do not know which. When I was very young, she left my father's house; I was too young to know what name she bore there."

"Go on!" he cried, impetuously. "She left her husband's house—where did she go? what became of her?"

"She went from one place to another. We were very poor—she died at last of starvation!" and, sobbing, Hester hid her face upon her hands. The piercing gaze fell from her face now at last.

"Give me a seat," he whispered, in a low, hoarse voice, and, almost staggering, he moved back a step or two, and, sinking on a chair, his head fell down upon his breast.

No one approached or spoke to him; but kind and strengthening words were whispered into Hester's ear, and kind, warm hands clasped hers. But she could not answer them: her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the silent, intense gaze that she had fixed on Colonel Staunton's face. Suddenly, when more than a minute had gone by, he lifted his head again, and, rising for a moment from his chair, said slowly—

"Leave the room, all of you; let me speak alone with—my daughter."

A half-broken, stifled cry burst from Hester's bosom: not any word from her or any one. Silently, with only from Mr. Thurnell one pressure of the hand, they went away, and Colonel Staunton and Hester were left together.

"Hester! come near to me!" he said.

She came, almost mechanically, like one walking in her sleep; but when she had reached where he sat, and saw the hand that was coldly put out to meet her, something that the shock of his last words had deadened within her, sprang suddenly into life again. Forgetting every thing but what he was to her, she broke into a passionate flood of tears, and sobbing "Father!" she fell down at his feet, and clasped her hands around his knees.

He started at her sudden action, and for a moment almost shrank back from her; but, cold, and selfish, and almost heartless as he was, there was something so touching in the gush of undeserved, involuntary love with which she met him, that it awakened something like affection even in his bosom, and, yielding to the sudden impulse that he felt, he raised her from the ground, and whispering, "My poor child!—my poor injured child," he held her closely in his arms, and let her weep upon his bosom.

They sat down side by side, and talked together. She told him all her and her mother's sorrowful wanderings—how they had grown so poor and full of misery—how help came only when it was too late to save her mother's life—how the bread, for want of which she died, when it was brought to her at last, she could not eat; and, as she spoke, bitterly weeping herself, more than one tear rose to her father's eyes. But when, at last, after they had talked together long, she ventured timidly to ask a question that from the first had trembled on her lips, to ask what thing it was that drove her mother from her husband's house, his brow grew clouded, and his voice was full of anger, and, scarcely answering her question, he launched out into loud and violent denunciations of his wife's conduct, which Hester bore in silence, with a heaving heart, until her love and reverence for her mother's memory overcame all other feelings, and she broke forth with an indignant protest against his unjust words.

He did not answer her when she ceased speaking: perhaps she said some things that touched his conscience; but sat in silence with a frown upon his brow, until his daughter, grieving already that she had said so much, pressed back her tears, and timidly, but with deep earnestness, again began to speak:

"Oh, my father, forgive me for angering you in this first hour! I may have spoken foolishly, speaking of what I do not understand; but think how dear my mother was to me, and pardon me; and if she did wrong to leave you, oh, think of all she suffered!—of the wretched death she died!—and forgive her too! Perhaps—father, I am very bold—perhaps there was some fault both on her side and yours;—perhaps each of you misunderstood the other;—perhaps—oh, I know this well!—this happens often between people of high, noble natures!—you could not harmonize together, and so there grew up bitterness between you. Oh, father! let me make excuses for you both—not for her only! Let me love you both! I have loved her all my life—I must love her till I die! but my heart is yearning—oh, it has yearned so many long years—to love my father, too!"

Her eyes had grown so full of tears, that she could not raise them to his face; but, with hands pressed together, with her head bent down, and trembling with an agitation that she could not still, she waited for his answer. It came, and thrilled her with delight, for he held her in his arms again, and bade her love him—love him, as she had loved her mother, and prayed God to bless her, thanking Him for having given him back his child, to be a comfort and a joy to him in his old age.

They sat again together, hand in hand, and, with the sudden glow of generous feeling still

upon him, Colonel Staunton spoke about his wife:

"If I was harsh just now in mentioning your mother, Hester, pardon me. She was a noble and high-minded woman, and I loved her: I loved her, if ever I loved any thing in the world; but she—but—but—we both had faults. We were both warm-tempered. She was very haughty, haughty (and in the recollection of the past his brow began again to darken) as no woman should dare to be toward her husband. She left me in a moment of sudden passion. There was a quarrel, a violent quarrel; Hester, can you expect that I should tell you more? She was gone before I was aware of it, and when I knew it, every thing that it was possible to do, Hester—I give you my word for it—I did, to discover where she had gone, but the search was all in vain. After six months I gave it up, and left England. God knows, I forgive her now, all that she has made me suffer! Mine has been a lonely life—a very lonely life, my child! You have found your father a poor wreck, Hester; and it might have been very different if I had had a kind wife or daughter near me. It is a sad thing to be nursed by none but servants, Hester—a very sad thing!"

Colonel Staunton spoke in such a feeling voice, that the tears sprang into Hester's eyes, and, full of pity, she pressed her lips upon his hand, and murmured, "My poor father!" in such a tone of sympathy, that he probably became more than ever convinced of the greatness of the injury that had for so long been done him.

"But my dear child will not let her father be left again to the care of strangers! My daughter will be my kind nurse now—my kind nurse and my comforter—will she not?"

"Yes, while I live!" was the answer that came from Hester's heart; and again she pressed a long kiss on her father's hand, as if to seal her promise.

Thus Hester found her father: thus, at last, her life's wish was fulfilled, and in the fulfillment the whole current of her life was changed; for she had to leave the house where fourteen years had passed over her head so peacefully and so happily; she had to leave the generous, warm-hearted friends who had been kind and dear as a father and a sister to her, to become the unthanked nurse of an ailing, and overbearing, and selfish man, who, having acknowledged her as his child, and made her the heir of his property, considered that he had purchased the undoubted right to her ceaseless and faithful services while he lived. And she, in her gentle, patient way—it was strange how, with such parents, she had grown up so sweetly tempered—bent herself to his will, and, never murmuring, for ten long years devoted herself entirely to him, living in what sweet Lily Thurnell indignantly called, an absolute imprisonment—and called not untruly; for ever, as the time passed on, Colonel Staunton grew more and more fretful and impatient if she left him even for a few hours, complaining, with such bitter words, that it was hard his own daughter, a girl who had been a poor dependent upon a stranger's charity until her good fortune led him to discover her, should grudge the little attendance on him that he asked; and so wringing her gentle heart—he soon learnt how easily it could be wrung—by talking with affected emotion of the relief his death would be to her, that at last she scarcely ever ventured from the house; and for some years she never saw either Mr. Thurnell or Lily, except when they came, sometimes at long intervals, to visit her at her father's.

A little paler, and a little thinner, and a little sadder-looking, poor Hester grew with every year, and with ever-increasing anxiety and regret her kind friends watched the gradual change; but she never complained, never said that she was ill or weary, never breathed, during all her years of trial, a single discontented word. She had learnt in her childhood such a lesson of patient suffering, that to bear without murmuring seemed almost natural to her.

After ten years had passed, Colonel Staunton died. He never, to the last moment of his life, recognized his daughter's noble spirit of self-sacrifice, but because he spoke kindly to her, and ceased his usual outbursts of ill-temper during the last few days of his illness, she thought herself repaid for all that she had done for him; and when he died, she felt as sorrowful and desolate as though she had lost a real father and a friend. On the day of the funeral, Mr. Thurnell took her home with him again; and there, once more, in the sunshine and the warmth, her heart expanded, and her joy returned, and her pale cheeks recovered their glow of health.

And in that home she still at this time lives, for she has never married, saying laughingly, that she has no time to spare upon a husband; and, indeed, to judge by how fully her time is occupied now without one, it would seem that she must be tolerably in the right; for Mr. Thurnell, though a hale old man, is troubled now and then with a fit of gout, and at such times Hester is his willing nurse; and, of late years, too, he has been a good deal impressed with the opinion, that the spectacles of the present day are not at all to be compared with those of twenty years ago, and therefore he entertains any thing but an objection to Hester's reading out to him—and accordingly Hester does read aloud for two or three hours a day. Then Lily, who lives mostly in London, for Mr. Staunton is a lawyer there, is so continually beseeching Hester to come and stay with her, that she has, at least three or four times a year, to perform a little journey on the Great Western Railway for that purpose, and seldom returns home again without one or other of Lily's children, whose constitutions, they being already the strongest and healthiest little fellows in the world, grandpapa and Cousin Hester are always extremely anxious still more to strengthen and

improve by country air; and Hester is consequently rarely without a wild, high-spirited boy to take charge of, which—for she has an unconquerable love for helping him in all his games—occupies no little portion of her time. Then there are old women in little two-roomed cottages who always brighten at the sight of Hester's gentle, cheerful face upon the threshold; and mothers, with large families, who are not much skilled in needle-work, and never can get their children decently clothed, unless Hester buys, and cuts out, and sews for them; and fathers who are always falling out of work, and leaving the management of their affairs to Hester; and a school which Hester has built herself, and where she must go and teach: and so many more little duties and pleasures than it is possible to enumerate, to be got through every day of her life, that the only wonder is, how she finds any time—not for a husband, *he* is out of the question—but any at all even for herself.

And so, quietly, and busily, and peacefully, Hester Staunton's days pass on. Around her there is nothing but sunshine and content, and love; and, each making the other's life happy, she and her father—for once more they have become father and daughter to each other—thank God from day to day for the Providence that brought them first together.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

For a bright manhood there is no such word as *fail*.

SUCCESS is generally regarded, in the opinion of the public, as the best test of a man: and there is some foundation for the opinion. But impressions greatly vary as to what constitutes true success. With the greater number it means success in business, and making money. Of one we hear it said—"There goes a successful man: he has made thirty thousand pounds within the last twelve months." Of another—"There you see a man who commenced life as a laborer; but by dint of industry, perseverance, and energy, he has amassed a large fortune, bought a landed estate, and lives the life of a country gentleman, though he can hardly yet write his own name: *that's* what I call success." Or of another—"That is Mr. ——, the great astronomer, who was originally the son of a small farmer, and by diligent study and application he has now reached the first rank among scientific men; yet they say he is very poor, and can barely make the ends meet." We suspect that most people would rather exchange places with the laborer than with the astronomer, so ready are we to estimate success and worldly position according to the money standard.

The idea instilled into the minds of most boys, from early life, is that of "getting on." The parents test themselves by their own success in this respect; and they impart the same notion to their children. "Mak siller, Jock," said a Scotch laird to his son, "mak siller—honestly if you can, but mak it." The same counsel, if not in the same words, is that which is imparted, at least by example, if not in express language, to most boys. They have set before them the glory of making their fortunes. That is their "mission," and many perform it diligently, heeding little else but money-making throughout life. Public opinion justifies them in their course—public opinion approving above all things the man who has "made his fortune." But public opinion is not always correct; and sometimes, as in this case, it is obnoxious to the sarcastic query of the French wit who once asked, "And, pray, how many fools does it take to make a public?"

Yet worldly success, considered in the money aspect, is by no means a thing to be undervalued. It is a very proper object of desire, and ought to be pursued—honestly. A man's success in the accumulation of wealth, indicates that he is possessed of at least some virtues: it is true they are of the lower sort—still they are estimable. It is not necessary that a man shall be largely gifted with intelligence, or that he shall have a benevolent disposition, to enable him to accumulate money. Let him scrape long and diligently, and he will grow rich in time. Diligence and perseverance are virtues enough for the mere money-maker. But it is possible that the gold, when made, may lie very heavy indeed upon all the other virtues, and crush both mind and heart under their load.

Worldly success *may*, however, be pursued and achieved with the help of intelligence; and it may be used, as it always ought to be used, as the means of self-improvement and of enlarged benevolence. It is as noble an aim to be a great merchant or manufacturer, as to be a great statesman or philosopher—provided the end is attained by noble means. A merchant or manufacturer can help on humanity as well as other men—can benefit others while he is enriching himself, and set before the world a valuable example of intelligent industry and enterprise. He can exhibit honesty in high places—for in these days we need examples of honesty very much; indeed, a wit has observed, that in the arithmetic of the counter, two and two do *not* make four. And to test that remark, you have only to gauge a modern pint bottle.

But many successful merchants have declared, that in the end "Honesty is always the best policy." The honest man may not get rich so fast as the dishonest one, but the success will be of a truer kind, earned without fraud, injustice, or crime. "He cozened not me, but his own conscience," said old Bishop Latimer, of a cutler who had made him pay twopence for a knife not worth a penny. Even though honesty should bring *ill* success, still a man must be honest. Better lose all and save honor. "Mak siller" by all means, but make it honestly; otherwise, as the Scriptures express it, in such terrible words—"it will eat your flesh as it were fire."

Success in life is also attained through the practice of economy—another excellent virtue.

But money is so often esteemed as a means of enabling us to take front seats in society, to live in better style, and to produce a glare in the faces of other people, that even many of those persons who have achieved apparent "success in life," are not particularly observant of this homely virtue. We are fonder of living up to the means, and even of living beyond the means, than of living within them. But the end comes at last; and what may have seemed success, often proves a bubble.

Fortunes are made by perseverance; though many try to achieve them as generals do a victory—at a blow. They make a dash at success—speculate largely, and are ready to venture every thing upon a cast. They regard the share and stock market as another Aladdin's Lamp—only give it a rub, and lo! the genii are expected to come with gold at their bidding. But unhappily the speculator as often rubs the wrong as the right way, and then, instead of a gain, there is a loss. And even when there is a gain in that manner, it does a man but little good; for, "what is got over the ——'s back"—you know the familiar proverb well enough, we dare say. These eager-to-be-rich people miss the mark because of their very eagerness. They have not the patience to wait; and De Maistre, the wise Frenchman, says, that "to know how to wait, is the great means of success."

Success in life requires the daily practice of other familiar virtues; as, for instance, punctuality, prudence, foresight, caution—and yet, also, decision and enterprise. Let a man practice these virtues faithfully, and he will almost infallibly succeed in life—that is, he will succeed in accumulating money and rising in social position.

But what avails it all unless the possession of the money makes the man better, wiser, and happier? Is not the life that has ended merely in the accumulation of a huge pile of gold to all intents and purposes a failure, unless the man has been thereby somewhat elevated in the dignity of a thinking being—made more fitted to enjoy life himself, and to communicate blessings to others?

And here let us say, that the success in life which is merely tested by the money standard is an altogether false one. So far as the virtues go which are necessary to be practiced by a successful man of business, they are very well, and the money accumulated is also very good; but in itself it is only so much dross, unless it is used as a means of enjoyment and usefulness. Thousands of men are now making their fortunes by gold-gathering at the Australian diggings. By late advices from Melbourne, there is one laboring man who, after six months digging, had accumulated £24,000 in the bank. There was success! But what did it amount to? The man had accumulated as much metal as would sell in the world's market for the sum above mentioned. There are thousands of other men scraping and digging in the mud and dirt round about Mount Alexander and Ballarat, who are also accumulating gold with like rapidity, and with extraordinary success. And the men return with their gold, richer—abler to command the luxuries of life—with more abundant means of entering upon a career of dissipation; but no better men, no more deserving of admiration, no more worthy of esteem or applause—often, indeed, worse men, hardened in heart, and corrupted in nature, because of their very wealth.

We must set up some other test than gold, then, for true success in life. What shall it be? In this country the possession of acres gives a man a great weight in society; and generally it gives him a high standing. A long rent-roll and as long a pedigree—these are the standards of success come down to us from the feudal times. But the gold-gatherers are coming in upon these men, and buying them out. We have successful laborers, successful merchants, successful bankers, and successful manufacturers, becoming large landed proprietors, and rapidly taking the place of the old squires and landed aristocracy of the country. But this is only the power of gold in another form; and we must have another test besides either breadth of acres or length of purse. As for birth, we can all boast of that. The pedigree of the meanest is as long as that of the greatest. Many of us have lost count, but we all look back to Adam. We do not know that any nobleman can get beyond that.

The truest test of success in life is Character. Has a man built up, not a fortune, but a well-disciplined, well-regulated character? Has he acquired, not mere gold or acres, but virtue, benevolence, and wisdom? Is he distinguished, not for his ingots, but for his philanthropy? That is the only true test of a man.

Gold is every day becoming of less consideration in society. There are so many rich men already, and likely to be so many more richer still, that the possession of mere wealth will entitle a man to no consideration of itself, unless accompanied by some other more rational claims to distinction and respect. The rulers of opinion—the men of mark in society in this day, are most of them self-raised men. They may be rich men—that is very well so far; but they are also men of moral power—of scientific skill—of enlightened judgment—and of large public spirit. It is not the mere power of the till which these men wield, but the power which works in their moral character and disciplined experience. These are the strong men in Parliament now—one of whom was a weaver-boy, another a commercial traveler, and the third a pit-man's boy. Yet these individuals exercise a greater power in society than the roll of dukes or the bench of bishops. One has distinguished himself by his pen, another by his legislative power, and the third by his works—unrivaled in any age. These men are embodiments of success in the truest and highest sense.

It is personal qualities, not the accident of birth or the accumulation of gold or acres, which tell upon society at large. Money is power, it

is true; but so are intelligence, public spirit, and moral virtue, powers, too, and far nobler powers. The making of a fortune may enable many to enter the list of the fashionable and the gentle classes, but it does no more. To be esteemed there, they must possess qualities of mind, manners, or heart, else they are mere rich people—nothing more. There are men in the city almost as rich as Crœsus, who have no consideration extended to them—who elicit no respect—for why? They are but money-bags. Compare them, for instance, with the pamphleteer who gave us the penny postage, and how infinitely less respectable are they! It is the same throughout society. The men of weight—the successful and the useful men—are not necessarily rich men. They are men of sterling character—men of probity and moral excellence. Even the poor man, though he possess but little of this world's goods, may, in the self-consciousness of a well-cultivated nature—of opportunities used, and not abused—of a life spent and improved to the best of his ability—look down, without the slightest feeling of envy, upon the mere man of worldly success—the man of money-bags and acres.

A TEETOTALER'S STORY.

AMONG the energetic workers of the present day, the teetotalers are unquestionably entitled to take a first place. Those who are not teetotalers cheerfully admit this. We have seen the fruits of their labors, and can bear witness that they are good. We have seen them raise from the very sink of vice and depravity men whom every other missionary had abandoned in despair. We know many whom they have elevated from pauperism into comfort, from pollution into cleanliness, from degradation into respectability, from habitual drunkenness into habitual sobriety.

Many are the thrilling tales that teetotalers could tell, of men dragged from the slough of sin into the pure air and sunlight of social well-being and well-doing. But teetotalers are not literary; the hardest workers among them are working men, who have been their own educators. They have no time to write tales, even if they had the literary culture. But teetotal literature is advancing, and the day may come when some genius will arise from the ranks of the teetotalers, to portray the condition of the drunkard, and stir up a universal desire to alleviate their lot, and rescue them from the depths of vice and misery.

We shall never forget a tale of a rescued drunkard, told by one of the teetotal lecturers. It was a statement of his own experience, and its truth can at this day be attested by thousands. The story was told in a rather broad, uncouth dialect, for the speaker had originally been a factory workman, and had raised himself by his own industry and energy, chiefly in this very teetotal cause, to a respectable and highly useful position in society. We despair of being able to impart to our readers the full force of the story as told by the narrator, or to produce any thing like the thrilling effect which he produced upon the meeting in question—for there is an electric influence in the spoken words, which is lost when it is attempted to commit them to the written paper:

"I was out on my first teetotal journey," said the narrator, "and was very new to my mission. I remember that I was dressed in a velveteen cut-away coat, with white mother-of-pearl buttons—just a raw factory lad, full of enthusiasm for the cause: but that is worth a good deal, as you know.

"I reached a town in the northern part of the country. It was a fine summer evening, when I went out into the street to address the people. I borrowed a chair from a poor woman, after being rebuffed from several doors, and carrying it into an open space, near which some children were playing, and laboring people sauntering about after their day's work, I planted the chair there, mounted it, and began to speak—not without great flutterings at heart, and serious qualms as to the success of my speech.

"At the sound of my voice the children ceased from their play and gathered round me, and several of the saunterers also turned aside to hear what I had got to say. At first, some thought I was selling pills; others took me for a Mormon; and when I began to talk about teetotalism—this new-fangled doctrine of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink—my slender audience began to giggle, some of them jeered at 'fustian-jacket,' and several of them guffawed outright. This was not a very encouraging beginning for a raw speaker.

"While I was still talking, I saw a drunken man swaggering along in the distance, with a lot of boys about him calling out names, and provoking him to swear at them in return. He seemed to notice the little group collected about me, and, like most drunken men when they see a crowd, he at once made toward us. Now, thought I, my evening's work is fairly spoilt: this drunken fellow will put the finisher to my speech; and as he came rolling along, some of the crowd gleefully called out, as if they expected a row, 'Here comes Charley Brown—a real teetotaler: hurrah for Charley!' The children set up a shout; the drunken man staggered in among the audience; and I went on with my speech

"I could not keep my eyes off the man: he was a frightful example of the degradation to which habitual drunkenness may bring one. He was tall and powerfully made, but he was clothed in rags, dirty and unkempt, and his face was one mass of red blotch. The man fixed his drunken eyes upon me as I spoke, and I felt encouraged by his attention, degraded and outcast though he looked. I went on, in homely words drawing a picture of the wretched life of the drunkard, his beggared home, his neglected children, and his ruined wife; and urged again and again that the only radical cure was the teetotal one—

abstinence at once and for ever from all intoxicating drinks.

"By this time, some other tipsy men had joined the audience, and I was told that a beer-shop keeper was among them, who kept up a fire of interruptions, shouting out, 'It's a lie!' 'You're a fool!' and such like: and pieces of rubbish and dirt began to be thrown at me from the outskirts of the crowd.

"At this, the drunken man, whom the crowd had saluted by the name of 'Charley,' strode forward, and pushing his way up to where I stood, stretched forth his hand to me. My first thought was, that he meant to pull me down from my chair, and the delighted audience thought so too; but the man called out instead, that I must 'shake hands with him,' which I did at once; and then the man, clapping me on the shoulder, called out, 'Go on, good lad, and let Charley Brown see the man that dares to meddle wi' you!'

"As I afterward learnt, this Charley was the terror of his neighborhood; he was the greatest fighter in the place, and his bashed face bore many evidences of his pugilism as well as of his drunkenness. So his patronage at once quelled the rising insults of the crowd, and I was permitted quietly to finish my address. At the end, I offered to take the names of any persons present who might be disposed to join the Teetotal Society, and to my surprise—I may almost say my dismay—the only one who offered to join was the drunken man 'Charley.' I, of course, regarded his taking the pledge as a joke, and offered to defer it until the following morning. 'No!' said he, 'NOW, NOW—I'm your man.' So I took his pledge—I confess reluctantly, and amidst much laughter. No one dared to follow his example—it seemed only too ludicrous.

"Well, I returned the chair to the poor woman from whom I had borrowed it, and was about to proceed toward my humble lodging; but Charley would not leave me. He insisted on accompanying me, arm-in-arm, across the market-place, down the High Street—people coming to their doors to see us pass, and wondering what new mischief that drunken pest had been brewing. Charley even insisted on my going to his house to see his wife and family. I consented to go, for I found I could not shake him off; and I was afterward glad I went.

"I was introduced to the Drunkard's Home, and a more destitute, wretched home I never entered. Down several steps from the street, in a house situated in one of the poorest districts of the place, I landed on the clay floor of Charley Brown's hovel! his wife, ragged and heart-broken, sat by the hearth with a crying child on her knee, and others about her feet. There was scarcely a scrap of furniture in the room; it had been broken to pieces during the drunken outbreaks of her husband, or pawned by him to supply his ravenous appetite for drink. The children were ragged and dirty. There was no place for me to sit down upon, but I stood for a few minutes and told the trembling wife what was my errand to the town, what her husband had that night promised me—that he would entirely abstain from drink for the future; and, turning to him, said I—'Charley, I hope you will keep your promise LIKE A MAN!'. 'I will!' said he; 'I am *determined* that I will; and you shall see.' I confess that I despaired! the case seemed so hopeless. Nevertheless, I tried to hope, and I encouraged him as well as I could, and urged his wife to aid him in his good resolution.

"The poor woman told me her brief and pitiful story. When she married Charley Brown, he was the handsomest fellow in the place, and one of the best workmen, though rather 'gay.' He was a bootmaker by trade, and when he stuck to his work he could make abundant wages. But latterly, he had been making very short time, and every thing that he made, as well as all their furniture and most of their clothing, had gone for drink. It was a story similar to thousands more—fit to make the heart bleed.

"I took my leave, but promised to call in the morning before leaving town. I did so, and found Charley at his work. He was now quite sober, and distinctly remembered the promise of the previous night. He still said that he was resolved to keep the pledge, and that he would do so. My hopes about the man were now raised, though they were still very weak: and encouraging him to abide by his good resolution, I left him.

"A year passed, and I revisited the town. Of course, my first thought was, what had become of Charley Brown. Often had I reflected about my first visit, and my one convert; and I wondered whether a character so desperate could by this or any other means be made good for any thing. Charley being what is called a 'notorious character' in the town, I had no difficulty in finding him out, though he had removed to another quarter. I knocked at his door, and was admitted. Could I believe my eyes? Was this clean and contented-looking woman the same whom, wretched and ragged, I had visited in the drunkard's home in —— Street but a short year ago? Were these healthy children the same that I had seen, peevish and dirty, sprawling on the mud floor of the old beggar's hovel? It was indeed so! The woman sprang to me with a 'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' and shook me cordially by the hand. 'Oh, how much we owe you, sir—come in, come in!'

"The woman's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She could not do too much for me—offered me the best chair to sit down upon—insisted I should have tea and cake—that I must wait until Charles came in—he would be back presently: and I was resolved to see him, for already I saw clearly enough that the cure was fairly at work, and that the drunken convert had unexpectedly proved a good and true man.

"Of course, I inquired into the cause of the immense improvement which I saw every where

around me, in the wife and children, in the furniture of the dwelling, and in the air of comfort which pervaded the place. The story was soon told. 'Charles had kept the pledge. It was a terrible struggle with him at first; but he is a man of a strong will and great force of purpose; so he persevered—gave up his former acquaintances—abandoned the drinking-houses, and stuck to his work. You know, Charles is a capital workman—the best bootmaker in the place, sir. So the wages came in on Saturday nights regular. We soon redeemed our furniture and eight-day clock, which lay in pledge; bought better food and better clothes; and a month or two since we removed to this better house. We have now all that we need to make us comfortable; and if Charles perseveres, by God's blessing, we shall be an honor to the cause in this place, sir. Only last night Charles was speaking of sending the youngest boy to school, where the others already are; and then we shall be all in the way of becoming wiser and better. Oh, sir, it was a blessed day for us, that which brought you to this place, and led Charles to take that pledge. It has been the making of us all.' And the tears were now standing full in her eyes, and dropping down her cheeks. For me, I was quite overcome by her story, and felt more encouraged to persevere in the work than ever I had done before.

"Charley soon made his appearance; he had been carrying home some of his work. The alteration in his appearance was so great that I could scarcely have recognized him: he was clean and well dressed; and on conversing with him I found him intelligent and manly—really a fine hearted fellow at bottom, though his better qualities as a man had so long been obscured and blighted by the accursed drink. We had some delightful conversation together, and the upshot of it was, that a teetotal meeting was determined on for the following evening, when Charley was to appear by me on the platform. The meeting took place, and it was a most successful one. The ice had been fairly broken, and the cause now made steady progress in the town.

"Years passed, and I again visited the scene of my early labors. I wrote to my friend Charles that I was coming by the coach on such a day: and as we drove up to the inn where the coach halted, who should be there but my friend Charles, more improved than ever in appearance. He was now dressed in superfine cloth, and was as spruce as a shop-keeper. He insisted on carrying my carpet-bag, but I almost thought shame to allow him to do so—it seemed so much beneath his appearance.

"'You will scarcely know us now, sir—the good cause has prospered us so much.'

"I was surprised, indeed, when he led me into the market-place; and there, pointing to a sign-board over a respectable-looking shop, I read the words, in gold letters—CHARLES BROWN, BOOTMAKER. I was indeed amazed! My astonishment was increased when, entering his shop, and passing the valuable stock of goods which it contained, I was introduced up-stairs into a comfortable, even handsomely-furnished room, where the tea-things were set out upon the table, and 'Mrs. Brown' was anxiously waiting to give me a hearty welcome.

"I need not pursue the story further. Charles Brown is now one of the most respectable, respected, and thriving inhabitants of his native town: he is owner of a house and lot; and, what is better, is himself a member of a Christian church; and I cite him wherever I go, as one of the most memorable and blessed instances of the renovating, life-giving, and happiness-bestowing power of Teetotalism."

RELAXATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

MEN of the strongest minds need relaxation. The bow can not always be kept bent, otherwise its elasticity is irretrievably injured. Like it, the human mind must be relaxed from time to time, to allow it to recover its strength and tone. This lesson is well taught in the traditionary story related of the Apostle John. A hunter one day passing, appeared much surprised at seeing him caressing a little bird with all the delight of a child. The well-beloved disciple observing his astonishment, said to the hunter, "Why do not you keep your bow always bent?" "Because it would soon lose its strength if it were always strung." "Well!" replied the old man, "it would be the same with my mind; if I gave it no relaxation, it would, in like manner, lose its force."

It is interesting to note the amusements of learned and great men of present and past times. Their predilections, their private tastes, their amusements, their domestic habits, their relaxations—in a word, all that satisfies them, annoys them, amuses them—are capable of furnishing useful lessons to our race; for a man's manners and habits help us to a knowledge of him, and are the best evidence of his real character.

Many great men have delighted in passing their hours of relaxation in the company of children. This betokens a pure and loving nature. Richter says, the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Henry IV. was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and little caprices. One day, when crawling round his room on all-fours, on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back, and the other children about him urging the king to gallop in imitation of a horse, an embassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked, "Have *you* children, Mr. Embassador?" "Yes, sire" "In that case I proceed with the sport," replied the king.

The Duke of Wellington was, in like manner, extremely fond of children, and was a general favorite with them. He enjoyed their gambols, took part in them, and was constantly presenting them with little keepsakes and presents. The opera was his chief amusement; and he

was a regular frequenter of both houses as well as of the Ancient and other first-class concerts.

Leibnitz used to pass months together in his study, engaged with his laborious investigations. At such times his only relaxation consisted in collecting about him in his study children of both sexes, whom he watched; and sometimes he took part in their frolics. Seated in his easy chair, he delighted to observe their lively movements, to listen to their conversation, and to observe their several dispositions; and when his soul had sufficiently enjoyed the innocent spectacle, he would dismiss the children with sweetmeats, and return to his studies with renewed energy.

Louis Racine says of his father, that he took part in all the children's sports. "I remember a procession we once had," says he in his memoirs, "in which my sisters played the part of the clergy, I was the curate, and the author of *Athalie*, singing in chorus with us, carried the cross."

Napoleon, like Wellington, was fond of children. He used to take the infant king of Rome in his arms, and standing in front of a mirror with him, there made the oddest grimaces in the glass. At breakfast, he would take the child upon his knee, dip his finger in the sauce, and daub his face with it: the child's governess scolded, the emperor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of his father. Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the emperor, were almost always sure of being favorably received.

Napoleon also took great delight in the sound of bells. Bourrienne relates, that when walking with him in the avenue at Malmaison, the village bell would interrupt him in his conversation about the gravest matters. He would stop suddenly, and listen, as if not to lose a note; and he seemed to be annoyed at those who did not experience the same delight in bells that he himself did. Once he observed, with emotion, "That sound recalls to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne: I was happy then!"

Louis XIV.'s brother, the duke of Orleans, was also passionately fond of bells, and cared for no other music. He always made a point of resorting to Paris at the times when the bells were set a-ringing, as, for instance, on the day when the vigil of the dead is rung. He used to declare that the ringing gave him a delight quite beyond expression.

Who would have imagined that the grave, the philosophic Socrates, during his hours of leisure, took pleasure in dancing? Yet it was so! By dancing, leaping, and other exercises of the body, he preserved his bodily health; and at other times, when not in the humor for physical exercise, he amused himself by playing upon the lyre, which tuned and tempered his mind. These old Greeks took much more rational methods of educating and developing the whole nature of man than we moderns do. They regarded physical education as the groundwork of mental; and sought to train the bodily powers and develop the muscular energies at the same time that they cultivated the mind by discipline and study. "A sound mind in *a sound body*," was one of their most current maxims.

Many other wise men, besides Socrates, have taken great delight in music. Epaminondas, a famous Grecian general, used to take pleasure in singing at the village festivals. The cruel Nero "fiddled while Rome was burning,"—at least he played the harp, for there were not, as yet, fiddles in those days. Luther delighted in playing the flute, and thus used to soothe his excited feelings. Frederick II. of Prussia, allayed the most violent agonies of mind with the same instrument. An hour's playing generally sufficed to reduce him to perfect tranquillity. Milton delighted in playing the organ; and composed several fine psalm tunes, which are, to this day, sung in our churches. Bentham was passionately fond of music, and played the organ; there was scarcely a room in his house without a piano. He took pleasure even in running his fingers over the keys. Gainsborough, the painter, was a capital performer on the violin.

Byron's great delight was flowers; and while in Italy, he purchased a fresh bouquet every day. He had flowers in every room; and he said to Lady Blessington, that they filled him with a sweet melancholy, and inspired him with serious thoughts. Byron was also fond of animals. In his youth he made a friend of a boar, and, later in life, he formed attachments to dogs—the epitaph on one of which he caused to be graved on its tombstone.

More lovers of children! Cato the censor, no matter howsoever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home in the morning without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby! Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them! A great diversion of the emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for the purpose—Moorish and Syrian children being his chief favorites. There was one little fellow, of the name of Nucius, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who, nevertheless, had a prodigious voice; he was an especial favorite. Rousseau said, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together. "I have often," says he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them." Yet, inconceivable inconsistency! Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them!

The attachment which some men have formed for animals of various kinds, is an amusing subject. When philosophers have had neither wife nor children, they have taken to dogs, horses, serpents, birds, and even spiders! Goethe rarely passed a day without bringing out from

the chimney corner a live snake which he kept there, and caressing it like a bosom friend. Tiberius, a Roman emperor, also made an intimate companion of a serpent, which he trained to take food out of his hand. Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which made him as sad as if he had lost a battle. Honorius, another Roman emperor, was so grieved at the loss of a hen, named Roma, that he would willingly have given Rome itself to bring it back: but Alaric had taken Rome. The emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies. Louis XI. when ill at Plessis-le-Tours, only found pleasure in an exhibition of dancing pigs, oddly dressed up, which were trained for his special entertainment.

Richter was very fond of tame animals, which he constantly had about him. Sometimes a mouse; then a great white cross spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a little door beneath, by which he could feed his prisoner with dead flies. In the autumn he collected the winter food for his little tree-frog and his tame spider. "How I wish," he wrote once to his friend Otto, "that you could have met me in the street or in the Harmony; then you would have seen my little squirrel upon my shoulder, who bites no longer."

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so much as his monkey. He was one day painting a picture of a noble family, when the intelligence was brought to him of his ape's death. He could scarcely contain his grief, and lamented his unhappy lot. Sobbing and crying, he forthwith began delineating the form of the ape upon the family picture. They remonstrated with him, and protested that an ape was quite out of place in the company of such distinguished personages. The family were most indignant, and ordered him to efface the traces of the animal. But he continued to weep, and went on painting his ape. The head of the family demanded to know whether it was *his* portrait or that of a monkey which Rembrandt was pretending to delineate? "It *is* the portrait of a monkey," said Rembrandt. "Then you may keep the picture." "I think so," said the painter. And the picture still survives.

Henry III. of France was so foolishly fond of spaniels, that he used to carry a litter of them in a basket suspended round his neck when giving his audiences. His passion for these animals cost him on the average not less than a hundred thousand crowns a year. Charles I. of England was also excessively fond of spaniels; and the breed of his dogs is still famous in this country. Frederick the Great was also a great dog-fancier.

The painter Razzi formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf asses, he-goats, tortoises, and Elba ponies. Besides these he had an enormous raven, who gravely strode about among the other animals, as if he were the exhibitor of this Noah's ark. When any one knocked at the outer door, the raven called "Come in!" in a loud voice.

Pelisson, confined in the Bastille, made a friend of a spider, which he tamed. The jailer one day, seeing Pelisson take pleasure in contemplating the insect, crushed it under his foot, and left the prisoner distressed and melancholy at the loss of his friend. Latude, in the same prison, made companions of some six-and-twenty rats who inhabited his cell. He gave each of them a name; and they learnt to come to him at his call. He fed them, played with them, and they thus greatly relieved the *ennui* of his captivity.

But Latude only made friends of rats from necessity. The Marquis de Montespan, in perfect freedom of choice, had the extraordinary taste to amuse himself with mice, when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. True, the mice were white, and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia; but the taste was a most odd one, nevertheless.

Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister, employed his leisure in playing with an ape; and Cardinal Richelieu amused himself with his collection of cats. The poet Alfieri was proud of his horses, and took great delight in fondling and caressing them. Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares.

There are other historic names associated with pet animals, among which may be named the vulture of Semiramis, the butterfly of Virgil, the starling of Nero, the ape of Commodus, the sparrow of Heliogabalus, and the dove of Mohammed.

Finally, among the other relaxations of learned and great men may be mentioned Calvin's game of throwing dice along a table—whereas Luther was great in nine-pins. When he knocked down all the pins at a stroke he was as much delighted as if he had upset all the papists. Boileau was also very fond of the same game, and when he prostrated the nine-pins, he was better pleased than if he had completed his best ode. Massillon the preacher used to assemble Oratorians and Jesuits in his room, and set them to play at chess together, meanwhile exhorting them never to engage in any less innocent warfare. Buffon's great delight was in gleaning the village gossip from the village barber during his morning toilet. Charlemagne's chief relaxation and pleasure consisted in swimming in a bath, together with his sons, officers, and others. Charlemagne beat them all at swimming. Boyle the philosopher's great delight, like Curran's, was to watch the exhibition of puppet-shows. The performance of Punchinello invariably drew him into the street, and he did not mind standing in the midst of a shower of rain to witness it. In like manner, Tasso's liveliest amusement was to see masquerades, and to enjoy the diversions of the populace during the public festivals. Who knows but that there may be many wise men now "about town," who take part privily, but sweetly, in the annual diversions of our Greenwich fair?

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER L.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

IT happened that when I came home from Deal I found a note from Caddy Jellyby, informing me that her health, which had been for some time very delicate, was worse, and that she would be more glad than she could tell me if I would go to see her. It was a note of a few lines, written from the couch on which she lay, and inclosed to me in another from her husband, in which he seconded her entreaty with much solicitude. Caddy was now the mother, and I the godmother, of such a poor little baby—such a tiny, old-faced mite, with a countenance that seemed to be scarcely any thing but cap-border, and a little lean, long-fingered hand, that was always clenched under its chin. It would lie in this attitude all day, with its bright specks of eyes open, wondering (as I used to imagine) how it came to be so small. Whenever it was moved it cried; but at all other times it was so patient, that the sole desire of its life appeared to be, to lie quiet, and think. It had curious little dark veins in its face, and curious little dark marks under its eyes, like weak remembrances of poor Caddy's inky days; and altogether, to those who were not used to it, it was quite a piteous little sight.

But it was enough for Caddy that *she* was used to it. The projects with which she beguiled her illness for little Esther's education, and little Esther's marriage, and even for her own old age, as the grandmother of little Esther's little Esthers, were so prettily expressive of devotion to this pride of her life, that I should be tempted to recall some of them, but for the timely remembrance that I am getting on irregularly as it is.

To return to the letter. Caddy had a superstition about me, which had been strengthening in her mind ever since that night long ago, when she had lain asleep with her head in my lap. She almost—I think I must say quite—believed that I did her good whenever I was near her. Now, although this was such a fancy of the affectionate girl's, that I am almost ashamed to mention it, still it might have all the force of a fact when she was really ill. So I set off to Caddy, with my Guardian's consent, post-haste; and she and Prince made so much of me, that there never was any thing like it.

Next day I went again to sit with her, and next day I went again. It was a very easy journey, for I had only to rise a little earlier in the morning, and keep my accounts, and attend to house-keeping matters before leaving home. But when I had made these three visits, my Guardian said to me, in his own kind way, on my return at night:

"Now, little woman, little woman, this will never do. Constant dropping will wear away a stone, and constant fatigue will wear out a Dame Durden. We will go to London for a while, and take possession of our old lodgings."

"Not for me, dear Guardian," said I, "for I never feel tired," which was strictly true. I was only too happy to be in such request.

"For me, then," returned my Guardian; "or for Ada, or for both of us. It is somebody's birthday to-morrow, I think."

"Truly, I think it is," said I, kissing my darling, who would be twenty-one to-morrow.

"Well," observed my Guardian, half-pleasantly, half-seriously, "that's a great occasion, and will give my fair cousin some necessary business to transact in assertion of her independence, and will make London a more convenient place for all of us. So to London we will go. That being settled, there is another thing—how have you left Caddy?"

"Very unwell, Guardian. I fear it will be a long time before she regains her health and strength."

"What do you call a long time, now?" asked my Guardian, thoughtfully.

"Some weeks, I am afraid."

"Ah!" He began to walk about the room with his hands in his pockets, showing that he had been thinking as much. "Now what do you say about her doctor? Is he a good doctor, my dear?"

"I feel obliged to confess that I know nothing to the contrary; but that Prince and I had agreed only that evening, that we would like his opinion to be confirmed by some one."

"Well!" returned my Guardian, quickly, "there's Woodcourt."

I had not meant that, and was rather taken by surprise. For a moment, all that I had had in my mind in connection with Mr. Woodcourt seemed to come back and confuse me.

"You don't object to him, little woman?"

"Object to him, Guardian? Oh, no!"

"And you don't think the patient would object to him?"

So far from that, I had no doubt of her being prepared to have a great reliance on him, and to like him very much. I said that he was no stranger to her personally, for she had seen him often in his kind attendance on Miss Flite.

"Very good," said my Guardian. "He has been here to-day, my dear, and I will see him about it to-morrow."

I felt, in this short conversation—though I did not know how, for she was quiet and we interchanged no look—that my dear girl well remembered how merrily she had clasped me round the waist, when no other hands than Caddy's had brought me the little parting token. This caused me to feel that I ought to tell her and Caddy too, that I was going to be the mistress of Bleak House; and that if I avoided that disclosure any longer, I might become less worthy in my own eyes of its master's love. Therefore, when we went up-stairs, and had waited listening until the clocks struck twelve, in order that only I might be the first to wish my darling all good wishes on her birthday, and to take her to my heart; I set before her, just as I had set before

* Continued from the June Number.

myself, the goodness and honor of her cousin John, and the happy life that was in store for me. If ever my darling were fonder of me at one time than at another in all our intercourse, she was surely fondest of me that night. And I was so blest to know it, and so comforted by the sense of having done right in casting this last idle reservation away, that I was ten times happier than I had been before. I had scarcely thought it a reservation a few hours ago; but now it was gone, I felt as if I understood its nature better.

Next day we went to London. We found our old lodging vacant, and in half an hour were quietly established there, as if we had never gone away. Mr. Woodcourt dined with us to celebrate my darling's birthday, and we were as pleasant as we could be with the great blank among us that Richard's absence naturally made upon such an occasion. After that day I was for some weeks—seven or eight as I remember—very much with Caddy, and thus it fell out that I saw less of Ada at this time than any other since we had first come together, except the time of my own illness. She often came to Caddy's, but our function there was to amuse and cheer her, and therefore we did not talk in our usual confidential manner. Whenever I went home at night we were together; but Caddy's rest was broken by pain, and I often remained to nurse her.

With her husband and her poor little mite of a baby to love, and their home to strive for, what a good creature Caddy was! so self-denying and uncomplaining, so anxious to get well on their account, so afraid of giving trouble, and so thoughtful of the unassisted labors of her husband, and the comforts of old Mr. Turveydrop; I had never known the best of her until now. And it seemed so curious that her pale face and helpless figure should be lying there day after day, where dancing was the business of life; where the kit and the apprentices began early every morning in the ball-room, and where the untidy little boy walked by himself in the kitchen all the afternoon.

At Caddy's request I took the supreme direction of her apartment, trimmed it up, and pushed her, couch and all, into a lighter and more airy and more cheerful corner than she had yet occupied; then every day, when we were in our neatest array, I used to lay my small small namesake in her arms, and sit down to chat or work, or read to her. It was at one of the first of these quiet times that I told Caddy about Bleak House.

We had other visitors besides Ada. First of all, we had Prince, who in his hurried intervals of teaching used to come softly in and sit softly down, with a face of loving anxiety for Caddy and the very little child. Whatever Caddy's condition really was, she never failed to declare to Prince that she was all but well—which I, Heaven forgive me, never failed to confirm. This would put Prince in such good spirits, that he would sometimes take the kit from his pocket and play a chord or two to astonish the baby—which I never knew it to do in the least degree, for my tiny namesake never noticed it at all.

Then there was Mrs. Jellyby. She would come occasionally with her usual distraught manner, and sit calmly looking miles beyond her grandchild as if her attention were absorbed by a young Borriboolan on its native shores. As bright-eyed as ever, as serene, and as untidy, she would say, "Well, Caddy, child, and how do you do to-day?" And then would sit amiably smiling and taking no notice whatever of the reply, or would sweetly glide off into a calculation of the number of letters she had lately received and answered, or of the coffee-bearing power of Borrioboola Gha. This she would always do with a good-natured contempt for our limited sphere of action, not to be disguised.

Then there was old Mr. Turveydrop, who was from morning to night, and from night to morning the subject of innumerable precautions. If the baby cried it was nearly stifled lest the noise should make him uncomfortable. If the fire wanted stirring in the night, it was surreptitiously done lest his rest should be broken. If Caddy required any little comfort that the house contained, she first carefully discussed whether he was likely to require it too. In return for this consideration he would come into the room once a day, all but blessing it—showing a condescension and a patronage and a grace of manner in dispensing the light of his high-shouldered presence, from which I might have supposed him (if I had not known better) to have been the benefactor of Caddy's life.

"My Caroline," he would say, making the nearest approach that he could to bending over her. "Tell me that you are better to-day."

"O much better, thank you, Mr. Turveydrop," Caddy would reply.

"Delighted! enchanted! And our dear Miss Summerson. She is not quite prostrated by fatigue?" Here he would crease up his eyelids and kiss his fingers to me, though I am happy to say he had ceased to be particular in his attentions since I had been so altered.

"Not at all, I would assure him."

"Charming. We must take care of our dear Caroline, Miss Summerson. We must spare nothing that will restore her. We must nourish her. My dear Caroline;" he would turn to his daughter-in-law with infinite generosity and protection; "want for nothing, my love! Frame a wish and gratify it, my daughter. Every thing this house contains, every thing my room contains, is at your service, my dear. Do not," he would sometimes add, in a burst of Deportment, "even allow my simple requirements to be considered, if they should at any time interfere with your own, Caroline. Your necessities are greater than mine."

He had established such a long prescriptive right to this Deportment (dating from before his son's birth, and his son's inheritance from his mother), that I several times knew both Caddy and her husband to be melted to tears by these affectionate self-sacrifices.

"Nay, my dears," he would remonstrate: and

when I saw Caddy's thin arm about his fat neck as he said it, I would be melted too, though not by the same process; "Nay, nay! I have promised never to leave ye. Be affectionate toward me, and I ask no further return. Now, bless ye! I am going to the Park."

He would take the air there, presently, and get an appetite for his tavern dinner. I hope I do old Mr. Turveydrop no wrong, but I never saw any better traits in him than these I faithfully record, except that he certainly conceived a liking for Peepy, and would take the child out walking with him —always, on those occasions, sending him home before he went to dinner himself, and sometimes with a halfpenny in his pocket. But even this disinterestedness was attended with no inconsiderable expense, to my knowledge; for before Peepy was sufficiently decorated to walk hand-in-hand with the professor of Deportment, he had to be newly dressed at the expense of Caddy and her husband from top to toe.

Last of our visitors, there was Mr. Jellyby. Really when he used to come in of an evening and ask Caddy in his meek voice how she was, and then sit down with his head against the wall and make no attempt to say any thing more, I liked him very much. If he found me bustling about, doing any little thing, he sometimes half took his coat off, as if with an intention of helping by a great exertion; but he never got any further. His sole occupation was to sit with his head against the wall, looking hard at the thoughtful baby; and I could not quite divest my mind of a fancy that they understood one another.

I have not counted Mr. Woodcourt among our visitors, because he was now Caddy's regular attendant. She soon began to improve under his care; he was so gentle, so skillful, and so unwearying in the pains he took, that it is not to be wondered at, I am sure. I saw a good deal of Mr. Woodcourt during this time, though not so much as might be supposed, for, knowing Caddy to be safe in his hands, I often went home about the hours when he was expected. We frequently met, notwithstanding. I was quite reconciled to myself now; but I still felt glad to think that he was sorry for me, and he still *was* sorry for me, I believed. He helped Mr. Badger in his professional engagements, which were numerous, and had as yet no settled projects for the future.

It was when Caddy began to recover that I began to notice a change in my dear girl. I can not say how it first presented itself to me, because I observed it in many slight particulars, which were nothing in themselves, and only became something when they were placed together. But I made out, by putting them together, that Ada was not so frankly cheerful with me as she used to be. Her tenderness for me was as loving and true as ever. I did not for a moment doubt that; but there was a quiet sorrow about her which she did not confide to me, and in which I traced some hidden regret or reserve.

Now, I could not understand this; and I was so anxious for the happiness of my own pet that it caused me some uneasiness, and set me thinking often. At length, feeling sure that Ada suppressed this something from me, lest it should make me unhappy, too, it came into my head that she was a little grieved—for me—by what I had told her about Bleak House.

How I persuaded myself that this was likely, I don't know. I had no idea that there was any selfish reference in my doing so. I was not grieved for myself, I was quite contented and quite happy. Still, that Ada might be thinking—for me, though I had abandoned all such thoughts myself—of what once might have been, but was now all changed, seemed so easy to believe that I believed it.

What could I do to reassure my darling (I considered then) and show her that I had no such feelings? Well! I could only be as brisk and busy as possible, and that I had tried to be all along. However, as Caddy's illness had certainly interfered, more or less, with my home duties, though I had always been there in the morning to make my Guardian's breakfast, and he had a hundred times laughed, and said there must be two little women, for his little woman was never missing; I resolved to be doubly diligent and gay. So I went about the house, humming all the tunes I knew, and sat working and working in a most desperate manner, and I talked and talked morning, noon, and night.

And still there was that same shade between me and my darling.

"So, Dame Trot," said my Guardian, shutting up his book, one night when we were all three together; "so Woodcourt has restored Caddy Jellyby to the full enjoyment of life again?"

"Yes," I returned, "and to be repaid by such gratitude as hers, is to be made rich, Guardian."

"I wish it was," he said, "with all my heart."

So did I, too, for that matter. I said so.

"Ay! We would make him as rich as a Jew if we knew how. Would we not, little woman?"

I laughed as I worked, and replied that I was not sure about that, for it might spoil him, and he might not be so useful, and there might be many who could ill spare him. As Miss Flite, and Caddy herself, and many others.

"True," said my Guardian. "I had forgotten that. But we would agree to make him rich enough to live? Rich enough to work with tolerable peace of mind? Rich enough to have his own happy home, and his own household gods—and household goddess too, perhaps?"

That was quite another thing, I said. We must all agree in that.

"To be sure," said my Guardian. "All of us. I have a great regard for Woodcourt, a high esteem for him; and I have been sounding him delicately about such matters. It is difficult to offer aid to an independent man with that just kind of pride which he possesses. And yet I would be glad to do it if I might, or if I knew how. He seems half inclined for another voyage. But that appears like casting such a man away."

"It might open a new world to him," said I.

"So it might, little woman," my Guardian assented. "I doubt if he expects much of the old world. I have fancied that he sometimes feels some particular disappointment or misfortune encountered in it. You never heard of any thing of that sort?"

I shook my head.

"Humph," said my Guardian. "I am mistaken, I dare say."

As there was a little pause here which I thought, for my dear girl's satisfaction, had better be filled up, I hummed an air as I worked, which was a favorite of my Guardian's.

"And do you think Mr. Woodcourt will make another voyage?" I asked him, when I had hummed it quietly all through.

"I don't quite know what to think, my dear, but I should say it was likely at present that he will give a long trial to another country."

"I am sure he will take the best wishes of all our hearts with him wherever he goes," said I, "and though they are not riches, he will never be the poorer for them, Guardian at least."

"Never, little woman," he replied.

I was sitting in my usual place, which was now beside my Guardian's chair. That had not been my usual place before the letter, but it was now. I looked up at Ada, who was sitting opposite, and I saw, as she looked at me, that her eyes were filled with tears, and that tears were falling down her face. I felt that I had only to be placid and merry once for all to undeceive my dear, and set her loving heart at rest. I really was so, and I had nothing to do but to be myself.

So I made my sweet girl lean upon my shoulder—how little thinking what was heavy on her mind—and I said she was not quite well, and put my arm about her, and took her up-stairs. When we were in our own room, and when she might perhaps have told me what I was so unprepared to hear, I gave her no encouragement to confide in me—I never thought she stood in need of it.

"O my dear, good Esther," said Ada, "if I could only make up my mind to speak to you and my cousin John when you are together!"

"Why, my love!" I remonstrated. "Ada? why should you not speak to us!"

Ada only dropped her head and pressed me closer to her heart.

"You surely don't forget, my beauty," said I, smiling, "what quiet old-fashioned people we are, and how I have settled down to be the discreetest of dames? You don't forget how happily and peacefully my life is all marked out for me, and by whom? I am certain that you don't forget by what a noble character, Ada. That can never be."

"No, never, never, Esther."

"Why, then, my dear," said I, "there is nothing amiss—and why should you not speak to us!"

"Nothing amiss, Esther?" returned Ada, weeping bitterly, "O when I think of all these years, and of his fatherly care and kindness, and of the old relations among us, and of you, what shall I do, what shall I do!"

I looked at my child in some wonder, but I thought it better not to answer otherwise than by cheering her, and so I turned off into many little recollections of our life together, and prevented her from saying more. When she lay down to sleep, and not before, I returned to my Guardian to say good-night, and then I came back to Ada, and sat near her for a little while.

She was asleep, and I thought as I looked at her that she was a little changed. I had thought so, more than once lately. I could not decide, even looking at her while she was unconscious, how she was changed, but something in the familiar beauty of her face looked different to me. My Guardian's old hopes of her and Richard arose sorrowfully in my mind, and I said to myself, "she has been anxious about him," and wondered how that love would end.

When I had come home from Caddy's while she was ill, I had often found Ada at work, and she had always put her work away, and I had never known what it was. Some of it now lay in a drawer near her, which was not quite closed. I did not open the drawer, but I still rather wondered what that work could be, for it was evidently nothing for herself.

And I noticed as I kissed my dear, that she lay with one hand under her pillow so that it was hidden.

How much less amiable I must have been than they thought me, how much less amiable even than I thought myself, to be so pre-occupied with my own cheerfulness and contentment, as to think that it only rested with me to put my dear girl right, and set her mind at peace!

But I lay down, self-deceived, in that belief. And I awoke in it next day, to find that there was still the same shade between me and my darling.

CHAPTER LI.—Enlightened.

When Mr. Woodcourt arrived in London, he went that very same day to Mr. Vholes's, in Symond's Inn. For he never, from the moment when I entreated him to be a friend to Richard, neglected or forgot his promise. He had told me that he accepted the charge as a sacred trust, and he was ever true to it in that spirit.

He found Mr. Vholes in his office, and informed Mr. Vholes of his agreement with Richard, that he should call there to learn his address.

"Just so, sir," said Mr. Vholes. "Mr. C.'s address is not a hundred miles from here, sir, Mr. C.'s address is not a hundred miles from here. Would you take a seat, sir?"

Mr. Woodcourt thanked Mr. Vholes, but he had no business with him beyond what he had mentioned.

"Just so, sir. I believe sir," said Mr. Vholes, still quietly insisting on the seat by not giving the address, "that you have influence with Mr. C. Indeed I am aware that you have."

"I was not aware of it myself," returned Mr. Woodcourt; "but I suppose you know best."

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr. Vholes, self-contained, as usual, voice and all, "it is a part of my professional duty to know best. It is a part of my professional duty to study and to understand a gentleman who confides his interests to me. In my professional duty I shall not be wanting, sir, if I know it. I may with the best intentions be wanting in it without knowing it—but not if I know it, sir."

Mr. Woodcourt again mentioned the address.

"Give me leave, sir," said Mr. Vholes. "Bear with me for a moment. Sir, Mr. C. is playing for a considerable stake, and can not play without—need I say what?"

"Money, I presume?"

"Sir," said Mr. Vholes, "to be honest with you (honesty being my golden rule, whether I gain by it or lose, and I find that I generally lose), money is the word. Now, sir, upon the chances of Mr. C.'s game I express to you no opinion, *no* opinion. It might be highly impolitic in Mr. C. after playing so long and so high, to leave off; it might be the reverse. I say nothing. No, sir," said Mr. Vholes, bringing his hand flat down upon his desk, in a positive manner, "nothing."

"You seem to forget," returned Mr. Woodcourt, "that I ask you to say nothing, and have no personal interest in any thing you say."

"Pardon me, sir!" retorted Mr. Vholes, "you do yourself an injustice. No, sir! Pardon me! You shall not—shall not in my office, if I know it—do yourself an injustice. You are interested in any thing and in every thing that relates to your friend. I know human nature much better, sir, than to admit for an instant that a gentleman of your appearance is not interested in whatever concerns his friend."

"Well," replied Mr. Woodcourt, "that may be. I am particularly interested in his address."

("The number, sir," said Mr. Vholes, parenthetically, "I believe I have already mentioned.) If Mr. C. is to continue to play for this considerable stake, sir, he must have funds. Understand me! There are funds in hand at present. I ask for nothing; there are funds in hand. But for the onward play more funds must be provided, unless Mr. C. is to throw away what he has already ventured—which is wholly and solely a point for his consideration. This, sir, I take the opportunity of stating openly to you as the friend of Mr. C. Without funds I shall always be happy to appear and act for Mr. C. to the extent of all such costs as are safe to be allowed out of the estate: not beyond that. I could not go beyond that, sir, without wronging some one. I must either wrong my three dear girls, or my venerable father, who is entirely dependent on me—in the Vale of Taunton—or some one. Whereas, sir, my resolution is (call it weakness or folly if you please) to wrong no one."

Mr. Woodcourt rather sternly rejoined that he was glad to hear it.

"I wish, sir," said Mr. Vholes, "to leave a good name behind me. Therefore, I take every opportunity of openly stating to a friend of Mr. C. how Mr. C. is situated. As to myself, sir, the laborer is worthy of his hire. If I undertake to put my shoulder to the wheel, I do it, and I earn what I get. I am here for that purpose. My name is on the door outside, with that object."

"And Mr. Carstone's address, Mr. Vholes?"

"Sir," returned Mr. Vholes, "as I believe I have already mentioned, it is next door. On the second story you will find Mr. C.'s apartments. Mr. C. desires to be near his professional adviser; and I am far from objecting, for I court inquiry."

Upon this, Mr. Woodcourt wished Mr. Vholes good day, and went in search of Richard, the change in whose appearance he began to understand now but too well.

He found him in a dull room, fadedly furnished; much as I had found him in his barrack-room but a little while before, except that he was not writing, but was sitting with a book before him, from which his eyes and thoughts were far astray. As the door chanced to be standing open, Mr. Woodcourt was in his presence for some moments without being perceived; and he told me that he never should forget the haggardness of his face, and the dejection of his manner, before he was aroused from his dream.

"Woodcourt, my dear fellow!" cried Richard, starting up with extended hands, "you come upon my vision like a ghost."

"A friendly one," he replied, "and only waiting, as they say ghosts do, to be addressed. "How does the mortal world go?" They were seated now, nearly together.

"Badly enough, and slowly enough," said Richard; "speaking at least for my part of it."

"What part is that, just now?"

"The Chancery part."

"I never heard," returned Mr. Woodcourt, shaking his head, "of its going well yet."

"Nor I," said Richard, moodily. "Who ever did?"

He brightened again in a moment, and said, with his natural openness:

"Woodcourt, I should be sorry to be misunderstood by you, even if I gained by it in your estimation. You must know that I have done no good this long time. I have not intended to do much harm, but I seem to have been capable of nothing else. It may be that I should have done better by keeping out of the net into which my destiny has worked me; but I think not; though I dare say you will soon hear, if you have not already heard, a very different opinion. To make short of a long story: I am afraid I have wanted an object; but I have an object now—or it has me—and it's too late to discuss it. Take me as I am, and make the best of me."

"A bargain," said Mr. Woodcourt. "Do as much by me in return."

"Oh! You," returned Richard, "you can pursue your art for its own sake, and can put your hand upon the plow and never turn, and can

strike a purpose out of any thing. You and I are very different creatures."

He spoke regretfully, and lapsed for a moment into his weary state.

"Well, well!" he cried, shaking it off, "every thing has an end. We shall see! So you will take me as I am, and make the best of me?"

"Ay! indeed I will." They shook hands upon it laughingly, but in deep earnestness. I can answer for one of them with my heart of hearts.

"You come as a godsend," said Richard, "for I have seen nobody here yet but Vholes. Woodcourt, there is one subject I should like to mention for once and for all in the beginning of our treaty. You can hardly make the best of me if I don't. You know, I dare say, that I have an attachment to my cousin Ada."

Mr. Woodcourt replied that I had hinted as much to him.

"Well," returned Richard, "don't think me a heap of selfishness. Don't suppose that I am splitting my head and half breaking my heart over this miserable Chancery suit for my own rights and interests alone. Ada's are bound up with mine; they can't be separated; Vholes works for both of us. Do think of that!"

He was so very solicitous on this head that Mr. Woodcourt gave him the strongest assurances that he did him no injustice.

"You see," said Richard, with something pathetic in his manner of lingering on the point, though it was off-hand and unstudied, "to an upright fellow like you, bringing a friendly face like yours here, I can not bear the thought of appearing selfish and mean. I want to see Ada righted, Woodcourt, as well as myself; I want to do my utmost to right her as well as myself; I venture what I can scrape together to extricate her as well as myself. Do, I beseech you, think of that!"

Afterward when Mr. Woodcourt came to reflect on what had passed, he was so very much impressed by the strength of Richard's anxiety on this point, that in telling me generally of his first visit to Symond's Inn, he particularly dwelt upon it. It revived a fear I had had before, that my dear girl's little property would be absorbed by Mr. Vholes, and that Richard's justification to himself would be sincerely this. It was just as I began to take care of Caddy that the interview took place; and I now return to the time when Caddy had recovered, and the shade was still between me and my darling.

I proposed to Ada that morning that we should go and see Richard. It a little surprised me to find that she hesitated, and was not so radiantly willing as I had expected.

"My dear," said I, "you have not had any difference with Richard since I have been so much away?"

"No, Esther."

"Not heard of him, perhaps?" said I.

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Ada.

Such tears in her eyes, and such love in her face. I could not make my darling out. Should I go to Richard's by myself? I said. No, Ada thought I had better not go by myself. Would she go with me? Yes, Ada thought she had better go with me. Should we go now? Yes, let us go now. Well, I could not understand my darling, with the tears in her eyes and the love in her face!

We were soon equipped, and went out. It was a sombre dark day, and drops of chill rain fell at intervals. It was one of these colorless days when every thing looks heavy and harsh. The houses frowned at us, the dust rose at us, the smoke swooped at us, nothing made any compromise about itself, or wore a softened aspect. I fancied my beautiful girl quite out of place in the rugged streets, and I thought there were more funerals passing along the dismal pavements than I had ever seen before.

We had first to find out Symond's Inn. We were going to inquire in a shop, when Ada said she thought it was near Chancery-lane. "We are not likely to be far out, my love, if we go in that direction," said I. So to Chancery-lane we went, and there, sure enough, we saw it written up, Symond's Inn.

We had next to find out the number. "O Mr. Vholes's office will do," I recollected, for Mr. Vholes's office is next door. Upon which Ada said, perhaps that was Mr. Vholes's office in the corner. And it really was.

Then came the question which of the two next doors? I was for going to the one, and my darling was for going to the other, and my darling was right again. So, up we went to the second story, where we came to Richard's name in great white letters, on a hearse-like panel.

I should have knocked, but Ada said perhaps we had better turn the handle and go in. Thus we came to Richard, poring over a table covered with dusty bundles of papers which seemed to me like dusty mirrors reflecting his own mind. Wherever I looked I saw the ominous words that ran in it, repeated, Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

He received us very affectionately, and we sat down. "If you had come a little earlier," he said, "you would have found Woodcourt here. There never was such a good fellow as Woodcourt is. He finds time to look in between whiles, when any body else with half his work to do would be thinking about not being able to come. And he is so cheery, so fresh, so sensible, so—every thing that I am not, that the place brightens whenever he comes, and darkens whenever he goes again."

"God bless him," I thought, "for his truth to me!"

"He is not so sanguine, Ada," continued Richard, casting his dejected look over the bundles of papers, "as Vholes and I are usually; but he is only an outsider, and is not in the mysteries. We have gone into them, and he has not. He can't be expected to know much of such a labyrinth."

As his look wandered over the papers again,

and he passed his two hands over his head, I noticed how sunken and how large his eyes appeared, how dry his lips were, and how his fingernails were all bitten away.

"Is this a healthy place to live in, Richard, do you think?" said I.

"Why, my dear Minerva," answered Richard, with his old gay laugh, "it's neither a rural, nor a cheerful place, and when the sun shines here, you may lay a pretty heavy wager that it's shining brightly in an open spot. But it's well enough for the time. It's near the offices and near Vholes."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "a change from both—"

"—Might do me good?" said Richard, forcing a laugh, as he finished the sentence. "I shouldn't wonder! But it can only come in one way now, in one of the two ways, I should rather say. Either the suit must be ended, Esther, or the suitor. But it shall be the suit, the suit, my dear girl?"

These latter words were addressed to Ada, who was sitting nearest to him. Her face being turned away from me and toward him, I could not see it.

"We are doing very well," pursued Richard. "Vholes will tell you so. We are spinning along! Ask Vholes. We are giving them no rest! Vholes knows all their windings and turnings, and we are upon them every where. We have astonished them already. We shall rouse up that nest of sleepers, mark my words!"

His hopefulness had long been more painful to me than his despondency. It was so unlike hopefulness, had something so fierce in its determination to be it, was so hungry and eager, and yet so conscious of being forced and unsustainable, that it had long touched me to the heart. But the commentary upon it now written indelibly in his handsome face, made it far more distressing than it used to be. I say indelibly, for I felt persuaded that if the fatal cause could have been forever terminated, according to his brightest visions, in that same hour, the traces of the premature anxiety, self-reproach, and disappointment it had occasioned him would have remained upon his features to the hour of his death.

"The sight of our dear little woman," said Richard, Ada still remaining silent and quiet, "is so natural to me, and her compassionate face is so like the face of old days—"

I smiled and shook my head.

"—So exactly like the face of old days," said Richard, in his cordial voice, and taking my hand with the brotherly regard which nothing ever changed, "that I can't make false pretenses with her. I fluctuate a little; that's the truth. Sometimes I hope, my dear, and sometimes I—don't quite despair, but nearly. I get," said Richard, relinquishing my hand gently, and walking across the room, "so tired!"

He took a few turns up and down, and sank upon the sofa. "I get," he repeated gloomily, "so tired. It's such weary, weary work!"

He was leaning on his arm saying these words, in a meditative voice, and looking at the ground, when my darling rose, put off her bonnet, kneeled down beside him with her golden hair falling like sunlight on his head, clasped her two arms round his neck, and turned her face to me. O, what a loving and devoted face I saw!

"Esther, dear," she said, very quietly, "I am not going home again."

I could not answer her. A light shone in upon me all at once.

"Never any more. I am going to stay with my dear husband. We have been married above two months. Go home without me, my own Esther. I shall never go home any more!" With these words my darling drew his head down on her breast, and held it there. And if ever in my life I saw a love that nothing but death could change, I saw it then before me.

"Speak to Esther, my dearest," said Richard, breaking the silence presently. "Tell her how it was."

I met her before she could come to me, and folded her in my arms. We neither of us spoke; but with her cheek against my own I wanted to hear nothing. "My pet," said I. "My love. My poor, poor girl!" I pitied her so much; I was very fond of Richard; but the impulse that I had upon me was to pity her so much.

"Esther, will you forgive me? Will my cousin John forgive me?"

"My dear," said I, "to doubt it for a moment is to do him a great wrong. And as to me!"—why, as to me what had I to forgive?

I dried my sobbing darling's eyes, and sat beside her on the sofa, and Richard sat on my other side; and while I was reminded of that so different night when they had first taken me into their confidence, and gone on in their own wild, happy way, they told me between them how it was.

"All I had, was Richard's," Ada said, "and Richard would not take it, Esther, and what could I do but be his wife when I loved him dearly!"

"And you were so fully and so kindly occupied, excellent Dame Durden," said Richard, "that how could we speak to you at such a time! And, besides, it was not a long-considered step. We went out one morning, and were married."

"And when it was done, Esther," said my darling, "I was always thinking how to tell you, and what to do for the best. And sometimes I thought you ought to know it directly, and sometimes I thought you ought not to know it, and keep it from my cousin John; and I could not tell what to do, and I fretted very much.

Ah, how selfish I must have been, not to have thought of this before! I don't know what I said now; I was so sorry, and yet I was so fond of them, and so glad that they were fond of me; I pitied them so much, and yet I felt a kind of joy in their loving one another. I never had experienced such painful and pleasurable emotion at one time; and in my own heart I did not know which predominated. But I was not there to darken their way; I only know I did not do that.

When I was less foolish and more composed,

my darling took her wedding-ring from her bosom, and kissed it, and put it on. Then I remembered last night, and told Richard she had always worn it at night, when there was no one to see. Then Ada blushingly asked me how did I know that, my dear? Then I told Ada how I had seen her hand concealed under her pillow, and had little thought why, my dear. Then they began telling me how it was, all over again, and I began to be sorry and glad again, and foolish again, and to hide my plain old face as much as I could, lest I should put them out of heart.

Thus time went on until it became necessary for me to think of returning. When that time arrived it was the worst of all, for then my darling completely broke down. She clung round my neck, calling me by every dear name she could think of, and saying what should she ever do without me! Nor was Richard much better; and as for me I should have been the worst of the three if I had not severely said to myself, "Now, Esther, if you do, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Why, I declare," said I, "I never saw such a wife. I don't think she loves her husband at all. Here, Richard, take my child, for goodness' sake." But I held her tight all the while, and could have wept over her I don't know how long.

"I give this dear young couple notice," said I, "that I am only going away to come back to-morrow, and that I shall be always coming backward and forward until Symond's Inn is tired of the sight of me. So I shall not say good-by, Richard. For what's the use of that, you know, when I am coming back so soon!"

I had given my darling to him now, and I meant to go, but I lingered for one more look of the precious face, which it seemed to rive my heart to turn from.

So I said (in a merry, bustling manner) that unless they gave me some encouragement to come back, I was not sure that I could take that liberty; upon which my dear girl looked up faintly, smiling through her tears, and I folded her lovely face between my hands, and gave it one last kiss, and laughed, and ran away.

And when I got down-stairs, O how I cried! It almost seemed to me that I had lost my Ada forever. I was so lonely, and so blank without her, and it was so desolate to be going home with no hope of seeing her there, that I could get no comfort for a little while, as I walked up and down, in a dim corner, sobbing and crying.

I came to myself by-and-by, after a little scolding, and took a coach home. The poor boy whom I had found at St. Albans had reappeared a short time before, and was lying at the point of death—indeed, was then dead, though I did not know it. My Guardian had gone out to inquire about him, and did not return to dinner. Being quite alone, I cried a little again; though, on the whole, I don't think I behaved so very, very ill.

It was only natural that I should not be quite accustomed to the loss of my darling yet. Three or four hours were not a long time, after years. But my mind dwelt so much upon the uncongenial scene in which I had left her, and I pictured it as such an overshadowed, stony-hearted one, and I so longed to be near her, and taking some sort of care of her, that I determined to go back in the evening, only to look up at her windows.

It was foolish, I dare say; but it did not then seem at all so to me, and it does not seem quite so even now. I took Charley into my confidence, and we went out at dusk. It was dark when we came to the new strange home of my dear girl, and there was a light behind the yellow blinds. We walked past cautiously three or four times, looking up, and narrowly missed encountering Mr. Vholes, who came out of his office, while we were there, and turned his head to look up too, before going home. The sight of his lank, black figure, and the lonesome air of that nook in the dark, were favorable to the state of my mind. I thought of the youth and love and beauty of my dear girl, shut up in such an ill-sorted refuge, almost as if it were a cruel place.

It was very solitary and very dull, and I did not doubt that I might safely steal up-stairs. I left Charley below and went up with a light foot not distressed by any glare of light from the feeble oil lanterns on the way. I listened for a few moments, and in the musty rotting silence of the house, believed that I could hear the murmur of their young voices. I put my lips to the hearse-like pannel of the door, as a kiss for my dear, and came quietly down again, thinking that one of these days I would confess to the visit.

And it really did me good, for though nobody but Charley and I knew any thing about it, I somehow felt as if it had diminished the separation between Ada and me, and had brought us together again for those moments. I went back, not quite accustomed yet to the change, but all the better for that hovering about my darling.

My Guardian had come home, and was standing thoughtfully by the dark window. When I went in, his face cleared and he came to his seat; but he caught the light upon my face as I took mine.

"Little woman," said he. "You have been crying."

"Why, yes, Guardian," said I, "I am afraid I have been, a little. Ada has been in such distress and is so very sorry, Guardian."

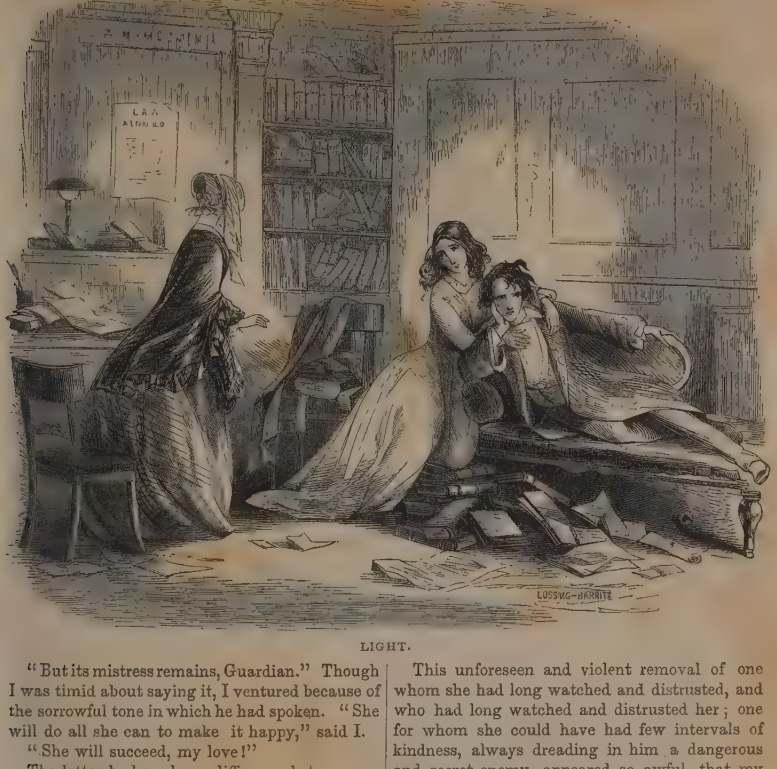
I put my arm on the back of his chair, and I saw in his glance that my words, and my look at her empty place had prepared him.

"Is she married, my dear?"

I told him all about it, and how her first entreaties had referred to his forgiveness.

"She has no need of it," said he. "Heaven bless her and her husband!" But just as my first impulse had been to pity her, so was his. "Poor girl, poor girl! Poor Rick! Poor Ada!"

Neither of us spoke after that, until he said, with a good-humored sigh, "Well, well, my dear! Bleak House is thinning fast."



LIGHT.

"But its mistress remains, Guardian." Though I was timid about saying it, I ventured because of the sorrowful tone in which he had spoken. "She will do all she can to make it happy," said I.

"She will succeed, my love!"

The letter had made no difference between us, except that the seat by his side had come to be mine; it made none now. He turned his old bright fatherly look upon me, laid his hand on my hand in his old way and said again, "She will succeed, my dear. Nevertheless, Bleak House is thinning fast, O little woman!"

I was sorry presently that this was all we said about that. I was rather disappointed. I feared I might not quite have been all I had meant to be, since the letter and the answer.

CHAPTER LII.—Obstinacy.

But one other day had intervened, when early in the morning as we were going to breakfast, Mr. Woodcourt came in haste with the astounding news that a terrible murder had been committed, for which Mr. George had been apprehended and was in custody. When he told us that a large reward was offered by Sir Leicester Dedlock for the murderer's apprehension, I did not in my first consternation understand why; but a few more words explained to me that the murdered person was Sir Leicester's lawyer; and immediately my mother's dread of him rushed into my remembrance.

This unforeseen and violent removal of one whom she had long watched and distrusted, and who had long watched and distrusted her; one for whom she could have had few intervals of kindness, always dreading in him a dangerous and secret enemy, appeared so awful, that my first thoughts were of her. How appalling to hear of such a death, and be able to feel no pity! How dreadful to remember, perhaps, that she had sometimes even wished the old man away, who was so swiftly hurried out of life!

Such crowding reflections increasing the distress and fear I always felt when the name was mentioned, made me so agitated that I could scarcely hold my place at the table. I was quite unable to follow the conversation until I had had a little time to recover. But when I came to myself, and saw how shocked my Guardian was, and found that they were earnestly speaking of the suspected man, and recalling every favorable impression we had formed of him out of the good we had known of him, my interest and my fears were so strongly aroused in his behalf that I was quite set up again.

"Guardian, you don't think it possible that he is justly accused?"

"My dear, I *can't* think so. This man whom we have seen so open-hearted and compassionate—who with the might of a giant has the gentleness of a child—who looks as brave a fellow as ever lived, and is so simple and quiet with it—

this man justly accused of such a crime? I can't believe it. It's not that I don't or I won't. I can't."

"And I can't," said Mr. Woodcourt. "Still, whatever we believe, or know of him we had better not forget that some appearances are against him. He bore an animosity toward the deceased gentleman. He has openly mentioned it in many places. He is said to have expressed himself violently toward him, and he certainly did about him, to my knowledge. He admits that he was alone on the scene of the murder within a few minutes of its commission. I sincerely believe him to be as innocent of any participation in it as I am; but these are all reasons for suspicion falling upon him."

"True," said my Guardian; and he added, turning to me, "it would be doing him a very bad service, my dear, to shut our eyes to the truth in any of these respects."

I felt, of course, that we must admit, not only to ourselves but to others, the full force of the circumstances against him. Yet I knew with all (I could not help saying) that their weight would not induce us to desert him in his need.

"Heaven forbid!" returned my Guardian. "We will stand by him, as he himself stood by the two poor creatures who are gone." He meant Mr. Gridley and the boy, to both of whom Mr. George had given shelter.

Mr. Woodcourt then told us that the trooper's man had been with him before day, after wandering about the streets all night like a distracted creature. That one of the trooper's first anxieties was that we should not suppose him guilty. That he had charged his messenger to represent his perfect innocence with every solemn assurance he could send us. That Mr. Woodcourt had only quieted the man by undertaking to come to our house very early in the morning, with these representations. He added that he was now upon his way to see the prisoner himself.

My Guardian said, directly, he would go too. Now, besides that I liked the retired soldier very much, and that he liked me, I had that secret interest in what had happened, which was only known to my Guardian. I felt as if it came close and near to me. It seemed to become personally important to myself that the truth should be discovered, and that no innocent people should be suspected, for suspicion once run wild, might run wilder.

In a word, I felt as if it were my duty and obligation to go with them. My Guardian did not seek to dissuade me, and I went.

It was a large prison, with many courts and passages so like one another, and so uniformly paved, that I seemed to gain a new comprehension, as I passed along, of the fondness that solitary prisoners, shut up among the same staring walls from year to year, have had, as I have read, for a weed, or a stray blade of grass. In an arched room by himself, like a cellar up-stairs, with walls so glaringly white that they made the massive iron window-bars and iron-bound door even more profoundly black than they were, we found the trooper standing in a corner. He had been sitting on a bench there, and had risen when he heard the locks and bolts turn.

When he saw us, he came forward a step with his usual heavy tread, and there stopped and made a slight bow. But as I still advanced, putting out my hand to him, he understood us in a moment.

"This is a load off my mind, I do assure you, miss and gentlemen," said he, saluting us with great heartiness, and drawing a long breath. "And now I don't so much care how it ends."

He scarcely seemed to be the prisoner. What with his coolness and his soldierly bearing, he looked more like the prison guard.

"This is even a rougher place than my gallery to receive a lady in," said Mr. George, "but I know Miss Summerson will make the best of it," as he handed me to the bench on which he had been sitting. I sat down; which seemed to give him great satisfaction.

"I thank you, miss," said he.

"Now, George," observed my Guardian, "as we require no new assurances on your part, so I believe we need give you none on ours."

"Not at all, sir. I thank you with all my heart. If I was not innocent of this crime, I couldn't look at you and keep my secret to myself under the condescension of the present visit. I feel the present visit very much. I am not one of the eloquent sort, but I feel it, Miss Summerson and gentlemen, deeply."

He laid his hand for a moment on his broad chest and bent his head to us. Although he squared himself again directly, he expressed a great amount of natural emotion by these simple means.

"First," said my Guardian, can we do any thing for your personal comfort, George?"

"For which, sir?" he inquired, clearing his throat.

"For your personal comfort. Is there any thing you want that would lessen the hardship of this confinement?"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. George, after a little cogitation, "I am equally obliged to you, but tobacco being against the rules, I can't say that there is."

"You will think of many little things, perhaps, by-and-by. Whenever you do, George, let us know."

"Thank you, sir. Howsoever," observed Mr. George, with one of his sunburnt smiles, "a man who has been knocking about the world in a vagabond kind of a way as long as I have, gets on well enough in a place like the present, so far as that goes."

"Next, as to your case," observed my Guardian.

"Exactly so, sir," returned Mr. George, folding his arms upon his breast with perfect self-possession and a little curiosity.

"How does it stand now?"

"Why, sir, it is under remand at present.

Bucket gives me to understand that he will probably apply for a series of remands from time to time, until the case is more complete. How it is to be made more complete, I don't myself see; but I dare say Bucket will manage it somehow."

"Why, Heaven save us, man!" exclaimed my Guardian, surprised into his old oddity and vehemence, "you talk of yourself as if you were somebody else!"

"No offense, sir," said Mr. George. "I am very sensible of your kindness. But I don't see how an innocent man is to make up his mind to this kind of thing without knocking his head against the walls, unless he takes it in that point of view."

"That's true enough, to a certain extent," returned my Guardian, softened. "But my good fellow, even an innocent man must take ordinary precautions to defend himself."

"Certainly, sir. And I have done so. I have stated to the magistrates, 'Gentlemen, I am as innocent of this charge as yourselves; what has been stated against me in the way of facts is perfectly true; I know no more about it.' I intend to continue stating that, sir. What more can I do? It's the truth."

"But the mere truth won't do," rejoined my Guardian.

"Won't it, indeed, sir? Rather a bad look-out for me!" Mr. George good-humoredly observed.

'You must have a lawyer," pursued my Guardian. "We must engage a good one for you."

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Mr. George, with a step backward, "I am equally obliged. But I must decidedly beg to be excused from any thing of that sort."

"You won't have a lawyer?"

"No, sir." Mr. George shook his head in the most emphatic manner. "I thank you all the same, sir, but—no lawyer!"

"Why not?"

"I don't take kindly to the breed," said Mr. George. "Gridley didn't. And—if you'll excuse my saying so much—I should hardly have thought you did yourself, sir."

"That's Equity," my Guardian explained, a little at a loss; "that's Equity, George."

"Is it indeed, sir?" returned the trooper, in his off-hand manner. "I am not acquainted with those shades of names myself, but in a general way I object to the breed."

Unfolding his arms, and changing his position, he stood with one massive hand upon the table, and the other on his hip, as complete a picture of a man who was not to be moved from a fixed purpose as ever I saw. It was in vain that we all three talked to him and endeavored to persuade him; he listened with that gentleness which went so well with his bluff bearing, but was evidently no more shaken by our representations than his place of confinement was.

"Pray think, once more, Mr. George," said I. "Have you no wish, in reference to your case?"

"I certainly could wish it to be tried, miss," he returned, "by court-martial; but that is out of the question, as I am well aware. If you will be so good as to favor me with your attention for a couple of minutes, miss, not more, I'll endeavor to explain myself as clearly as I can."

He looked at us all three in turn, shook his head a little as if he were adjusting it in the stock and collar of a tight uniform, and after a moment's reflection went on.

"You see, miss, I have been hand-cuffed and taken into custody, and brought here. I am a marked and disgraced man, and here I am. My shooting-gallery is rummaged, high and low, by Bucket; such property as I have—'tis small—is turned this way and that, till it don't know itself; and (as aforesaid) here I am! I don't particular complain of that. Though I am in these present quarters through no immediately preceding fault of mine, I can very well understand that if I hadn't gone into the vagabond way in my youth, this wouldn't have happened. It *has* happened. Then comes the question, how to meet it."

He rubbed his swarthy forehead for a moment, with a good-humored look, and said apologetically, "I am such a short-winded talker that I must think a bit." Having thought a bit, he looked up again, and resumed.

"How to meet it. Now the unfortunate deceased was himself a lawyer, and had a pretty tight hold of me. I don't wish to rake up his ashes, but he had, what I should call if he was living, a Devil of a tight hold of me. I don't like his trade the better for that. If I had kept clear of his trade, I should have kept outside this place. But that's not what I mean. Now suppose I had killed him. Suppose I really had discharged into his body any one of those pistols recently fired off, that Bucket has found at my place, and, dear me, might have found there any day since it has been my place. What should I have done as soon as I was hard and fast here? Got a lawyer."

He stopped on hearing some one at the locks and bolts, and did not resume until the door had been opened and was shut again. For what purpose opened I will mention presently.

"I should have got a lawyer," and he would have said (as I have often read in the newspapers), "My client says nothing, my client reserves his defense—my client this, that, and t'other. Well! 'tis not the custom of that breed to go straight, according to my opinion, or to think that other men do. Say I am innocent, and I get a lawyer. He would be as likely to believe me guilty as not; perhaps more. What would he do, whether or no? Act as if I was;—shut my mouth up, tell me not to commit myself, keep circumstances back, chop the evidence small, quibble, and get me off perhaps! But, Miss Summerson, do I care for getting off in that way, or would I rather be hanged in my own way—if you'll excuse my mentioning any thing so disagreeable to a lady?"

He had warmed into his subject now, and was under no further necessity to wait a bit.

"I would rather be hanged in my own way. And I mean to be! I don't intend to say," looking round upon us with his powerful arms akimbo

and his dark eyebrows raised, "that I am more partial to being hanged than other men. What I say is, I must come off clear and full, or not at all. Therefore, when I hear stated against me what is true, I say it's true; and when they tell me, whatever you say will be used, I tell them I don't mind that; I mean it to be used. If they can't make me innocent out of the whole truth, they are not likely to do it out of any thing less, or any thing else: and if they are, it's worth nothing to me."

Taking a pace or two over the stone floor, he came back to the table, and finished what he had to say.

"I thank you, miss, and gentlemen both, many times for your attention, and many times more for your interest. That's the plain state of the matter as it points itself out to a mere trooper with a blunt, broadsword kind of a mind. I have never done well in life beyond my duty as a soldier; and if the worst comes after all, I shall reap pretty much as I have sown. When I got over the first crash of being seized as a murderer—it don't take a rover who has knocked about so much as myself so very long to recover from a crash—I worked my way round to what you find me now. As such, I shall remain. No relations will be disgraced by me, or made unhappy for me, and—and that's all I've got to say."

The door had been opened to admit another soldier-looking man of less prepossessing appearance at first sight, and a weather-tanned bright-eyed wholesome woman with a basket, who, from her entrance, had been exceedingly attentive to all Mr. George had said. Mr. George had received them with a familiar nod and a friendly look, but without any more particular greeting in the midst of his address. He now shook them cordially by the hand, and said, "Miss Summerson and gentlemen, this is an old comrade of mine, Joseph Bagnet, and this is his wife, Mrs. Bagnet."

Mr. Bagnet made us a stiff, military bow, and Mrs. Bagnet dropped us a courtesy.

"Real good friends of mine they are," said Mr. George. "It was at their house I was taken."

"With a second-hand violinceller," Mr. Bagnet put in, twitching his head angrily. "Of a good tone. For a friend. That money was no object to."

"Mat," said Mr. George; "you have heard pretty well all I have been saying to this lady and these two gentlemen. I know it meets your approval?"

Mr. Bagnet, after considering, referred the point to his wife. "Old girl," said he. "Tell him. Whether or not. It meets my approval."

"Why, George," exclaimed Mrs. Bagnet, who had been unpacking her basket, in which there was a piece of cold pickled pork, a little tea and sugar, and a brown loaf, "you ought to know it don't. You ought to know it's enough to drive a person wild to hear you. You won't be got off this way, and you won't get off that way—what do you mean by such picking and choosing? It's stuff and nonsense, George."

"Don't be severe upon me in my misfortunes, Mrs. Bagnet," said the trooper, lightly.

"Oh! Bother your misfortunes!" cried Mrs. Bagnet, "if they don't make you more reasonable than that comes to. I never was so ashamed in my life to hear a man talk folly, as I have been to hear you talk this day to the present company. Lawyers? Why, what but too many cooks should hinder you from having a dozen lawyers, if the gentleman recommended 'em to you?"

"This is a very sensible woman," said my Guardian. "I hope you'll persuade him, Mrs. Bagnet."

"Persuade him, sir?" she returned. "Lord bless you, no. You don't know George. Now, there!" Mrs. Bagnet left her basket to point him out with both her bare brown hands. "There he stands, as self-willed and as determined a man in the wrong way as ever put a human creature under heaven out of patience. You could as soon take up and shoulder an eight-and-forty pounder by your own strength, as turn that man, when he has got a thing into his head, and fixed it there. Why, don't I know him!" cried Mrs. Bagnet. "Don't I know you, George? You don't mean to set up for a new character with *me*, after all these years, I hope?"

Her friendly indignation had an exemplary effect upon her husband, who shook his head at the trooper several times, as a silent recommendation to him to yield. Between whiles, Mrs. Bagnet looked at me, and I understood, from the play of her eyes, that she wished me to do something, though I did not comprehend what.

"But I have given up talking to you, old fellow, years and years," said Mrs. Bagnet, as she blew a little dust off the pickled pork, looking at me again; "and when ladies and gentlemen know you as well as I do, they'll give up talking to you too. If you are not too headstrong to accept of a bit of dinner, here it is."

"I accept it, with many thanks," returned the trooper.

"Do you though, indeed?" said Mrs. Bagnet, continuing to grumble on good-humoredly. "I'm sure I'm surprised at that. I wonder you don't starve in your own way also. It would only be like you. Perhaps you'll set your mind upon *that*, next." Here she again looked at me, and I now perceived from her glances at the door and at me, by turns, that she wished us to retire, and to await her following us, outside the prison. Communicating this by similar means to my Guardian, and Mr. Woodcourt, I rose.

"We hope you will think better of it, Mr. George," said I, "and we shall come to see you again, trusting to find you more reasonable."

"More grateful, Miss Summerson, you can't find me," he returned.

"But more persuadable we can, I hope," said I. "And let me entreat you to consider that the clearing up of this mystery, and the discovery of the real perpetrator of this deed, may be of the last importance to others besides yourself."

He heard me respectfully, but without much heeding these words, which I spoke a little turned from him, already on my way to the door; he was observing (this they afterward told me) my height and figure, which seemed to catch his attention all at once.

"'Tis curious," said he. "And yet I thought so at the time."

My Guardian asked him what he meant.

"Why, sir," he answered, "when my ill-fortune took me to the dead man's staircase on the night of his murder, I saw a shape so like Miss Summerson's go by me in the dark, that I had half a mind to speak to it."

For an instant I felt such a shudder as I never felt before or since, and hope I shall never feel again.

"It came down stairs as I went up," said the trooper, "and crossed the moonlighted window with a loose black mantle on; I noticed a deep fringe to it. However, it has nothing to do with the present subject, excepting that Miss Summerson looked so like it at the moment, that it came into my head."

I can not separate and define the feelings that arose in me after this; it is enough that the vague duty and obligation I had felt upon me from the first of following the investigation, was, without distinctly daring to ask myself any question, increased; and that I was indignantly sure of there being no possibility of a reason for my being afraid.

We three went out of the prison, and walked up and down at some short distance from the gate, which was in a retired place. We had not waited long when Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet came out too, and quickly joined us.

There was a tear in each of Mrs. Bagnet's eyes, and her face was flushed and hurried. "I didn't let George see what I thought about it, you know, miss," was her first remark when she came up; "but he's in a bad way, poor old fellow!"

"Not with care, and prudence, and good help," said my Guardian.

"A gentleman like you ought to know best, sir," returned Mrs. Bagnet, hurriedly drying her eyes on the hem of her gray cloak; "but I am uneasy for him. He has been so careless, and said so much that he never meant. The gentlemen of the juries might not understand him as Lignum and me do. And then such a number of circumstances have happened bad for him, and such a number of people will be brought forward to speak against him, and Bucket is so deep."

"With a second-hand wiolinceller. And said he played the fife. When a boy." Mr. Bagnet added, with great solemnity.

"Now, I tell you, miss," said Mrs. Bagnet; "and when I say miss, I mean all! Just come into the corner of the wall, and I'll tell you!"

Mrs. Bagnet hurried us into a more secluded place, and was at first too breathless to proceed; occasioning Mr. Bagnet to say, "Old girl! Tell 'em!"

"Why, then, miss," the old girl proceeded, untying the strings of her bonnet for more air, "you could as soon move Dover Castle as move George on this point, unless you had got a new power to move him with. And I have got it!"

"You are a jewel of a woman," said my Guardian. "Go on!"

"Now, I tell you, miss," she proceeded, clapping her hands in her hurry and agitation a dozen times in every sentence, "that what he says concerning no relations is all bosh. They don't know of him, but he does know of them. He has said more to me at odd times than to any body else, and it warn't for nothing that he once spoke to my Woolwich about whitening and wrinkling mothers' heads. For fifty pounds, he had seen his mother that day. She's alive, and must be brought here straight!"

Instantly Mrs. Bagnet put some pins into her mouth, and began pinning up her skirts all round a little higher than the level of her gray cloak; which she accomplished with surprising dispatch and dexterity.

"Lignum," said Mrs. Bagnet, "you take care of the children, old man, and give me the umbrella! I'm away to Lincolnshire, to bring that old lady here."

"But, bless the woman!" cried my Guardian, with his hand in his pocket, "how is she going? What money has she got?"

Mrs. Bagnet made another application to her skirts, and brought forth a leathern purse in which she hastily counted over a few shillings, and which she then shut up with perfect satisfaction.

"Never you mind for me, miss. I'm a soldier's wife, and accustomed to traveling in my own way. Lignum, old boy," kissing him, "one for yourself; three for the children. Now I'm away into Lincolnshire after George's mother!"

And she actually set off while we three stood looking at one another, lost in amazement. She actually trudged away in her gray cloak at a sturdy pace, and turned the corner, and was gone.

"Mr. Bagnet," said my Guardian. "Do you mean to let her go in that way?"

"Can't help it," he returned. "Made her way home once. From another quarter of the world. With the same gray cloak. And same umbrella. Whatever the old girl says, do. Do it! Whenever the old girl says, *I'll* do it. She does it."

"Then she is as honest and genuine as she looks," rejoined my Guardian, "and it is impossible to say more for her."

"She's Color-Sergeant of the Nonpareil battalion," said Mr. Bagnet, looking at us over his shoulder, as he went his way also. "And there's not such another. But I never own it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

CHAPTER LIII.—The Track.

Mr. Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation together under existing circumstances. When Mr. Bucket has a matter of this pressing interest under his consideration, the fat

forefinger seems to rise to the dignity of a familiar demon. He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. The augurs of the Detective Temple invariably predict that when Mr. Bucket and that finger are much in conference, a terrible avenger will be heard of before long.

Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature—on the whole, a benignant philosopher—not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance, rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition toward his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation—but through the placid stream of his life there glides an under-current of forefinger.

Time and place can not bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but very unlike man, indeed, he is here again the next day. This evening, he will be casually looking into the iron extinguishers at the door of Sir Leicester Dedlock's house in town, and to-morrow morning he will be walking on the leads at Chesney Wold, where last the old man walked whose ghost is propitiated with a hundred guineas. Drawers, desks, pockets, all things belonging to him, Mr. Bucket examines. A few hours afterward he and the Roman will be alone together, comparing forefingers.

It is likely that these occupations are irreconcilable with home enjoyments, but it is certain that Mr. Bucket at present does not go home. Though in general he highly appreciates the society of Mrs. Bucket—a lady of a natural detective genius, which, if it had been improved by professional exercise, might have done great things, but which has paused at the level of a clever amateur—he holds himself aloof from that dear solace. Mrs. Bucket is dependent on their lodger (fortunately an amiable lady in whom she takes an interest) for companionship and conversation.

A great crowd assembles in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on the day of the funeral. Sir Leicester Dedlock attends the ceremony in person; strictly speaking, there are only three other human followers, that is to say, Lord Doodle, William Buffy, and the debilitated cousin (thrown in as a make-weight), but the amount of inconsolable carriages is immense. The Peerage contributes more four-wheeled affliction than has ever been seen in that neighborhood. Such is the assemblage of armorial bearings on coach-panels, that the Herald's College might be supposed to have lost its father and mother at a blow. The Duke of Foodle sends a splendid pile of dust and ashes with silver wheel-boxes, patent axles, all the last improvements, and three bereaved worms, six feet high, holding on behind, in a bunch of woe. All the state-coachmen in London seem plunged into mourning; and if that dead old man of the rusty garb be not beyond a taste in horse-flesh (which appears impossible), it must be highly gratified this day.

Quiet among the undertakers and the equipages, and the calves of so many legs all steeped in grief, Mr. Bucket sits concealed in one of the inconsolable carriages, and at his ease surveys the crowd through the lattice blinds. He has a keen eye for a crowd—as for what not?—and looking here and there, now from this side of the carriage, now from the other, now up at the house windows, now along the people's heads, nothing escapes him.

"And there *you* are, my partner, eh?" says Mr. Bucket to himself, apostrophizing Mrs. Bucket, stationed, by his favor, on the steps of the deceased's house. "And so you are. And so you are! And very well indeed you are looking, Mrs. Bucket!"

The procession has not started yet, but is waiting for the cause of its assemblage to be brought out. Mr. Bucket, in the foremost emblazoned carriage, uses his two fat forefingers to hold the lattice a hair's breadth open while he looks.

And it says a great deal for his attachment, as a husband, that he is still occupied with Mrs. B. "There you are, my partner, eh?" he murmuringly repeats. "And our lodger with you. I'm taking notice of you, Mrs. Bucket; I hope you're all right in your health, my dear?"

Not another word does Mr. Bucket say, but sits with most attentive eyes, until the sacked depository of noble secrets is brought down—(where are all those secrets now? Does he keep them yet? Did they fly with him on that sudden journey?)—and until the procession moves and Mr. Bucket's view is changed. After which, he composes himself for an easy ride, and takes note of the fittings of the carriage in case he should ever find such knowledge useful.

Contrast enough between Mr. Tulkinghorn shut up in his dark carriage, and Mr. Bucket shut up in *his*. Between the immeasurable track of space beyond the little wound that has thrown the one into the fixed sleep, which jolts so heavily over the stones of the streets—and the narrow track of blood which keeps the other in the watchful state, expressed in every hair of his head! But it is all one to both; neither is troubled about that.

Mr. Bucket sits out the procession, in his own easy manner, and glides from the carriage when the opportunity he has settled with himself arrives. He makes for Sir Leicester Dedlock's, which is at present a sort of home to him, where he comes and goes as he likes at all hours, where he is always welcome and made much of, where he knows the whole establishment, and walks in an atmosphere of mysterious greatness.

No knocking or ringing for Mr. Bucket. He has caused himself to be provided with a key, and can pass in at his pleasure. As he is cross-

ing the hall, Mercury informs him, "Here's another letter for you, Mr. Bucket, come by post," and gives it him.

"Another one, eh?" says Mr. Bucket.

If Mercury should chance to be possessed by any lingering curiosity as to Mr. Bucket's letters, that wary person is not the man to gratify it. Mr. Bucket looks at him, as if his face were a vista of some miles in length, and he were leisurely contemplating the same.

"Do you happen to carry a box?" says Mr. Bucket.

Unfortunately Mercury is no snuff-taker.

"Could you fetch me a pinch from anywheres?" says Mr. Bucket. "Thankee. It don't matter what it is; I'm not particular as to the kind. Thankee!"

Having leisurely helped himself from a canister borrowed from somebody down-stairs for the purpose, and having made a considerable show of tasting it, first with one side of his nose and then with the other, Mr. Bucket, with much deliberation, pronounces it of the right sort, and goes on, letter in hand.

Now, although Mr. Bucket walks up-stairs to the little library within the larger one, with the face of a man who receives some scores of letters every day, it happens that much correspondence is not incidental to his life. He is no great scribe, rather handling his pen like the pocket-staff he carries about with him always convenient to his grasp, and discourages correspondence with himself in others, as being too artless and direct a way of doing delicate business. Further, he often sees damaging letters produced in evidence, and has occasion to reflect that it was a green thing to write them. For these reasons he has very little to do with letters, either as sender or receiver. And yet he has received a round half dozen within the last twenty-four hours.

"And this," says Mr. Bucket, spreading it out on the table, "is in the same hand, and consists of the same two words."

What two words?

He turns the key in the door, ungirdles his black pocket-book (book of fate to many), lays another letter by it, and reads, boldly written in each, "Lady Dedlock."

"Yes, yes," says Mr. Bucket. "But I could have made the money without this anonymous information."

Having put the letters in his book of Fate, and girdled it up again, he unlocks the door just in time to admit his dinner, which is brought upon a goodly tray, with a decanter of sherry. Mr. Bucket frequently observes in friendly circles where there is no restraint, that he likes a toothful of your fine old brown East Inder sherry better than any thing you can offer him. Consequently he fills and empties his glass with a smack of his lips, and is proceeding with his refreshment when an idea enters his mind.

Mr. Bucket softly opens the door of communication between that room and the next, and looks in. The library is deserted, and the fire is sinking low. Mr. Bucket's eye, after taking a pigeon-flight round the room, alights upon a table where letters are usually put as they arrive. Several letters for Sir Leicester are upon it. Mr. Bucket draws near, and examines the directions. "No," he says, "there's none in that hand. It's only me as is written to. I can break it to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to-morrow."

With that he returns to finish his dinner with a good appetite, and, after a light nap, is summoned into the drawing-room. Sir Leicester has received him there these several evenings past, to know whether he has any thing to report. The debilitated cousin (much exhausted by the funeral) and Volumnia are in attendance.

Mr. Bucket makes three distinctly different bows to these three people. A bow of homage to Sir Leicester, a bow of gallantry to Volumnia, and a bow of recognition to the debilitated cousin; to whom it airily says, "You are a swell about town, and you know me, and I know you." Having distributed these little specimens of his tact, Mr. Bucket rubs his hands.

"Have you any thing new to communicate, officer?" inquires Sir Leicester. "Do you wish to hold any conversation with me in private?"

"Why—not to-night, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"Because my time," pursues Sir Leicester, "is wholly at your disposal, with a view to the vindication of the outraged majesty of the law."

Mr. Bucket coughs, and glances at Volumnia rouged and necklaced, as though he would respectfully observe, "I do assure you, you're a pretty creetur. I've seen hundreds worse-looking at your time of life, I have indeed."

The fair Volumnia, not quite unconscious perhaps of the humanizing influence of her charms, pauses in the writing of cocked-hat notes, and meditatively adjusts the pearl necklace. Mr. Bucket prices that decoration in his mind, and thinks it as likely as not that Volumnia is writing poetry.

"If I have not," pursues Sir Leicester, "in the most emphatic manner, adjured you, officer, to exercise your utmost skill in this atrocious case, I particularly desire to take the present opportunity of rectifying any omission I may have made. Let no expense be a consideration. I am prepared to defray all charges. You can incur none, in pursuit of the object you have undertaken, that I shall hesitate for a moment to bear."

Mr. Bucket makes Sir Leicester's bow again, as a response to this liberality.

"My mind," Sir Leicester adds, with generous warmth, "has not, as may be easily supposed, recovered its tone since the late diabolical occurrence. It is not likely ever to recover its tone. But it is full of indignation to-night, after undergoing the ordeal of consigning to the tomb the remains of a faithful, a zealous, a devoted adherent."

Sir Leicester's voice trembles, and his gray hairs stir upon his head. Tears are in his eyes; the best part of his nature is aroused.

"I declare," he says, "I solemnly declare that until this crime is discovered and, in the course of justice, punished, I almost feel as if there were a stain upon my name. A gentleman who has devoted a large portion of his life to me, a gentleman who has devoted the last day of his life to me, a gentleman who has constantly sat at my table and slept under my roof, goes from my house to his own, and is struck down within an hour of his leaving my house. I can not say but that he may have been followed from my house, watched at my house, even first marked because of his association with my house—which may have suggested his possessing greater wealth, and being altogether of greater importance than his own retiring demeanor would have indicated. If I can not, with my means, and my influence, and my position, bring all the perpetrators of such a crime to light, I fail in the assertion of my respect for that gentleman's memory, and of my fidelity toward one who was ever faithful to me."

While he makes this protestation with great emotion and earnestness, looking round the room as if he were addressing an assembly, Mr. Bucket glances at him with an observant gravity in which there might be, but for the audacity of the thought, a touch of compassion.

"The ceremony of to-day," continues Sir Leicester, "strikingly illustrative of the respect in which my deceased friend;" he lays a stress upon the word, for death levels all distinctions—"was held by the flower of the land, has, I say, aggravated the shock I have received from this most horrible and audacious crime. If it were my brother who had committed it, I would not spare him."

Mr. Bucket looks grave. Volumnia remarks of the deceased that he was the trustiest and dearest person!

"You must feel it as a deprivation to you, miss," replies Mr. Bucket, soothingly, "no doubt. He was calculated to *be* a deprivation, I'm sure he was."

Volumnia gives Mr. Bucket to understand, in reply, that her sensitive mind is fully made up never to get the better of it as long as she lives; that her nerves are unstrung for ever; and that she has not the least expectation of smiling again. Meanwhile she folds up a cocked-hat for that redoubtable old general at Bath, descriptive of her melancholy condition.

"It gives a start to a delicate female," says Mr. Bucket, sympathetically, "but it'll wear off."

Volumnia wishes of all things to know what is doing? whether they are going to convict, or whatever it is, that dreadful soldier? whether he had any accomplices, or whatever the thing is called, in the law? And a great deal more to the like artless purpose.

"Why you see, miss," returns Mr. Bucket, bringing the finger into persuasive action—and such is his natural gallantry, that he had almost said, my dear; "it ain't easy to answer those questions at the present moment. Not at the present moment. I've kept myself on this case, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," whom Mr. Bucket takes into the conversation in right of his importance, "morning, noon, and night. But for a glass or two of sherry, I don't think I could have had my mind so much upon the stretch as it has been. I *could* answer your questions, miss, but duty forbids it. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, will very soon be made acquainted with all that has been traced. And I hope that he may find it;" Mr. Bucket again looks grave; "to his satisfaction."

The debilitated cousin only hopes some fler'll be executed—zample. Thinks more interest's wanted—get man hanged pesentime—than get man place ten thousand a year. Hasn't a doubt—zample—far better hang wrong fler than no fler.

"*You* know life, you know, sir," says Mr. Bucket, with a complimentary twinkle of his eye and crook of his finger, "and you can confirm what I've mentioned to this lady; *you* don't want to be told that from information I have received, I have gone to work. You're up to what a lady can't be expected to be up to. Lord! especially in your elevated station of society, miss," says Mr. Bucket, quite reddening at another narrow escape from my dear.

"The officer, Volumnia," observes Sir Leicester, "is faithful to his duty, and perfectly right."

Mr. Bucket murmurs, "Glad to have the honor of your approbation, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"In fact, Volumnia," proceeds Sir Leicester, "it is not holding up a good model for imitation, to ask the officer any such questions as you have put to him. He is the best judge of his own responsibility; he acts upon his responsibility. And it does not become us who assist in making the laws to impede or interfere with those who carry them into execution; or," says Sir Leicester, somewhat sternly, for Volumnia was going to cut in before he had rounded his sentance; "or who vindicate their outraged majesty."

Volumnia with all humility explains that she has not merely the plea of curiosity to urge (in common with the giddy youth of her sex in general), but that she is perfectly dying with regret and interest for the darling man whose loss they all deplore.

"Very well, Volumnia," returns Sir Leicester. "Then you can not be too discreet."

Mr. Bucket takes the opportunity of a pause to be heard again. "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I have no objections to telling this lady, with your leave, and among ourselves, that I look upon the case as pretty well complete. It is a beautiful case—a beautiful case—and what little is wanting to complete it, I expect to be able to supply in a few hours."

"I am very glad indeed to hear it," says Sir Leicester. "Highly creditable to you."

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, very seriously, "I hope it may at one and the same time do me credit, and prove satisfac-

tory to all. When I depict it as a beautiful case, you see, miss," Mr. Bucket goes on, glancing gravely at Sir Leicester, "I mean from my point of view. As considered from other points of view, such cases will always involve more or less unpleasantness. Very strange things comes to our knowledge in families, miss, bless your heart, what you would think to be phenomonons, quite."

Volumnia, with her innocent little scream, supposes so.

"Ay, and even in gen-teel families, in high families, in great families," says Mr. Bucket, again gravely eying Sir Leicester aside. "I have had the honor of being employed in high families before, and you have no idea—come, I'll go so far as to say not even *you* have any idea, sir," this to the debilitated cousin, "what games goes on!"

The cousin, who has been casting sofa-pillows on his head, in a prostration of boredom, yawns, "Vayli"—being the used-up for "very likely."

Sir Leicester, deeming it time to dismiss the officer, here majestically interposes with the words —"Very good. thank you!" and also with a wave of his hand, implying not only that there is an end of the discourse, but that if high families fall into low habits they must take the consequences. "You will not forget, officer," he adds, with condescension, "that I am at your disposal when you please."

Mr. Bucket (still grave) inquires if to-morrow morning, now, would suit, in case he should be as for'ard as he expects to be? Sir Leicester replies, "All times are alike to me." Mr. Bucket makes his three bows, and is withdrawing, when a forgotten point occurs to him.

"Might I ask, by-the-by," he says, in a low voice, cautiously returning "who posted the Reward-bill on the staircase."

"I ordered it to be put there," replies Sir Leicester.

"Would it be considered a liberty, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, if I was to ask you why?"

"Not at all. I chose it as a conspicuous part of the house. I think it can not be too prominently kept before the whole establishment. I wish my people to be impressed with the enormity of the crime; the determination to punish it, and the hopelessness of escape. At the same time, officer, if you in your better knowledge of the subject see any objection—"

Mr. Bucket sees none now; the bill having been put up, had better not be taken down. Repeating his three bows he withdraws: closing the door on Volumnia's little scream, which is a preliminary to her remarking that that charmingly horrible person is a perfect Blue Chamber.

In his fondness for society, and his adaptability to all grades, Mr. Bucket is presently standing before the hall-fire—bright and warm on the early winter night—admiring Mercury.

"Why, you're six foot two, I suppose?" says Mr. Bucket.

"Three," says Mercury.

"Are you so much? But then you're broad in proportion, and don't look it. You're not one of the weak-legged ones, you ain't. Was you ever modeled now?" Mr. Bucket asks, conveying the expression of an artist into the turn of his eye and head.

Mercury never was modeled.

"Then you ought to be, you know," says Mr. Bucket, "and a friend of mine that you'll hear of one day as a Royal Academy Sculptor, would stand something handsome to make a drawing of your proportions for the marble. My Lady's out, ain't she?"

"Out to dinner."

"Goes out pretty well every day, don't she?"

"Yes."

"Not to be wondered at!" says Mr. Bucket. "Such a fine woman as her, so handsome, and so graceful, and so elegant, is like a fresh lemon on a dinner-table, ornamental wherever she goes. Was your father in the same way of life as yourself?"

Answer in the negative.

"Mine was," says Mr. Bucket. "My father was first a page, then a footman, then a butler, then a steward, then an innkeeper. Lived universally respected, and died lamented. Said with his last breath that he considered service the most honorable part of his career, and so it was. I've a brother in service, *and* a brother-in-law. My Lady a good temper?"

Mercury replies, "As good as you can expect."

"Ah!" says Mr. Bucket, "a little spoilt? a little capricious? Lord! What can you anticipate when they're so handsome as that? And we like 'em all the better for it, don't we?"

Mercury, with his hands in the pockets of his flaming orange-colored small clothes, stretches his symmetrical silk legs with the air of a man of gallantry, and can't deny it. Come the roll of wheels and a violent ringing at the bell. "Talk of the angels," says Mr. Bucket. "Here she is!"

The doors are thrown open, and she passes through the hall. Still very pale, she is dressed in slight mourning and wears two beautiful bracelets. Either their beauty, or the beauty of her arms, is particularly attractive to Mr. Bucket. He looks at them with an eager eye, and rattles something in his pocket—halfpence perhaps.

Noticing him at his distance, she turns an inquiring look on the other Mercury who has brought her home.

"Mr. Bucket, my Lady."

Mr. Bucket makes a leg, and comes forward, passing his familiar demon over the region of his mouth.

"Are you waiting to see Sir Leicester?"

"No, my Lady, I've seen him!"

"Have you any thing to say to me?"

"Not just at present, my Lady."

"Have you made any new discoveries?"

"A few, my Lady."

This is merely in passing. She scarcely makes a stop, and sweeps up-stairs alone. Mr. Bucket, moving toward the staircase-foot, watches her as she goes up the steps the old man came down to

SHADOW.

his grave; past murderous groups of statuary, repeated with their shadowy weapons on the wall; past the printed bill, which she looks at going by; out of view.

"She's a lovely woman, too, she really is," says Mr. Bucket, coming back to Mercury. "Don't look quite healthy, though."

Is not quite healthy, Mercury informs him. Suffers much from headaches.

Really? That's a pity! Walking, Mr. Bucket would recommend for that. Well, she tries walking, Mercury rejoins. Walks sometimes for two hours, when she has them bad. By night, too.

"Are you sure you're quite so much as six foot three?" asks Mr. Bucket, "begging your pardon for interrupting you a moment."

Not a doubt about it.

"You're so well put together that I shouldn't have thought it. But the Houshold Troops, though considered fine men, are built so straggling.—Walks by night, does she? When it's moonlight, though?"

O yes. When it's moonlight! Of course. O of course! Conversational and acquiescent on both sides.

"I suppose you ain't in the habit of walking yourself?" says Mr. Bucket. "Not much time for it, I should say?"

Besides which, Mercury don't like it. Prefers carriage exercise.

"To be sure," says Mr. Bucket. "That makes a difference. Now I think of it," says Mr. Bucket, warming his hands, and looking pleasantly at the blaze, "she went out walking the very night of this business."

"To be sure, she did! I let her into the garden over the way."

"And left her there. Certainly you did. I saw you doing it."

"I didn't see you," says Mercury.

"I was rather in a hurry," returns Mr. Bucket, "for I was going to visit a aunt of mine that lives at Chelsea—next door but two to the old original Bun House—ninety year old the old lady is, a single woman, and got a little property. Yes, I chanced to be passing at the time. Let's see. What time might it be? It wasn't ten."

"Half-past nine."

"You're right. So it was. And if I don't deceive myself, my Lady was muffled in a loose black mantle, with a deep fringe to it?"

"Of course she was."

Of course she was. Mr. Bucket must return to a little work he has to get on with up-stairs, but he must shake hands with Mercury in acknowledgment of his agreeable conversation, and will he—this is all he asks—will he, when he has a leisure half hour, think of bestowing it on that Royal Academy sculptor, for the advantage of both parties?

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

ONE winter evening, when "norland winds were piping" loudly, but harmlessly around the walls of our old substantial dwelling, our whole family, consisting of four persons—namely, my father and mother, my sister and myself—were sitting before a cheerful fire, enjoying that dim delicious hour that intervenes between the night and the day, ere shutters are closed, or candles placed on the table. On the present occasion, this hour was spun out to an unusual length, and yet not one of us felt inclined to have the lights brought in. My father, was peculiarly animated in his narration of the various scenes he had witnessed, and our questions ever and anon stimulated him to some fresh recollection. A pause at last ensued, however; and the close of the twilight enjoyment seemed inevitable, when my sister put a question which prolonged it for a considerable time further. "What," said she, "was the happiest passage, father, in your life?"

"I shall tell you, my children," said our father, "what passage in my life gives me most satisfaction in the retrospect. Soon after your mother had united her fate with mine, I fell into a respectable and profitable business in New York, where, as you are aware, that competency was earned which now enables me to pass the evening of life in comfort. The occupation which I followed required my daily presence for some hours in the centre of that city, where I met the parties with whom I had business connections. The time which I generally chose for this purpose was the hottest part of the day, when every one almost is within doors, and there was less chance of missing my object. The streets at this period of the day are often remarkably empty, only a straggler being visible here and there. It was on one of these business visits that I saw, in a back-street, two men, an Irishman and a negro, jostling, or rather struggling with each other. There was no other object in the street to divert my attention, and I therefore almost involuntarily kept my eyes fixed upon the men. The negro was a powerful, athletic man, and had evidently the better in the struggle, which speedily became a complete wrestle. The Irishman felt his inferiority, and, becoming irritated, raised his arm, and gave his opponent a tremendous blow, which felled him to his knees. The Irishman after this threw himself into a defensive attitude, and on the black raising himself from the ground, blows were rapidly interchanged by the parties. All this passed almost instantaneously, and the issue was equally speedy. The negro struck his adversary on the side of the head with sufficient force to drive him to the ground. The unfortunate Irishman's head came in contact with a stone, and his skull was fractured. Within a few moments after the fall, he was dead!

"No one was near enough to witness the course of this affair but myself. A crowd, however, soon collected on the spot; and as the street was chiefly inhabited by the laboring Irish, the assemblage was principally composed of that nation. The wounded man was carried into a house to receive medical assistance, and I, losing sight of the negro, proceeded on my way home.

"My own affairs occupied so much of my time and attention, that the unhappy incident I had witnessed passed almost entirely from my mind. A few mornings after it happened, however, I was much shocked to perceive by the newspapers, that the negro had been committed to prison on a charge of willful murder, several Irishmen having sworn before the coroner, that they had seen the black *strike the deceased with a stone*. To give color to this assertion, one of them had the audacity to bring forward what the newspapers called 'the fatal stone.' Horrified at such villainy as this, I instantly formed the resolution of going forward at the trial, and telling the truth as I had witnessed it. Your mother and my friends attempted in vain to dissuade me, on the ground that I would inevitably incur, by such conduct, the hatred of the lower orders of the Irish, who, disappointed of their victim, might wreak their revenge on me. A sense of duty to the negro and to justice enabled me, thank Heaven, to resist these representations, though reason admitted their feasibility. 'The poor negro is, like myself, in a land of strangers,' said I; 'he is far from the hearth of his infancy, and perhaps has not one

friend in the world. He is of a persecuted and despised race; and, come what may, I am resolved that he shall at least have the advantage of having the truth stated regarding the melancholy accident in which he has been involved.' Recollect, my children, that this was only my duty, and that the peculiar circumstances of the case alone gave my resolve—if, indeed, it did possess it—any merit.

"On the morning of the trial, I was in attendance at the court-house. On applying for admittance to the grand jury-room, I was informed that a true bill had been found against the negro, and that the gentlemen on the jury had given orders for the admission of no more witnesses, being perfectly satisfied with the evidence laid before them. I was not to be put off, however, in this manner, but forced my way, almost in spite of the attending official, into the room, and after relating the whole of my story to the grand jury, was admitted as an evidence. At the same time, the true bill already found was held still as the conclusion to which these gentlemen had come, and the poor negro's life was thus left dependent on the effect of my testimony at the trial.

"The cause came on. Witness after witness swore to the same facts, until the jury were thoroughly satisfied, and the court impatient to hear the sentence pronounced against a wretch so vile as the black seemed to be. He, poor fellow, seemed more thunderstruck at the deliberate falsehoods uttered, than alarmed at his dangerous predicament. No voice was lifted up in his favor; no eye glanced on him with compassion or sympathy; friendless and hopeless, he sat like a being of an inferior kind among his fellowmen. I was called at length, and gave a plain and full statement of the facts of the case: 'That I was the only person in the street, beside the deceased and the prisoner, at the time of the occurrence; that I knew neither of the parties; that the Irishman struck the negro first, bringing him on his knees with the blow, and causing the blood to gush from his nose; that the black rose, and wiping the blood from his face with his left hand, after a short struggle, with the same hand gave the Irishman a blow on the side of the head, which drove him to the ground, where his head, striking the curb-stone, was fatally injured; and that no *stone* could possibly be in the negro's hand without my observing it.'

"I feel pleasure, my children, in stating, for the honor of human nature, that a buzz of satisfaction ran through the court-room at the conclusion of my story. My own character and station in life, together with the total absence of interested motives, caused the entire overthrow of the previous evidence, and compassion and sympathy for the accused took the place of anger and abhorrence in every breast. The counsel for the prosecution alone, as was natural perhaps, acted as if unsatisfied. He cross-examined me very closely, and made me repeat so often the manner in which the negro struck the deceased, and with which hand he did it, that my patience became in the end exhausted, and I brought matters to a conclusion by suiting the action to the word, and applying my fist pretty smartly to the side of his own head. The solemnity of the occasion could not restrain the laughter that broke forth, and the barrister sat down, satisfied, it appeared at length, and somewhat chop-fallen. The jury, without the slightest hesitation, acquitted the prisoner of the charge of murder, and returned a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for some months; but this was merely formal, for in a few days he was restored to perfect liberty."

"Did you ever hear of the negro afterward?" interrupted my sister.

"I never saw him more than two or three times. The first time was about a month after the trial, when, in passing an oyster-shop or cellar, a voice called out: 'Massa G——! Massa G——!' I turned, and recognized in the owner of the store the unfortunate negro. His gratitude for the service which accident had enabled me to do for him, was written in every line of his countenance. He compelled me to taste a few of his oysters, and anxiously pressed me to inform him of my residence, that he might carry thither his whole stock as a present for me. 'Ah, massa,' said he, 'when me stand at bar without friend, and when me saw 'pectable gentleman go in box, me tink, what! you going to hang me too! But when me heard massa speak true, me tank God for sending one gentleman to speak my cause. De blessing will be answered from de sky which poor nigger speak for Massa G——. Me could not help cry de first time many year.' And the tears again ran down his cheeks as he spoke.

"This passage of my life," continued my father, "if not the happiest at the time, is at least one of the most pleasing to look back upon. And this, my children, is the best test of all happy passages in life."

"Did you suffer nothing for your behavior from those wretches of Irishmen?" asked my sister—"those vindictive—"

"Hush, Betsy," said my father; "do not vent general reflections, as I fear you were about to do, upon a nation which has shown so many great and good men in the list of her sons, and whose every error has been owing to ignorance, and, it may be, hard usage. Those Irishmen who were connected with the affair I have described, were beings who had never enjoyed opportunities of education, and their errors ought not to be assumed as a ground for general reproach to their country. You will, I hope, see such things more clearly as you grow older."

Dear little Betsy *did* see these things more clearly as she grew older, for she is now the happy wife of as good a man as ever lived, and he is an Irishman. Heigho! how time flies!—her eldest girl, I fear me, will make me some day soon a granduncle!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE affair of the Mesilla Valley, of which mention was made in our last Record, threatens to result in a collision between Mexico and the United States. The whole spirit of Santa Anna's administration is decidedly hostile to this country; and if we can place any reliance upon the indications afforded by his conduct, he is prepared to run the risk of another war. It is certain that troops have been sent to take military possession of the disputed territory. An article in the *Washington Union* is supposed to be so far official as to indicate the views of our own Government in the matter. It assumes that the line run between New Mexico and Chihuahua by the Boundary Commission has not been confirmed by the authority required by the treaty, and that, therefore, "no line has been run which the Government of the United States can rightly recognize;" that the Mesilla Valley has always belonged to New Mexico, and as such was transferred to the United States by treaty; and that, consequently, "the armed occupation of the Valley by the Mexican troops, is wholly in violation of the rights of the United States, and of every principle of international law." The question is one to be settled by negotiation, and the Mexican Government must not insist upon settling it by force. The policy of the United States, says this document, toward Mexico, is "one of forbearance and peace;" and "it is to be expected that in response to such a spirit the Mexican authorities will, upon due reflection, abandon their purpose of holding the Mesilla Valley by arms." The course of the Governor of Chihuahua in taking military possession of the Valley is pronounced not to be "an admissible proceeding;" and the "United States can not submit to it as a permanent disposition of that territory." "We have no doubt," concludes this article, "from all that has been announced of the foreign policy of the Administration, that all suitable measures have been taken, and will in future be taken, to place the whole question, both before the Mexican authorities and the people of the United States in its proper position." The inference from this is, that our Government are determined, unless Mexico withdraws her troops from the Valley, also to send forces there. In opposition to these views, it is strenuously maintained that the Valley in question was formally and in proper manner adjudged to belong to Mexico, by the authority created by solemn treaty.——Apart from this affair, there is little of special interest in the department of general political intelligence. The Legislature of New York is sitting in special session; the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts has convened; and a Southern Convention is assembled at Memphis, Tenn., to consult upon the interests of the South.——The principal diplomatic appointments have been made, with the exception of that of Minister to France, which is still vacant, and are as follow:

MINISTERS PLENIPOTENTIARY.

James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, to Great Britain.
Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, to Russia.
James Gadsden, of South Carolina, to Mexico.
Pierre A. Soule, of Louisiana, to Spain.
Peter D. Vroom, of New Jersey, to Prussia.
Solon Borland, of Arkansas, to Central America.
William Trousdale, of Tennessee, to Brazil.
Samuel Medary, of Ohio, to Chili.
John R. Clay, to Peru.
Theodore S. Fay, Minister Resident in Switzerland.

CHARGES D'AFFAIRES.

J. J. Seibels, of Alabama, for Belgium.
Auguste Belmont, of New York, for Netherlands.
Richard K. Meade, of Virginia, for Sardinia.
Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana, for Two Sicilies.
Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, for Austria.
Charles Levi Woodbury, of N. H., for Bolivia.
Henry Bedinger, of Virginia, for Denmark.
William H. Bissell, of Illinois, for Buenos Ayres.
James S. Green, of Missouri, for New Granada.
Shelton F. Leake, of Virginia, for Sandwich Islands

CONSULS.

Charles L. Denman, of California, at Acapulco.
Edward D. Leon, of South Carolina, at Alexandria
David S. Lee, of Iowa, at Basle.
John M. Howdin, of Ohio, at Bermuda.
Alfred Gilmore, of Pennsylvania, at Bordeaux.
William Hildebrand, of Wisconsin, at Bremen.
Dennis Mullins, of New York, at Cork.
M. J. Lynch, of Illinois, at Dublin.
William H. De Wolf, of Rhode Island, at Dundee.
Alexander M. Clayton, of Mississippi, at Havana
S. M. Johnson, of Michigan, at Hamburg.
James Keenan, of Pennsylvania, at Hong-Kong.
Benjamin F. Angel, of New York, at Honolulu.
George W. Chase of Maine, at Lahaina.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Mass., at Liverpool.
James M. Tarleton, of Alabama, at Melbourne.
George Sanders, of New York, at London.
Thomas W. Ward, of Texas, at Panama.
Duncan K. McRae, of North Carolina, at Paris.
Robert G. Scott, of Virginia, at Rio Janeiro.
Charles J. Helm, of Kentucky, at St. Thomas.
Wyndham Robertson, of Louisiana, at Trieste.
John Hubbard, of Maine, at Trinidad de Cuba.
Reuben Wood, of Ohio, at Valparaiso.
Donald G. Mitchell, of Connecticut, at Venice.
George F. Goundi, of Pennsylvania, at Zurich.

The amended Charter of the City of New York proposed by the Legislature, and submitted to the popular vote of the city, June 7, was accepted by a vote of 36,672 yeas to 3351 nays. The principal provisions of the Charter are those intended to guard against the bribery and corruption of public officers:—Directing leases and contracts to be given out only by public auction, to the most favorable bidder, after due public notice:—Increasing the number of one branch of the Common Council, which is also to be chosen from smaller districts; this branch to have the sole power of originating appropriations of money:—Granting to the Mayor a veto power, which can be overruled only by a vote of two-thirds of the Common Council:—Taking from the Aldermen the duty of sitting as Judges in the Criminal Courts:—Laying restrictions upon the expenditures of public moneys.

Two expeditions of unusual interest have just been dispatched from this country. The first, that fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, to continue the search for Sir John Franklin, sailed from New York, May 31. It consists of a single vessel, the Advance, with a company of only seventeen persons, under the command of Dr. Kane, who was attached to the previous expedition. They go with provisions calculated for two years, independent of what they may gain by hunting. Their immediate destination is Smith's Sound, the farthest point to the north yet reached. Thence, if the ice permits, they will push their way into regions hitherto unexplored. If the northern passages are blocked up, they intend to have recourse to dogs, using their boats as sledges, in order to make a thorough exploration of the region, in search of traces of the lost navigators. The other expedi-

tion sailed a few days later from Norfolk. It consists of four vessels and a supply ship, under the command of Captain Ringgold. Its object is to make a thorough exploration of the routes pursued by our vessels between San Francisco and China, and of the whaling grounds of the Sea of Okotsk, and Behring's Straits. Of only small portions of the region proposed to be surveyed have any accurate charts been prepared, though their commercial importance is very great.

The General Assembly of the "Old School" branch of the Presbyterian Church held its annual session at Philadelphia, commencing May 19, and continuing till June 3. The opening sermon was preached by John C. Lord, D.D., the Moderator of the last Assembly. John C. Young, D.D., was chosen Moderator. Apart from the regular details, the most important action of the body was the establishment of a new Theological Seminary at Danville, Kentucky, designed to take the place of all the existing Western Seminaries. The following Professors were appointed: "R. J. Breckenridge, D.D., *Didactic* Theology; E. P. Humphrey, D.D., *Ecclesiastical History and Church Government;* B. M. Palmer, D.D., *Oriental and Biblical Literature;* P. D. Gurley, D.D., Pastoral Theology. The Professorship at Princeton, vacant by the death of the late Dr. Alexander, was filled by the appointment of Henry A. Boardman, D. D. Rev. Dr. Davidson of New Brunswick, N. J., delivered before the Presbyterian Historical Society a very able discourse on "Presbyterianism; its true Value and Position in History;" in the course of which he vindicated the characters of Calvin and Knox from their detractors. The next meeting of the Assembly was appointed to be held at Buffalo.

The "New School" General Assembly met at Buffalo, also on May 19, and was opened by a discourse from the Rev. William Adams, D.D., Moderator of the last Assembly, on the "True Ideal of the Christian Minister." The Rev. Dr. Allen, Theological Professor in the Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, was chosen Moderator. The roll of commissioners, clerical and lay, numbered two hundred and eight—the largest representation ever assembled. The session was protracted to Tuesday, May 31st, and, apart from the regular routine of business, was made interesting by the discussion of a variety of important measures. Among these, was a recommendation to raise a fund of $100,000, to be loaned or donated to feeble churches at the West, for the erection of church-edifices. A Committee appointed by the last General Assembly, to confer with the American Home Missionary Society respecting the adjustment of the Plan of Church Extension with the operations of that Society, reported a correspondence, which stated that entire agreement had been accomplished. A further Committee was appointed this year, to confer with the Society in reference to certain alleged deficiencies in its rules, which interfere with the prosecution of Home Missions by this Church. A large Commission was appointed to devise some comprehensive plan for the education of Ministers by this Church; the existing Education Societies being recommended as the best agencies for this purpose, in the mean time. An overture reported to the Assembly, justifying the marrying of a sister's daughter, was almost unanimously rejected. An overture reprehending promiscuous dancing by church-members, was answered by re-affirming the stringent condemnation of a former Assembly. On the subject of Slavery, a long and earnest, but friendly discussion took place, on a series of resolutions, drafted by a member of a Southern Presbytery, which re-affirmed the action of the Assembly of 1850, at Detroit, and requested the several Presbyteries in the Slave States to make inquiries, and send up answers to the next Assembly, as to how many slaves are held by members of the Presbyterian Church; how many of these are held from excusable or charitable motives; whether the Southern Churches regard the sacredness of the marriage relation among slaves; whether baptism is duly administered to children of slaves professing Christianity, &c. The resolutions were discussed for nearly three days, and were finally adopted by a vote of 79 to 34—the minority entering two protests thereto. The Assembly, during its session, made visits, in a body, to Niagara Falls, and to the Portage Falls. The next meeting of this body is to be held in Philadelphia.

From *Utah* our intelligence extends to April 30. On the 6th, the General Conference of the Mormons was opened with great parade. Brigham Young was "brought forward and sustained as President of the Church of Christ of the Latter Day Saints, also as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and leader in Israel." John Smith was "sustained as Patriarch to the whole Church." The Ninth General Epistle "to the Saints, scattered abroad throughout the whole earth," presents a prosperous state of affairs in the community, though some complaints are made of slothfulness and waste. Manufactures are gradually improving; the culture of beet-root and the extraction of sugar have been commenced with favorable prospects. The courts are nearly superfluous, except for the purpose of settling disputes among emigrants. The Indian tribes preserve peaceful relations with the settlers. Twenty-five missionaries have been appointed to various countries. These missionaries have directions to flee from countries where they are persecuted; to translate and print the book of Mormon, with the promise that "the gift of tongues shall more and more be made manifest;" and to ordain native teachers wherever possible. A few days after the date of the Epistle some Indian disturbances broke out, incited, it is said, by a "horde of Mexicans or outlandish men," who supply the natives with arms and ammunition. Governor Young thereupon directed a military detachment to proceed to the scene of disturbance, with orders to arrest all suspicious persons, but to treat with kindness those Mexicans who remain in their settlements. The militia are directed to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice to any part of the Territory.

From *California* the receipts of gold have been very large since our last notice. The Grand Jury of San Francisco refused to bring in an indictment for manslaughter against the captain of the steamer Independence, whose loss occasioned so fearful a destruction of life; but expressed their regret that it was not within their functions to indict the owners of the line for criminal negligence in sending out unseaworthy vessels. The question of the division of the State continues to excite interest. There have been two or three serious riots, involving loss of life.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna has assumed full and undivided possession of all the functions of government. His formal entry into authority took place on the 20th of April; at which time he proceeded to the palace—his carriage drawn by the populace, who had insisted upon removing the horses, and themselves supplying their place. Thence the cortège went to the Chamber of Deputies, where the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were assembled. There the oath was

administered to him, by which he swore to "defend the independence and integrity of the Mexican territory, and to promote the welfare and prosperity of the nation, in conformity with the basis adopted by the plan of Jalisco, and the agreement made in Mexico on the 6th of February last by the united forces." On the 22d he issued a proclamation settling the basis of public administration, as established provisionally, until the promulgation of a new organization. By this document all legislative authority is suspended, and a Board of five Secretaries are appointed, who are to report, each for his own special department, measures to the President; and in case of his approval to be responsible for their execution. To aid and advise these Secretaries, a Council of State, of twenty-one members, divided into sections answering to the several Secretaryships, is named. Each of these sections forms the special council of one of the Secretaries. Subsequently, decrees have been issued, imposing restrictions on the press, taking possession by Government of the telegraph, forbidding the circulation of foreign money, prohibiting private citizens to have in their possession any arms, powder, or munitions, and the like. Extraordinary honors have been awarded to those who suffered during the late American war, while those persons who voluntarily surrendered to the invaders have been dismissed from public service. The remains of those who fell in battle have been directed to be disinterred, in order to be again buried in a manner worthy of those who had deserved well of their country. A public levée was held of those who had suffered mutilation during the war; the President assured them that he too had suffered mutilation for the country, and that the country would remember them. The title assumed by Santa Anna is, "Antonio Lopez Santa Anna, Benemerito of the Country, General of Division, Cavalier of the Great Cross of the Royal and Distinguished Spanish Order of Carlos III., and President of the Republic." Arista, the late President, received an order to betake himself to Vera Cruz, and to embark for Europe in the packet about to sail. In the event of being too late for the packet, he was to be imprisoned in the castle till the next departure. As the order was backed by a troop of horse, the Ex-President obeyed: and from the vessel returned an answer, protesting against the banishment; declaring that his sole offense was sympathy with North American institutions; and affirming that, in order to secure the happiness of the country, he would, if necessary, be in favor of "annexation to the United States; for, in that measure, Mexico could discover an inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity, in exchange for that grand riddle which General Santa Anna calls nationality." As Minister to the United States the new Government has appointed General Almonte. There are reports that Santa Anna is disposed to enter into intimate relations with Spain, in order to make common cause against the United States; at all events, the Spanish Minister, on occasion of his presentation, was received with distinguished honor. Great exertions, in the meanwhile, are making to recruit the army; reinforcements have been dispatched to Governor Trias of Chihuahúa, to resist the occupation of the Mesilla Valley by the Americans. In various departments opposition has been manifested to the government of Santa Anna. A serious disturbance, which was, however, finally quelled, broke out at Vera Cruz on the 17th of May.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The hopes entertained of the establishment of peace in *Buenos Ayres* have again been disappointed. General Urquiza refused to assent to the provisions of the treaty which had been negotiated by the Commissioners, on the ground that all the advantages were on the side of the Government party, to the prejudice of the Provincials. The city was again put in siege, though an agreement seems to have been made by which actual hostilities are to be suspended for a while, that recourse may be had to another attempt at negotiation.

It is hardly worth the while to endeavor to record the quarrels and reconciliations of the minor States of Southern and Central America. The latest quarrel seems to be between *Peru* and *Bolivia*. The latter State is charged with having issued debased coin and with some indignity to the Peruvian Chargé By way of reprisal, the Peruvian Government has laid heavy duties on all merchandise passing the Peruvian custom-houses, either to or from Bolivia. ——The war between *Honduras* and *Guatemala* is reported to be at an end.——Señor Mora has been re-elected, almost unanimously, to the Presidency of *Costa Rica*. His message presents a somewhat favorable state of affairs in that State. He, however, recommends an increase in the powers of Government.——A proposition has been broached that the five powers of Central America should unite in a customs-union, somewhat like the German *Zollverein*.

In *Jamaica* a serious quarrel has arisen between the different departments of the Government. Resolutions passed the Assembly, making various reductions in the public expenditures, to which the Council refused to accede. The Assembly thereupon passed a resolution charging the Council with recklessness and utter disregard of the public interests. And on these grounds they refused to originate any legislative measures, or to do any business with that body. The Council rejoined by denouncing the Assembly's resolution as unfounded in fact, a gross violation of Parliamentary usage, and a wanton attack upon the honor and dignity of the Council. In view of this state of things the Governor prorogued the Legislature; and as no provision had been made for supplies, he threatened to disband the police, and to set loose the criminals, for whose support no provision had been made.

At the *Sandwich Islands* rumors were prevalent, which are probably premature, of a movement on the part of the French, with a design of taking possession of the islands; and the project of annexation to the United States has been broached.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Several preliminary trials of strength have taken place in respect to the proposed Budget, which indicate that the Ministers have a decided majority in the House of Commons.——As was anticipated, the Jewish Disabilities bill was defeated in the House of Peers; the vote was 164 nays to 115 ayes. Among those who advocated the bill was Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.——In reply to Parliamentary interrogations, the Ministers announced that the Chinese Government had applied to Britain for assistance; but no orders had been given to interfere in the war, except for the protection of British subjects and property; and that the Burmese province of Pegu had been annexed to British India, by way of indemnification for the expenses of the war.——The subject of political refugees continues to excite attention.——Charges are rife of enormous corruption in various departments of Government. Investigations into the management of the dock-yards, under the late Derby administration, have resulted in some singular disclosures.——The papers teem with ac

counts of the progress of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has been received with unprecedented enthusiasm; but the Times comments with some severity upon the affair.——A magnificent copy of Shakspeare, purchased by nearly ten thousand subscribers of a penny each, has been presented to Kossuth. The speech in presentation was made by Douglas Jerrold. Kossuth replied with even more than his usual eloquence and brilliancy.——The Irish Industrial Exhibition at Dublin was opened on the 12th of May, by the Lord Lieutenant. It promises to be very successful. It owes its origin to the liberality of the Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Dargan, who, commencing life as a common laborer, has attained to great wealth.——A sumptuous entertainment was given by the American banker, Mr. Peabody, to our Minister, Mr. Ingersoll, and a large number of Americans and Englishmen. Among the guests was Ex-President Van Buren, who was welcomed with distinguished honor.

THE CONTINENT.

From *France* there is nothing of general interest except the report, which gains strength, that the two branches of the House of Bourbon are upon the point of uniting their interests. The hopes which had been entertained of a direct heir to the Imperial Crown have been disappointed by the premature *accouchement* of the Empress. The health of the Emperor is represented to be much shattered. It is proposed by Government to revive capital punishment for certain classes of political offenses.

In *Holland* the Government has been involved in some embarrassments, growing out of attempts made to introduce a Roman Catholic hierarchy. In consequence of these the States General were dissolved, and a new election ordered, which resulted in the success of the Ultra-Protestant party, which has also the support of the King.

In *Spain* the intelligence of the appointment of Mr. Soulé as American Minister has occasioned no little excitement. The newspapers discuss the matter with great earnestness, and even recommend that he be not received.

In *Italy* the Austrians are adopting stringent measures to check revolutionary attempts, and to prevent the refugees from finding an asylum in the neighboring minor States. Explicit demands have been made upon the Swiss Confederation to remove from their territories any refugees who should be charged by the Austrian envoy with being engaged in revolutionary enterprises. This was accompanied by some hostile demonstrations. The demand has been refused by the Cantons, and has been followed by the withdrawal of the Austrian envoy.

The affairs of *Turkey* appear to be approaching a crisis. The demands of Russia approach to a semi-sovereignty over the whole population of Turkey belonging to the Greek communion. This the Sultan has refused to grant, and a suspension of diplomatic intercourse has resulted. In the meanwhile the fleets of the European powers are gradually concentrating within striking distance from Constantinople. It is understood that the Sultan has refused to accede to the demands of Russia by the advice of the English and French embassadors.

CHINA.

For two or three years there have been vague and contradictory reports of a revolutionary movement in progress in the heart of the Chinese Empire; but the seat of the disturbance was so remote from all European intercourse, that no authentic intelligence had transpired in relation to its object or extent. Recent arrivals indicate that it will prove to be one of the most important movements of the age, as it promises to involve the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and to put an end to the exclusive policy which has so long shut out China from intercourse with the world. The insurrection, commencing in the central provinces, has spread north and east. The insurgents have every where proved successful against the Imperial forces; until at last the Emperor issued a proclamation acknowledging that his efforts to check the insurrection had proved utterly abortive, sketching a plan for future military operations, and concluding by offering large rewards to those who should contribute to the support of the army. This last effort has utterly failed; and at the latest advices, the insurgents were in the neighborhood of Nankin, with every prospect of soon becoming masters of that capital, and then marching upon Shanghae. Not the least singular circumstance connected with this insurrection is the absolute uncertainty that exists as to the person and antecedents of the leader. His real name is absolutely unknown to the Imperial authorities. Report says that he has been educated by European missionaries, is imbued with European ideas, and that his council of war is composed of four individuals, who are evidently foreigners, and are supposed to be Frenchmen. It is certain that the insurrection is carried on with a skill to which the Chinese can lay no claim. Towns are invested by regular approaches; no plunder or pillage is allowed, and the districts over which the forces pass are pacified. Some curious proclamations, issued by the insurgent leaders, have been translated. One commences by asserting the democratic doctrine that when any government loses the affection of the people, it must fall. The dominant dynasty are charged with bestowing office and rewards for bribes, to the exclusion of those who are versed in the doctrines of Confucius The proclamation then goes on to say that the leader in imitation of certain great sages, had heretofore concealed his own name and station; but that, seeing how the black-haired race were oppressed, he had taken up arms, and intended "first to overthrow the dynasty, and then proceed to breakfast." Another insurgent proclamation, after giving a deplorable picture of public and private grievances, lays all the blame upon "the vicious and besotted monarch." It goes on to state that cultivators and artisans will not be disturbed in their avocations; but intimates that the wealthy must furnish supplies for the sustenance of the army, for the amount of which receipts will be given, and payments made at a future period. Rewards are offered to those who assist in carrying out the plans of the insurgents; and the severest punishments are threatened against those who assist the "marauding mandarins." The public functionaries are directed to surrender the insignia of their offices, and to retire to their several villages; all of them who resist, are threatened with death. The Chinese Intendant at Shanghae, under date of March 16, addressed a petition to the foreign consuls, requesting their assistance. After detailing the progress of the insurgents he affirms that, if they be not speedily interrupted, commercial relations between China and foreign nations will be at an end. He therefore requests that the foreign vessels in port may proceed up the river to Nankin in aid of the Imperial forces. The British, French, and American naval forces have accordingly undertaken to protect, at least temporarily, and upon certain conditions, Shanghae, Nankin, and the mouth of the Great Canal against the insurgents. It is further reported that Russia has offered her intervention in order to maintain the present Tartar dynasty on the throne.

Editor's Table.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION—as it is called—presents a problem of the same kind, and involving the same difficulties, with that of religious liberty. We may not hope to present a satisfactory solution, and yet it is entitled to some place in our Editor's Table, as one of the current and most exciting topics of the day. If, as on the kindred question, we can do no more than set these difficulties before our readers in a clear and impressive light, no small service will have been rendered to the blessed cause of truth and charity.

All great questions have two sides to them. They would not be great questions if it were not so. A conviction of this is as essential to the correctness and clearness of our reasoning, as to the kindness and forbearance of our conclusions. Not that truth is indifferent, or is to be found by indolently traveling some convenient *viâ media;* moral and political truth is as fixed in its principles as the mathematical, but the interests, and passions, and depravities of mankind present difficulties of application which have no place in the purely speculative. No mental faculty therefore, is of higher value than that by which we are enabled to view questions from a foreign standpoint, and to get ourselves into the spirit of ages, and circumstances, and modes of thinking, remotely diverse from our own.

Can the State educate? We may say the State *ought* to educate, because it is bound to promote the highest good of all its citizens—their highest intellectual and moral good, for its own sake—their highest intellectual and moral good, for the sake of its bearing upon that physical welfare which is within the undoubted jurisdiction of the political sovereignty. But who can fail to see that, as far as the duty and the motive are concerned, the same position is equally tenable in respect to the higher question of a national religion. If the State ought to educate, it ought to give the *best* education. It ought to educate in the truth, and to this end, not only ascertain what that truth is, but cause it to be taught to the exclusion of every thing else. So, too, the State *ought* to have the best religion, and teach that religion, however it may, on account of certain expediencies, tolerate other forms and creeds. The objections, we know, to doing this, in the present state of things, are legion, but still it is difficult to see why those of most force in the one case are not equally tenable in the other. Men differ in their religious dogmas. They differ in their philosophy. They differ, and differ bitterly, in their politics. They differ widely and even essentially in what all seem nowadays to regard as a most necessary part of education—their views of morals and moral truth. They may agree in the facts of physical science; but even here comes in as wide, if not a still wider, diversity in their opinions respecting its rank, its value, and especially its connections with the higher world of spiritual realities. Chemistry may be a very godless science. It may be so taught as to be more offensive to some parents than any patronage the State might extend to certain forms of religious error. The study of nature, if made the ground of morals, may by some be regarded as the highest immorality, as well as the highest irreligion.

Are similar objections insurmountable in the parallel case? We all agree that they are. No man among us, whatever may be his views of the desirableness, maintains the practicability of a national religion. However much any one might be inclined to defend such an action of the civil power in peculiar circumstances—however plausible might be the arguments in favor of it as attempted in a homogeneous nation, where the inhabitants are as yet all of one race, one religion, one worship, one set of opinions, or one set of prejudices—however desirable, we say, or practicable it might be in such a case to try and keep them such, it is now with us entirely out of the question. The State *can not*, and therefore, unless it be that its moral obligations are unrelaxed by inabilities which some might say exist through its own wrong construction, it *ought* not to have a State-regulated national religion.

We would not be mistaken in these remarks. We have indulged in them merely to show the immense difficulties that surround all these great questions. Strange that they should be so easily seen in the one case, and that we should be so blind to them in the other. Time, however, is forcing them upon our notice. That most certain and most thorough of all teachers is presenting them in such a light, that the veriest demagogue will soon be compelled to admit that the worthy treatment of this subject is not so easy a matter as it would seem to be, from the flippant truisms sometimes to be found in executive messages and legislative reports. We do not take ground against national education; but a careful survey of the whole perplexing field must convince every sound and candid thinker, that if the desired result is to be obtained at all, it can only be as the fruit of much compromise, along with a settled conviction that fragmentary or partial interests must yield to something acknowledged as nationally predominant, if not universal, in the sphere of morals and religion.

The great question—Can the State educate?—may present itself under two aspects. Some may regard it as sufficiently answered by a mere tax-collecting, money-giving system, that simply furnishes funds for educational purposes, leaving it to local societies and to individuals to employ them in their own way, or according to their own views of the knowledge or instruction to be imparted. But this can not properly be called State education. It is nothing but a poor scheme of finance. It is taking from the people with the one hand what is returned to them with the other, and in such a way as to destroy the individual stimulus and the individual supervision through the appearance of public patronage, while in reality, by refusing any specific control of the funds employed, it presents no public aim, and is subservient to no public good. The State might about as well assume the collection and paying out again distributively of all church rates, on the ground that religion is a very good thing for the well-being of the body politic, but with a Gallio-like indifference in respect to the quality or varieties of the article so patriotically purchased.

It is, then, the second aspect alone that worthily meets the importance and difficulty of our question. By State education can be rightly meant nothing else than a governmental control—having the charge and supervision of the very purposes, and all the purposes, for which the funds are bestowed. It must have, eventually, in view the whole subject in all its departments, from the lowest to the highest. It must regulate the studies, the books, the modes of teaching. It must decide whether there shall be the same

education for all, as some would contend, or whether there shall be different grades according to the different capacities developed, and the varieties of business and condition arising out of the natural and necessary inequalities of mankind. If it could be shown, as we think it easily might, that, to some extent, a class of purely theoretical minds would be useful to the *commonwealth*, it is bound to cultivate this department of the educational garden, as well as that for which the public aid is so exclusively and clamorously demanded under the name of the practical, or the more directly utilitarian. In all such control, it must have regard to the common or organic good, and not to any real or fancied individual rights. It educates its *members*, if it educate at all, just as the individual man educates his members—his eyes, his ears, his hands, his feet—not for their own sakes, but for the corporate welfare of the one undivided personality.

Can the State do this? It is becoming the great question of the day. It is agitating England and France as well the United States. Among ourselves, three parties have already developed themselves. More will probably arise; but they will all become arranged under these primary divisions. There is the Protestant Evangelical interest—we use the name not as the most appropriate in itself, but as the best that can be employed if we would get rid of the vagueness which attaches to the first part of the compound—there is the Romanist—and there is the Infidel. The latter might be complained of as an improper and an injurious term; but we find nothing more convenient, and, in fact, more just, to denote those of every kind who would make education exclusively secular, and who maintain this ground, either through their dislike to the more serious aspects of religious truth, or because they claim it as the only possible way of avoiding the difficulties which are pressed upon the subject by the conflicting demands of the other two parties. They are Infidels, or, if they would prefer the name, *Liberalists*, in regard to the belief that would hold the secular and the physical in education to be not only imperfect, but positively pernicious, when pursued to the exclusion of the spiritual.

The two extremes, or the two acute angles in this triangular controversy, are the Romanist and the Liberalist, as we have defined him. One contends for an education to be paid for by the State, and yet definitely and denominationally religious. The other demands the entire exclusion of religious teaching, or religious influences of every kind. The third party hopes to steer a middle course. It would secure religious and moral instruction; yet of such a character as to give no just cause of offense—that is, no just cause in its estimation—either to its right or left hand antagonists.

Are any of these schemes practicable? It would seem the easiest of all to deal with the position of the Romanist—we mean logically, for practically the greatest difficulty, perhaps, will be found on this side. The answer to his claim of a share of the public money presents itself at once. If for one, for all. And so the whole of our boasted educational system is reduced to the collecting and distributing of money. When brought to this condition, too, each sect could only receive, not in proportion to the number of its children, but, in proportion to the taxes it had contributed; for who would contend for the justice of taxing Protestants to pay for the education of children in the exclusive tenets of Romanism? as must be the case, if, in proportion to their numbers, the former are the wealthiest portion of the community?

How is it with what we have called the Evangelical Protestant scheme? It might do for a large middle ground; though even this, a jealous sectarianism among Protestants themselves, would be continually narrowing. It is, however, the best and only one of the three that could be selected, should it be decided that the State *must* educate, and that, too, on some one system that would make its education a blessing and not a curse. In that case, we must decide, as well as we can, what moral and religious influences are *predominant* in the nation, and make them the controlling power in a system of national education, with as much tolerance as possible for every thing else. By predominant we mean, not the bare assent of a numerical majority for the time being, but that prevailing view of things spiritual which has been active in the national history, and thus entered largely into the national character, or what may be called the national life. To disregard this is inevitably to denationalize ourselves. A state that does not, in this sense, possess some predominant moral and religious character, or that regards "all faiths, all forms" as alike good, alike evil, can have no true sanctions for its laws, can command no permanent respect for its institutions. Its mere physical force will be ultimately of no avail in the absence of that fixed moral sentiment, without which law has no self-sustaining power, and all enactments become in time a dead letter, not merely negatively useless, but actually breeding a deadly pestilence in the national conscience. Such a state, in short, can claim no more regard, or reverential obedience, than the individual man who stands in the same faithless and Godless predicament.

We see no assailable point in these general positions. It is only when we attempt to make specific applications that the difficulties present themselves; and these difficulties it would be well for us to look steadily in the face. The advocate of some predominant middle ground is driven to defend himself, and make good his position against two apparently most opposite antagonists. Almost every argument he urges against one extreme is turned with some plausibility against him by the other. The Romanist pierces him with the same weapon he had employed against the infidel. The infidel assails him in the very quarter which he had regarded as his vantage ground in a conflict with the Romanist. Against this latter class of antagonists, he may indeed maintain, and with much appearance, at least, of proof, that their newly displayed zeal for common school education is lacking in a hearty sincerity. He may pose them with the questions—How comes it that this feeling ever slumbers until aroused by Protestant efforts? Why is it only exhibited in predominantly Protestant countries? Why is there not as much interest felt for the education of the poor, and the children of the poor, in Sicily, and Portugal, and Mexico, as in Great Britain and America? But all this amounts to nothing in the argument. The Romanist stands on the ground of the Constitution. His religion is to be respected. He claims relief against any public system of education which is either directly or indirectly hostile to it. It is no answer to him to say that this is according to the nature of things. It will not be enough to tell him that under present circumstances, as they exist in the present age of the world, all free or common education must be hostile to Romanism. Such a nature of things and circumstances, and such influences of the present age, he would say are evil and wrong. They affect injuriously his cherished belief, and he asks protection from a State which is constitutionally bound, as he

says, to an exact impartiality, or, rather, to an undisturbed indifference.

Very similar to this is the reasoning the Evangelical Protestant is compelled to employ, when assailed by the Liberalist with a demand for the entire exclusion of all but the purest scientific instruction. Such an exclusion, he contends, although apparently a merely negative act, is positive hostility. There can be strictly no neutrality. In the present state of things exclusion is reprobation, and an infidel bias upon the young mind is the fruit of an assumed yet unreal impartiality. Under the pretense of indifference to all sects, there is a favoring of the very worst. There is a show of fairness, but in the very nature of such a state of things, every movement tends to the advantage of those who hold to negations instead of positive truth. The definite language necessarily employed in the statement or defense of the latter carries the appearance of sectarianism. It stands out clear and uncompromising. The cant of an infidel rationalism is more flexible. It assumes to be philosophical, and under this guise attacks the most precious truth without creating alarm. No position can be more unanswerably just than that a system of education which, under the pretense of fairness, excludes certain definite religious views as sectarian, should also equally exclude any direct or indirect denials of them. If, for example, the doctrine of a future penal retribution can not be taught, or if it must be expurgated when even alluded to in a reading book, on what principle of justice or consistency shall another doctrine in every respect opposed to it be allowed to come creeping in under the name of phrenology, or the philosophy of humanity, or some system of pretended ethics, which, after all, is but the sheerest naturalism. There has been more than one example of just such a kind of neutrality in the selection of reading books, and volumes for district libraries. Robert Hall's works would be shut out as sectarian; so would any religious periodical openly devoted to the maintaining certain definite theological views. On the other hand, Combe's Constitution of Man, and The Westminster Review, are freely allowed to come in under the cloak of philosophy and literature. Our public officers may mean to be fair; but of many of them it may be truly said —they know no better. Their own highest education, perhaps, has been that of the party newspaper, the political caucus, or the flash lecture system of the day; and how should they be expected to keep the track of so wily and slimy a thing as the modern infidelity. Again, a direct attack on certain religious views is not half so dangerous as the pretense of teaching morals on a plan which carefully excludes all distinctively religious ideas. A believer in the Atonement and the Trinity might more safely have his children brought in direct contact with Volney and Voltaire, than with the system of expurgated school-books which has been adopted in some parts of our land.

Thus reasons, and most justly and pertinently reasons, our middle man, or our Evangelical Protestant, as we have styled him, when he loses sight of his Romish, and turns him to his Infidel antagonist. We have merely given the outline points of his argument, but it might be filled up so as to appear extremely forcible, to say the least, if not wholly unanswerable. It could be shown almost to a mathematical certainty, that in the present system of things, the decision of disputed questions, arising out of the selection of school and library books, must continually result in the triumph of the infidel, or negative, interest, whenever it comes in conflict with positive truth.

And this brings us to the third position, or that taken by the enlightened Liberalist, as he so modestly styles himself. His watchword is *pure science*. Education should be *purely scientific*. But is this possible? It may be so if we arbitrarily narrow the term to take in just what we please. But such a course would be merely a dodging, and not a fair and manly meeting of the difficulty. Suppose we get clear, or fancy we get clear, of religion; what is to be done with morals? No education without morals. Here almost all seem to be agreed. It is one of the famous words of the day. There is a charm about it for all classes of reasoners. Our religious men are for morals of course; and so are all our editors. The political manager too, and the stump orator, and the demagogue of every species and of every party, are all for morals. Why, morals, to be sure! What is education without morals? Are they not the foundation of our liberties? The commonness of this kind of declamation, whatever may be meant by it, has almost given the odiousness of cant to what would otherwise be but the expression of the most wholesome truth. It is enough, however, for the use we make of it in our argument, that this is the great ground on which is placed the duty of the State to educate. It can not be derived from any interest arising out of pure science. The nation owes it to itself to make good citizens. The childless rich are taxed, it is said, because they have an *interest* in the public morals. In other words, morals are very useful for the protection of property; and so land, and houses, and stocks, will all be worth more if morals are taught in our public schools. Now this reasoning certainly seems very conclusive; but what morals? it might be asked; or is the kind or quality of no account in the market? Is it the morals of politics, or the morals of commerce, or the morals of Christianity? Is it the morals of Jesuitism, or of Old Fogyism, or of Young America? Is it the morals of phrenology, or the morality of the Bible, with all its dread sanctions drawn from the idea of a future life? Nothing would be easier, some might think, than to give an answer to such a question. It is the morals, or the morality, which "teaches men their duties without respect to *faiths* and *forms*." We think we have seen some such definition in a legislative document; but it would be difficult to conceive of a greater amount of nonsense being contained in so brief a space. We might as well talk of a mathematics that had nothing to do with number and figure, or a science of mechanics that had nothing to do with force and motion, or a psychology that had nothing to do with thought and feeling. "A morality that has nothing to do with *faiths* and *forms!*" What would it be, in other words, but a morals without *principles* of any kind for their ground, or objective sanctions to fix them in vivid remembrance upon the conscience? When, however, we come to discuss these principles, we find that here too men can differ, and differ as widely, and as bitterly, as on the dogmas of philosophy or theology. What some call morals, others would regard as nothing but a political economy, and that too of a very poor order. Some would make morals obedience to nature. To others this is little better than atheism. In the minds of some it can not be severed from positive law; others would regard it as wholly subjective, or an obedience, if we may use such a term here, to each man's own inward feeling, be it true conscience, stubborn caprice, or sheer willfulness. We differ as widely in respect to its end. With some it is to make good citizens, or good men of business, with a view solely to the utilities of the present life. Others would re-

gard a morals having no relation to another world, and a higher divine government, as in fact *immorality* of the worst kind—worse even than not teaching morals at all.

And then again, as to the manner in which morality is to be taught. The difficulties and diversities we have mentioned belong to it as a direct study; they present themselves no less when we would determine on what principles it should regulate the government of a school. What some would call *moral suasion*, others would regard as a most *immoral* substitution of a false motive, or a selfish, flattering self-respect, for a true principle of righteous obedience to law and truth for their own sakes—a kind of morals now needed in this country more than all others.

But suppose we give up morals, and come back to reading and writing, with such elementary instruction in mathematical science as steers wholly clear of the disputed ground. Physical science too might come in here, were there not, as we have seen, an unsettled boundary line between it and theology, and we might say, some views of ethics. By giving up morals, however, we yield the main argument on which it is claimed that the State must educate. As an individual benefit, education has no more demand than any other private interest upon the State's assistance. Mere reading will not work this moral charm. That depends altogether on what is read, or likely to be read. There may be such a current literature (that of Paris, for example, for we say nothing to the disparagement of our own) as would make the incapacity to read, in a large part of the population, an actual protection rather than an injurious privation.

Neither will science that is far in advance of this have any more of direct moral power. The argument here has been so often presented that the barest statement is sufficient. A man may pick locks all the better for knowing something of mechanics. Certain kinds of chemical knowledge may enable him to commit murder with a facility and a security of which he would not otherwise have dreamed.

The difficulties meet us with all their force in the choice of school-books. It is not in morals alone that we find them. They arise out of all subjects in which men have a personally interesting, instead of a merely speculative difference. Were education confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, we think the whole matter could be easily settled. But what shall we say of politics? O! that must be taught, of course. That, too, belongs to the foundation of our liberties. Every child should understand our political institutions. But do we not differ widely about the very theory and interpretation of our Constitution? and can that Constitution be any thing else than what such theory and interpretation make it to be? Shall it be taught with Hamilton's commentary, or Jefferson's, or Calhoun's, or Webster's? And then, too, there is history, a very important study, indeed, but how are we to dispose of the endless disputes which grow out of every department, especially when regarded as a history of opinions, instead of bare and unimportant facts?

But we find our present space exhausted with a statement of the difficulties that surround the subject. This, however, may be a benefit, if it leads, as we said in the beginning, to that spirit of forbearing compromise which more than any thing else the settlement of the great problem demands. The State *ought* to educate—the State *can* educate—but the means and the manner call for the profoundest consideration of our profoundest minds.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR fast age is growing rapidly faster. Between the crowds of coming strangers, the country-bound citizens, the frightful casualties, the political schemings, the Crystal Palace, the fatal Franconi, and the summer's heat, we hardly know upon what point of the public thought to rest our pen and our periods.

It has amused us to consider, in our self-confident, editorial way, how some twenty years hence (or it may be fifty) the boys of parents, who are now on the fourth form of the ward schools, will look back through our careless setting down of the things that bewitch the tongues of the town, and glean from it a private history of all those little every-day changes, of pavements and police—hotels and hospitalities—railway murders and private murders, which belong to our epoch; and which will give, after all, a better idea of the civilization of the day than can come into the neat pages of either Hildreth or Bancroft.

"We want a history of firesides," said Mr. Webster, in one of his great speeches; we want to know how men dressed, who were our fathers' and our mothers' fathers; and we want to know how they traveled, and through what dangers "of the road" they made their traverse from town to country, and at what hotels they "put up," and on what shell-fish or lobster *patés* they made their eleven o'clock suppers; and how much Congress-water they moistened their June meals with.

In short, the newspaper history of a country or a people is, after all, the truest history, and one which will give a better lookout upon the shifting habit of the passing age, than any quarto with marginal references. And if this be true of newspapers, why is it not also true of this—our skimming of newspapers, which we write down week by week, after drinking up and poring over all that the newspapers tell?

We remember, years ago, in old country towns, searching out, with curious feet and searching eyes, some dilapidated, antique mansion, where, on a time, a man had lived who had committed murder—slaying his children, one by one, and his wife; and after that, with a blasphemous prayer, blowing out his own murderous brains, and falling upon the pile of the slaughtered. We groped eagerly on the doorway, fancying every dark stain was blood, and every sound of a creaking shutter was an utterance of the ghostly dead. And the house was a marked house in our childish calendar; and an air of sombre mysteriousness hung around the street, and stirred among the weird branches of the elms that shaded it. And we shuddered to wander thitherward at nightfall, and hurried away if even a cloud crossed the sun when the day was at its height. And the name of the murderer was a name that gave a shock whenever and wherever it met us. And we counted all this as a wholesome horror, which by its very rarity made the generating crime greater and more dreadful.

We wonder much, nowadays, if the growing generation are gaining such appreciative sense of blood and murder; and whether Norwalk and Chicago—not to mention the names of engineers and superintendents—are becoming bugbears to boys, or are not rather the mere explosive demonstrations of that fast American spirit which boys are born to—and born to honor.

When the Henry Clay, under the kind direction of Captain —— and owner ——, was burned gloriously, and hurried a few dozens of unwilling women and men into a watery grave, there was talk of bringing men to justice; and some few, going still farther,

wanted to erect some memorial shaft upon the spot, that all captains thenceforth might keep in mind the terrible wreck and the terrible murder, and so strive to avoid such; but the justice and the memorial are nowadays nowhere to be found, save in the newspapers. Norwalk and Chicago are almost as dead as the victims, and the papers tell us "the cars run as fast as ever."

Indeed our American gush of travel is too earnest, and too full to be delayed by any hecatomb of slain. We shall have, as we have already, a great number of ingenious devices for making security certain, and a great number of condemnatory speeches; but our national disregard for life will hang by us yet, until we have groped our way through very much blood and fire to a more perfect civilization.

Apropos of this, and of kindred matters, we have a pleasant record to make here of a capital race upon the Mississippi, between the steamers Shotwell and Eclipse, upon which, we are pleasantly informed, some fifty thousand dollars were staked in the way of bets. The race was decided in favor of the Shotwell. But we can not believe that the elegant Eclipse will tamely submit to such a victor. We shall look with the utmost confidence to a renewal of the race; and we shall expect our very energetic friends in the southwest will subscribe funds, if necessary, for the supply of tar, resin, and turpentine, or such other combustible material as may be needful, for "crowding her" to the top speed.

We can not conceive it possible that any Mississippi traveler, with proper self-respect, should henceforth take passage upon a boat that has been beaten in a fair race. The Eclipse must redeem herself, or—explode. Nothing else can now establish her reputation. Nothing else will make her a favorite boat.

We beg pardon of our readers for thus making a joke of our national misfortune. As yet, strange as it may seem, in the face of that popular sentiment which encourages such boiler strife, every new accident is heralded by a wail of accusation against the murderous captain and engineers. If we will be fools in our bravado, at least let us not shirk the wearing of our folly.

We have no advice to give in this connection, except the old advice which has crept in here and there through all the papers of our Easy Chair employ, viz.: to govern our fast American spirit with somewhat more of the prudence of civilization;—to attempt no more than we can safely attain to;—to make our progress such as shall tell its own story, without Fourth of July declamations, and to distinguish more clearly between healthful enterprise and heedless audacity.

And this leads us, by a not unnatural association, to the spending of a word or two upon our New York Palace of Arts and Manufactures. It is but a new type of the ill-considered *fastness* of our time: that fastness which makes the manifesto grander than the battle, and which kindles expectation that falls short of realization.

From the first, we ventured to question the propriety with which a joint-stock company should assume the tone of a national institution, and, with even greater assumption, should call that a World's Fair which had neither time nor space to fill such sounding programme. It involved unfortunate comparisons; it excited unreal anticipations; and whatever may be the result to the proprietors, or to individual exhibitors, we can not hope that America, as a nation, will come off with flying colors from the trial her own challenge provokes.

That much good may come of it, we most readily believe; that it is a worthy object, we freely and cordially avow. We only regret that the wording of the promises had not been more tamed by the inexperience of the designers, and by the narrowness of the time and of the means. The day is coming, and not very far off, when a World's Fair may well be set up on this side of the water; and when the Government may interest itself nobly and honorably in calling in tokens of artistic skill from the two hemispheres. But it should be a well-considered and a national matter—a matter not to make us blush for its feeble imitativeness, but one to develop, with fitting accompaniments, that great progress in the useful arts which thus far is our chief distinction.

If Lord Ellesmere wants to see what will provoke his wonder and his admiration more than any thing under the shadow of our crystal dome, let him study our system of common schools, and take a look at the satcheled boys, of every parentage and every social hue, who rejoice in books and in abundance! Or let him traverse those fat lands of ours, where nodding wheat is ripening amid giant tree-stumps; and where harvests are thickening along such fresh wilderness as ten years ago saw no white-faced passer-by, but which now is belted with iron rails, stretching from the farthest lakes to all the cities of the sea. Or, still better, let him observe regardfully the every-day, swift-moving, swarming American life—passing through the harassments of trade, of individual passion, of political heat, of professional strife, of opposing interests—without ever a soldier's coat, or a bayoneted man, or a sentineled gate, or a martial order, or scarce the smallest livery of power! Then let him wonder, with greater wonder than he will feel in the Crystal Palace, at the great home of outcasts, which receives, without a shock and without a tremor of fear, his British ship-loads of poverty!

Editor's Drawer.

Now it is July. Now the heats in the city are intense, and dogs, big and little, run about the streets with panting sides and lolling tongues, and now citizens must beware of hydrophobia. Now pedestrians wipe their steaming faces, and the fat man longs for a shady place, where he may step out of his clothing of flesh, and let the wind pass coolingly through his ribs. Now, pop! pop! pop! is heard all through the city, day and night, from juvenile fire-crackers, torpedoes, and one and two horse-pistols. Now women scream and tremble in the thoroughfares, whereat mischievous little rascals, rejoicing at their fears, run laughing away. Now are patriotic police-officers lenient, because "*Fourth-of-July*," our "Sabbath-Day of Freedom," is at hand, and "something must be pardoned to the spirit of Liberty."

"Speaking of the Fourth of July," the following sketch of the Scenes of a Fourth of July Celebration in the City, written some twenty years ago, will be read with equal interest at the present time, for "that which *hath* been, *will* be," in scenes like these. We seldom rise on the morning of the "glorious Fourth," without thinking how many maimed limbs, how many precious lives, will be a sad result of the national celebration, ere the sun shall set upon the patriotic demonstrations. But to our sketch:

"Morn breaketh in the east! It is the Day of the Nation. Hark to the heavy roar of artillery! Observe, over the still waters of the Bay, the

puffs of smoke that dot the green marge of the shores—the ordnance-reports in "honor of the Day." The flags are unrolling from the shipping; the pennons and streamers are running up and along a thousand masts and spars, amidst the rough merriment of happy seamen. The Great City is fenced in with a palisade of vessels, and their gay colors gleam in the rising sun, and stream on the morning breeze.

"The city teems with life. Banners wave, as far as the eye can reach, over the multitudes who crowd the streets, that melt into a soft breeze in the distance, but as far as can be seen, there is no lessening of the moving mass of humanity.

"And now it is mid-day. The sun pours upon the soldiers in the crowded Park, while the dense throng relieves the white back-ground of the white marble portico. Do you hear the clashing of the glittering arms of the military?—the 'noise of the people, and the shouting?' The immense area is now an inclosure of dense smoke; and a noise as if the foundations of the great deep were broken up, swells prolonged above the billowy mass.

"The *feu-de-joie* ceases—the sulphurous canopy rolls away—and the long lines come gleaming on. How the music thrills upon the ear!—how the scene fills the heart! Yonder gray-haired veteran, as he leans upon his staff, feels it in his 'heart of hearts.' He is 'fighting his battles o'er again.' He swings his hat with a hand that trembles now, but was firm enough when he 'bore him stiffly up' against the enemies of his country. A company of infant-soldiery have imbibed the spirit of the scene, and their gayly-plumed paper chapeaus and tin swords are waved and flourished under the influence of a new life.

"Night falls upon the metropolis. A thousand lamps glimmer through the long ranges of booths, and the voice of revelry swells up from among them. Clusters of explosions of India-crackers, prolonged by single, double, and treble discharges, indicate the ubiquity of small sportsmen. Blue, red, and yellow fires every where color the streets. Can that be the moon rising so gradually up the sky? Not at all; it is an illuminated balloon. Now it gleams like burnished gold in the light of the 'silver-rain' of a rocket, which has exploded above it. How soft come down the reports, which succeed the advent of those fiery serpents trailing through the air, and the overflowing of fountains of fire, which scatter golden drops upon the sleeping city! On every side, streams of light rush into mid-heaven, paling for a moment the 'ineffectual fires' of the whole host of stars.

"A change comes over the scene. The day and the night have passed, and the sun is again high in heaven, and murky clouds are pillowed along the west—the settling fumes of a dissipated day. The air is cool and delicious; and the sick man upon yonder litter seems to inhale it with delight, as his palanquin is set down before the gates of the Hospital. Follow us up the green sward, and under the trees, into the edifice.

"Pain, suffering, death, are here. The pageant, the enjoyment, the aspirations of yesterday have terminated sadly with the beings around us. The light of the blessed sun is shut forever from the eyes of the poor lad who writhes upon his couch, as we enter the long apartment. The surgeon, as he removes the curls from the fair forehead of the boy beside him, and probes with his silver instrument the source of the 'gouts of blood' that ooze upon his pale cheek and breast, shakes his head ominously and mournfully. There is no hope for him! Much pain has turned the brain of the poor fellow under the window, who holds up the bleeding stump of an arm, from which an explosion has severed the hand in an instant. He struggles with his attendants, but his final struggle with the Great Enemy will come but too soon. The discolored linen band around his head hides a mortal wound.

"And of all who surround these victims—companions in suffering—how few yesterday but were free from pain, and little apprehensive of approaching danger! But let us not dwell upon the painful picture."

If the close of this graphic sketch shall have the effect to make one person more prudent in celebrating the anniversary of our National Independence, then not in vain shall we have resuscitated it from the depths of "The Drawer."

A GOOD story is told of a sharp Justice of the Peace in one of the recesses of the "Mountain District" of the State of Tennessee, which seems to us to be worthy of preservation in "The Drawer." It was a voting station where he lived, and where there existed but one Whig, all the rest belonging to the "unterrified," who put in piles of votes for "General Jackson's heir" every four years. Somehow or other, however, this Whig held the office of Justice of the Peace by common consent. But at length, when political excitement had reached an unwonted pitch, the project was formed to oust him from his office, and to put in a a man of different partisan "stripe."

The election was held in an old log distillery, and the ballot-box was a large gourd. The "regular nominee" opposed to the reigning "Squire" was the owner of the distillery, which of course was free to all the "Sovereigns."

The "Squire" was early on the ground, bare-footed, and unincumbered with any other garment than a shirt and pair of pantaloons. After eying the proceedings for a short time, he arose and said:

"Fellow-citizens, I wan't to make you a short speech."

"Agreed!" said they all.

Accordingly he mounted a barrel—magnanimously resolved to "rise *above* all party issues," and to appeal to their State pride and their love of our common country—and proceeded as follows:

"Fellow-citizens, I've been a-lookin' round here, and I see plain enough what's a-goin' on. *I* know what you want, I've been Justice of the Peace here going on twenty years, and a good many of you know that I've saved you from going to the Penitentiary twenty times—and now you are tryin' to turn me out of office. But I just want to tell you *one* thing: *I've got the Constitution and Laws of the State of Tennessee*, and just as sure as you turn me out of office, *I'll burn 'em up*—blame me if I don't—and you may all go to ruin together!"

The effect of this speech was overwhelming; and the ruin-threatener was re-elected by a handsome majority. To be in a State without a Constitution and Laws was too great a calamity to be thought of for a moment?

THE following admirable lines were written by a sailor on a blank-leaf of his Bible:

> "While down the stream of life I sail,
> CHRIST be my ship, and grace my gale;
> Hope be my anchor while I ride,
> This Book my compass o'er the tide!"

WE do not know why the following incident found

a place in our "Drawer," unless from the "curiosity of the thing;" and we think the reader will consider *that* to be a sufficient justification of its insertion here. It is from a paper in Schoharie, published some twenty-five years ago:

"A young apprentice-lad was very ingeniously detected in stealing money from the drawer of Mr. Throop's store in this village. He had for some months made it a practice to call at the store when there was no one in excepting the owner, or one of his clerks. He would generally then call for wine, or some trifling article kept in the store-cellar, and in their absence to procure the article, it was suspected that he made somewhat too free with the change-drawer.

"The other day, Mr. Throop fastened a strong cord to the back of the drawer, and let one end pass through a small hole into the cellar. It was but a short time before the boy came in, and observing no one but the proprietor in the store, called for some wine. On entering the cellar, the owner perceived the cord to move, caught hold of it, and with a sudden and violent jerk made it fast. He then ran up stairs, and found the young rogue with his hand fast in the drawer, and he was taken, as Prince Hal says, 'in the manner.'"

A pleasant bit of ingenious invention; as good as Hobbs's best lock against the depredations of the descendants of the Longfinger family.

THERE is much of beauty and simplicity in the following lines. They have been long preserved, but we know not their author:

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground which sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

IT has long been a "moot question," whether an oyster could be "crossed in love," and whether there ever was an instance in which one ever had been. However this may be, it is quite certain, according to a modern writer, that they have certain *roysterous* propensities, which are peculiar enough to be noteworthy:

"What I am about to describe may be untrue, but I believe it. I have heard of the waggish propensities of oysters. I have known them, from mere humor, to clasp suddenly upon a rat's tail at night; and what with the squeaking and the clattering, we verily thought that Bedlam had broken loose in the cellar. Moreover, I am told that, upon another occasion, when a demijohn of brandy had been burst, a large blue pointer was found lying in a little pool of liquor, just drunk enough to be careless of consequences; opening and shutting its shells with a "devil-may-care" air, as if he didn't value any body a brass farthing, but was going to be as noisy as he possibly could."

A drunken man is a sad object to behold; a drunken woman is a worse; a cow intoxicated is amusing; a swine drunk on brandy-cherry stones is disgusting; but an *oyster*, drunk, must constitute "the sublime" of inebriation!

THE following letter purports to come from a "cute" merchant, who writes, in reply to a boyish epistle from his son at boarding-school, to his master, to send him home, for reasons which he thus characteristically explains:

"Sir—My son's of 10th inst. came duly to hand, and cont's noted. Sorry to hear he's been stud'g Latin, &c. What's use? *I* never studied any such thing—nothing but Webster's Sp'g Book and Daboll's Arith'k, and P'r Richard's Alm'k; yet got along well enough—made money; am Bank Direct'r, Memb. Chamb. Com., &c., &c., &c. Latin!—better look into M'Cull'ch—some *use* in *that*. Learn all about Dr. and Cr., ct. per ct., cur'cy, exch., bank facil., md'ze, &c.; *that's* the commodity of true knowledge—the best md'ze for counting-room—always in dem'd—always available in market, when y'r Latin and y'r Greek wouldn't fetch a *soomarkee*, as my captain says.

"But to point. My son is now 14 yr's old—am in want of another clerk—must have finished his ed'n by *this* time, surely: would have let him stand another half-year though, but for the Latin, and high rates of tuition at board'g-sch'l. Please ship him on board Swiftsure, with invoice and bill of lad'g, of books &c., consigned to MERX and Co., N. Y'k.

"P. S.—Send bill, and will remit by return mail. Stocks rather heavy. Sh'd be glad to sell you a lot of damag'd Java at 7 cts. per lb.—very cheap, and good enough for board'g-sch'll. Please advise."

A sharp "business letter" that, in the eyes of that class—growing smaller, let us hope, all the while—who think that there is nothing valuable *but* trade in this multifarious world of ours!

THAT was a very brief correspondence between two persons by letter, which consisted simply of a note of interrogation and a cipher in reply; thus:

FIRST CORRESPONDENT.—"☞?"

THE REPLY.—"☞0."

Which simply implied: "Is there any news?"—and the answer (both question and answer being previously understood), "None."

But a still briefer "statement" of a fact is given by a tea and sugar grocer in Nottingham, England. He has on his chimney too large T's—one painted *black*, and the other *green*—to intimate that he has black and green tea for sale. It strikes us that Dr. FRANKLIN would have found *this* customer, unlike his renowned hatter, unwilling to alter or shorten his sign, to please the philosopher; for brevity could "no farther go."

ON one occasion at Cambridge (Mass.) University, a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert an infidel companion of his by appearing as *a ghost* before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol, which always lay near the head of his friend's bed.

Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, A——, the youth who was to be frightened, very coolly looked his companion the ghost in the face, and said:

"I know you: this is a good joke; but you see I am not alarmed. Now you may vanish!"

The "ghost" stood still.

"Come," continued A——, "that is enough. I shall become angry. Away!"

Still the "ghost" moved not. "By——," (ejaculated A——, with an oath), "if you do not in three minutes leave this apartment, I will shoot you!"

He waited the time—deliberately leveled his pistol—fired—and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. "The very moment he believed it to *be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it," adds the narrator; and we think he must have been more or less than human *not* to have yielded, "under the circumstances."

SMALL change has been scarce of late in the country and the metropolis, for which various reasons have been assigned—some asserting that it was owing to the great influx of gold; others, that it was caused by gathering in the old Spanish "quarters," or twenty-five cent pieces. But whatever the cause, the scarcity was vexatious; and the annoyance is even yet not removed. However, it is not so bad as present, in the way, at least, of "exchanges," as it used to be in the olden time, if we may judge from a passage in that "mad wag," PUNCH'S "*History of Money*:"

"The early Italians used cattle instead of coin; and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand-pound bullock, when he would receive a twenty fifty-pound sheep; or, perhaps, if he wanted very small change, there would be a few lambs among them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's banker's, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of bullion.

"As to the unhealthy custom of 'sweating sovereigns," it may be well to recollect that Charles the First was, perhaps, the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent, that his immediate successor, Charles the Second, became one of the lightest sovereigns ever known in England.

"Formerly every gold watch weighed so many "carats," from which it became usual to call a silver watch a "turnip."

"Troy weight" is derived from the extremely heavy responsibility which the Trojans were under to their creditors.

The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their coins in the presence of their legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the top of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be "above the standard."

The "Finance Department" of the "Drawer" is closed with these authentic *data* in the "History of Money."

A CORRESPONDENT at South Hero, Vermont, is reminded by the anecdote of Governor Chittenden in one of the late Numbers of our Magazine, of an incident, somewhat similar, "and so laughable," he adds, "that I can not resist the inclination of laying it before you, to dispose of as you may see fit. It has never been in print, but was related to me by a lady who received it from Dr. P—— himself.

"Late one warm summer's night as old Dr. P—— returned home from visiting a patient, who had suddenly been taken worse, he heard a whisper from one of the cellar windows, which had been removed.

"He paused and listened intently. 'So you've come at last, Jim,' murmured the voice, 'Well, I've found the meat barrel and precious little there is in it, to be sure. Here, do you hold the bag while I bring the pork.' The old Doctor quietly obeyed directions and layer after layer of fat 'broadside' was hoisted out to him. 'There,' said the thief at last, 'It ain't best to be small in these things, so I've left one piece, now lend us a hand, Jim, for it's easier getting in than out this small window'

"Dr. P—— had recognized the voice as belonging to one of his neighbors, a man of whom better things might have been expected; therefore, he thought proper to give him a lecture ere he extended the required assistance.

"'I am sorry, neighbor L——, that you are reduced to this strait, and must confess that I have never before suspected your integrity in the smallest degree,' said the old Doctor with solemn gravity. At this unexpected rejoinder the terror of the detected rogue knew no bounds. He begged and prayed for pardon and secrecy.

"'I will never expose you, on condition that this is the last time you trespass against your neighbors in this manner, but I shall tell this story whenever I please,' said the Doctor, as he dragged out his abashed companion, and he kept his word. Dozens of times he told the story in the very presence of the conscience-smitten L——, but no persuasions could ever draw from him the name of the guilty one. Without doubt this course was more effectual in reforming L—— than any public punishment which could have been devised.

SEA-SICKNESS is a terrible thing, and never-to-be-sufficiently deprecated by all who have ever "gone down to the sea in ships," whether sailing-packets or ocean-steamers. Who can wonder at this, after reading this professional description of that awful

malady. The *cause* being thus clearly demonstrated, we need only a *remedy* to relieve voyagers from this dire *nausea-marina:*

"All the symptoms of this malady lead me to believe that it is the spinal marrow which is the nervous centre, and that it is the pneumogastric, intercortal and abdominal nerves, which are the ciosdic and exodic nerves, which form in their connection with this centre, the origin and the cabastathic and diastathic pulsations which ensue!"

THE identical pulpit in which GEORGE WHITEFIELD preached many of his powerful sermons in England, was brought over to this country a few months ago, and may now be seen at the Tract-House, in the rooms of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and presents the appearance of a light frame-work of hard wood. It could easily be moved from one place to another, and placed in the open air. It is easily put in compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks.

What tales, could it speak, might not that rude pulpit tell? The raised arm, pointing to heaven, or stretched in love and blessing over thousands upon thousands of awakened sinners; the voice, now swelling into thunder-tones, now silvery soft in its pleadings; the eyes now flashing with interior fire, now melting in tenderness and tears!

CANDIDATES for nurses in England, according to PUNCH, are hereafter to attend on a certain day in London, to answer certain questions to be propounded to them by the faculty of the Nurse's College. Among the "Questions to Candidates," are the following:

"At what period of a difference between yourself and your charge do you introduce the name of the 'Horrid Black Man' in the cellar?"

"In the case of a child pertinaciously refusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your idea of the proper treatment, and whether an imitation 'Goblin,' or Godfrey's Cordial is, in your judgment, the preferable soporific."

"What amount of gold hobby-horses, diamond-shoes, and bran-new-silver-nothings-to-put-round-its-neck, do you promise a child 'when your ship comes home,' and what date do you assign to that feat in navigation?"

"Suppose there is reasonable ground for thinking that an infant cries because a pin is running into it, do you adopt the prevalent belief that the speediest relief is caused by a good slap upon the afflicted region?"

"All which is respectfully submitted" to mothers, and other *occasional* overseers of the nurses of young children!

LET all bashful people—and there are a great many of them—take comfort and consolation from the remarks of a modern writer touching their class:

"We seldom see a genuine bashful man who is not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and appear awkward, shrug their shoulders, and prove unable to throw out with ease the thoughts to which they would give expression, yet commend us to bashful men for real friends.

"There are fine touches in their character, that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint of the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

"It is a wonder that such men are not more appreciated; that young women, with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with a Parisian elegance, while they will scarce condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is a worship.

"The man who is bashful in the presence of women, is their defender when the loose tongue of the bold slanderer would defame them: it is not *he* who boasts of his conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist only in his imagination: his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the sacred name of WOMAN coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of the sex.

"Who ever saw a *bashful libertine?* Such an anomaly was never encountered. Ease and elegance are his requisites. Upon his false lips sits Flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black. He is never nonplussed—he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word, he would professedly lay down his life. Yet *he* it is who fills our city dens with wrecks of female purity; *he* it is who profanes the holy name of MOTHER; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the fond heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes—and all, *all* under the mask of 'a *polished* gentleman!'

"LADIES! a word in your ear: Have you lovers? and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose then the man whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leaves him to stand aloof, while others, with less modesty and no feeling, crowd around you. If he blushes, if he stammers even, at your approach, consider those things so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance; for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier, even with comparative poverty, than with many another, surrounded by the splendor of palaces."

HERE, at last, is a sensible "spirit-rapper," who rapped, it would seem, to some purpose, according to a country editor. "We mixed," he says, "lately, in a circle of rappers, and made a dollar and a half by the operation. The following message was spelled out to one of the company:

'*Pay the Printer!*'

"It was subsequently explained through one of the 'mediums' present, that the message was from the spirit of a delinquent subscriber, who owed us one dollar and fifty cents! The friends of the departed paid us the money without hesitation; and the joy of the relieved spirit was at once manifested by sundry satisfied (and to us *satisfactory*) raps upon the table."

Pity that *all* "spiritual manifestations" were not as sensible as this!

THERE are some persons, often high in public office—moreover, "executive men," as they are sometimes called—who acquire a great reputation for profundity by never saying any thing; but who, for that very reason, are supposed to keep up a tremendous *thinking*—like old Wouter Van Twiller, in Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York.

One of this class of persons, in one of the many pleasant towns in the State of Connecticut, and who, for very many years represented that State in Con-

gress, was, on one occasion, called to lay the corner-stone of some public edifice in the city where he resided. The day had been appointed, a great crowd had assembled, and the stone was laid "with appropriate ceremonies;" and "the *speaker*" arose. He approached the corner-stone, mounted it, walked to each corner, pressed it down with his foot, and then, gazing earnestly at the crowd, he lifted his right hand, and, "in tones that could be heard over the whole vast assemblage," he said:

"*It will do!*"

This was all. The audience retired slowly; meditating upon how much could be embraced in a single brief sentence, when coming from such a mind as that of Hon. R—— S——!

The only parallel to this case is the speech of a militia captain, in reply to a similar speech that had been made to him, on the presentation of a silver cup, in honor of his "valuable services" in commanding an "awkward squad" in the country. Both presenter and acceptor had forgotten their separate parts, and only found words to express:

"Well, Cap'n, here's that cup!"

"Ah, Major, is *that* the cup? Thank'ee!"

And here the subject was dropped.

"No beast that roams the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the POWER that pities *me*,
I learn to pity them."

So sang—so *sings*—Goldsmith. But while "flesh-meat" is not unlawful, we are afraid that butcher-craft must thrive. "Meat in due season" is a dispensation permitted and sanctioned by the Bible. Moreover, all beasts prey, in some way, upon some other beasts; and of the ravenous inhabitants of the ocean this is particularly true.

That is a curious remark of Cuvier's, somewhere, that there is no living thing yet discovered, that is so small that he has not *vermin* on him! Think of that! Vermin on a flea, or a musquito, for example! But it serves them right. Let them "see how *they* like it," once in a while!

However, there might be less cruelty exercised in *preparing* animals for market than there is. Who that sees lambs borne to slaughter-houses in carts, "opening not their mouths," but panting their anguish, as their heads hang over the sides of the vehicle; or hundreds of calves, tied feet to feet, which uproariously testify their sufferings, as they descend from boats upon inclined planes, and lie sprawling upon wharves—who can see all this, and not feel an irrepressible sympathy for the dumb creatures?

But there is more humane feeling manifested by the purveyors of our meat-markets than formerly. The animals are murdered more scientifically. If they are large, they are "brought up with a round turn" from a windlass, having previously been "secured" without resistance; and the first thing they know is, their four feet are coming slowly together; they are gradually let down to the floor, with head elevated; and a single blow from an instrument with a head like the head of an adze, and they have experienced the first step marketward.

"Once it was not so." Driven heated, terrified, they were forced into corners, and only killed by the fifteenth or twentieth blow, the rest having missed their aim; the animals, meanwhile, scared half to death at the belligerent manifestations of their captors, who, until now, had seemed very attentive and friendly!

AND, "by-the-by," speaking of dumb animals, we beg leave to echo in this place, and to "put on record here," as our representatives say, the words of a brother editor, uttered a long time ago, against *Cruelty to Animals:*

"We call upon our brother editors to rebuke, on all proper occasions, degrading and cruel sports, and the brutal treatment of the dumb creation. We call upon men who profess to be "gentlemen," and ladies who bear a feeling heart, to avoid and check, by practice and example, that hard driving of the noblest animal, the HORSE, which always injures, and sometimes destroys, both life and limb. We call upon the pulpit to preach mercy and kind care of the creatures which are put into our trust, and contribute to our comfort. We call upon the police to check the brutal scenes witnessed but too frequently in our streets. We call upon our citizens, as they would rise in true civilization and noble humanity, to rebuke and suppress, in every proper way, by word and deed, the most despicable, cowardly, and causeless of all sins—cruelty to the sentient beings who serve us, and whom GOD has given into our power, but not into our tyranny."

THE following is an authentic anecdote of an alderman in a provincial town in England, who, being about to depart this life, as soon as he knew that his case was desperate, called together all persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you can get your accounts settled with my executors. Now, if you will allow me a handsome discount, I will settle them *myself*, at once!"

They came into the proposal, and the old alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

Without stopping to inquire "What doth it profit" a man like this to gain money which "it is certain he can not take away with him," it is a natural thought that they who prate so frequently about "Yankee 'cuteness," "American cunning," "sharp practice," and the like, might sometimes "look at home," without any great reflection upon their judgment or their candor.

FASHION has been well described as being "the race of the Rich to get away from the Poor, who follow as fast as they can!"

MORE good stories are told of and by clergymen, we believe, than by the members of any other profession. A respected clerical friend of ours narrated to us the other day, with no little unction, an incident which happened to himself. One Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, he was resting in his study after the duties of the day, when the door was opened and he was informed that a couple were at the door who required his professional services to "make of the twain one flesh." The party were ushered into the study, and after the necessary preliminary inquiries, the ceremony was duly performed. When all was over, and the certificate of marriage fairly delivered, the happy bridegroom, pulling on a long face, addressed the clergyman thus:

"This is Sabbath evening, Doctor—holy time—and I have conscientious scruples about transacting worldly business in it; as I should be doing were I to offer you your fee to-night. I shall be obliged, therefore, to put off paying you until sacred time is past—to-morrow I will send it. I wish you a very good-evening, Doctor."

Our friend could not, of course, ask so scrupulous a man to violate any conscientious scruples, and hinted his perfect acquiescence in the proposed arrangement. The groom thereupon tucked his new-made bride under his arm, bowed himself out of the study, and disappeared. Neither bridegroom nor fee has yet made its appearance.

A clergyman in a neighboring city was lately done for in quite as cool a manner. One Sunday, directly after morning service, he was accosted by a stranger, who requested him to "step round and marry him." As no carriage was in readiness, he concluded that the place could not be very distant, and minister and groom set out together on foot. After walking a mile or more the spot was reached, and the ceremony performed, to the apparent satisfaction of all parties.

"Well, now, Parson," said the new husband, inserting his hand into his pocket, as though in search of his pocket-book, "what do you charge for doin' a job like that?"

"Oh," said the clergyman, "we always leave that to the gentleman himself—we are satisfied with whatever he chooses to give. We don't make any special charge."

"Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said the liberal groom, withdrawing his hand from his pocket with a very relieved air. "I'm very much obliged to you, indeed. Good-morning."

And the clergyman took his departure without his fee.

While upon the subject of clerical anecdotes, we may as well give another.

A number of years ago, Parson B—— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B——, as a published volume of his Sermons evinces; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes:—at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C——.

"Mr. B——," said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday morning came; and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the Parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid volley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S—— entered.

"There," went on the Parson, "there is Doctor S——, coming in in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C——, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C——; he's a merchant—and what does he do? Why, he stays at home Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York Saturday night, he goes to his store, and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the Parson walked up to Mr. C——, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B——," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

The good Parson had a sort of dry wit about him, and sometimes made capital hits—if the following is correctly attributed to him. He was once asked by a neighboring clergyman, who wished to puzzle him, what was the meaning of that passage of Scripture which speaks of a man being "*clothed with curses*, as with a garment."

"I should say," replied Mr. B——, "that the man had got an awful *habit of swearing*."

A correspondent writing from Texas gives us a couple of good stories, for the perfect truth of which he pledges his "sacred honor:"

"In the interior of the country," writes he, "cornbread forms the staple article of diet; any thing composed of wheat flour being about as scarce as ice-creams in Sahara. One of the citizens of those parts, not long since, paid a visit to a relative in Galveston, who, knowing the rarity of "wheat fixins" in his visitor's location, presented him with a genuine wheat biscuit, to be given to each of his children on his return. The journey was long, and the weather warm; so that before the good man reached his home, the biscuits had become hard and dry. The wonderful presents from "Aunt Jane," were in due time distributed to the tow-headed youngsters, and they ran off with them in high glee. Soon one of them made his appearance with a live coal placed on the top of his biscuit, which he was blowing most vigorously.

"That's the go, Jake," cried another, "blow away; I'll be darned if the critter don't poke his head out'n his shell afore long!"

The youngsters, who had never seen a biscuit before, thought that they were young terrapins.

"And now," continues our correspondent, "for a snake-story—all of which I saw, and a part of which I was:

"One night my wife and myself were awakened by a voice from the shelf, which contained our small store of crockery, followed by a crash which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been flung to the floor. Springing up to discover the author of this 'attack upon China,' I found a large snake in a somewhat unpleasant 'fix.' He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs which were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and, in order to get at the next, he had put his head, and a portion of his body, through the handle of a jug which happened to stand between the coveted delicacies. The handle was just open enough to let his body, in its natural state, slip cleverly through; but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed the second egg. His snakeship thus found himself unable to advance or retreat; and in floundering about to escape from this novel stocks, had caused the accident which had aroused us. I, of course, proceeded at once to execute summary justice upon the interloper; but the eggs which he had swallowed were a dead loss."

Literary Notices.

The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, by W. M. Thackeray. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this volume we have the lectures which were heard by so many charmed audiences in England and in this country, in nearly the same words as they fell from the lips of the speaker. A few biographical and illustrative notes have been added, showing in part the materials which served as a foundation for the author's statements. The present edition contains the admirable lecture on "Charity and Humor," delivered at the request of some ladies, who were equally devoted to benevolence and to Thackeray, in behalf of a charitable institution of this city. Few of our readers need to be informed of the character of the literary discourses, which have been reported by the newspaper press in every quarter of the country. We have only to assure them that the fascination which attended their delivery is reproduced in the volume. No one can fail to read it with intense delight. It makes no pretensions to elaborate research or profound criticism. It reads less like the production of a maker of books than of a man of the world. There is no air of oracular wisdom in its pages. Rather as men than as authors does it treat of the wits and the humorists, who have more than found their peer in the present writer. Indeed, we must own, that without the slightest taint of egotism, the volume creates a deeper interest in Thackeray himself than in the worthies whom he has embalmed in his sweet and spicy phrases. His lectures tell us more of his own heart than his novels. In fact, they will disabuse many of the impressions which they have received from his fictions. Those who have inferred, from the cold, steel-like sarcasm, with which he there pierces pretension, that he is nothing but a satirist and a cynic, will here learn their error. They will find the man of a large, generous, loving nature, in the sympathy with which he dwells on every trait of genuine, robust, and kindly humanity, in the character of his subjects. Nothing excites his scorn but hypocrisy, meanness, selfishness. He is alive to every touch of true manliness. Never does he seek to throw a soft delusion around baseness and duplicity. Never does he withhold his tribute from large-hearted and natural worth. He is eminently just in his appreciation of character. No brilliancy or force of intellect blinds him to the perception of what is hollow and egotistic. With equal truthfulness he depicts the manners of the day, though with incidental strokes. His simple coloring revives the faded lines of the past with wonderful freshness. Swift, Addison, the great Mr. Congreve, Pope, Steele, Sterne, and Goldsmith, again live as beings of flesh and blood; we are made familiar with their personal traits; we meet them in their social haunts; we catch the expression of their faces; their very tones murmur in our ears; we seem to have parted with them but yesterday; and henceforth we shall read their works, not as the abstractions of literature, but as the writings of men with whom we have strange reminiscences of intimate relations. Still, we repeat it, we prefer the living humorist of this century to the departed great ones of the eighteenth, and are therefore thankful to Thackeray for showing himself so transparently, as well as those whom he professes to exhibit.

A Treatise on Apoplexy, by John C. Peters, M.D. (Published by W. Radde.) This is another able monograph by one of the most learned and skillful Homœopathic practitioners in this city. It is founded on Ruckert's *Clinical Experience*, but contains such large and important additions to his work, drawn from a variety of sources, as to make it essentially a new contribution to medical literature. Dr. Peters has freely availed himself of the labors of Rokitansky, Hasse, Simon, Lehmann, and other foreign medical writers of distinction, as well as of his own experience in fifteen years' study of Homœopathy. He is not, however, to be regarded as a professional sectarian. In the treatment of the terrible disease to which his work is devoted, he strenuously urges the importance of discarding all considerations of prejudice, theory, or system, and of aiming only at the welfare of the afflicted patient, by whatever means it can be accomplished. The present volume is to be followed by others of a similar character, which, with those already published, can not fail to promote the interest of pathological science.

Home Pictures, by Mrs. C. W. Dennison. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A series of domestic sketches, in the form of a simple autobiographical journal. It abounds with genuine touches of nature, and often depicts scenes of melting pathos. The style has a certain quaint homeliness, in keeping with the subject and the position of the supposed writer. Many of the incidents in this volume have an air of such remarkable naturalness as assures the reader that they must have been drawn from real life. No one can follow the interesting narrative in which they are related without finding his heart softened and made better.

The Old House by the River, is the title of a charming volume, full of sweet pictures of rural life, overflowing with tender and delicate sentiment, though free from sentimentality, enlivened with stories of sporting life in the forests and on the waters of Long Island, and written in a style of exquisite purity and grace, not unworthy of Irving or Ik. Marvel. It is pervaded by a high moral tone, and a fine natural sense of religion, which blends admirably with the prevailing poetic character of the volume. With its justly colored portraitures of nature, its simplicity and truthfulness of feeling, and its rare appreciation of silvan life, it can not fail to be welcomed as a beautiful addition to the rural literature in which so many of our native authors have attained an enviable eminence. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Carlton and Phillips have published a series of Lectures to Young Men, on *The Formation of a Manly Character*, by the Rev. George Peck, D.D. A volume rich in judicious and affectionate counsels to the young and inexperienced, and suited to make the most salutary impressions on the susceptible mind. The tone of morality which pervades the work is lofty and severe, but not extravagant or repulsive. The most earnest appeals of the author are tempered with paternal benignity and genuine sympathy with youth. He aims at the development of every part of our nature, and while he places the foundation of excellence in deep religious principle, he does not overlook or underrate the claims of social and mental culture. Numerous quotations from eminent authors serve to fortify his own views, and give an attractive variety to his little volume.

A Second Book in Latin, by John M'Clintock. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A valuable manual for the study of Latin, by the distinguished scholar who has already rendered such eminent services to the cause of classical education in this country. It is intended to follow the author's *First Book*

in Latin, constituting with it a sufficient grammar, reader, and exercise-book for elementary instruction. An excellent peculiarity of this work is the pure Latinity of the selections of which it is composed. The only authors from whom the reading lessons are taken are Cæsar and Cicero. These succeed each other, in regular order, from the simplest sentences to the most characteristic specimens of Roman eloquence. The explanatory notes are copious and apposite, giving all needful aid to the student in difficult passages, without tempting him to neglect the exercise of his own intellect. Nor is the value of this work confined to the juvenile pupil. The lover of Roman literature, however familiar with the language, will find in it an attractive collection of the "beauties" of Cæsar and Cicero, forming a seductive recreation for a leisure hour.

The Genius and Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by the Rev. CALVIN COLTON, LL.D. (Published by Stanford and Swords.) In this elaborate volume, Dr. Colton describes the genius of Christianity and of the Primitive Church, and after presenting a brief sketch of the principles of the Church of Rome, of the Reformation, and of the Church of England, proceeds to a systematic analysis of the genius of the American Episcopal Church. He claims for this body of Christians the nearest approach to the true character of a Catholic Church, an accordance with primitive Christianity, and a harmony with the tendencies of the American people. His reasoning is conducted with simplicity and earnestness. Though ardently devoted to his own Church, he indulges in no denunciation or abuse of other persuasions. In the clearness of its arguments, the copiousness of its illustrations, and the devoutness of its spirit, this work is suited to make a favorable impression on the religious public.

Life and Letters of the late President Olin. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This copious and well-arranged biography of one of the most eminent religious leaders of his day, will be received with cordial satisfaction, not only by the ecclesiastical connection to which he was especially attached, but by every intelligent friend of religion and education in the community. The work comprises an interesting memoir of Dr. Olin's life, with liberal selections from his correspondence, and occasional letters to him from several persons in the wide circle of his friends. It is enriched with the personal recollections of the deceased by various eminent individuals, with whom he sustained relations of more than common intimacy at different periods of his life. The history of Dr. Olin's career is singularly instructive. Born amidst the romantic mountain scenery of beautiful Vermont, he inherited a marked organization both of body and mind, which evidently destined him to the attainment of future distinction. Every thing about him was on a large and generous scale. With the free air of his native mountains, he imbibed the love of freedom, the love of truth, the love of moral beauty, and a lofty and magnanimous spirit. His mind at an early age exhibited traces of elastic vigor and noble aspiration. During his college course at Middlebury he revealed to his teachers and class-mates the robust germs of intellectual greatness, which subsequently expanded in such a luxuriant wealth of action and usefulness. Here too, by devotion to study, to the neglect of organic laws, he injured a naturally fine constitution, and laid the foundation of diseases which, throughout his public life, made him a perpetual invalid. In spite of the wearing depression of confirmed ill health, Dr. Olin abundantly redeemed the promise of his youth, by the energy, devotedness, and wisdom of his maturity. In every position in which he was placed he exerted an extraordinary influence. There was something in his presence, in his words, in his manners, which acted with rare effect on men's minds. As a preacher, as the head of literary institutions, as a counselor and legislator in the church, he was equally impressive and commanding. He seemed to possess an instinctive sense of the True, no less than a native attachment to the Right. The justness of his intellect was even more remarkable than its energy. It operated with a precision and accuracy that reminded one of the certainty of a natural law. "His judgment was so profound," as Dr. M'Clintock has admirably observed, "that on all subjects of an ethical, political, or religious character, his *à priori* judgments were of more value than most other men's conclusions on the largest collection of facts would be." But the crowning attribute of Dr. Olin's character was the dignity, we may even say the grandeur, of its moral proportions. Free, to a wonderful degree, from the selfishness which predominates in lower natures, he made the universal law of duty his supreme rule of life. A high and masculine sense of religion gave the tone and motive to his moral qualities. The biography of such a man can not be other than a public benefaction. Its effects must be as salutary as the character of its subject was unworldly and pure. In the present case, the interest of the work is greatly enhanced by the space that is allotted to the correspondence of President Olin, whose letters form almost a consecutive autobiography.

American Game in its Seasons, by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT. A sporting work from the pen of the writer of the present volume, carries its own recommendation to amateurs, apart from any assertions of the critic. The name of Herbert, or Frank Forester, is more in its favor than the decision of a whole sanhedrim of reviewers. We need only say that this is a collection of scattered papers, written in the author's usual felicitous style, describing several of the leading varieties of game, classified in reference to the months in which they are in season. An abundance of illustrations, drawn from nature, form a valuable and delightful embellishment of the volume. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Portraits of Eminent Americans now Living. By JOHN LIVINGSTON. (Published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co.) These elegant volumes contain complete biographical sketches of the persons whose portraits are presented in well-executed engravings. For the most part, they are devoted to living Americans who have attained distinction at the bar, or as business men, without reference to their position in public life. In many respects, the plan of the work is an excellent one. Taking its subjects from the common walks of life, it affords a more correct illustration of the American character than if it had been confined to men of political or literary distinction. The memoirs are uniformly well-written. In some instances, they are autobiographical, and often quite amusing. They show, in a striking manner, the effect of enterprise, industry, and integrity, in insuring success, in our fortunate condition of society.

Poetry of the Vegetable World, from the German of SCHLEIDEN, edited by ALPHONSO WOOD. (Published by Moore, Anderson, and Co., Cincinnati.) A strong tinge of German mysticism pervades this beautiful work, but the originality of its views, the poetic charm of its illustrations, and the large amount of positive instruction which it imparts, will recommend it to every reader of taste and intelligence.

Thalatta, a Book for the Sea Side, is the title of an admirable collection of poetry, relating to the ocean, published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. The volume proceeds from a happy idea, and has been executed with no small degree of success. The taste and poetical reading of the editors are visible on every page. It will form a melodious accompaniment to the music of the ocean, in many a fair hand, during the season of summer prime.

The fifth edition of Lieutenant MAURY'S *Sailing Directions*, with additions and improvements, has been issued under the authority of the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, late Secretary of the Navy. Apart from the scientific and practical value of this work, in the specialty to which it belongs, it contains a variety of graphic descriptions of remarkable marine phenomena, which make it an interesting volume for the general reader.

Harper and Brothers have published the eighth edition of HASWELL'S *Engineer's and Mechanic's Pocket-Book*, containing a multiplicity of useful tables, rules, and formulas relating to the science of Engineering in all its branches. This indispensable work is too well-known to the profession to require comment.

Marie de Berniere is the title of a new tale by W. GILMORE SIMMS. The scene is laid in New Orleans, and presents many high-wrought portraitures of Southern character. Several other stories, marked with the usual descriptive power of the author, complete the contents of the volume. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

The Bible in the Counting-House, by the Rev. H. A. BOARDMAN, D.D. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) In this volume, which consists of a course of Lectures to Merchants, delivered by the author in the church of which he is the pastor, many profound and delicate questions relating to the moralities of commerce are handled in a thorough and judicious manner. It abounds with forcible statements of mercantile duties, sustained by cogent arguments, and enlivened with popular illustrations. Without aiming to install the Bible in the place of the day-book and ledger, it would induce the merchant to give it a position by their side.

Poems, by ALEXANDER SMITH. (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) This young author has been ushered into notoriety by a general peal of jubilation from the English press. Grave critics have not hesitated to compare him with Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and even Shakspeare himself. In our opinion, Mr. Alexander Smith must bide his time, before the green chaplet of laurel can justly adorn his brow. The present volume—thus much we are bound to admit—displays a wonderful profusion of imagery, and often a dainty, luscious sweetness of expression. With a soft, voluptuous sense of all natural beauties, the young Alexander pours out a gushing tide of enthusiasm, mostly as an apotheosis of sensuous delights. But he does not yet exhibit the grave earnestness of thought, the haunting sense of spiritual realities, and the refined perception of humanity, without which no poet in this age can hope to win a permanent fame.

Home Life in Germany, by CHARLES LORING BRACE. (Published by Charles Scribner.) This is a fascinating volume. It reveals the interior of many German homes. Without violating the confidences of domestic life, the writer relates many of his personal experiences, which present a more vivid idea of society and manners in Germany than can be found elsewhere in books of travels. He is evidently a man of most genial temperament, enthusiastic, excitable, with a decided tinge of romance in his composition; but he never parts with his common sense, and keeps his eyes, where they should be, in his head, not in his heart. Avoiding in a great measure the hackneyed objects of curiosity to the traveler, he has devoted himself to the observation of human character—the social, religious, and domestic peculiarities of a peculiar people—and has set down the results of his search in a style which has all the charm of a free, intelligent conversation. His volume, accordingly, is as unique as it is interesting No one can read it without feeling a hearty sympathy with the author, and a fresh admiration of the frank, genial, home-bred qualities of the German character.

European ignorance of American geography and topography has furnished many capital stories. Every body has heard of the Cockney tourist upon the Hudson, who begged "to be hinformed if that river hemptied into 'Udson's Bay." This ignorance is not confined to the uneducated classes. Dr. Cox, in his amusing "Interviews," tells us of a visit which Dr. Chalmers had projected to "Yale College, in Kentucky." The great Scotch divine confounded Kentucky with Connecticut. The latest, and not the least amusing instance of this sort is furnished by Mr. "William Parrish Robertson," an English traveler, one of whose books once had the honor of furnishing the text for an article, by Thomas Carlyle. This gentleman has just published a couple of volumes of travels in Mexico and the United States. In the course of his journeyings he had occasion to pass from Cincinnati to Springfield, in Ohio. The road runs, he says, for "the whole way along the Connecticut River, through wood-land, with some clearances, to make room for towns and villages." He gives another item of information, which will be new on this side of the Atlantic: "Here" (in Springfield, Ohio,) "is the United States armory, built round a square of twenty acres of ground, and 3000 men are employed in it. The town contains 20,000 inhabitants."

A new work of more than ordinary interest has recently been published in London, written by a daughter of WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT who seems to share the gifts and accomplishments of her distinguished parents. It is entitled *An Art Student in Munich*. A London journal says, in reviewing the book, "Mary Howitt's, daughter passed a twelvemonth in Munich as a student of painting; and these volumes give an account of her daily life and what she saw. Compiled, or more properly extracted, from family letters, the narrative has the freshness of conversation with some of its minuteness, and presents a very charming reflex of thought and feeling, as well as a picture of Bavarian life, and of what is to be seen in the great art-city of Germany. Externals may predominate too much in ANNA MARY HOWITT'S description of things; her account of art may be somewhat colored by her own enthusiasm, so that individual liking is substituted for criticism, and the pleasant impression which common but present images make upon the mind may be too fully dwelt upon, without considering their effect in description on a distant reader. The book, however, is remarkable in itself and full of hope for the future. So interesting and informing a work from such apparently slender materials is a *rara avis*. *An Art Student in Munich* reminds one of WASHINGTON IRVING'S descriptive narratives. The lady-painter is less quaint and elaborate; she is also looser in the texture of her production; but she is more natural and real."

The Educational Institutions of the United States, their Character and Organization, translated from the Swedish of P. A. Siljeström, M. A., is the title of a work of considerable value lately announced from the London press. Professor Siljeström was deputed by the Swedish Government to travel into the United States for the purpose of examining the American institutions of education. He remained some time in this city, where he won the esteem of all who made his acquaintance, by his modesty and intelligence. The information in the volume is mainly derived from public reports on the schools, or the laws under which they are established and regulated, with such correction as oral inquiry and examination could supply, as to the actual working. The tone of the volume has therefore at times something of a blue-book character. This official air is continually relieved by living observations, or by general reflections. The book contains a good digest of the schools and systems of education in the model States of New York and New England, with notices of some of the other States and of the higher Colleges: there are notices, too, of the character and qualifications of the teachers; and sketches of *quasi* historical questions, such as the disputes with the Romanists and the schools for colored people.

J. D. Morell, the author of a History of Philosophy, and other works of a philosophical character, having obtained by his former publications a name among the cultivators of mental science, now appears as the author of a more formal and systematic treatise on psychology. Few men are so thoroughly acquainted with the works of continental as well as English metaphysicians, and so well qualified for noting and reporting the history and condition of metaphysical sciences as a branch of human knowledge. Those who are interested in such studies will find in Mr. Morell's book much satisfactory information and much curious speculation.

The London *Athenæum* hits off the eccentric work of our adopted countryman Dr. Kraitsir, on *Glossology*, with its usual pungent criticism. At the same time it does not fail to recognize the merit of that truly original production. "Dr. Kraitsir's style of writing is far removed from that of the quiet, old-fashioned school of philosophical authors. He has evidently read Carlyle, or some of his imitators. His treatise is disfigured by a wild extravagance of tone and expression, misplaced and unsuccessful attempts at wit, far-fetched and incongruous allusions, a want of simplicity and clear arrangement, and a random spirit of speculation which carries the worthy doctor beyond all reasonable bounds. At the same time, we freely admit that it contains materials which—though thrown together in an undigested form—are capable of being turned to good account. Dr. Kraitsir lashes himself into a perfect fury of indignation at the English mode of pronouncing Greek and Latin, but does not vouchsafe any directions for improving it. Another *bête noire* that disturbs his equanimity, is, the way in which English spelling is usually taught—that is, by requiring the learner to name the letters of which words are composed, though their names differ widely from the sounds. He proposes that at first words should be spelt by dividing them into their elementary sounds, and afterward in the ordinary way. Having settled this grave matter to his satisfaction, our author proceeds to discuss the whole subject of sounds and letters in a long and curious chapter, displaying wide, if not deep, research."

Aytoun, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, has delivered a course of lectures on poetry and dramatic literature in Edinburgh with great success, and has also repeated them in London. We hope he may follow the laudable fashion of the day and give us an opportunity of listening to his course on this side of the Atlantic. Thackeray, with his bag of $12,000 and his budget of universal good-will, presents a brilliant inducement to the eloquent Aarons in English letters to imitate his example.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin has granted to Dr. Freund, the eminent philologist and lexicographer, the expenses of a journey in Switzerland and the Tyrol, for the purpose of investigating the Romanic dialects spoken in the districts of ancient Rhætia.

In the series of translations entitled "Contemporary French Literature," a recent number presents *Mazzini Judged by Himself and by his Countrymen*, written by Jules de Breval. The coarse and intemperate invectives against Mazzini may please his enemies, but a book in such a style will not promote the object for which it was written. Much personal abuse, and the imputation of unworthy motives, are the author's chief weapons, yet Protestant readers will receive a favorable impression rather than otherwise of Mazzini and his works, from the perusal of M. Bréval's volume.

A late decree of the Roman literary inquisitors involves an amusing instance of the rapidity with which—in these days of express trains and magnetic telegraphs—literary intelligence travels from London to Rome. These censors of books appear to have just become aware that an Englishman of the name of Macaulay has written two volumes called the *History of England*—and, having also made the discovery that the said "History of England," is heretical and subversive of sound faith and morals, the ancient gentlewomen who preside over the intellectual feasts of Italy have set it down in their list of political writings. It is the old war between the red stockings and the blue.—As a further illustration of the just asserted principle, we may add that the same list is now for the first time enriched with the *Scripture Lessons* published by the Irish Board of Education for the National Schools so long ago as 1835!

A certain learned gentleman, Monsieur Emmanuel by name, has recently obtained considerable notoriety in Paris, by attempting to make as sweeping and as radical a revolution in the science of astronomy as worthy Sganarelle in Molière's comedy did of his own authority in that of physiology. The earth, he says, turns from the east to the west, and not from the west to the east, as all astronomers have heretofore maintained; the rotation of the earth is accomplished in twenty-four hours precisely, instead of twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and some seconds as astronomers have heretofore supposed, and all the theories as to the attraction of the sun or the planets are entirely erroneous. The astronomical Sganarelle had the infatuated presumption to press these and other eccentric notions on the Academy of Sciences, and to endeavor to get a commission nominated to report on them; but M. Arago, M. de Liouville, and the other astronomers and mathematicians of that learned body, declined one after another to examine and report on them, lest it should be supposed for a moment that they take such

strange crotchets seriously. This has greatly exasperated M. Emmanuel, and in his wrath he has belabored M. Arago without mercy, in sundry lengthy letters, which one of the daily newspapers has been foolish enough to insert. But what is more singular is, that he has opened a course of lectures, in which he gravely teaches his astronomical heresies, and these lectures attract crowded, and, it is said, believing and admiring auditories.

A most interesting discovery has just been made in the Royal Library of Brussels. In looking over Etienne's edition, 1568, of the *Tragedies of Sophocles*, the notes written on the margins have been recognized to be in the handwriting of Racine. This book once formed a portion of the collection of the late Mr. Van Hulthem, but no mention was made in the catalogue at the period of sale of the fact, and it was by mere accident it has now been discovered.

A valuable manuscript copy of the Bible, in Norman French, written on vellum, richly illuminated, and once the property of King John of France, is about to be offered for sale for the benefit of the creditors of Mr. Broughton, formerly of the Foreign Office. It is stated that £1500 was demanded for it on the occasion of an application to purchase it by the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Germany has lost another man of letters of European reputation: LUDWIG TIECK, founder of the romantic school of German literature, died at Berlin on the 28th April, in the eightieth year of his age. Tieck was a fellow laborer with Schlegel in translating Shakspeare.

The second volume of a very interesting book has just been published at Leipzig—viz., *An Account of the different Languages of the German People*, by VON FIRMENICH. It contains 491 German dialects. Von Firmenich has collected altogether 563; the remaining seventy-two will appear in the third and fourth volumes; in addition to which, he intends to give dialects from the Friesland Islands, besides words connected with, or directly derived from the German, in the Dutch, Flemish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Scotch languages.

TOUISSANT LOUVERTURE, the negro hero, who distinguished himself by his resistance to the attempt of the French to impose their yoke on his country, Saint Domingo, and who was carried to France and confined in a dungeon till he died—this noted man must now be included in the list of modern authors. A work has just been published containing memoirs of his life, written by him when in the fortress of Joux, in France. They were principally destined to be placed before the First Consul Bonaparte. They contain a full account of the remarkable events in which he figured, and a complete refutation of the charges which Bonaparte caused to be brought against him, as a pretext for keeping him in confinement. They are written with much simplicity and feeling, combined with a certain degree of dignity.

A Russian historian and novelist of considerable note, THEODORE ANDRIEOWITCH VON ŒTTINGER, has just died at St. Petersburg. He is likewise known as the translator of English, French, and German plays, and has left behind him a valuable collection of 4000 dramatic pieces.

"All Paris, learned and unlearned, gentle and simple," says the correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette*, "has been for the last fortnight, and still is, deeply occupied with the singular phenomenon of tables, hats, porcelain vases, and other things, but especially tables, being set in motion, or made to whirl round and round with some rapidity by the simple imposition of human hands, touching each other by the extremities of the thumbs and little fingers. The 'Literary Gazette,' in its last two numbers, had some account of the phenomenon; and the experiments that have been made in this city within the last few days by men of science, letters, or social rank—experiments in which any thing like fraud or juggling was impossible—leave no doubt whatever of its reality. The most extraordinary feature in it is, that the operators, when once they have set the table in motion, can direct it by their will—making it turn, untouched, from side to side, backward or forward, as readily as if it were a doll pulled by strings, or a learned dog performing its tricks. Among the persons who have publicly testified to the truth of experiments made by them are—Dr. Latour, editor of one of the medical journals; Jules Janin, of the 'Debats;' A. Lireux, theatrical critic of the 'Constitutionnel;' and several others of equal note."

The Athenæum says of the Shakspeare testimonial to KOSSUTH: "Time and antecedent events necessarily gave to the great meeting at the London Tavern something of a character beyond our criticism—but the essential fact was, the presentation by Mr. Jerrold of a literary offering in the name of upwards of nine thousand subscribers of all ranks and occupations, and its acceptance by the illustrious exile in a speech which as a piece of impassioned eloquence excelled every thing of the kind that we have heard. The speaker seemed at times in the sublimity of his expression almost to have caught the spirit of the poet, his communication with whom was the express occasion of this commemoration. This gave a character of singular appropriateness to the proceedings of the evening—and really confers on the occasion almost a right to have its place in the history of Shakspearian literature."

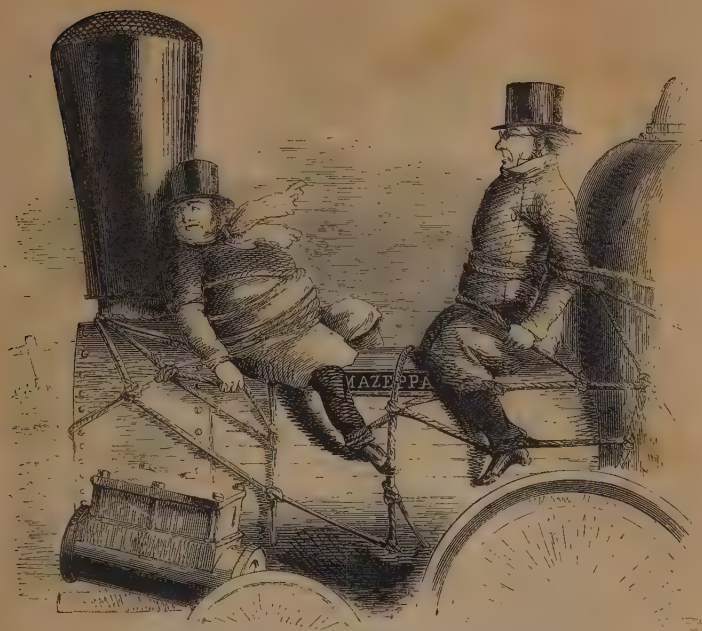
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has addressed to KOSSUTH a copy of his *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*, just published, with the following inscription:

"Souls such as yours, O Kossuth, alight, close their wings, and rest upon the elevated crags of Antiquity. The sun shines there, when all beneath is lying in mist and shadow.

"Morning is far off; but it returns in the course of nature: we feel its pungency before we feel its warmth.

"Hungary is not dead; no, nor sleepeth.

"Receive my Greeks and Romans. Let them drive from your memory, if possible, the insults you lately have suffered from wretches like those who betrayed the Bandieri, when they might as easily, if not as advantageously to themselves, have prevented the rash enterprise of those two unfortunate youths. Farewell."



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Tie a couple of Directors upon every Engine that starts with a Train.

CAPITAL DAY'S SPORT.

Walked twenty miles—found a good spot—fell fast asleep—tide rose to my knees—Somebody picked my pockets and changed hats with me—fish ran off with my hook—Caught nothing but a bad cold.

NOCTURNAL DELIGHT OF A SUMMER COTTAGE.

GOODWIFE (*at the top of her voice*).—Fire!—Murder!—Thieves!—Robbers: Oh-h-h!

FATHER OF THE FAMILY (*nervously*)—Wh-o-o's th-e-e-r-re!

THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC HARMONY.

FASHIONABLE MATERIAL FOR PANTS.

It takes two Men to Show the Pattern.

Fashions for July.

FIGURES 1 AND 2.—VISITING AND HOME COSTUME.

VISITING DRESS.—Bonnet falling low behind, open in front; it is composed of guipure ribbons No. 12, in silk, with spots of light silk and taffeta edges fringed in festoons. The frame-work is black tulle. The ornament consists of the ribbon above mentioned, edged with black lace, laid smooth on the middle of the crown, goffered at the sides. The curtain is taffeta, bouillonné, covered with a deep lace. A cord of straw is sewed on the ribbon at the place where the edge of the taffeta finishes against the middle of the guipure, which thus forms an insertion. The inside is trimmed with flowers forming bandeaux on the forehead. The pelisse is of taffeta, trimmed with No. 9 ribbon plaited, a row of narrow lace (1½ inch), and a wide lace. It is low in the neck, heart-shaped in front, and round behind. The part of the taffeta between the two rows of ribbons is arranged as a bertha, and replaces the hood, which is simulated by a large hollow plait. Below the bottom ribbon, there is a row of narrow lace sewed on almost even; then a deep lace of six or eight inches, slightly gathered, which forms a flounce all round. A sleeve of taffeta bordered with a piece plated *à la vieille*, and trimmed with a deep lace, comes out under the frill of the bertha. A plaited trimming edges the forepart; there are two rows at bottom, and the whole is completed by a narrow flounce and a wide one. The dress is high-bodied, and made of gray taffeta, fastening all the way down with steel buttons. Collar and under-sleeves of white lace.

HOME DRESS.—A little Pompadour cap of white blonde, vandyked at the edge, having at the sides loops and ends of gauze ribbon mixed with blonde. The crown is rumpled and covered with small butterfly-bows. The trimming is a blonde frill. Dress of taffeta, trimmed with ribbons, flounces, and small ornaments of stamped velvet. The body is high, open in front all the way down; plain behind, plaited in front in three broad plaits laid flat, from the shoulder seam. A large bow of black velvet, set on a cross band, ornaments the front, a second bow is placed in the same manner in the middle, and the velvet sash forms a third bow with ends. The sleeves are wide, and composed of two large puffs falling over and a frill, under each puff in front there is a velvet bow. A velvet No. 9 borders this frill, and a small ornament of velvet an inch wide is laid upon it. Three flounces trim the skirt. Above the first there is a row of stamped velvet. On the edge of the second there is a velvet two inches wide, and an inch above that a row of stamped velvet.

As to bonnets, we can not do better, in the absence of space for illustrations, than to copy the descriptions of one or two novelties, furnished by the Parisian milliners. One adapted to a simple toilet, is a light drawn bonnet of white tulle, made in bouillonnés, having three rows of white figured ribbon placed on each side, following the undulations of the bouillonnés; the inside of the capote trimmed with bunches of daisies. Another is of white hair, embroidered with straw, with a row of straw vandykes, or we might rather say, of straw blonde, running along the edge of the brim; the ornaments are bows of white ribbon, and inside of the brim are rows of violets surrounded with foliage Flowers are decidedly in vogue as ornaments for bonnets. One favorite mode is to arrange them in light trails winding around the bonnet; some cover the crown entirely, terminating in grape-like clusters at the side, while others wind around the brim, and end in bunches. Among those flowers much admired, are long elastic branches of white and colored lilac, and cordons of violets. A decided novelty in the way of floral ornamentation is formed by rice-ears composed wholly of feathers, even to the cells themselves. These are accompanied by straw and flag, forming a charming decoration for summer.

We present several very elegant styles of caps. FIGURE 3 is a coiffure of blonde, trimmed with flowers and white ribbons, the flowers, arranged in tufts to accompany puffed bandeaux, are covered with a row of blonde, which turns back on itself to form the crown. At the foot of each row of blonde are several rows of narrow ribbons, the strings placed behind proceed from several bows of ribbons, forming a large bunch.—FIGURE 4 is a muslin cap, formed of insertions in satin-stitch and valenciennes, trimmed with embroidered bands and bows of ribbons.—FIGURE 5 is a cap of scolloped blonde. The blonde is placed slanting, and covers the whole; the band passes under each bow of ribbons, and thus forms an ornament very advantageous to the face. The ends of the ribbons and velvets that trim the bottom of the cap are of unequal size, half velvet, half ribbon No. 16.

FIGURE 4.—MUSLIN CAP.

FIGURE 3.—BLONDE COIFFURE.

FIGURE 5.—BLONDE CAP.

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NIAGARA.*

NIAGARA should be first approached from above, and from the Canada shore. Let the tourist who, with his face Niagara-ward, stands at Buffalo some bright summer morning, resist the voice from within that whispers in his ear—"Take the cars in an hour you will be there!" Let him choose rather the little steamer that plies down and across the lake to Chippewa There let him forget the Americanism which holds it undignified to walk when one can ride, and pass on foot over the three miles which separate him from Niagara.

For awhile the way lies through level green fields along a railway which looks venerable enough to be the grandfather of all railways. But as you reach a point where the river makes a sharp bight inshore, descend the bank to the water's edge. You are now a little below the first ledge of rocks that break the smooth current, forming the entrance to the Rapids, which stretch before you in white lines far away to the American shore. The prospect is soon shut out by a low crescent-shaped island, at the distance of a stone's throw. The intervening water is as smooth and placid as that of the quiet brook in which long ago you were wont to bathe, and comes rippling up to your feet with a low whisper which almost overpowers the deep murmur that overloads the air, but which you know to be the voice of the great cataract, hitherto unseen.

You round the green point of the island, and the Rapids are full before you. You have gradually descended until you are below the level of their summit, and as you look backward their white foaming crests are drawn sharply against the horizon. Down they sweep, rapid, multitudinous, apparently illimitable, seeming to pour from the blue sky.

You have never seen Niagara, but you have all along had fancies as to what it should be. You have read that the river is the outlet of the Great Lakes, the reservoirs of almost half the fresh water upon the globe; so you have tried to picture to yourself an Atlantic plunging down a precipice of unknown depth. But you know also that the stream has been measured, the precipice gauged, the quantity of water estimated, and the whole stands recorded in some quite finite number of yards, feet, and gallons. But now, as you look upon this mad rush of waters whirling down the slope, you feel that your most imperial fancies fall far short of the great reality. You had placed the sublime wholly in extent, forgetting entirely the more potent elements of motion and velocity. The ocean stretching beyond reach of vision, or swooping upon the sternest lee-shore, is a feebler emblem of power than is the inevitable and despairing rush with which these tortured waters plunge down. The Rapids are a fit portal for Niagara.

How slowly you now pace along, though the sun has passed mid-heaven, and the shadows of the trees are lengthening eastward toward the river. At length your eye fixes upon some special white crest of foam, and follows it down until it melts away into a smooth green surface rounding gently over, and disappearing in an abyss the depth of which you can not see. This green slope sweeps round in a magnificent curve to the right; beyond this is a purple-gray precipice, and still further on a white cataract flashing back the sunbeams. From the centre of the curve, a pillar of spray floats calmly up, with the crown of a rainbow just rising above the verge of the abyss.

You have unconsciously paused within a hundred paces of the brink of the cataract. Pass that space, and you will see all. Yet you hesitate and linger. We always, I think, pause before any great experience which is the highest of its kind we can ever know. We tremble to clutch a pleasure, beyond which there can be no other, when it is fairly within our grasp. We dally with our own feelings in order to prolong the thrill which precedes the supreme moment, which once known can never be experienced again. Did not the youth at Sais pause long with his hand upon the vail that shrouded the mysterious statue? Did you not hesitate within the vestibule of St. Peter's, and almost refuse to look upward into the vast dome that overarches the stately aisles? Were you not prompted to close your ear as the marvelous Swede opened those lips from which were to pour forth notes whose like you should never again hear upon earth? Who has not hesitated long before he would give utterance to that unbounded love which vailed eye and flushed cheek had long ago assured him would meet with a like unbounded and generous return?

* The accompanying Illustrations are selected from more than a hundred Original Paintings, executed by Mr. G. N. Frankenstein as studies for his "Panorama of Niagara Falls."

THE FALLS FROM ABOVE, ON THE CANADA SHORE.

"See Naples and die," says the Italian proverb. You knew that with the view of Niagara one great chapter of your experience would be closed up. So you seat yourself in the cool shadow, light a cigar, and watch its blue smoke curling up between you and the white rainbow-tipped spray rising from before the great cataract. You pore lazily over the columns of a last week's journal which you have brought with you, and have forgotten to throw away. Yet ever and anon you lift your eye toward that innumerable rush of waters, and sweep around the circumference of that majestic curve, and feel that you are growing into Niagara. And now, at the distance of months, or years it may be, as you close your eyes and in imagination look again upon that scene, you do not wonder that we have chosen it for our opening illustration; or that the Swedish Singer should twice have commissioned the artist to paint it for her.

You spring up with a sudden impulse, and hurry over the space which separated you from Table Rock, and the Fall is full before you. You had been told by some who had approached Niagara from below, that their first feeling was one of disappointment at its apparent want of elevation. But you feel nothing of the kind. Had honest old Father Hennepin stood by your side, and told you that the height of the Fall was six hundred feet, you would have believed him.

Your mood has now changed; you no longer pause to note details; you have taken the plunge, and are eager to advance; you wish to master Niagara at once. So you hurry along the brink of the gorge, across which gleam the woods of Goat Island and the white descent of the American Fall.

A small lad, with a large head and faded yellow hair, sidles up to you and says something about "Ing'n Work," or "Cur'osities," or "Cam'ra 'bscura," or "Guide." You give some sharp, quick answer; the small boy collapses and vanishes. You shake your head negatively at the cab-man who, catching your eye, asks, "Car-ge, S'r?" A man shambles frantically from a shanty upon the edge of the cliff, and thrusts toward you a yellow handbill, announcing that the biggest giant, the smallest dwarf, the leanest man, or the fattest woman in the world can be seen within for a trifling consideration. You look negation; whereupon the shambling individual adds persuasively that you can enter and "not pay nothink if you aren't satisfied." Still reading denial in your eye, he whispers hysterically that "if the gen'lm'n 'd please to give the hunfort'nit hobjec hany think, it 'd be a hact of ra'al char'ty." You remain obdurate. Are you growing hard-hearted? It would seem so; for you hardly notice the good-natured smile with which the ebony gentleman, seated at a small table under the shade of a friendly tree, suggests, "May be, then, Massa 'll take some when he comes

back," in reply to your gruff rejection of his small refreshments You are not even moved to sympathy by the weather-beaten canvas that marks the spot whence the unfortunate Martha Rugg fell from the bank "while picking a flower "—in fact, it does not strike you just then that she was particularly unfortunate.

A hollow-cheeked man accosts you. His hair seems to be in a perpetual drip, and he exudes a faint odor of wet oil-skin, which you somehow imagine must be inseparable from him. He speaks in a low, mysterious tone, as though he were a hierophant proffering to you the exposition of some sacred mystery He wishes to conduct you "behind the Fall." He has evidently a theory of life. He supposes the "chief end of man" to be to go behind the sheet of water.—Not now. You are satisfied to stand in the outer court, and have no present desire to penetrate within the vail.

"But all this is not describing Niagara; it is merely hinting at one's own impressions upon his first visit."

Well, then, for the Falls themselves, by way of running commentary upon our artist's clever sketches

From the bank just below the Clifton House there is a fine panoramic view of both Falls. Their general outline bears a close resemblance to the shape of the human ear; the Horseshoe Fall constituting the upper lobe, while Goat Island and the American Fall represent the remaining portion. The river, whose general course has been east and west, makes a sharp turn to the right just at the point where the Fall now is. Its breadth is here contracted from three-fourths of a mile to less than one-fourth. The Horseshoe Fall only occupies the head of the chasm, while the American Cataract falls over its side; so that this Fall and a part of the Horseshoe lie directly parallel with the Canada shore, and its whole extent can be taken in at a single glance. It is this oneness of aspect which renders the prospect from this side so much the more impressive for a first view of Niagara. It gives a strong, sharp outline which may afterward be filled up at leisure.

The most complete view of the Horseshoe Fall is that from the bottom of the cliff, at a point near the ferry landing. If, however, the water is unusually high, the quiet pool which the artist has depicted in the foreground, becomes a fierce and angry rush of waters, foaming above and around the jagged rocks. If the water is very low, the bed of this pool is entirely dry. Two years ago the scene presented the aspect here represented during the whole summer Last year there were but few days when the whole spot was not overflowed. The current nearest the Canada shore runs up-stream, as though seeking an outlet in the direction from which it came. The middle distance is

THE HORSESHOE FALL, FROM NEAR THE FERRY, CANADA SHORE.

THE TOWER, FROM NEAR THE FERRY, CANADA SHORE.

marked by a line of white foam, beyond which the current runs down-stream. The centre of the Horseshoe Fall is directly in front, defined on the right by the verge of Table Rock, and on the left by the upper extremity of Goat Island. Just below the tower which seems to rise from the midst of the waters on the American side, an immense mass of rock is dimly visible, which became detached from the precipice in February, 1852.

A very charming glimpse of that portion of the Fall directly in front of the tower may be caught through a clump of trees which stand a little above the ferry landing. The limitation of view heightens the effect, when contrasted with the unlimited prospect of the Fall presented from almost every other point on the Canada side.

It is no very difficult task for a stout pedestrian to make his way along under the edge of the precipice from the Ferry up to the foot of the Fall. The path winds among huge fragments of rock which have tumbled from above, and is slippery with the falling spray. You stop to rest upon a huge rock, where a couple of rough-coated men are fishing. They tell you that it is named "Bass Rock," and you recognize the propriety of the appellation, as you observe the finny spoil that has repaid their labor. The water rushes foaming and eddying around the fragments of rock, sometimes rising in great swells to the spot on which you stand. Fragments of timber, their ends rounded and worn like pebbles on a wave-beaten shore, are scattered around; some groaning and tossing in the water, others stranded high and dry upon the rocks, where they have been flung by some swell higher than usual. You are so near the foot of the Fall that the descending sheet of

THE HORSESHOE FALL, FROM BASS ROCK.

water occupies the entire field of vision; the immense rock which interposes between Bass Rock and the descending water has as yet received no distinctive name.

The path now begins to ascend the sloping bank, winding around huge boulders, and among gay shrubs which the perpetual spray nourishes in luxuriant greenness, wherever there is a resting-place for a patch of soil. At last you reach the dilapidated staircase which descends the perpendicular face of the cliff, and clambering around its base upon a rotten and slimy plank, you find yourself below the overhanging mass of Table Rock. You are close at the edge of the falling water, which descends in a mass apparently as solid as though carved from marble. You now begin to comprehend the height of the Fall. It makes you dizzy to look up to the upper edge of the rushing column. You stand just midway between the top and the bottom. Above you hangs the imminent mass of Table Rock; below, far down by the wet and jagged rocks, is the seething whirlpool, where the water writhes and eddies as though frenzied with its fearful leap. Round and round it goes in solemn gyrations, bearing with it whatever floating object may have been plunged into its vortex.

A year ago, this very month of August, a young woman walked in the cool gray morning down to the brink of the cliff, and flung herself into the whirlpool below. So resolute was the leap, that she shot clear of the jagged rocks at the base, and plunged sheer into the water beyond. When the visitors came sauntering down to the Fall, her body was seen whirling round and round in the mad eddies, now submerged for an instant, and then leaping up, as though imploring aid.

A day or two thereafter, I was one of a group to whom a rough-looking man was describing the scene. He told how he and two others had descended amid the blinding spray close to the foot of the Fall. A rope was then fastened to his body, which was held fast from above by the others, while he groped his misty way down to the very edge of the water, where he waited till they whirled the corpse close inshore. He then darted a spear with a spring barb into the body, but the force of the current tore out the hold, and it drifted away. Again it came within reach, and again the hold of the spear was too weak to overcome the force of the current. A third time, the body approached, and the spear was darted. This time it caught among the strong muscles of the thigh, and held, so that the body was drawn to shore.

The narrator was a rough man, roughly clad, and told his story roughly; but there was in his voice a low thrill of horror as he told how he was obliged to cut the spear-head out of the flesh with his knife, before the weapon could be extracted: "It was too bad," said he; "but it couldn't be helped." And it was with unconscious pathos that he told how they stripped off their own rough garments, and tenderly covered the poor maimed and mutilated body before they bore it up the bank. It was a commentary, wrought out into practice, upon Hood's immortal "Bridge of Sighs."

From behind the curtain of water, you now see a troop of figures slowly emerging in single file, clinging to the side of the cliff. They look like overtasked firemen or half-drowned mermen. As they draw near, you recognize in the foremost the hollow-voiced guide who, a few hours before, offered to be your Virgil, to conduct you into the Inferno before you. He smiles a ghastly recognition, for he knows that sooner or later the spell will be upon you, and you will essay the gloomy way. Among the uncouth figures is one whose light elastic step can not be disguised by the dripping oil-skin. A few hours later, as you pace the piazza of the "Clifton House," looking now at the cataract shining in the calm moonlight, and now through the open windows into the illuminated parlors, your eye catches the same light step and lithe but vigorous form.

With the exception of the Fall itself, the Canada side presents little of interest. The brink of the gorge is bare and naked, the trees which once clothed it having been cut away. The regular "drive" seems to be up to the Burning Spring, and thence back by way of Drummondville and Lundy's Lane.

At the Burning Spring you register your name, pay your fee, and are introduced into a small apartment in the floor of which is a spring in constant ebullition from the escape of an inflammable gas. The flaxen-pated children of the show-woman place a receiver over the spring, and set fire to the gas, as it comes out of the jet; they then remove the receiver, and light the gas as it rises to the surface of the water; and that is all. You take your departure, looking vastly edified; while the driver thrusts his tongue into his cheek, as though he were mentally quoting a certain proverb touching "a fool and his money."

In the gray little tumble-down village of Drummondville, the driver shows you a petty shop kept by Sandy McLeod, notorious for his connection with the burning of the "Caroline;" a fellow upon the safety of whose worthless neck once apparently depended the question of war or peace between America and England. "Eh, but that Sandy's a great rogue," said a hard-featured Scotchman with whom I fell into conversation; "but it's no that easy to catch him."

The battle-ground at Lundy's Lane is marked by two rival observatories. The old campaigner who does the honors at the "original" has, they say, two versions of the action, which he produces as he supposes may suit the nationality of his auditors. The story goes, however, that at the "celebration," a year ago, General Scott was regaled by him with the English version, and then learned for the first time how thoroughly he was beaten upon that well-contested field.

THE AMERICAN AND HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM PROSPECT POINT.

In the early morning you commit yourself to the little boat in which you are to be ferried over to the American shore. Your half-felt misgivings are dissipated as you see the dexterous manner with which the brawny boatman handles his oars, and takes advantage of the "up-eddy" and "down-eddy;" and in a few minutes you are landed close at the foot of the American Fall.

Half-way up the ferry stairs is an opening which gives access to a path along the foot of the perpendicular precipice to the verge of the falling water. From this point, in the early morning, may be gained one of the most picturesque views of Niagara. Your position gives you the full perception of the height of the Fall, which forms a standard by which you measure that of the Horseshoe Fall which stretches away in the distant perspective.

I was standing, one glorious Autumn morning, looking now up to where the crown of the Fall, illuminated by the early sun, shone like opal, now downward where the gray mist curled up in the deep shadow, or across the chasm which seemed bridged over by the rainbow, whose feet were planted by the American shore, while its summit, which not long before had topped the height of the Canadian precipice, flinging a glory over the bare rocks and scanty shrubbery, crept slowly down, as the sun climbed its steep way up the eastern sky. I was suddenly roused from a reverie by a sharp voice:

"It's a-bilin' and a-sizzling down there fustrate!"

Looking down into the seething caldron below, I could not but assent; though mentally excepting to the phrase in which the opinion was expressed.

"But, I say, Mister," continued my interlocutor, "is the water really bilin' hot down there, so that you can't hold your hand into it?"

Upon inquiry, I found that my new friend had fallen into the hands of one of those ingenuous youths who are on the watch to earn a few shillings by officiating as guides. He had amused his patron by a number of fables, of which this may pass as a fair specimen.

Completing the ascent of the ferry stairway, you reach Prospect Point, at its head, from whence the same general view is gained, from a more elevated point. It is hard to say whether the view from above or below is the finer. The latter brings more into notice the height of the falling column of water, thus gaining an additional element of grandeur, while the latter embraces a view of the wooded islands above the Fall, adding greatly to the picturesque effect. The precise point from which the artist has taken this sketch is not now attainable. It was a projecting shelf of rock, a few feet below the precipice, which has been cut away to make room for the terribly unpicturesque, but most convenient stairway.

This was apparently the point from which honest Father Hennepin, who has left us the earliest written account of Niagara, gazed upon that "prodigious Cadence of Waters, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing Manner, insomuch that the Universe can not afford its parallel."—"The Waters," goes on the quaint narrative, "which fall from this horrible Precipice, do foam and boyle after the most hideous Manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise more terrible than that of Thunder." The good Jesuit would seem to have been deeply moved by this "dismal Roaring;" for in the curious picture which he gives of the Falls, he represents the spectators holding their hands to their ears to shut out the din; and he hints that the Indians were forced to abandon the neighborhood of the Falls lest they should become deafened by the uproar.

The good Father must have heard the "horrid Noise of the Falls," as he elsewhere calls it, with the imagination rather than with the ear. You hardly notice it, as you loiter along the brink, except when some sudden atmospheric change varies its deep and solemn monotone. The sound is like the continuous and pervading murmur of the wind through a forest of sombre pines. You are not forced to raise your voice in conversing with the friend by whose side you loiter along the brink of the Fall, toward the bridge which gives you access to the wooded islands that beckon you on.

Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the small wooded islands which stud the Rapids upon the American side. Two of rare beauty, known as "Ship" and "Brig" Islands, stem the current a little above the bridge which connects Goat Island with the shore. It needs but little effort of the imagination to fancy them vessels under full press of sail, endeavoring to sheer out of the current that hurries them inevitably down. The former of these Islands is accessible by a bridge which connects it with Bath Island, and is one of the loveliest spots imaginable. The old cedars, whose gnarled and contorted trunks overhang the waters, dipping their branches into the current, seem to cling with desperate clutch to the rocks, as though fearful of losing their hold and being swept away.

From the bridge leading to Goat Island the Rapids present that same appearance of plunging from the sky which renders their view from the Canadian shore so impressive. So thought

THE AMERICAN RAPIDS, FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE AMERICAN FALLS, FROM HOG'S BACK.

a young man whom I saw one calm moonlight evening leaning on the railing, and contemplating the rush of waters.

"They are beautiful, wonderful—but not quite what I expected," said he, as we fell into conversation. "I had supposed that the Falls were higher"

He had hurried from the hotel, ignorant which way to go, and supposed that he was now looking at the Great Cataract.

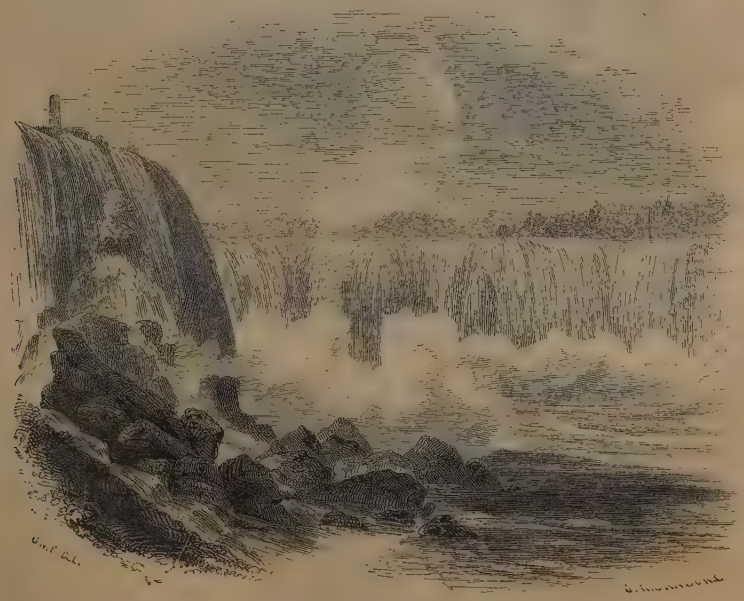
Goat Island—so let it still be called in spite of the foppery which has of late attempted to change its name to Iris Island—presents an aspect almost as wild as it did before it had been rendered accessible to human foot. Were it not for the path which girdles its entire circumference, and the rustic seats disposed here and there, one might fancy that he was the first who had ever sauntered through its grand and stately woods. The beauty and variety of the trees on this island are wonderful. There is the maple, greeting the early spring sunshine with its fire-tipped buds; spreading out in summer its broad dome of dark green leaves in masses so thick

that beneath them you have no fear of the passing shower; and in autumn wearing its gorgeous crimson robe like an Oriental monarch. The beech shows its dappled trunk and bright green foliage at every point, giving perpetual life and vivacity to the scene. The silvery trunks of the white birch gleam among the underwood. An occasional aspen, with its ever-quivering leaves, which almost shed a sense of breezy coolness in the stilliest, sultriest day, contrasts finely with the dark evergreens by which it is relieved. Almost all of our northern Fauna have their representatives here. Even upon the little Ship Island, which can be crossed in any direction in a dozen strides, and which appears to a hasty view but a mass of twisted and gnarled cedars, there are at least seven distinct species of trees. Those trees, however, which immediately overhang the Falls have an aspect peculiar to themselves. They are bent, broken, twisted, and contorted in every direction. They seem to be starting back in horror from the abyss before them, and to wind their long finger-like roots around the rocks, in order to maintain their hold.

One of these, an aged birch, growing upon the ridge known as the "Hog's Back," affords a resting place from which to gain one of the finest views of the American Falls. Right in front is the small Central Fall, and the footbridge which leads to Luna Island, with its trees dwarfed and stunted by the weight of frozen spray which loads them in the winter. Beyond is the serrated line of the American Fall; while the distance is filled up with the receding lines of the banks of the river below.

A few paces—past groups of blithe tourists, past companies of sombre Indian girls in blue blankets and high-crowned hats, with their gay wares spread out at their feet—brings you to the Biddle staircase, down which you wind to the foot of the precipice.

The path to the left leads along the foot of the overhanging cliff, up to the verge of the Horse-shoe Fall, only a portion of whose circumference is visible from any point on the American shore. You are here close upon the fragments of rock that fell from just in front of the tower, in February, 1852, the latest of those changes which are slowly and almost imperceptibly altering the form and position of the Falls. This fall of rock was seen by the artist who has given us so faithful a picture of its effects. He was just recovering from an illness, and while sitting in his room at the Clifton House, on the opposite Canadian shore, he was startled by a crash, almost like that of an earthquake. Tottering to the window, he beheld the immense curtain of rock in front of the tower precipitated from its ancient hold, and lying in huge masses upon the ice below; while a few streams of water trickled down the brown cliff, where but a moment before nothing had been seen but a surface of dazzling ice. The water at this extremity of the Fall descends in light feathery forms, contrasting finely with the solid masses in which it seems to plunge down the centre of the sweeping curve. The tower is perched upon the very brink of the



HORSE-SHOE FALL, FROM BELOW THE TOWER.

ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF THE WINDS

precipice, so close that the next fall of rock must carry it along with it.

The path to the right from the foot of the staircase, leads to the entrance to the Cave of the Winds, which lies behind the Central Fall. It is hard to imagine how this cavern missed being called the "Cave of Æolus" by those classicists who have exhausted ancient mythology for appellations for our American scenery. But it has escaped this infliction; and the "Cave of the Winds" it is, and will be. From the little house close by the entrance, where the requisite changes of dress are made, you look down into an abyss of cold gray mist, driven ever and anon like showers of hail into your face, as you grope your way down the rocky slope. Haste not, pause not. Here is the platform, half-seen, half-felt amid the blinding spray. Shade of Father Hennepin, this is truly a "dismal roaring" of wind and water. We are across—and stand secure on the smooth shaly bottom of the cave. Look up: what a magnificent arch is formed by the solid rock on the one side, and the descending mass of water on the other. Which is the solider and firmer you hardly know. Yet look again—for it is sunset—and see what we shall see nowhere else on earth, three rainbows one within another, not half-formed and incomplete, as is the scheme of our daily life; but filling up the complete circle, perfect and absolute.

Upon an isolated rock at the very brink of the cataract stands a round tower. It is approached by a long, narrow bridge, resting now upon ledges of solid rock, and now upon loose boul-

THE TOWER, FROM THE HEAD OF THE BRIDGE.

ders. From the balcony upon its summit, you can lean far over the edge of the precipice, and there catch the freshness of the cloud of spray that rises evermore from the unseen foot of the great Fall. Or you can climb down the low rock upon which the tower stands, and gather shells and pebbles from within arm's length of the verge of the descent, so gentle, to all appearance, is the current. But be not over-bold. These waters, apparently so gentle, sweep down with a force beyond your power to stem. Not many months ago, a man fell from the bridge into their smooth flow, and was in the twinkling of an eye swept to the brink of the descent. Here he lodged against one of those rocks that lie apparently tottering upon the brow, looking over the fearful descent, with as little power to retrace his course, as he would have had to reascend the perpendicular Fall. A rope was floated down to him, which he had just strength to fasten around his body, and he was drawn up from his perilous position.

It is usual to speak of the Horseshoe Fall as Canadian; and our rather slow neighbors across the river have been wont to plume themselves upon the possession of the more magnificent part of Niagara; while Young America has been heard to mutter between his teeth something about "annexation," on the ground that the lesser nation has no fair claim to the possession of the major part of the crowning wonder of the Continent. But the portion of Niagara belonging to Canada is hardly worth contending for. The boundary line between the two countries is the deepest water, which runs far over toward the Canadian shore. The line passes through the lonely little isle in the centre of the river, which has never been trodden by human foot. Right through the very centre of the Horseshoe Fall, where the water is greenest, cutting the densest pillar of spray—through the inmost convolution of the whirlpool—through the calmest part of the quiet reach of water above the Suspension Bridge—through the maddest rush of the rapids below—goes the boundary line—leaving to Canada nothing of Niagara except Table Rock, which yearly threatens to fall, and the half of the great Fall: while to America it gives, together with full one half of the Horseshoe Fall, the varying beauties of the lesser Cataracts, and the whole wealth of the lovely islands which gem the Rapids.

The general form of the Fall is slowly changing from age to age. When good Father Hennepin saw them, a century and three-quarters ago, they presented little of that curved and indented outline which now forms their most striking peculiarity. The Fall on the western side extended in nearly a straight line from the head of Goat Island to Table Rock, which terminated in a bluff that turned a portion of the water from its direct course, forming another cataract which fell to the east. A century later, this projecting rock had disappeared, but the spot which it had occupied was distinctly traceable. From the character of the strata through which the water has slowly worn its way back from the shores of Lake Ontario, we learn what must have been the appearance of the Fall at any period of its history. Thus, it can never have overcome the descent of three hundred and fifty feet at Lewiston at a single leap, but must have formed at least three cataracts separated by intervening rapids. When the Falls occupied the position of the Whirlpool, three miles below their present site, the descent was evidently greater than at any period before or since. But there never can have been a period when their beauty equaled that which they present at the present age. The immense breadth of the sheet of falling water, its graceful sweep of curves, and the picturesque islands that stud

the brink, belong solely to our present Niagara. The Falls recede at present, we are told, at the rate of something less than a foot in a year. Geology is able to predict that when a recession of a mile has taken place—some five or six thousand years hence—the height of the Fall will be reduced by a score of feet. Another five thousand years will subtract two score more of feet. Ten thousand years more, when the Fall shall have worn its way four miles farther back, all that constitutes Niagara will have disappeared, and the whole descent will be accomplished by a series of rapids like those near the Whirlpool.

It is strange how little of direct human interest is connected with Niagara. One would have supposed that it would have been a sacred spot with the Indians; but, with the exception of a few graves on the upper extremity of Goat Island, no special memorial of the aborigines exists here. In truth, the actual North American Indian was a terribly unpicturesque and unheroic animal. The Falls have been known to the white race for too short a time to gather around them legendary associations. One or two points are associated with the memory of a young Englishman who, something like a score of years ago, set up as the "Hermit of the Falls." A picturesque little break in the Rapids between Goat Island and one of the rocky islets known as the "Three Sisters," has been named from him the "Hermit's Cascade." It is a lovely spot by the side of which one may lie under the overarching trees, and while away the noontide hour, lulled into dreamy slumber by the deep voice of the Cataract. This "Hermit" seems hardly worthy of being made the hero of the Falls. Little is told of him except that he was fond of music and of pacing by night along the margin of the river; that he was alike indisposed for human society and for clean linen. It is said, indeed, that he was accustomed to record his musings in Latin, but as no fragments of these were discovered after

THE HERMIT'S CASCADE.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FROM THE MAID OF THE MIST

his death, we may set the story down as apocryphal. A deeper tragic interest is attached to a tale, now some three years old, which will be told you as you stand by the margin of the Lesser Fall. A party of visitors stood here, in gay discourse. Among them were a young man, his affianced bride, and a laughing child. The young man caught the child in his arms, saying gayly, "Now I shall throw you over." She glided from his hold in affright, half real, half feigned, and plunged into the stream; he sprang after, but the current was stronger than his strength, and swept them both down the smooth slope, and over the Fall. Their bodies, mangled and bruised, were recovered from the rocks below.

BANK BELOW THE WHIRLPOOL.

The pedestrian can hardly find a pleasanter summer day's ramble, than that along the river to Lewiston, descending on the American side, and returning by the opposite bank. For a mile below the Falls, where the channel is narrowest, the current is so smooth, that one might fancy he was gazing down into some quiet tarn embosomed in the mountains, were it

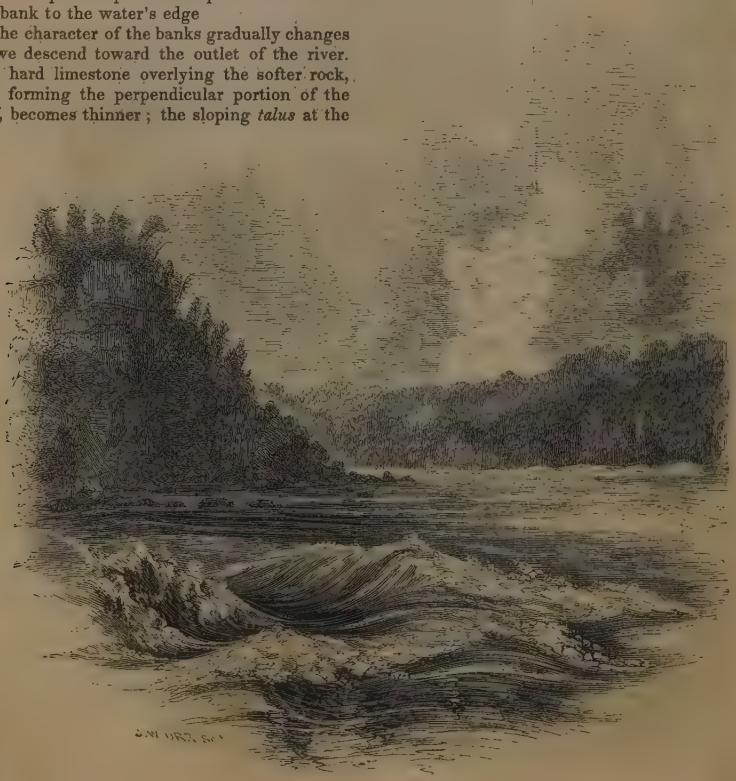
not that you catch the white margin of the lower Rapids just where the Suspension Bridge stretches its slender line from the summits of the opposing cliffs. In this quiet reach of water plies the little steamer, the "Maid of the Mist." After passing the ugly, bustling little village growing up around the American extremity of the bridge, a path leads through quiet fields and woods along the very verge of the precipice. Here and there some tree growing upon the brink forms a safe balustrade over which you lean, and look down upon the green water dashing furiously through its confined channel far below.

The Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, is an adjunct worthy of Niagara. The stream makes a sharp bend just where the channel is narrowest and the descent of the Rapids the steepest. At the angle the current has scooped out an immense basin, around whose whole circumference the water circles before it can find an outlet. All floating bodies that pass down the river are drawn into the Whirlpool, where they are borne round and round for days, and weeks sometimes, it is said, before they make their escape. A practicable path winds down the bank to the water's edge

The character of the banks gradually changes as we descend toward the outlet of the river. The hard limestone overlying the softer rock, and forming the perpendicular portion of the cliff, becomes thinner; the sloping *talus* at the foot grows higher, and the rocks are clothed with a luxuriant forest growth.

A half mile below the Whirlpool is a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, which is connected with a wild Indian legend ascribing terrible convulsions of nature, and even the approach of the fatal white men, to an unauthorized violation of the privacy of a great demon who once abode here This was the scene of a terrible tragedy in the old Franch wars A convoy of British soldiers fell into an ambush of Indians at this point, and were all, with the exception of two, slain outright or driven over the edge of the chasm. The little rivulet which flows over the brink, ran red with the blood of the slaughtered, and thus gained the name, which it still bears, of the "Bloody Run."

Close by the Devil's Hole the railroad now in course of construction from Lewiston to the Falls, gains the level of the top of the bank. From this point downward, it is excavated in the face of the cliff, forming a steep grade to its bottom. An almost continuous line of *shanties* occupied by the laborers engaged in the excavation extends along the very verge of the preci-



THE WHIRLPOOL, FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

pice. It was curious, as I passed along in the early April days, to see children whom we should scarcely trust out of the nurse's arms, sprawling upon the very verge of the cliff. The laborers are apparently all Irish, and it is noteworthy to see how much more intelligent is the aspect of the younger than of the older children. I thought I could distinguish by their mere physical appearance those who were born under the freer and happier auspices which surround them here.

At the foot of the cliff the Suspension Bridge stretches like a slender thread across the stream, its supporting towers resting on a ledge above the level of the roadway. No line of guards watches the quiet frontiers of two great nations. The sole police is a small boy at the gate, and the only passport demanded is a shilling for toll. You climb the smooth slope to the summit, where the shattered monument to the noble Brock is the only memorial of the day when the thrice-won victory was at last wrenched from the hands of the Americans.

THE AMERICAN FALL BY MOONLIGHT.

A flock of sheep are cropping the tender herbage; a couple of lambs have found a shady resting-place in the crumbling archway of the monument. To the right the white village of Lewiston presents an aspect of bustling activity; while to the left, on the opposite Canadian shore, Queenstown rests gray and sombre. At your feet, just below the dilapidated memorial of war, the bridge—symbol of union—binds the two shores: may it never be a pathway for the march of hostile armies!

There are two or three things in the way of excursion which must sooner or later be performed. Some bright afternoon, when the west is all a-glow, as you sit upon Table Rock, watching the clouds of spray momently torn from the face of the descending column, the guide with the hollow voice, whose mission is to conduct visitors behind the great sheet, presents himself. You commit yourself to his guidance, and donning the suit of yellow oil-skin follow him down the spiral staircase, along the base of the precipice up to the verge of the cataract. You shudder, and hesitate to enter the blinding spray along that winding path which seems in the dimness like a slender line drawn upon the face of the rock. The guide whispers a word of encouragement, deftly insinuating how boldly "the lady" trod its slippery length. You take courage and advance. You can scarcely breathe, much less see—but you feel that the torrent is plunging from the immeasurable height above into the unfathomable depth below. Somehow, how you hardly know, you have passed through the thick curtain of blinding spray, and are peering eagerly into the gray depth beyond. You are on Termination Rock, and farther than this mortal foot may never penetrate within the vail. Whichever way you turn, it is all cold gray mist, shrouding the overhanging rock

and the over-arching water above, and the profound depths below:—all mist, cold gray mist above, below, around, except when you turn your eyes back along the path by which you entered, where you behold a strip of golden sky between the grim rock and the edge of the descending flood. Drenched and dripping, spent and exhausted, as a shipwrecked sailor flung by the surf upon some inhospitable shore, you follow your guide back along the misty path, and emerge gladly enough into the clear outer air, into the free sunshine, and beneath the bright sky. You have been within the vail. As you doff the heavy oil-skin integuments, a printed paper is put into your hand, certifying that you "have been under the great sheet of water, the distance of two hundred and forty feet from the commencement of the Falls to the termination of Table Rock," verified by the signature of the proprietor of "Table Rock House." Your guide looks on you complacently, as though he would assure you that the great end of life was now attained, and you might take up your "*Nunc dimittis*."

Or you take your place upon the deck of the "Maid of the Mist," hard by the Suspension Bridge, and are steamed up to the foot of the cataract. The little steamer answers but poorly to her romantic name. She swings wearily from her moorings, and goes panting and tugging up the current. Yet she manages to hold her course, unless the wind blows too strong down-stream, and slowly wins her way close up to the huge rocks upon which the waters of the American Fall are broken and shattered, into the thickest of the spray. A sharp gust of wind tears a sudden rent through the spray, dashing it in arrowy sleet against your upturned face; but through the rent you catch a glimpse of the green crest of the Horseshoe Fall, sinking grandly into the ocean of vapor below.

Or better still, on some calm moonlight night, you invoke the aid of "Charley Jones" or his brother "'Ras," the ferrymen, and glide up along the foot of the American Fall, keeping just outside the dark line of shadow. There is nothing on earth so weird and ghostlike as the spectacle before you. The column of spray rises from the blankness below, like the spectre of some gigantic tree, and spreads solemnly up into the clear air above.

The mere summer tourist sees, however, but half of Niagara. In the winter the great rocks at the foot of the Fall are piled with an accumulation of frozen spray to the depth of half a hundred feet. By creeping cautiously up the slippery ascent, you may stand face to face with the cataract, half-way up its height. Every shrub on the margin is loaded with glittering ice. The thick-branched evergreens are bowed beneath its weight, and bend to the ground like enormous plumes. The face of the cold gray rock is cased in glittering ice, and ribbed with pillars and pilasters, which flash back the reflection of all gems, in the slant rays of the sun.

WINTER VIEW AT NIAGARA.

These are but words, and words can only faintly suggest some of the more salient features of Niagara. Even the painter's pencil is inadequate to express that in which lies its deepest charm—everlasting motion and perpetual change, conjoined with an all-pervading sense of unity. The artist from whose labors we have so largely borrowed, has made the study of the Great Cataract a labor of love. He has summered and wintered by it. He has painted it by night and by day; by sunlight and by moonlight; under a summer sun, and amid the rigors of a Canadian winter, when the gray rocks wore an icy robe, and the spray congealed into icicles upon his stiffened garments. The sketches from which we have selected, have grown up under his hands for a half score of years; and we can not doubt that many to whom Niagara wears the face of a familiar friend, will find themselves transported to it in imagination, as they look upon the results of his labors; and many who may never behold the Falls, will gain some just though inadequate conception of their magnificence and beauty.

THE ARTIST AT NIAGARA.

A RIDE WITH KIT CARSON
THROUGH THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY GEORGE D. BREWERTON.

IT was some time in the boisterous month of March, 1848, that I found myself on board the good ship Barrington, then lying in the harbor of San Francisco; but only waiting the arrival of passengers to take her departure for Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro; the last-named port being the place, which I hoped, with the assistance of favoring winds, shortly to reach. I say I found myself on board the Barrington; now be it understood, that my finding myself in so unstable a position as that of a ship's deck, was the result of no particular whim or fancy of mine own, but rather in accordance with the mandate of an authoritative old gentleman, then holding military sway in the Californias: which mandate having come in true official form, duly signed and sealed by order, I, as an humble lieutenant in the service of "Uncle Sam," felt bound to obey its requirements; with (to quote from the document aforesaid) "as little delay as possible."

San Francisco, in those palmy days of the olden time—at least five years ago—was not even a dim foreshadowing of the present capital of our new "El Dorado," and, consequently, the departure of the only vessel boasting three masts then in the harbor, was a kind of epoch, or red-letter day, with the majority of the population. Even the usually deserted beach was enlivened by parties of sauntering Californians, who watched our movements with a sort of idle curiosity, smoking their eternal "cigaritos," or uttering an occasional "*caramba*," as the strong wind sweeping down the bay, disturbed the sand and dust, and sent its blinding shower against their faces.

But adieu to these discursive observations. Here come our tardy fellow-voyagers — but three in number, it is true—but far too important personages to be left behind. Our anchor rises rapidly to the bows, the seamen singing gayly to the chorus of "Fare you well, California gals; cheerily, oh cheerily." And now, the Yerba Buena hills having given back the last echo, we lose our hold upon the oozy bottom, our white wings are fairly spread and fairly filled, and San Francisco, with its sandy streets, and low adobe houses, becomes a mere speck in the distance.

But as it is my purpose to carry the reader with me to a dry and torrid land; and as I have no desire to toss him upon the long surging swells of the Pacific, I will leave it to his imagination to fill up the hiatus of ten days of alternate ship and shore, storms and sunshine, head winds and fair; with all the weary catalogue of indescribable nothings, which while away the hours for the traveler over the trackless roads of ocean; suffice it to say, that on the morning of the eleventh day from our departure we anchored safely in the harbor of San Pedro, some five hundred miles down the coast.

The *town* of San Pedro, at the time of which I am writing, consisted of only one *rancho*, or Mexican farm-house, then owned and occupied by an adventurous American, who received us with great hospitality, and very kindly offered my friend Dr. D. and myself, horses to convey us to the Pueblo de los Angeles (City of the Angels), a town some sixteen miles inland; at which place I expected to meet the future companions of my journey, and make the necessary preparations for encountering the perils of a trip through the Great Sahara of North America.

It is difficult for the quiet denizens of a city, whose most memorable experience of life on shipboard is confined to the miseries of a rough night in a steamer off Point Judith, to appreciate the almost ecstatic feelings of delight which stir the heart of a landsman, upon being released from the narrow limits of a ship's deck and cabin. The very earth seems greener, and the sky brighter; in fact, all nature seems to be in holiday-trim, and to have ordered a new suit in honor of his arrival; at least, it so appeared to me when, on the day following our landing, the rising sun saw, or "might have seen" (as a distinguished modern novelist says), my friend and myself mounted upon noble horses, and all prepared to take the road for Los Angeles. As usual in such cases, our host and his family had turned out in force to make their *adios* and see us off; and, considering the number of persons, I do not believe that I ever witnessed a greater scene of noise and confusion. Every discordant sound, of which a California farm-yard is so prolific, seemed present, and doubly magnified to grace the occasion. Donkeys brayed, Mexicans chattered, cocks crew, every horse in the *corral*, or horse-yard, seemed determined to give us his farewell neigh; and amid the almost stunning din I could with difficulty catch the parting words of our host: "Good-by; never trouble yourselves about the horses—but take good care of my saddles." These latter articles, I would remark, being then, in the almost primitive state of society existing in California, regarded by their owners as more valuable than the animals who carried them.

The whole, or nearly the whole of our road to Los Angeles, traversed a rolling prairie, sometimes dotted with groves of stunted trees, but for the most part presenting long slopes and ridges of grassy fields, rich at that season of the year in flowers of every dye; while here and there appeared a *rancho*, where the cattle lying lazily in the shade, and the children playing at their favorite game of lassoing each other, gave animation to the scene, and completed the painting of a beautiful and ever-varying picture. Putting our good steeds to their work, they soon took a long and steady gallop, which brought us rapidly over the ground; and ere many hours had elapsed, the white-walled buildings of Los Angeles opened upon our view.

Leaving my friend at the door of his own domicile, I wended my way to the mess-room of the military gentlemen stationed there, and

received from the dragoon and volunteer officers a kind and hospitable welcome. Mr. Christ-

STREET IN THE PUEBLO LOS ANGELES.

opher Carson (or, as he is better known, Kit Carson), the guide and leader of the party which I was to accompany, not being in town, although soon expected, I was obliged to defer my preparations until I could obtain the aid of his advice and experience; in the mean time I amused myself with visiting every point of interest about the town, riding out, smoking, and now and then flirting with some fair "señorita," thus managing, between pleasant friends and dark eyes, to pass the few days prior to Carson's arrival pleasantly, if not profitably.

The Pueblo de Los Angeles has a population of several hundred souls; and boasts a church, a padre, and three or four American shops; the streets are narrow, and the houses generally not over one story high, built of adobes, the roofs flat and covered with a composition of gravel mixed with a sort of mineral pitch, which the inhabitants say they find upon the sea-shore. This mode of roofing gives a perfectly waterproof covering, but has the rather unpleasant disadvantage of melting in warm weather, and in running down, fringes the sides of the buildings with long *pitchicles* (if we may be allowed to coin a word), thus giving to the houses an exceedingly grotesque appearance; when the heat is extreme, pools of pitch are formed upon the ground. The adobe is a brick, made of clay, and baked in the sun. Walls built of this material, from the great thickness necessary to secure strength, are warmer in winter, and cooler in summer, and are therefore better adapted to the climate than either wood or ordinary brick. In most respects, the town differs but little from other Mexican villages.

Just as I was beginning to weary of the comparatively idle life which we were leading, a friend informed me that Carson had arrived, and would shortly join our party at the mess-room. The name of this celebrated mountaineer had become in the ears of Americans residing in California a familiar household word; and I had frequently listened to wild tales of daring feats which he had performed. The narrators being oftentimes men noted for their immense powers of endurance, I had caught, almost insensibly, a portion of their enthusiasm, and loved to dwell upon the theme. It is scarcely wonderful, then, that I should in my mind's eye (a quiet little studio of mine own, where I conjure up all sorts of fancies) not only sketch, but, by degrees, fill up the details of a character which I thought must resemble the guide and companion of the adventurous Frémont. My astonishment therefore may better be conceived than described when I turn both sides of the canvas to the reader, by drawing the picture as I had dreamed it out, and then endeavoring to portray the man as he really is.

The Kit Carson of my *imagination* was over six feet high—a sort of modern Hercules in his build—with an enormous beard, and a voice like a roused lion, whose talk was all of—

"Stirring incidents by flood and field."

The *real* Kit Carson I found to be a plain, simple, unostentatious man; rather below the medium height, with brown, curling hair, little or no beard, and a voice as soft and gentle as a woman's. In fact, the hero of a hundred desperate encounters, whose life had been mostly spent amid wildernesses, where the white man is almost unknown, was one of Dame Nature's gentlemen—a sort of article which she gets up occasionally, but nowhere in better style than among the backwoods of America.

I will not attempt to sketch Kit's earlier life and adventures; Frémont has drawn him with a master's hand, and my inexperienced pen may not improve upon his description.

In making the foregoing remarks, I have only offered my humble testimonial to the sterling worth of a man who, I am proud to say, was my guide, companion, and friend, through some of the wildest regions ever traversed by the foot of man.

"Kit," as I shall often call him, informed me that he had made camp at Bridge Creek, some fifteen miles distant from the Pueblo, on our road to the Great Pass, by which we purposed crossing the Californian mountains and entering into the solitudes of the Sandy Desert. This camp at Bridge Creek had been established by Carson with the view of preparing our animals (many of whom had seen hard service) for the long and tedious journey before them; and a better locality for our purpose could scarcely have been selected. Bridge Creek is a pretty little stream of clear, sweet water, fringed with trees, which afforded plenty of timber for our *corral*. On the plains, in its vicinity, the wild oats grew in luxuriant abundance, furnishing a rich pasturage. As Kit purposed taking up his residence in camp, a variety of reasons induced me to accompany him. For one thing, I had grown heartily tired of fleas, with which the houses in town are densely populated; and, in the second place, I wished to get an insight into the sort of gipsy-life which I must necessarily lead for some months to come. So, having concluded that an immediate commencement of my education in this respect would render its privations easier when the time of trial came, I

provided myself with a tin-plate, a tin-cup, which might hold about a quart, for no true mountaineer ever drinks less than that amount of coffee at a sitting—if he can get it. To these articles I added a common fork, a large bowie-knife, and a rifle;—and thus, having furnished my table and armory, I turned my attention to the bed-chamber portion of the establishment. Here my preparations were equally simple and unpretending: two Mexican blankets serving me at once for mattress, sheets, and pillow-cases, while my saddle gave a rude, but never-failing pillow. Imagine me, then, fully equipped, and prepared to take up my abode under the first tree, if the good of the service should require it.

Late in the afternoon Carson and myself, mounted upon a couple of stout mules, left the Pueblo behind us, and after three hours' riding, over hills and dales so rich in flowers that it seemed as if nature had contemplated the manufacture of a patch-work quilt upon a grand scale, we reached the spot which was to be our abiding place for nearly a month. Here I found the men, twenty in number, who had been hired for the expedition, all busily employed in taking care of our large *caballada* of mules and horses; many of these men were noted woodsmen, old companions of Carson's in his explorations with Frémont; while others, again, were almost as ignorant of mountain life as myself; knowing nothing of the mysteries of a pack-saddle, and keeping at a most respectful distance from the heels of a kicking mule.

Our daily routine of life while sojourning at Bridge Creek, was certainly primitive in its simplicity. Shortly after sunrise the camp was awakened, the animals released from their confinement in the *corral*, and driven to water. from thence they were conveyed to the fields of wild oats where each mule being secured by a long *réata* (a kind of strong Mexican rope made by twisting thongs of hide together), to an iron picket-pin driven into the ground, was permitted to graze until sunset, when the drove were again watered and secured in the corral for the night. The habits of the Californian mule are rather peculiar. Though very cautious animals when relying solely upon their own judgment—under which circumstances they generally get along very well—they would appear to have a consciousness of their own inferiority, which induces them to entertain a great regard for the sagacity of the horse, and particularly for that of a white mare. Now why the "gray mare" should be the "better horse" in their estimation, I can not say, but such is certainly the fact; and the wily Californians taking advantage of this amiable weakness, are in the habit of employing a steady old white mare of known gentleness and good character to act as a kind of mother and guide to each drove of unruly mules. This animal is sometimes called the "bell mare" from a large bell which they attach to her neck, to the tinklings of which, sooner or later, every mule in the *caballada* becomes an obedient slave. In conformity with so excellent a custom we had destined for this service an old gray mare belonging to one of our party; and I often amused an idle hour by watching the court paid her by

LIFE AT BRIDGE CREEK.

the mulish crowd. To be allowed to graze in her immediate vicinity, was evidently considered a privilege by every long-eared lady and gentleman in the herd; and to obtain this much coveted position many was the quarrel, and many the spiteful bite and kick given and received. But the old mare, like a philosophical beast as she was, looked upon all their attentions with great scorn and indifference; or only noticed them, when annoyed by the tumult around her, by using both teeth and heels with wonderful dexterity, and showering her blows with great impartiality among her four-legged admirers.

For ourselves, we fished, hunted, and practiced rifle-shooting (in which latter accomplishment many of the mountaineers are almost incredibly expert); and when the evening had fairly set in, and the round bright moon, peeped slyly down through the trees, we gathered round our fire in the open air, with the blue heavens and broad spreading branches for our canopy, and with these, with songs and stories not the less interesting for being real, and in many cases the personal adventures of their narrators, we whiled away the hours so pleasantly that it was often midnight, before we spread our blankets, and laid down to sleep more soundly, and dream more sweetly, than many a man who reclines upon a couch of down.

It was finally determined that we should take the road upon the 4th of May; and having procured four stout mules, already experienced in mountain travel, from the Quartermaster at "Los Angeles" (two for riding, and the same number to pack my baggage and provisions), I purchased, after much bargaining, and many serious misgivings that I had been sorely cheated, two additional mules and one horse; which latter proved to be an animal of terrible experiences, being troubled with some painful internal complaint, which induced him to lie down whenever his rider particularly wished him to stand up. I finally thought that he found the hydropathic treatment beneficial, as he seldom crossed a stream without rolling himself and rider in the water. Having thus got together seven animals I concluded that so far as horse-flesh was concerned I should do well enough; but where to procure a proper servant, or *arriero* as they are called in Mexico, to pack my mules, and take charge of the cooking, was a problem which seemed more than difficult to solve; at last, just as I was beginning to despair, fortune appeared to favor me, and a Mexican presented himself as a candidate for the office of cook, muleteer, and man of all work. A single glance at Señor Jesús Garcia (I will give only two of his half a dozen names), convinced me that whatever other qualifications he might exhibit he was certainly old, ugly, and possessed of a most villainous cast of countenance. But as it was a sort of last chance with me I was fain to receive him graciously, and after asking a few questions to which Señor Jesús replied with all the volubility for which the Mexicans are famous, I felt fully satisfied that—if one were to believe his own account of his manifold perfections, both as a man and as a muleteer—there had never existed such a paragon of virtue and skill. He could pack a mule in the twinkling of an eye, lasso and ride the wildest horse that ever ran, and as for honesty "El Teniente might load him with bags of uncounted doubloons and he would not steal a single medio."

On the second of May we broke up our camp on the Creek, and returned to Los Angeles, from which point we purposed starting on the morning of the fourth. In the interval we employed ourselves in making our final preparations; drawing rations and ammunition for our men, and dividing our provisions into bags of equal size and weight for the greater convenience of packing. The stores provided for our own mess (which had been increased to four in number by the addition of an old mountain man, a friend of Carson's, and a citizen returning to the States), consisted of pork, coffee, brown sugar, "Penole," and "Atole."

The two articles last named are peculiarly Mexican, and worthy of a description. Atole is a kind of meal which when prepared forms a very nutritious dish not unlike "mush," both in taste and appearance. Penole is made by parching Indian corn; then grinding it, and mixing with cinnamon and sugar. This condiment is almost invaluable to the travelers in the wildernesses of the Far West; as it requires no fire to cook it, being prepared at a moment's warning by simply mixing it with cold water. It has the further advantage of occupying but little space in proportion to its weight; but when prepared for use, it swells so as nearly to double in quantity. A very small portion is therefore sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In addition to these matters, we carried with us for our private consumption a small quantity of dried meat; this is also obtained from the Mexicans, who cut the beef into long strips, and then hang it upon a line, exposing it to the influence of the sun and wind until it is thoroughly hardened. When they wish to employ a more rapid process, a rude framework is erected, and on this the strings of meat are laid, a slow fire being kept up underneath until the whole becomes smoked and dried. Beef prepared in this way will keep for a long time, and is generally sold by the Mexican *vara* or yard.

The morning of the fourth of May at length dawned upon us; and although we were all up with the sun, nine o'clock found our camp in a state of terrible confusion. I have already stated that some of our party were inexperienced hands; and as packing a mule is not always a thing to be learned by intuition, they certainly made an awkward commencement at their new business. I have since thought that it might have been amusing to an uninterested spectator to watch the quiet look of contempt with which our old stagers regarded some poor greenhorn who succeeded in getting the pack upon his mule's back, only to behold it kicked off by the

indignant animal, who after performing this feat would turn round to the discomfited packer with a look that seemed to say, "Well, you haven't traveled, that's certain."

While others were thus annoyed, I was by no means exempt from my share of vexation; my pattern of a muleteer, Jesús, was nowhere to be found. That paragon of virtue had allowed himself to be seduced by a new pair of boots, and a trifle of clothing which he found in my carpet bag; and if he had not "sloped to Texas" he had at all events migrated to parts unknown; and there was I, at the last moment, with seven animals to be taken care of, packed, saddled, or driven, and not a soul to attend to them. Just as I was about giving up in good earnest, a young Mexican came up to me and requested that he might be allowed to fill the vacancy. Upon questioning him Kit recognized him at once. "A greater rascal," said Carson, "I don't think ever lived than that same young Mexican, but he knows how to take care of a mule."

It seems that Juan, such being the name of my new applicant, had crossed the desert once before as a muleteer to an American trader; and to revenge himself for some ill treatment, real or fancied, he had cut holes in the provision bags; by which means their contents were lost upon the road, and both master and man reduced to the very verge of starvation before reaching the settlements. As I could do no better, I concluded to employ him, at the same time making a mental determination to keep a sharp eye upon Master Juan, and bring him up, nautically speaking, with "a round turn" upon the first occasion of transgression.

Juan being thus duly installed as my muleteer in chief, and cook in general, commenced operations *instanter*, by packing my mules with a celerity which fairly astonished me; for in a few moments the heavy loads were properly arranged, and my mule and his own were fairly saddled and bridled It was fully ten o'clock before our party finally got off. We numbered twenty hired men, three citizens, and three Mexican servants, besides Carson and myself, all well mounted and armed for the most part with "Whitney's rifle," a weapon which I can not too strongly recommend for every description of frontier service, from its great accuracy and little liability to get out of order—an important point in a country where no gunsmith can be found.

The order of our march, unless altered by circumstances, or some peculiar feature of the ground, was as follows. Kit and myself, with one or more of our party came first, then followed the pack mules and loose animals, and in their rear the remainder of our men, who urged the mules forward by loud cries, and an occasional blow from the ends of their lariats. Our saddles were of the true Mexican pattern, wooden trees covered with leathers called *mache-ers*. This saddle for service I found far superior to those of American make, being both easier and safer, the great depth of the seat rendering it almost impossible for the animal to dislodge his rider, a fact which partly accounts for the fearless horsemanship for which Mexicans are so famous. Our bridles, formed of twisted hide or horse hair, were ornamented with pieces of copper, and furnished with strong Spanish bits. As for our spurs, they were sharp and heavy enough to have driven an elephant, not to speak of a Californian mule, which I take to be the more unmanageable beast of the two. To finish the details of our equipments, I will describe my own costume as a fair sample of the style of dress which we wore. I was attired in a check or "hickory" shirt as they are called, a pair of buck-skin pants, a fringed hunting shirt of the same material, gayly lined with red flannel and ornamented with brass buttons (which last I afterward found useful in trading with the Indians). As for my head gear, my hat would scarcely have passed muster among the "Genins" and "Learys" in Broadway—being nothing more than a broad-brimmed straw of very ordinary texture To go to the other extremity, my feet were cased in a pair of strong cowhide boots, which reached almost to the knee. My weapons I have already noticed; but among my list of sundries I must not forget my water flask, which was a curiosity in its way, and as I have not as yet taken out a patent for the invention, it may give some ingenious Yankee a new idea. It was a bottle made of porous leather which held half a gallon, and suffered just so much of the liquid to soak through as was requisite to keep the outside constantly wet, so that whenever I desired cool water I had only to hang up my flask, or expose it to a free current of air.

As the first day's march was intended as a sort of trial trip, we determined to make the distance a short one, and encamp for the night at our old stand, Bridge Creek, which, as I have before stated, was directly on our way to the Pass; and it was well that we did so; for though our camping ground was but fifteen miles distant from the Pueblo, our march seemed more like a chapter of accidents than a progressive movement. Many of the mules, saddled for the first time in months, got up all sorts of ungainly antics; and were as vicious and obstinate as possible. We had scarcely cleared the town when a tremendous clatter in our rear apprised me that something was coming; and ere I could turn my head, a pack-mule passed me at the top of her speed, with her head stretched out and her heels flying in the air, while at every jump, the beast flung some article of my personal property, right and left, here a frying-pan, and there a bag of sugar, while Juan came thundering in her wake, swearing indifferently in Spanish and English, and threatening all sorts of personal violence to the long-eared offender. And so we jogged along until sunset. I do not believe that a more tired man, or one more keenly sensible of the luxuries of rest and a good cup of coffee, could have been found that night than myself.

By sunrise the next morning we were on our way to the Pass, and a hard and hot day's ride we had of it. During the day we passed the last house which we were to see until our arrival in the Territory of New Mexico, and I must confess that I turned in my saddle and cast many "a longing, lingering look" behind. Our camp that night was upon a rough, and stony hillside, within the Pass. I remember well that I felt something more substantial than a crumpled rose-leaf under me during the night; to say nothing of awakening in the morning with an accurate impression of divers small geological specimens in my back and sides. But these were minor difficulties and a mere foretaste of the troubles to come.

And now, dear Reader, as I am about entering upon the theatre of our more exciting travel, I will remark that it is not my intention to treat the subject geographically, geologically, or botanically. I have had a horror of the "ologies" ever since my days of schoolboy experience, and as Frémont has described the country, its general features and productions, it would be not only unnecessary, but presumptuous in me to portray it: I shall therefore confine myself to such such scenes of incident and adventure as might prove most interesting; and—thanks to Indians, hard travel and harder fare—I think there will be no lack of incident.

My sensations upon viewing the Great Desert for the first time were certainly peculiar, and I think that they who know the country will acquit me of any unmanly feeling, when I say, that, as my eye wandered over the vast expanse of hot sand and broken rock, I thought that I should not altogether dislike "backing out." But we were "in for it," and there was no use moralizing. Besides I soon had matters of more moment to occupy me.

Among my seven animals (of whom, to criticise them as a body, I can safely say that they appeared to be about equally made of viciousness, obstinacy, and a strong disposition to laziness) I found a little gray mule which I had reserved for my especial riding. She had her unpleasant peculiarities too, one of which was that it generally required about two men to saddle her, one to throw her down, and one to put the saddle on. Another amiable failing was a trick which on this occasion I learned to my cost; though perfectly gentle with her rider fairly seated, she took advantage of your getting off, to look quietly round, get your exact position and attitude, then let both heels fly, knock you down, and be off like the wind. We had just got to the foot of a long, steep sand hill, when by some ill fortune I found myself half a mile in the rear of our men, who were crossing the summit of the ridge; my saddle slipping at the same time, I dismounted to tighten the girths, when my "gallant gray" at once practiced her favorite manœuvre, leaving me "*hors de combat*," doubled up on a heap of sand in company with about fifty pounds of light luggage, in the way of blankets, gun, and ammunition, from which recumbent position I elevated myself just in time to behold my treacherous

APPROACH TO THE GREAT SANDY DESERT.

SAND ROCKS IN THE DESERT

mule under full sail for the rest of the caballada Talk about Job's troubles, if you will; it *was* enough to make a minister forget himself. I did swear a little, and once I leveled my rifle at the flying steed; but prudence stepped in and whispered that one live mule was worth ten dead ones—particularly on the road—so I determined to pocket my anger for the present, and shouldering my gun, with a blanket on either arm, I trudged up hill through the deep sands for nearly a mile, when just as I had made up my mind to stop where I was until the Diggers should be pleased to come and take me, Juan galloped up with the truant mule which he had captured with his lasso. I can assure the reader that I was not the only sufferer by the transaction.

Our route for several days lay over a dreary waste, where the eye met the same eternal rock and sand. In fact, the whole country looks more like the crater of an immense volcano than any thing else that I can compare it to; or, to use the words of one of our men, he believed "the darned place had been a-fire, and hadn't got quite cool yet." Our general course was by the great Spanish trail, and we made as rapid traveling as possible, with the view of overtaking the large Mexican caravan which was slowly wending its way back to the capital of New Mexico. This caravan consisted of some two or three hundred Mexican traders who go on one year to the Californian coast with a supply of blankets and other articles of New Mexican manufacture; and having disposed of their goods, invest the proceeds in Californian mules and horses, which they drive back across the desert. These people often realize large profits, as the animals purchased for a mere trifle on the coast, bring high prices in Santa Fé. This caravan had left Pueblo de Los Angeles some time before us, and were consequently several days in advance of our party upon the trail—a circumstance which did us great injury, as their large caballada (containing nearly a thousand head) ate up or destroyed the grass and consumed the water at the few camping grounds upon the route.

We finally overtook and passed this party,

NEW-MEXICAN TRADER.

after some eight days' travel in the Desert. Their appearance was grotesque in the extreme. Imagine upward of two hundred Mexicans dressed in every variety of costume, from the embroidered jacket of the wealthy Californian, with its silver bell-shaped buttons, to the scanty habiliments of the skin-clad Indian, and you may form some faint idea of their dress. Their caballada contained not only horses and mules, but here and there a stray *burro* (Mexican jackass) destined to pack wood across the rugged hills of New Mexico. The line of march of this strange cavalcade occupied an extent of more than a mile; and I could not help thinking, while observing their arms and equipments, that a few resolute men might have captured their property, and driven the traders like a flock of sheep. Many of these people had no fire-arms, being only provided with the short bow and arrows usually carried by New Mexican herdsmen. Others were armed with old English muskets, condemned long ago as unserviceable, which had, in all probability, been loaded for years, and now bid fair to do more damage at the stock than at the muzzle. Another description of weapon appeared to be highly prized among them—these were old, worn-out dragoon sabres, dull and rusty, at best a most useless arm in contending with an enemy who fights only from inaccessible rocks and precipices; but when carried under the leathers of the saddle, and tied with all the manifold straps and knots with which the Mexican secures them, perfectly worthless even at close quarters.

Near this motley crowd we sojourned for one night; and passing through their camp after dark, I was struck with its picturesque appearance. Their pack-saddles and bales had been taken off and carefully piled, so as not only to protect them from damp, but to form a sort of barricade or fort for their owner. From one side to the other of these little corrals of goods a Mexican blanket was stretched, under which the trader lay smoking his cigarrito, while his Mexican servant or slave—for they are little better—prepared his coffee and "atole."

Not long after leaving the great caravan I had gone aside from our trail, and found a small quantity of water, which looked clear and tempting, in a deep crevice among the rocks The noon-day sun shone fiercely upon the burning sand, and my mouth was parched with thirst; but though longing to drink, the water was in so inaccessible a position that, without some vessel in which to draw it from the chasm, my case would have been but little better than that of Tantalus. I looked in vain for my ordinary drinking cup, but Señor Juan, with great forethought for his own comfort, had fastened it to his saddle before starting. As I stood racking my brain to discover some expedient which might overcome the difficulty, I espied a human skeleton near me. A thought struck me. I remembered Byron, and his libations from the skull; and, revolting as it would have been under different circumstances, my strong necessity compelled me to make use of it So I drank a most grateful draught of water from the bleaching bone, and then sat down to moralize upon the event, and wonder to whom it had belonged, and how its owner died; the result of all of which was, that I felt much obliged to the unknown individual for the use of that which could by no possibility be of any further service to him; and as a committee of one, sitting alone in the desert by the side of the fountain, I voted him my thanks accordingly.

I have heretofore briefly mentioned my Mexican servant Juan, to whom Carson had given so indifferent a character. This scapegrace had for some days shown a disposition to give trouble in various ways; but we had come to no open rupture until one afternoon, when riding in the advance, I looked back and observed the "*réata*" of my pack-mule dragging upon the ground. Calling to Juan to secure it, I rode on, thinking that my orders had been attended to. Now it so happened at that particular moment that Señor Juan was engaged with the assistance of a Mexican friend and his cigarrito in making himself exceedingly comfortable; and upon again turning my head I found my *réata* in a worse way than before. "Now," said Kit, "that fellow is trying which is to be the master, you or he, and I should advise you to give him a lesson which he will remember: if we were nearer the settlements I would not recommend it, for he would certainly desert and carry your animals with him; but as it is, he will not dare to leave the party, for fear of the Indians." As I fully concurred in Carson's opinion, and felt moreover that the period had arrived for bringing up Señor Juan with the "round turn" I had mentally promised him, I simply rode back, and without any particular explanation, knocked the fellow off his mule. It was the first lesson and the last which I found it necessary to read him. Juan gave me, it is true, a most diabolical look upon remounting, which made me careful of my pistols for a night or two afterward; but he was conquered, and in future I had no reason to complain of any negligence.

The only living creatures which inhabit the desert except the prowling Diggers, are a small rabbit which burrows in the ground, existing I can scarce say how, lizards in great quantities, and a small but very venomous description of rattlesnake; with the last named reptile I was destined during my sojourn in this region to have any thing but an agreeable interview.

It was a bright moonlight night; I had, as was my custom, spread my saddle leathers for a bed, and drawn my blanket loosely around me. Weary with the day's march I had been sleeping soundly for several hours, when about midnight I awoke suddenly, with an unaccountable feeling of dread: it must have been a sort of instinct which prompted me, for in a moment I was upon my feet, and then upon removing my blanket found a rattlesnake swollen with rage and poison, coiled and ready to strike. I drew away the *machcers* which served as a mat-

tress, intending to kill the reptile, when to my astonishment it glided away, making its escape into a small opening in the ground directly beneath my bed. The whole matter was explained at once; I had retired early, and in arranging my couch had spread it directly near the door of his snakeship's domicile. The snake had probably been out to see a neighbor, and getting home after I was asleep, felt a gentlemanly unwillingness to disturb me, and as I had taken possession of his dwelling he took part of my sleeping place, crawling under the blanket where he must have lain quietly by my side, until I rolled over and disturbed him. I can scarcely say that I slept much more that night, and even Carson admitted that it made him a little nervous. Had I been bitten our only remedy would have been some common whisky, which we carried with us in case of such an accident. It is a fact worth knowing, that in the mountains strong liquor is considered a certain preventive to any ill effects from snake-bites; to administer it properly it must be given at once, and in large quantities, until the patient is fully under its influence.

Our daily routine of life in the desert had a sort of terrible sameness about it; we rode from fifteen to fifty miles a day, according to the distance from water; occasionally after a long drive halting for twenty-four hours, if the scanty grass near the camping grounds would permit it, to rest and recruit our weary cattle; among our men there was but little talking and less laughing and joking, even by the camp-fire while traversing these dreary wastes; the gloomy land by which we were surrounded, scanty food, hard travel, and the consciousness of continual peril, all tended to restrain the exhibition of animal spirits. Carson, while traveling, scarcely spoke; his keen eye was continually examining the country, and his whole manner was that of a man deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility. We ate but twice a day, and then our food was so coarse and scanty, that it was not a pleasure, but a necessity. At night every care was taken to prevent surprise; the men took turns in guarding the animals, while our own mess formed the camp guard of the party. In an Indian country it is worthy of remembrance that a mule is by far the best sentry; they discover either by their keen sense of smell, or of vision, the vicinity of the lurking savage long before the mountaineer, experienced as he is, can perceive him. If thus alarmed, the mule shows its uneasiness by snorting and extending the head and ears toward the object of distrust.

During this journey I often watched with great curiosity Carson's preparations for the night. A braver man than Kit perhaps never lived, in fact I doubt if he ever knew what fear was, but with all this he exercised great caution. While arranging his bed, his saddle, which he always used as a pillow, was disposed in such a manner as to form a barricade for his head; his pistols half cocked, were laid above it, and his trusty rifle reposed beneath the blanket by his side, where it was not only ready for instant

VIEW IN THE GREAT SANDY DESERT.

INDIANS CASTING STONES DOWN UPON THE TRAVELERS.

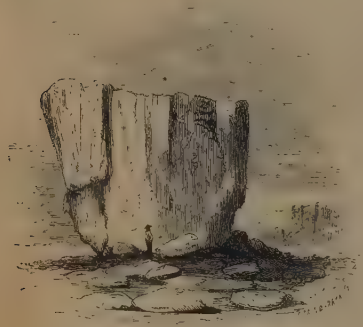
use, but perfectly protected from the damp. Except now and then to light his pipe, you never caught Kit exposing himself to the full glare of the camp fire. He knew too well the treacherous character of the tribes among whom we were traveling; he had seen men killed at night by an unseen foe, who, vailed in darkness, stood in perfect security while he marked and shot down the mountaineer clearly seen by the fire-light. "No, no, boys," Kit would say, "hang round the fire if you will, it may do for you if you like it, but I don't want to have a Digger slip an arrow into me, when I can't see him."

A rather amusing story is told of Kit's quickness of action in time of danger. Some inexperienced mountaineer had given the alarm of Indians during his tour of guard duty at night, or as Westernmen sometimes express it "stampeded the camp;" Kit sprang to his feet in an instant and while yet half asleep seeing some dark object advancing upon him through the long grass, seized one of his unerring pistols and shot, not an Indian, but his own particular riding mule right through the head.

When the hour for our departure from camp had nearly arrived, Kit would rise from his blanket and cry "Catch up;" two words which in mountain parlance mean, Prepare to start; and these words once uttered, the sooner a man got ready the better; in a moment the whole scene would be changed, the men who just before were lounging about the fires, or taking a journey to the land of dreams were now upon their feet, and actively employed in bringing up refractory mules, who, true to their obstinate nature, and finding that their services were about to be required, declined any forward movement, except upon compulsion. This generally called forth a volley of oaths from their enraged drivers—English, Spanish and Canadian French being all prolific in objurgations; until at length the loads were fairly secured, saddles put on, and the pack-mules having been gathered together were started upon the trail; the old bell-mare leading off with a gravity quite equal to the responsibility of her office. Kit waited for nobody; and woe to the unfortunate tiro in mountain travel who discovered to his sorrow that packs would work, bags fall off, and mules show an utter disregard for the preservation of one's personal property. A man thus circumstanced soon learns to pack a mule as it should be done, at first, put on his saddle as it ought to be put on, and keep his arms in serviceable order; or if he don't, Heaven help him; the sooner he gets back to the settlements the better.

In crossing the Desert it is often necessary to march long distances without water; these dry stretches are called by the Mexicans "jornadas;" the literal meaning of the word being a journey, but in instances like the present it refers to the absence of water upon the route traveled On the "jornada" of which I am about to speak, which is sometimes called the "Jornada del Muerto" (the journey of death), the distance from one water hole to another can

not be less than eighty miles; and on account of the animals it is highly important that it should be traveled at once; to accomplish this we started about three o'clock in the afternoon and reached the other side of the jornada late in the morning of the following day, the greater part of the distance being gone over by moonlight. I shall never forget the impression which that night's journey left upon my mind. Sometimes the trail led us over large basins of deep sand, where the trampling of the mules' feet gave forth no sound; this added to the almost terrible silence, which ever reigns in the solitudes of the desert, rendered our transit more like the passage of some airy spectacle where the actors were shadows instead of men. Nor is this comparison a constrained one, for our way-worn voyagers with their tangled locks and unshorn beards (rendered white as snow by the fine sand with which the air in these regions is often filled), had a wierd and ghost-like look, which the gloomy scene around, with its frowning rocks and moonlit sands tended to enhance and heighten.



BOULDER IN THE GREAT DESERT.

There were other matters, too, to render the view impressive: scattered along our route we found numerous skeletons of horses, who at some former period had dropped down and died by the wayside. The frequent recurrence of these bleaching bones in a road so lonely, induced me to ask some explanation in regard to them of an old trapper belonging to our party. He informed me, that many years before, Billy Williams, a mountaineer almost as distinguished as Carson himself, had, in some interval of catching beaver and killing Indians, found time to gather a band of mountain men, with the view of undertaking a sort of piratical expedition to the coast of Lower California. In this enterprise he succeeded so far as to enter California, help himself to upward of fifteen hundred head of mules and horses, and regain the desert without losing a man. But from this point his troubles began. The Californians, disapproving of this summary mode of treating their property, determined to pursue and retake it by force; and to carry out their design, followed closely upon the trail of Williams's party, with nearly two hundred men. Finding himself pursued, the mountaineer, whose men were not over thirty in number, pushed on with all possible speed; and in crossing the great jornada, lost from fatigue and overdriving nearly one thousand head of his ill-gotten booty. Rendered desperate, he encamped at a water-hole, some fifteen miles distant from the termination of the jornada, at which latter point his pursuers had already arrived; Williams remarking to his men, "Well, boys, we have lost the most of our caballada, but we have five hundred animals left; and as we must recruit our stock, we will just stop where we are till we have done so; and, in the mean time, if those Mexicans want to get their animals, let them come and take them, if they can." In accordance with this determination Billy's people waited three days; but so far as the coming of their enemies was concerned, waited in vain; their courage had evidently failed them; and, although they could pursue a retreating foe, they felt no inclination to face the rifles of American hunters, who had turned like a stag at bay. At length, growing tired of inaction, and exasperated by the loss which he had already sustained, Williams proposed to his comrades to visit the Californian camp by night, and steal the horses upon which their pursuers had followed them. To this they assented; and that evening took from their enemies every horse and mule which they had with them, leaving them to return as they best might. This feat having been thus successfully performed, the Americans went on their way rejoicing. But alas for human expectations! as though to mete out a sort of even-handed justice, it was destined that they should be attacked by the Indians, who drove off their whole caballada, leaving them to find their way back to Santa Fé on foot. I will add that it is rumored that Williams curses the Indians heartily whenever he tells the tale. Such is the story; but beyond the dry bones upon the jornada, I can bear no witness to its truth.

I was not permitted to pass this portion of the desert without meeting with an adventure, which even now makes my heart beat quicker when I think of it.

When almost midway in the jornada, we entered upon what appeared, by the uncertain light, to be an immense circular basin of sand, surrounded by a range of mountains so distant that the eye could barely make out their dim outlines against the moonlit sky. This sand plain must have been fully eighteen miles in diameter; and we had barely got into it when one of my pack-mules kicked off her load; and by so doing, rendered it necessary for Juan and myself to dismount, collect the bags, and repack the animal; an operation which, as the mule was extremely restive, occupied some time to perform When we were ready to start, I directed Juan to go ahead with the pack-mule, while I followed slowly in his rear. Now, among other imperfections, it is my misfortune

to be very absent-minded; and having fallen into some train of thought which I wished to ravel out, I threw the reins upon the neck of my mule, and jogged along slowly, until a sudden stumble warned me that we were getting into rocky ground again; and upon looking round to discover the whereabouts of our party, I found that they were not only out of sight, but out of hearing. Now as this had happened to me before, I did not give myself any particular uneasiness; but alighted, thinking that I could easily retrace my road by the track of the mules' hoofs in the sand, and thus return until I struck the back trail of our caballada, when it would be an easy matter to rejoin them; but my horror can scarcely be conceived, when I discovered that the strong wind which was blowing had filled the hoof tracks almost as fast as they had been made, so that all trace of my route was gone. My situation was certainly one to appall the stoutest heart; in the depths of an almost trackless wildernesss, five hundred miles from the nearest settlements, and perfectly ignorant as I was, not only of the locality of the water hole, but even of the general course which Kit intended taking, I saw no prospect before me but a lingering death from starvation, with none to witness my sufferings—or, at best, to be murdered by the Indians, who were continually lurking about the Spanish trail. My very mule seemed to sympathize with my uneasiness, by snorting wildly, tossing her head in the air, and beating the ground with her hoofs. At length, a hope dawned upon me. I had often heard of the great sagacity of the Mexican mules, and the astonishing distances at which they will scent water; and I felt that if I was to be saved, the mule's instinct must be my preservation. So springing upon her back, I gave her the spur, at the same time uttering the cry used by Mexican muleteers to encourage their animals; then flinging the reins loosely upon her back, I left her to take whatever course she pleased. For a moment, the animal faltered and seemed uncertain, then bounded madly forward, snuffed the air, and put her head to the ground. A moment more, and with a wild cry and a shake of the head, she was off at a rapid gallop, never halting, save now and then to snuff the sand, until she had carried me safely into the very midst of our party. I need scarcely say that I felt very much like a man who had been badly scared, and had only just begun to get over it. I remember, too, making a resolution never to be left behind again—which I kept, at least, a week.

The Pau-Eutaw or Digger Indians (so called from the roots which they dig from the ground and on which they depend for the greater portion of their miserable subsistence), first made their appearance shortly after we had crossed the great jornada. Our camp was then situated upon the borders of a little stream, where a few scanty patches of grass afforded some refreshment to our tired beasts; and our party, with few exceptions, besides the watchful horseguard, were stretched upon the ground resting wearily after the long night's ride, which we had just accomplished. Carson, who was lying beside me, suddenly raised himself upon his elbow, and turning to me, asked: "Do you see those Indians?" at the same time pointing to the crest of one of the gravelly, bluff-like hills with which we were surrounded. After a careful examination of the locality, I was obliged to reply in the negative. "Well," said Kit, "I saw an Indian's head there just now, and there are a party of at least a dozen more, or I am much mistaken." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a savage rose to his full height, as if he had grown from the rocks which fringed the hill top: this fellow commenced yelling in a strange guttural tongue, at the same time gesticulating violently with his hands; this he intended as a declaration of friendship: and Kit rising up, answered him in his own language, "Tigabu, tigabu" (friend, friend). After a little delay, and an evident consultation with his people, the old Digger (for such he proved to be), came, at first rapidly and then more slowly toward us, descending the steep hillside with an agility astonishing in so aged a being. Carson advanced a short distance to meet him, and again renewed his assurance of our friendship; but it was not until the old man had been presented with some trifling gift that he seemed fully at his ease, and yelled to his companions to join him. This they did with evident caution, coming into our camp two or three at a time until they numbered upward of a dozen. The old man had evidently been sent as a sort of a forlorn hope, to fall a victim, should we be inclined to hostility. Our Indian visitors soon gave us to understand that they were hungry; to meet this demand upon our hospitality we ordered more coffee put upon the fire, and presented them with what little remained of our dried beef, which having got wet was now both spoiled and mouldy. This, disgusting as it was, they ate voraciously; but in regard to the coffee, they seemed somewhat doubtful, until we had ourselves drank of it, when they followed our example without further hesitation, and soon emptied the kettle. In fact, had we been disposed to furnish the material, they would have devoured our whole stock of provisions; as it was, seeing that no more was to be had, they expressed their satisfaction by rubbing down their stomachs, and grunting in a manner which would have done credit to a herd of well-fed swine.

We were just arranging ourselves on the ground in a circle for the purpose of smoking and having a talk, "à la Indian," when a new party, with a large drove of horses and mules made their appearance. These new-comers proved to be a small band of Americans, who were driving their cattle into the Eutaw country with the view of trading with that tribe of Indians. The owner of the animals and leader of the party was a Mr. Walker, an old acquaintance of Carson's. After securing his caballada,

and making camp in our vicinity, Mr. Walker joined our party, and the interrupted council was resumed.

Though this was a state occasion, and one which required due gravity of countenance, I found it rather difficult to control my risibles at the singular scene which we presented.

Imagine us seated in a circle on the ground, checkered red and white, with here a half naked Indian, and there a mountaineer, almost as uncouth, in his own peculiar garb. The arms of both parties, though not ostentatiously displayed (which might have interfered with our negotiation) being placed where they could be reached at a moment's warning: a pipe (Carson's own particular "dudheen") being put in requisition for the occasion, was duly filled with tobacco, lighted, and a short smoke having been taken by Carson, Walker and myself, it was then passed to the oldest man among our Indian guests, who took two or three long whiffs, retaining the smoke in his mouth, until his distorted face bore so strong a resemblance to an antiquated monkey's under trying circumstances, that I had all but disturbed the gravity of the assembly by bursting into a roar of laughter. The old warrior, having first reduced himself to the very verge of suffocation in his anxiety to make the most of the fragrant weed, then proceeded to utter a chorus of grunts, which were intended to signify his satisfaction either in meeting us, or, what is quite as likely, in the flavor of our tobacco. The pipe having finally gone the rounds of our parti-colored circle, found its way back into the hands of the old Indian, who having placed it securely in his mouth, seemed to continue smoking in a fit of absence of mind, which not only induced him to refill it, but rendered him perfectly insensible to the reproving grunts of his brethren. I have since thought that the old warrior may have been a deep politician in his way, and therefore retained the pipe to obviate the necessity of his talking, which might have obliged him to commit himself disadvantageously upon some diplomatic question.

The talk then commenced. Kit told as much of his route and future intentions as he thought necessary, though I doubt whether they gained much *real* information; and concluded by charging divers murders and outrages upon the members of the tribe to which our visitors belonged. The Diggers answered to the effect that there were bad Indians living among the hills who did such things, but that for themselves they were perfectly innocent, never did any thing wrong in their lives, entertained a great regard for the whites in general, and ourselves in particular; and wound up, diplomatically speaking, by "renewing to us the assurances of their distinguished consideration," coupled with a strong hint that a present (a horse, or some such trifle) would not be unacceptable as an evidence of our esteem.

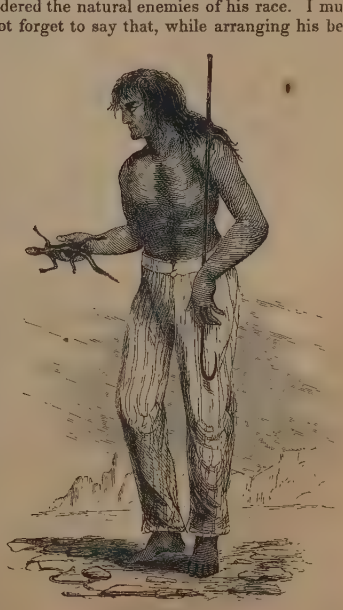
These Digger Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable beings who inhabit this continent; their bag-like covering is of the very scantiest description, their food revolting; the puppies and rats of the Celestials being almost Epicurean when compared with a Pau-Eutaw bill of fare. Some of the parties which I have been mentioning brought lizards with them into our camp, and ate them raw, or with no further preparation than jerking off the reptile's tail. To obtain this description of food more readily, many of them carried with their arms a sort of hooked stick, not unlike a long cane, which they use in capturing them. The hair of these savages is long, reaching nearly to their middle, and almost as coarse as the mane of a mule. Their faces seem perfectly devoid of any intellectual expression, and—save the eye, which is exceedingly keen—their features are in nowise remarkable. The traveler can not but notice a strong similarity to a wild beast, both in their manners and appearance. I have repeatedly observed them turning the head from right to left quickly, while walking, in the manner of a prairie wolf. In voracity, they bear a greater resemblance to an anaconda than to a human being. I have been told, by those who know them well, that five or six of these Indians will sit round a dead horse, and eat until nothing but the bones remain. Unlike the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, they steal your animals, not to ride, but to slaughter for food, and a loss of this kind is rendered doubly provoking to the trapper from the fact that they invariably pick out your fattest and best conditioned stock. I am informed, and I have no reason to disbelieve the story, that they will even sell their own children to the Californians, to obtain some addition to their scanty supplies. It can not be denied that there is some excuse for their failings in these respects; the miserable country which they inhabit is incapable of supporting them, and the surrounding tribes, who occupy the more fertile portions of this region, look upon these outcasts with a suspicious eye, and are unrelenting in driving them from their hunting grounds.

The arms of this degraded people consist of a bow of uncommon length, and arrows headed with stone; these last they are said to poison. In regard to their mode of obtaining the venom for this purpose, I have been told the following story, which, without attempting to endorse, I shall relate as it was told to me. The liquid which renders their shafts so deadly is a combination of the rattle-snake's poison with an extract which they distill from some plant known only to themselves. This plant would appear to possess the qualities of the fabled Upas-tree, as the noisome vapors exhaled by distillation act so powerfully upon the procurer as to destroy life. It becomes therefore a matter of some moment to decide upon the individual who is to prepare the yearly stock of poison for his tribe. Now it would naturally be supposed that so dangerous an office would be shunned by all; but, on the contrary (says my narrator), a yearly contest takes place among the oldest squaws as to which shall receive the distinguished honor of

sacrificing her life in the cause, and the conflict ends in the appointment of the successful competitor, who does the work and pays the penalty.

Our Indian visitors remained with us all day, hoping probably that some present would be given them; an expectation which was never destined to be fulfilled. About sunset, Kit's usual cry of "Catch up!" warned us to prepare for the road; and while most of the men were engaged in packing the animals, a young Indian (who, by the way, had been among the loudest in his protestations of good-will), seized the opportunity to abstract from the luggage of an old mountaineer a tin cup, which he tossed across the creek into the long rushes fringing its banks. Now this act, although certainly a gross violation of the laws of hospitality, was, under the circumstances of the case, a most ingenious mode of stealing, as the cup, even if it had been missed amid the hurry of our departure, would have been supposed to be accidentally lost; and the almost naked savages, who had evidently no means of concealing it about their persons, relieved from any suspicion of dishonesty. As it happened, I was the only one who perceived the manœuvre, and calling the man to whom the cup belonged, I informed him of his loss, at the same time pointing out the offender. He was, as I have already remarked, an old mountaineer, and long experience among the Indians had taught him the best course to pursue; so without wasting time and words in expostulation, he grasped the dishonest warrior by the hair with one hand and round the leg with the other, and then plunged him, head first, into the creek, at the same time ordering him, under penalty of death, to swim across, find the cup, and return it. This the savage did, though with evident reluctance; and as he stood dripping upon the bank, I thought that I had never seen a more forlorn or crest-fallen looking creature. As for his companions, so far from expressing any indignation at his treatment, they seemed to look upon the whole affair as a good joke, and laughed heartily.

Shortly after our departure from this encampment, we perceived smoke rising from prominent hills in our vicinity;—these smokes were repeated at various points along our route, showing that the Diggers, for some purpose best known to themselves, thought fit to apprise their tribe of our passage through the country. During the following day, parties of these Indians showed themselves occasionally upon the crests of inaccessible hills, but seemed unwilling to come within gun-shot: nor was it until we had gone two days' journey from the camp where they had attempted to steal, that a few of their people mustered courage to visit us. And when they did so, the actions of the party were so suspicious, that Kit concluded to retain one of their number (a young warrior about eighteen years of age), as a sort of hostage for their good behavior during the night. Our so doing appeared to give much greater uneasiness to the tribe than to the object of their solicitude, who either from a feeling of security, or by a strong exercise of that power of self-control for which the North American Indian is famous, exhibited no signs of timidity, but made himself perfectly at home after his own fashion. Sitting beside us on the ground, he conversed freely with Carson in the low, guttural accents of his native tongue, which he eked out with gestures and figures rudely drawn upon the ground. After partaking of our supper, he stretched himself quietly upon a blanket which we had lent him for his bed, and was about composing himself to sleep when his companions set up a most dismal howling from the adjoining hills. This yelling—sounding more like a chorus of screech-owls, or a troop of hungry wolves, than any thing else I can compare it to—was rendered doubly mournful by the gloomy shades of evening, and the otherwise total silence of the hour. This disturbance was finally quieted by Kit's replying in the Pau-Eutaw tongue, aided by the assurances of the young man himself, who yelled back an answer to the effect, that he was still in the land of the living. We knew too well the treacherous character of these people to permit this Indian to sleep in our very midst without some guard over his movements during the night; so our own mess divided this duty among them. It fell to my lot to keep the first watch until midnight; and I remember well standing beside our temporary captive with my rifle in my hand, almost envying the calmness with which he slumbered, although separated from his friends, and surrounded by those whom he must have considered the natural enemies of his race. I must not forget to say that, while arranging his bed,



DIGGER INDIAN.

he asked for his bow and arrows, which I handed him; these he placed carefully beneath the blanket by his side, explaining to me, by signs, that the damp might impair their efficacy by relaxing the bowstring, which was composed of twisted sinews.

The night passed quietly away; and in the morning we allowed our hostage to depart, making him a few trifling presents as a recompense for his involuntary detention. Among these matters, an old pair of pantaloons, worn and tattered from long service, seemed most valued by their new possessor. So much was he elated by this acquisition, that it seemed difficult for him to restrain the expression of his joy. In fact, no city dandy, faultlessly arrayed for the fashionable side of Broadway, could have exhibited more perfect satisfaction in his strut and air than our untutored Digger. I doubt not that his new costume made him the wonder and envy of his comrades, whose principal garb was the dress with which Dame Nature had provided them.

At the Archilette, a well-known camping-ground in the desert, we passed a day and night. This dreary spot has obtained a mournful notoriety among the few travelers through these sandy wastes, from its having been the theatre of a tragedy which, though I have heard the tale from the lips of Carson himself, and witnessed the bleaching bones of the victims, I will relate in the words of Frémont, who has given in his journal full details of the outrage. The Colonel first mentions it under date of April 24th, 1844, when he says:

"In the afternoon we were surprised by the sudden appearance in the camp of two Mexicans—a man and a boy. The name of the man was Andreas Fuentes; and that of the boy (a handsome lad, eleven years old) Pablo Hernandez. They belonged to a party consisting of six persons, the remaining four being the wife of Fuentes, the father and mother of Pablo, and Santiago Giacome, a resident of New Mexico, with a cavalcade of about thirty horses; they had come out from Puebla de Los Angeles, near the coast, to travel more at leisure, and obtain better grass. Having advanced as far into the desert as was considered consistent with their safety, they halted at the Archilette, one of the customary camping grounds, about eighty miles from our encampment, where there is a spring of good water, with sufficient grass, and concluded to await there the arrival of the great caravan. Several Indians were soon discovered lurking about the camp, who, in a day or two after, came in, and after behaving in a very friendly manner, took their leave, without awakening any suspicions. Their deportment begat a security which proved fatal. In a few days afterward, suddenly a party of about one hundred Indians appeared in sight, advancing toward the camp. It was too late, or they seemed not to have presence of mind to take proper measures of safety; and the Indians charged down into their camp, shouting as they advanced, and discharging flights of arrows. Pablo and Fuentes were on horse-guard at the time, and mounted according to the custom of the country. One of the principal objects of the Indians was to get possession of the horses, and part of them immediately surrounded the band; but in obedience to the shouts of Giacome, Fuentes drove the animals over and through the assailants, in spite of their arrows; and, abandoning the rest to their fate, carried them off at speed across the plain. Knowing that they would be pursued by the Indians, without making any halt, except to shift their saddles to other horses, they drove them on for about sixty miles, and this morning left them at a watering-place upon the trail called Agua de Tomaso. Without giving themselves any time for rest, they hurried on, hoping to meet the Spanish caravan, when they discovered my camp. I received them kindly, taking them into my own mess, and promised them such aid as circumstances might put it in my power to give."

Under date of April 25th Colonel Frémont again alludes to the subject, in the following extract from his journal:

"After traveling about twenty-five miles we arrived at the Agua de Tomaso—the spring where the horses had been left; but as we expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced us that they had been driven off by the Indians. Carson and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit. In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us that, after Fuentes left them from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and toward nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the num-

ber which the four lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar barely missing his neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse-beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians, into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant, and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an American born in the Boon's Lick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis; and both trained to Western enterprise from early life."

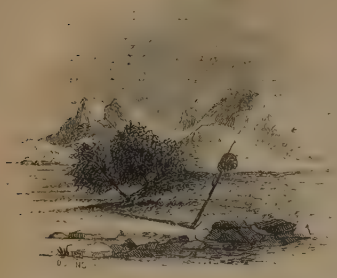
Under date of April 29th the same writer adds:

"To-day we had to reach the Archilette, distant seven miles, where the Mexican party had been attacked; and leaving our encampment, we traversed a part of the desert, the most sterile and repulsive that we had yet seen. Our course was generally north; and after crossing an intervening ridge, we descended into a sandy plain, or basin, in the middle of which was the grassy spot, with its springs and willow bushes, which constitutes a camping place in the desert, and is called the Archilette. The dead silence of the place was ominous; and galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men; every thing else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow, half facing the tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands, and both his legs, had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap-dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo: he, poor child, was frantic with grief; and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. "*Mi padre! mi madre!*" was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indians ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveler. We were all too much affected by the sad feelings which the place inspired, to remain an unnecessary moment. The night we were obliged to pass there. Early in the morning we left it, having first written a brief account of what had happened, and put it in the cleft of a pole planted at the spring, that the approaching caravan might learn the fate of their friends. In commemoration of the event we called the place *Agua de Hernandez*—Hernandez's Spring."

As I have remarked, the foregoing details were narrated to me by Carson, one of the principal actors in the affair, while we were encamped upon the ground where the murders were committed. I remember that during our visit, the dreariness of the scene was enhanced by a coming storm, which rendered the sides of the naked *sierras* still darker, and muttered solemnly among the hills. The bones of the unfortunate men still whitened on the sand, and one of the skulls which the Indians had thrust upon a pole planted in the ground, betokened the recent presence of their murderers.

Upon reaching the banks of the Rio Virgen (Virgin's River), we found the "Indian Sign," as it is called by the trappers, growing every where more plentiful. The signal fires, too, were still continued; and furnished additional

evidence that our presence in this region was regarded with suspicion and distrust. Among



SKULL OF A MEXICAN.

our halts near the Virgen, we stopped at the point where Frémont, in the spring of 1844, lost one of his best men, an old mountaineer, who fell a victim to the hostility of these same Indians. The intrepid explorer has thus described his murder in his official report; from which valuable document I have already taken the liberty of quoting.

Under date of May 9th, 1844, he writes:

"I had been engaged in arranging plants; and, fatigued with the heat of the day, I fell asleep in the afternoon, and did not awake until sundown. Presently Carson came to me, and reported that Tabeau, who early in the day had left his post, and, without my knowledge, rode back to the camp we had left, in search of a lame mule, had not returned. While we were speaking, a smoke rose suddenly from the cotton-wood grove below, which plainly told us what had befallen him; it was raised to inform the surrounding Indians that a blow had been struck, and to tell them to be on their guard. Carson, with several men, well mounted, was instantly sent down the river, but returned in the night, without tidings of the missing man. They went to the camp we had left, but neither he nor the mule was there. Searching down the river, they found the tracks of the mule, evidently driven along by Indians, whose tracks were on each side of those made by the animal. After going several miles, they came to the mule itself, standing in some bushes, mortally wounded in the side by an arrow, and left to die, that it might be afterward butchered for food. They also found, in another place, as they were hunting about on the ground for Tabeau's tracks, something that looked like a little puddle of blood, but which the darkness prevented them from verifying. With these details, they returned to our camp, and their report saddened all our hearts."

"*May 10th.*—This morning, as soon as there was light enough to follow tracks, I set out myself, with Mr. Fitzpatrick and several men, in search of Tabeau. We went to the spot where the appearance of puddled blood had been seen; and this, we saw at once, had been the place where he fell and died. Blood upon the leaves, and beaten-down bushes, showed that he had got his wound about twenty paces from where he fell, and that he had struggled for his life. He had probably been shot through the lungs with an arrow. From the place where he lay and bled, it could be seen that he had been dragged to the river's bank and thrown into it. No vestige of what had belonged to him could be found, except a fragment of his horse equipment. Horse, gun, clothes—all became the prey of these Arabs of the New World. Tabeau had been one of our best men, and his unhappy death spread a gloom over our party. Men who have gone through such dangers and sufferings as we had seen, become like brothers, and feel each other's loss. To defend and avenge each other, is the deep feeling of all."

As an apology for this long quotation, I may state that many of our party had been friends and companions of the unfortunate Tabeau; and the exciting sensations called up by revisiting the scene of his tragic end, found vent in the deep and general feelings of indignation expressed by our mountaineers against the tribe who had committed the murder.

We had scarcely been encamped two hours, when one of the horse-guard reported that he discovered fresh Indian tracks near our caballada, and expressed the opinion that they had just been made by some Digger spy, who had reconnoitred our position with the view of stealing the animals. With the associations connected with the spot, it will hardly seem wonderful that our line of conduct was soon determined upon. Carson, two old hunters named Auchambeau and Lewis, and myself, took our guns, and started upon the freshly-made trail. The foot-tracks at first, led us through the winding paths, along the river bottom, where we were obliged to travel in Indian file; and then turned suddenly aside, ascending one of the steep sand hills which bordered upon the stream. There we lost some time from the obscurity of the trail, but finally recovered it upon the crest of the bluff. A moment after, I heard Kit shouting, "there he goes;" and looking in the direction to which he pointed, I saw a Digger with his bow and arrows at his back, evidently badly frightened, and running for his life. Such traveling through deep sand I never saw before. The fellow bounded like a deer, swinging himself from side to side, so as to furnish a very uncertain mark for our rifles. Once, he seemed inclined to tarry, and take a shot at us; but after an attempt to draw his bow, he concluded that he had no time to waste, and hurried on. Kit fired first, and, for a wonder, missed him; but it was a long shot, and on the wing to boot. I tried him next with a musket, sending two balls and six buck-shot after him, with like success. Auchambeau followed me, with no better fortune; and we had begun to think the savage bore a charmed life, when

Lewis, who carried a long Missouri rifle, dropped upon one knee, exclaiming, "I'll bring him, boys." By this time, the Indian was nearly two hundred yards distant, and approaching the edge of a steep cañon (as it is called) of rocks and sand. The thing was now getting exciting, and we watched the man with almost breathless care, as Lewis fired; at the crack of his rifle the Digger bounded forward, and his arm, which had been raised in the air, fell suddenly to his side. He had evidently been hit through or near the shoulder; yet, strange to say, such is their knowledge of the country, and so great their power of endurance, that he succeeded in making his escape. In running, this warrior (who may have been an inferior chief), dropped his head-dress of fur; which, as he did not stop to get it, I thought might fairly come under the head of captured property, and took it away accordingly. From this time forward we had no more trouble with the Diggers.

Our adventures in the desert were eventually terminated by our arrival at "*Las Vegas de Santa Clara;*" and a pleasant thing it was to look once more upon green grass and sweet water, and to reflect that the dreariest portion of our journey lay behind us, so that the sands and jornadas of the great basin would weary our tired animals no more. But with all this, dangers, hardships, and privations were yet to be encountered and overcome; the craggy steeps and drifted snows of the Wah-Satch and Rocky Mountains, with many a turbid stream and rapid river, presented obstacles of no small magnitude to our onward progress. But with a better country before us, and the cool mountain breezes to fan our fevered limbs, we looked forward with stout hearts to the future, doubting not that we should yet attain our journey's end.

"*Las Vegas de Santa Clara,*" to the traveler going eastward, must always appear beautiful by comparison. The noise of running water, the large grassy meadows, from which the spot takes its name, and the green hills which circle it round—all tend to captivate the eye and please the senses of the way-worn "*voyageur.*"

If I remember rightly, it was not far from the Little Salt Lake that we first met with the Eutaw Indians. At this point we found one of their principal chiefs, "Wacarra," or Walker, as he is commonly called by the Americans. His encampment consisted of four lodges, inhabited by his wives, children, and suite of inferior warriors and chiefs. This party was awaiting the coming of the great Spanish caravan, from whom they intended taking the yearly tribute which the tribe exact as the price of a safe-conduct through their country. I found a vast difference in all respects between these Indians and the miserable beings whom we had hitherto seen. The Eutaws are perhaps the most powerful and warlike tribe now remaining upon this continent. They appear well provided with fire-arms, which they are said to use with the precision of veteran riflemen. I remember they expressed their surprise that the white men should use so much powder in firing at a mark, while to them every load brought a piece of game or the scalp of an enemy. Wacarra (or Walker, as I shall call him) received our party very graciously; in fact, their attentions, so far at least as my humble self was concerned, became rather overpowering, as the sequel will show.

We had been riding hard, and, as I have before stated, our rations were both poor and scanty. But to eat is a necessity; and when food is prepared, to secure your own individual share, even under such circumstances, becomes a duty of considerable importance. As our encampment was not over a hundred yards distant from the lodges of our Indian neighbors, we had scarcely sat down to take breakfast—it ought to have been called dinner, as it was then near noon, and we had eaten nothing since the day before—when Walker's warriors joined us. Now it is a difficult matter for me to eat a meal in comfort when even a dog looks wistfully in my face; and I sat gazing in some perplexity, first upon the tin platter which contained my share of the *atole*, and then at the capacious mouth of a burly chieftain who stood evidently waiting for an invitation to sit down. At length I mustered my courage, and by various signs, which he appeared to have no difficulty in comprehending, tendered a gracious invitation to my red-skinned friend to join me, and taste the *atole*. Now before inviting my guest I had fully determined upon the line of conduct which it would be necessary for me to pursue, to obtain any thing like a fair proportion of the meal. My plan was this: I intended to try my pewter teaspoon, with which I hoped to consume the *atole* faster than my copper-colored friend, should he eat with the long sharp knife which I had destined for his use, fondly trusting that he would cut his mouth if he attempted to handle it rapidly. I have since thought that Mr. Eutaw saw through the whole design, for, as he commenced operations, he favored me with an indescribable look and grunt, at the same time turning the knife in his hand so as to manage it with its back toward him. I saw in a moment that my chances were small, and quickness of execution every thing. But it was no use; as the Western men say, I was "no whar." I worked away with my teaspoon until the perspiration fairly streamed from my forehead, bolting the hot *atole* like a salamander, but all would not do; the Indian, with his broad-bladed knife, took three mouthfuls to my one, and, hang the fellow! even condescended to look at me occasionally in a patronizing sort of way, and nod his head encouragingly. The solid portion of my repast soon grew "beautifully less," but before it had entirely disappeared, the Eutaw grasped the plate, and passed it to a friend of his, who stood directly behind him. This fellow literally *licked* the plate clean, and without any relaxation of his almost stoical gravity, turned it upside down, at the same time uttering a significant grunt, as an intimation that a further supply would be acceptable. I

looked ruefully at the empty dish, but the dark eyes of my guest were intently regarding me, and I had no time for meditation. So with a desperate determination to do nothing by halves, I handed my large coffee cup, with its precious contents, to the chief, at the same time smiling as amiably as my experiences would permit. Now this cup of coffee was my last and greatest dependence, as I knew that nothing was to be had in the way of eatables until the following day, and a long ride lay before us. So it was with something more than nervous trepidation that I watched the savage put the cup to his lips. Here, too, I was buoyed up by a delusive hope: certainly, thought I, he can not like coffee; the sugar is almost gone, and the beverage so bitter, that I hardly fancy it myself, and this fellow ought to spit it out in abhorrence. I watch his movements with breathless anxiety—he tastes—gives a grunt of uncertainty, and without lowering the cup, turns his eye to me, to ask if it is good. I shake my head negatively—could I have spoken his guttural jargon, I would have made a most impressive speech, to the effect that coffee was a great medicine, harmless to the pale face, but certain death to Indians in general and Eutaws in particular. But, alas! my sign was either unheeded or misunderstood. I sat in speechless agony, while the bottom of the cup was gradually elevated in the air, till—just as I was about commencing an expostulation, my guest uttered a satisfied sigh, and passed the cup to the same person who had cleared the platter. It was all gone—I felt it. Yes; "before you could say Jack Robinson" the second Indian had finished it, grounds and all, and placed the cup, bottom up, upon the ground. My meal for the day was gone; and I felt that to ask sympathy would only call forth a laugh against myself. So I kept my sorrows within my own breast until some days afterward, when Kit thought it one of the best jokes he had ever heard.

I have fancied that we must have reached Little Salt Lake upon one of my unlucky days, for it seems that I was destined to be cheated in a horse-trade by the same Indian who had consumed my breakfast.

The reader will probably remember my description of the horse which I purchased in California, and which I have alluded to as an animal of terrible experiences. I had found him so worthless upon the route that he had scarcely been ridden; and now the sharp stones of the desert had injured his hoofs so seriously, that I knew it would be impossible to bring him over the rugged country which remained to be crossed. Accordingly, I had the miserable beast duly paraded, and having got him in such a position that a rock at his back prevented him from lying down, a thing not to be desired until the negotiation for his transfer was ended, I proceeded, by means of signs and the few words of Eutaw which I had learned, to open a treaty for his exchange. My Indian friends, after carefully examining the animal, sent a boy for the horse which they wished to give for him. Pending the return of their messenger, they employed the time in destroying what little of good character my poor steed had ever possessed, shook their heads despondingly over his battered hoofs, and grunted hideously in token of their strong disapprobation.

The perfection of horse-flesh (which, alas! was soon to come into my stock), now made his appearance in the shape of a rough-looking Indian pony, who might have been twenty years of age or upward; his Eutaw groom led him by a hair rope, which he had twisted round his nose; but upon a signal from the chief the lad scrambled upon the animal's back, and began putting the old veteran through his paces, which seemed limited to a one-sided walk, and a gallop which would have done credit to a wounded buffalo bull. As a last inducement they exhibited his hoofs, which certainly looked *hard* enough, in all conscience. After considerable hesitation I was about making the trade upon equal terms, when to my great disgust the chief informed me that he could not think of parting with so valuable an animal, unless I gave him some present to boot. This new demand I was fain to comply with, and parted not only with my broken down horse, but with one of my two Mexican blankets; and many was the time while chilled by the cold breezes of the Rocky Mountains that I thought, with a shiver, of my horse-trade by the Little Salt Lake.

Before leaving this encampment, I was invited by Walker to visit his lodge, and accompanied him accordingly. These lodges are made of skins sewed together, with an opening at the top which serves as a chimney for the smoke, the fire being built on the ground in the centre of the lodge. Upon entering the lodge the children crowded round me, admiring the gaudy scarlet cloth with which my leathern hunting-shirt was lined; most of these young people were armed with small bows and arrows which they amused themselves by aiming at me. Walker's wife, or wives, for I think he had several, were busied in their domestic avocations about the lodge, and one of them (a good-looking squaw of some eighteen or twenty years, who seemed to be the favorite), was kind enough to spread a deer-skin for my accommodation. Wishing to repay her courtesy, I called my servant Juan, and directed him to get a brass breast-plate with the letters "U.S." conspicuously displayed, which I had among my traps, polish it up, and bring it to me. This he did, and I shall never forget the joy of this belle of the wilderness, upon receiving the shining metal. With the aid of a small mirror, which had probably been obtained from some passing trader, she arranged the breast-plate (fully two inches square) upon her raven locks, and then, with the air of a tragedy queen, marched up and down in front of the lodge, looking with great contempt upon her envious companions. It was certainly an amusing scene, and goes to prove that vanity may exist as strongly in the character of a Eutaw squaw, as in the breast-of

CAMP AMONG THE WAH-SATCH MOUNTAINS.

a city belle; with this difference perhaps, that it is exhibited with much less taste among those whose education should have taught them better things.

UTAH LODGE.

After leaving the Little Salt Lake, we traveled over or near the Wah-Satch Mountains for several days, meeting with few adventures worthy of note until we reached the mountain snows, which even in the month of June we found several feet in depth. Some of our mules, who had never seen snow before—having been reared among the sunny plains of California—showed great uneasiness upon first approaching it, they would stop, try the depth of the drift with their hoofs, and hesitate until fairly spurred into it by their riders. Upon the mountain tops we sometimes encamped upon snow heaps many feet in depth, and while thus situated my mode of protecting myself from the cold during the night, was as follows. I made a small excavation in the side of some drift least exposed to the wind, and then wrapping myself closely in my solitary blanket, I spread my saddle cloths beneath me, and rolled myself into the hole, where I managed to sleep pretty comfortably, even amid the snows of the Wah-Satch Mountains.

In this same section of country, we encamped

SLEEPING IN THE SNOW.

one evening upon a beautiful little lake situated in a hollow among the mountains, but at so great

ENCAMPMENT IN THE SNOW.

an elevation that it was, even in summer, surrounded by snow, and partially covered with ice. There we were again visited by the Eutaw Indians, who, as usual, behaved in a very friendly manner. Our provisions had now become so scanty that it was necessary to add to our stock by purchasing what we could from the Indians. From the party who here visited us, we managed to obtain a portion of a Rocky-Mountain sheep, or "big-horn," as it is often called;—and, upon Kit's asking for fish, one of the Indians departed, but in a few minutes returned with a fine trout, which we bought for a couple of charges of powder. Our bargain had hardly been placed upon the fire when we discovered that the fish had been killed by an arrow-wound in the back. While we were wondering at this novel mode of taking trout, two of our men came into camp with as many fish as they could carry, and told us that they had caught as many more, but left them upon the banks of the lake. It seemed that in wandering about, they had discovered a little stream, a tributary to the lake, but quite shallow; this stream they represented as swarming with fish, so that they had gone in and killed them with sticks. To our hungry people this was *more* than good news; and that evening was devoted to the composition of a chowder, which was literally fish "*au naturel*."

Our supper ended, it was unanimously decided that we should move our camp next day no further than the stream, where we contemplated spending the day in fishing. With this pleasant expectation I betook myself to bed, where I was soon lulled to sleep by a low, monotonous strain which one of our Indian guests amused himself by singing.

By sunrise next morning we were not only settled in our new camp, but up to our knees in the icy water in pursuit of its frightened tenants. If fish keep chronicles, I fancy that those in the waters of Trout Lake will not soon forget us; for such a slaughter of the finny tribe I have rarely seen. For my own part, with an old bayonet fastened to a stick, I caught five dozen —and a twinge of rheumatism, which reminds me of the circumstance even now.

With our former experiences of scanty rations and hard travel, it will scarcely be thought surprising that after a day's rest and our famous feast of chowder, we should feel as if we could have faced not only a whole legion of "Diggers," but the "Old Boy" himself (always supposing that the "Evil One" could haunt so cold a region as the Wah-Satch Mountains). Our course was now for the most part upward; sometimes crossing snowy ridges, where the icy winds made us fairly crouch in our saddles; and then descending into valleys where the pine-forests afforded a grateful shelter from the sun.

While traversing one of these gorges, we came suddenly upon seven human skeletons, six of which, bleached by the elements, lay scattered here and there, where the bones had been dragged by hungry wolves along a space of some yards in extent; the seventh, which, from its less accessible position, being sheltered by rocks and, in part, by a fallen tree, had remained undisturbed by beasts of prey, seemed extended where its owner died. Upon a further examination of the ground, we concluded that these mournful relics were the remains of some unfortunate party of whites or Mexicans who had been cut off by the Indians. The skeleton which lay alone appeared, from the arrow heads and bullets yet marking the tree which guarded it, to have belonged to an individual of the party who had fought from this shelter until overcome by superior numbers.

SKELETON.—TREE PIERCED WITH ARROWS.

These surmises afterward proved but too true, as we learned from a band of friendly Eutaws, who reported that the bones which we had discovered were those of a party of Americans from Arkansas, who had been surprised by hostile Indians while resting at noon, and instantly killed, with the exception of one of their number, who snatched up his rifle, retreated to the nearest cover, and there battled with all the energy of despair, killing two of the savages before being dispatched by the arrows of his assailants. It was a sad sight for us to gaze upon these mouldering fragments. None of us

could say at what moment their fate might be ours—to die amid the wilderness, far from friends and home, with the wolf to howl over us, and the wild mountain breezes to chant our requiem, as they roared through the sombre branches of the pines. How many sad hearts may have yearned, and how many bright eyes, filled with tears, of the sufferers from "hope deferred," who were yet looking for the brothers and husbands whose fate we had been the first to learn!

I remember celebrating my birth-day, which comes in June (the precise date I will leave the reader to guess, if he be a Yankee), by standing upon the banks of Grand River, and looking with a most rueful countenance and many secret forebodings upon the turbid current of the swollen stream. And well I might. I have said it was in June; and one might suppose that a cold-bath in early summer was no great hardship; but in this case, I found that the association of the month with summer ended with its name; for the strong wind felt more like a December blast as it went rushing by, and the angry torrent at my feet, fed by the melting snows, was many degrees colder than the water of a mountain spring. But this formidable obstacle was to be passed, and how to overcome the difficulty I scarcely knew. Kit, however, solved the problem, by proposing a raft, and accordingly all hands went to work with a will to collect the necessary material from the neighboring woods. Kit, in his shirt-sleeves, working hard himself—instructing here and directing there, and as usual, proving himself the master-spirit of the party. After much labor, a few logs were properly cut, notched, and rolled into the water, where they were carefully fastened together by binding them with our *réatas*, until this rude expedient furnished a very passable mode of conveyance for a light load of luggage.

Having freighted it as heavily as we dared with our packs and riding saddles, and placed the bags containing the California mails upon the securest portion, we next proceeded to determine who of our party should be the first to swim the stream. Five men were at length selected, and as I was a good swimmer I concluded to join the expedition as captain. So taking Auchambeau as my first mate, we two plunged into the stream; and having arranged our men at their appointed stations, only waited Kit's final orders, to trust ourselves to the waters. These instructions were soon briefly given in the following words, "All you men who can't swim may hang on to the corners of the raft, but don't any of you try to get upon it except Auchambeau, who has the pole to guide it with; those of you who can swim, are to get hold of the tow-line, and pull it along; keep a good lookout for rocks and floating timber; and whatever you do, don't lose the mail bags." And now with one sturdy shove, our frail support was fairly launched, and with a farewell cheer from our comrades upon the shore we consigned ourselves to the mercy of the tide.

I have remarked that I went as captain; but

BUILDING A RAFT

once under way, I found that we were all captains; if indeed giving orders did any good where half one's words were lost amid the roaring of the rapids. In fact we mismanaged the business altogether, until at length I fancy that the poor stream, already vexed beyond endurance, determined to take the matter under its own guidance, out of pity for the nautical ignorance which we had displayed; and finally settled the thing by abandoning us in disgust upon the same side from whence we had started, but more than a mile further down. Ere this operation was concluded, however, it favored me, doubtless in consideration of my captainship, with a parting token; which but for the ready aid of Auchambeau must have finished my adventures upon the spot. I had swam out with a lariat to secure the unfortunate raft to a tree, when the current brought the heavy mass of timber into violent contact with my breast, throwing me back senseless into the channel. Just as I was performing a final feat, in the way of going down, Auchambeau got hold of my hair, which I luckily wore long, and dragged me out upon the bank, where I came to in due course of time.

Our situation was now far from pleasant, the only article of dress which we wore being our hats, the rest of our clothing having been left behind to come by another raft. To go up the rapids against the stream was out of the question; and to cross from where we were, with a considerable fall and jagged rocks just below us, equally impossible. So we had no resource but to shoulder our baggage and travel back on foot, following, as nearly as the thickets would permit, the windings of the river; and uttering more than one anathema upon the thorny plants, which wounded our unprotected feet at every step. It was high noon before we reached camp; and nearly four o'clock ere we were again prepared, and once more summoned up our resolution for a new trial.

This second attempt, after an infinite deal of trouble, proved successful, and we landed upon the opposite bank in a state of almost utter exhaustion; indeed Auchambeau, from over-exertion, and long exposure to the chilling snow water, was taken, upon reaching the shore, with cramps which convulsed him so terribly that we feared they might even destroy life itself. Our first care was, therefore, for him; and by dint of violent friction and rolling in the sand we succeeded in restoring our patient; and then turned our attention to unloading the raft, which had been partly drawn out of the river, and secured to the trunk of a fallen cotton-wood. In this labor we were assisted by a party of Eutaw Indians who had come down to meet us. In fact these fellows did the greater portion of the work, as our weary crew were as yet incapable of much exertion. I have since thought that while thus employed we must have looked like Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday, supposing those distinguished individuals to have been multiplied by five; the wild scenery, the dashing waters, and our own singular costumes (for we were by this time dressed in buffalo robes borrowed from our Indian friends), all combining to carry out the delusion.

Having seen our baggage safely landed, and beheld the raft (bad luck to it for in this instance I could not "speak well of the bridge which carried me over") go down the rapids, to be dashed against the rocky cliffs below; we ascended the stream, hallooing to our companions to notify them of our safe arrival; the receipt of which information they acknowledged by a hearty cheer. Both parties, with the assistance of the Indians, then prepared to cross our caballada, who were expected to swim the river. With this view we selected a point upon our side, considerably below the position occupied by the opposite party, where the bank shelved gradually, and afforded a better footing than elsewhere. Here we took our station to attract the attention of the swimming animals by shouting and whistling. Upon our signifying our readiness to receive them, one of the opposite party rode into the water upon the old bell-mare, and the frightened mules were forced to follow, urged on by the yells and blows of their drivers. In a few moments the whole caballada was under way; the old bell-mare, striking out and breasting the waves gallantly, while the mules, with only their heads and long ears visible above the water, came puffing like small high-pressure steamboats in her wake. The yelling on our side now commenced, in which concert the Indians took the thorough base, performing to admiration; while our Mexican muleteers rent the air with their favorite cry of "*anda mula*," "*hupar mula*." The animals, attracted by the noise, made straight for us; and we soon had the gratification of seeing them safely landed, dripping and shaking themselves like so many Newfoundland dogs.

At this point, however, our good fortune was destined to end. Kit, it is true, with a few men, and a small portion of luggage, made the passage safely; but a large raft, which carried the greater share of our provisions, was dashed against a sawyer in the stream, which separated the logs, leaving the men to save themselves as they best could; this they did with considerable difficulty: but six rifles, three saddles, much of the ammunition, and nearly all our provisions were totally lost. Under these depressing circumstances, our camp that night was any thing but a lively one; the Eutaws being the only persons who seemed to feel like laughing. Indeed, I half think that our loss put them in high good-humor, as they had some prospect of recovering the rifles, when a lower stage of water should enable them to explore the bed of the stream. The little that remained of our private mess stores, was now the only certain dependence left to us in the way of food for our whole party. These stores were equally divided by Carson himself; our own portion being the same as that of our men, and the whole would, with economy in using, furnish but three days'

SWIMMING THE RIVER.

scanty rations for each individual. Some of our men had lost their riding-saddles, and were fain to spread their blankets upon a mule's back, and jog along as they best might—a mode of travel which, when the animal's bones are highly developed, I take to be "bad at the best," for the rider. Others of the party had lost their clothing; and I am sorry to say that the number of pairs of "nether integuments" was two less than that of the people who ought to have worn them. But this was a trifle compared with our other difficulties, for there was nobody in those regions who knew enough of the fashions to criticise our dress; and as for ourselves we were in no mood to smile at our own strange costumes. Personally, I had been more lucky than the majority of my companions, having saved my precious suit of deer-skins, my rifle, and a few rounds of ammunition; but, alas! the waters of Grand River had swallowed up my note-book, my geological and botanical specimens, and many of my sketches, a most serious and vexatious loss, after the labor of collecting and preparing them.

Two days' travel brought us to Green River, where we underwent much of the same difficulty in crossing which we had encountered in the passage of Grand River; but we had now learned wisdom from experience, and had, moreover, little left to lose.

The dreaded "third day" which was to see us provisionless at length arrived, and, instead of breakfast, I tried to fill the "aching void" by drawing my belt a hole or two tighter; a great relief, as I can testify, for the cravings of an empty stomach.

As I rode along, reflecting, rather gloomily, I must confess, upon the position of our affairs, and considering where or in what form a supply might best be obtained, I discovered that the same feelings were occupying the minds of most of the party; and before we halted for the night it was moved, resolved, and finally determined, that the fattest of our way-worn steeds should be killed, dressed, and eaten. This idea furnished ample material for contemplation. Eat horse-meat! The very thought was revolting. I had heard of such a thing. Dana tells some story of the kind, I believe; and I remember the chorus of a nautical melody, deservedly popular among seamen, which begins:

"Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
From Saracen's Head to Portland pier,
I've carted stone this many a year;
Till killed by blows and sore abuse,
They've salted me down for sailor's use."

And so on, through forty lines of doggerel. But then the contemplation of horse-meat, as an edible, had been with me but an abstract idea, which I had never contemplated putting into practice. Now, however, the thing was tangible. To eat, or not to eat, became "the question;" and, after due consideration, Hunger arguing the case on one side, with strong Necessity for an advocate—and Fastidiousness taking the opposite, with Prejudice for her backer, I came to the conclusion that I would not and could not eat horse-flesh. In accordance with this valorous decis-

ion, although upon our arrival at camp, a horse (lean, old, and decidedly tough) was actually killed, cut up, and freely eaten of, I alone stood aloof, and went supperless to bed. But it was all in vain; for Starvation is a weighty reasoner, and Hunger gained the day at last. I stood out like a Trojan for eight-and-forty hours, and then "gave in" with as good a grace as possible, and for more than a week ate horseflesh regularly. Perhaps the reader would like to know how it tasted. I can only say that it was an old animal, a tough animal, and a sore-backed animal —and, upon the whole—I *prefer beef.*

During this period of scarcity, we met with several parties of Indians; but found their condition little better than our own; indeed, I believe that it would have nauseated even a frequenter of a sixpenny "restaurant," to have seen the horrible messes which their women were concocting. But I had got bravely over my squeamishness by this time, and would have dined with a Mandarin, without ever inquiring into the contents of the dishes. Really, I blush to confess it—but I actually tried to buy a fat puppy, which, truly and conscientiously, I intended to have eaten. I enticed the brute (which, by the way, was a short-haired animal, with a stumpy tail, and a decidedly mangy look) into the lodge of its owner, and then by means of signs, opened a negotiation for its purchase. I offered the extent of my available capital—three cartridges and five brass buttons. I said, "bow-wow," pointing first to the dog, and then to my mouth, which already watered in anticipation of the dainty; but though my proposition was comprehended, and the savage looked upon the buttons with a longing eye, he seemed unwilling to trade; and, finally, explained his reluctance, by pointing with one hand to the puppy, while he gently patted his capacious stomach with the other: thereby giving me to understand that the beast was intended for his own private eating. Finding that the dog was not to be obtained by fair means, and urged by necessity to secure him, at all hazards, I returned to camp, and dispatched "Juan" as a foraging party of one, to invade the enemy's camp and carry off the puppy, "*nolens, volens.*" But he found the animal (who may have suspected something from the intentness with which I had regarded him) safely housed, and abandoned the enterprise in despair.

Upon reaching the borders of the Rocky Mountains, our situation, so far as food was concerned, became somewhat improved. We found this portion of the country to be by far the most pleasing and interesting which we had yet seen—every turning of the trail disclosing some new beauty of its grand and majestic scenery. Our course, except while crossing a dividing ridge, lay mostly along the mountain passes, where huge cliffs reared their rocky barriers, upon either hand crowned with various trees, the pine and a species of aspen being the most prominent. These valleys abounded in game, among which I noticed the black-tailed

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

deer, elk, antelope, and the Rocky Mountain sheep or "big-horn," as they are sometimes called. This abundance, however, proved rather a matter of vexation than a real benefit; for the animals were so wild and unapproachable that our hunters were often disappointed in obtaining meat; so that but for the Indians, who were here better provided, we should have been obliged to return to the horseflesh.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BROOK.

I shall not soon forget accompanying Carson, about this time, on one of our many excursions to procure venison. We had discovered a doe with her fawn in a little grassy nook, where the surrounding rocks would partially screen us from their view, while we crawled within gunshot. Dismounting with as little noise as possible, I remained stationary, holding our horses, while Kit endeavored to approach the unsuspecting deer. We were both somewhat nervous, for our supper and breakfast depended on our success; and we knew well from former experiences that if the doe heard but the crackling of a bush she would be off like the wind. Kit, therefore, advanced with somewhat more than ordinary care, using every caution which a hunter's education could suggest, and at length gained a point within rifle-shot of his prey. My nervousness was now at its height; why don't he fire? thought I. But Kit was cooler, and calculated more closely than myself. At last I saw him bring his rifle to his eye, at the same time showing himself sufficiently to attract the attention of the doe, who raised her head a little to get a look at the object of alarm, thus offering a better mark for his rifle; a moment more, and at the report of the piece, the doe made one convulsive bound, and then rolled upon the sward. To tie our horses, cut up the deer, and attach its quarters to our saddles was the work of twenty minutes more; and then remounting, we pursued our way, making quite a triumphal entry into camp, where Kit's good luck rejoiced the hearts and stomachs of every man in the party: it was really a great event to us in those days, and we had that night a right jolly time of it.

As the events here recorded took place when I was several years younger than I now am, I trust that the following incident will be regarded leniently by the readers of this off-hand, but strictly veracious narrative. I relate it for the benefit of all romantic young ladies; and I may add, that although I consider the thing original in my own case, I have not the slightest objection to any young gentleman's doing likewise, if placed in a similar position.

To begin my story at the proper point, I must confess that in bidding farewell to the Atlantic coast, I left the object of a boyish flame behind me. A noble-hearted woman she was, with a very witching pair of eyes (at least, I thought so then—but, a plague upon such descriptions, say I. I never yet attempted to get through a lover's catalogue of lips and teeth, Grecian noses and ivory necks, and all that, without breaking down, so I will leave it to my lady readers to imagine all "my fancy painted her.") Suffice it to say, that she was a sensible woman withal, believing firmly in the old adage, "that a rolling stone gathered no moss;" and with such excellent principles it is hardly wonderful that she liked neither soldiers nor soldiering. But yet it was *one* of my first loves; a fancy of sweet sixteen; and campaigning had not altogether jolted her image out of my head. So one evening, as I stood upon a commanding height just above our camp, I thought of home and absent friends; until yielding to the duplex influences of a poetical temperament, and the solemn twilight hour, I fell into a train of romantic musings which ended in my cutting the name of my fair friend upon the barkless trunk of a gigantic pine, where it is doubtless legible at the present time, and may, for aught I know to the contrary, furnish some future traveler with a fair subject for wonderment and mystery.

The spot, morever, had an interest about it beyond the mere fact of its lying amid the depths of a mighty wilderness, as it is said to be upon the line which divides the waters of this vast continent, those on the right hand flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, while those on the left mingle with the calmer waves of the Pacific. Were I in that region now, I think that I could almost find the identical tree, from the vicinity of a huge pair of antlers which I recollect to have seen lying near its base. If any man believes that the achievement was simply a "labor of love" unattended by any exertion, hardship, or danger on my part, I can only say that if he will stand upon the summit of an airy cliff, at the rather chilly hour of sunset, and cut three large capitals into the trunk of a very knotty pine with no better tools than a rusty jack-knife, I will give him a certificate for any amount of chivalry and devotion, and—call him a fool to boot.

From these rugged mountain paths we at length emerged, descending into the beautiful plains known as Taos Valley. Here we had scarcely gone a day's journey, before we discovered a great increase in the amount of "Indian sign," and also a change in its appearance, which, though hardly perceptible to an inex-

perienced eye, was too surely read by Carson's not to beget great uneasiness.

"Look here," said Kit, as he dismounted from his mule, and stooped to examine the trail; "The Indians have passed across our road since sun-up, and they are a war party too; no sign of lodge poles, and no colt tracks; they are no friends neither: here's a feather that some of them has dropped. We'll have trouble yet, if we don't keep a bright look-out."

Our camp that night was upon the borders of a stream which had been swollen by the melting of the snows, until the neighboring prairies had been overflown to a considerable extent This deposit of water, now grown partially stagnant, had given birth to myriads of musquitoes, who at evening arose like a mighty cloud from their marshy beds to precipitate themselves upon our devoted camp. Talk about the plagues of Egypt! I will compromise for any amount of frogs and locusts, or even take fleas, by way of variety; but defend me from those winged torments, called musquitoes. These fellows, too, were of the regular gallinipper tribe, of which old officers who have seen service in the everglades of Florida tell such wondrous tales. To repulse this army of invasion we made smokes, and hovered over them until our eyes were literally "a fountain of water;" but though whole battalions were suffocated, and perished in the flames, millions rushed in to fill their places and renew the fight. Our poor mules, equally annoyed with ourselves, showed more sagacity than I gave them credit for, by getting together in a body, and standing in pairs, side by side, so that the tail of one was kept in motion near the head of the other, thus establishing an association for mutual protection, which kept the insects in some measure at a distance. But it certainly was a ludicrous sight to watch the long-eared crowd with their tails going like the sails of an assembly of windmills, and to observe their look of patient resignation when some musquito, more daring than his fellows, broke through their barrier, biting keenly in defiance of their precautions. Finding it impossible to remain by the camp fires, I at length rolled myself up in a Mexican blanket, covering my head so completely that I excluded not only the musquitoes but the air, and thus remained in a state of partial suffocation, listening to the shrill war song of our assailants, until the cooler winds of midnight forced them to leave the field, and take refuge in the oozy swamps.

We were up before the sun upon the following day, and continued on down the valley. Near noon Carson discovered a number of what appeared to be Indians some distance ahead, in a hollow, where a few stunted trees partially concealed them from our view. A little beyond their camp we perceived a large number of animals grazing, which betokened the presence of a party as large, or nearly as large, as our own. As these people were evidently unaware of our proximity, we called a halt, and after a moment's consultation, determined to make a charge, and as we seemed pretty equally matched in regard to numbers, to take, if necessary, the offensive line of conduct. With this view, we selected ten of our best men, and having arrayed our forces, came down, so far as determination was concerned, in very gallant style, each man with his rifle in his hand, firmly resolved to "do or die." But, alas, for the poetry of the affair, we could boast but little of the

"Pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war,"

either in our dress or accoutrements. "Falstaff's ragged regiment," so often quoted as the *ne plus ultra* of volunteerism, were regular troops when compared with our dashing cavaliers. We looked ragged enough and dirty enough in all conscience, without any extra attempt at effect, but, as if to complete the picture, the two unfortunate individuals who wanted "unmentionables" were front-rank men, and your very humble servant, the author, had a portion of an under-garment which shall be nameless tied round his head in lieu of a hat. Take us all in all, we certainly did not neglect the advice of one of Shakspeare's heroes, who bids his followers "hang out their banners on the outer wall." The mules, too—confound their stupidity!—ruined the affair, so far as it might be considered in the light of a secret expedition, by stretching out their heads, protruding their long ears, and yelling most vociferously. "Confound your stumbling body!" said one old mountaineer to his steed (a wall-eyed marcho), "maybe you'll have something to make a noise for, when you get an Apache arrow slipped into you." But our famous charge on mule-back was brought to an abrupt and inglorious close upon reaching the camp of our supposed enemies, by the discovery that they were nothing more nor less than Mexican traders, who had penetrated thus far into the wilderness for the purpose of trafficking with the Indians.

From these fellows we obtained some useful, but not particularly encouraging information, to the effect that a party of mountaineers, larger than our own, and better supplied with arms, had been attacked by the Indians near the point at which we expected to encamp that night, defeated, and despoiled of their property. There was nothing before us, however, but to push ahead, and that evening found few in our camp who cared to sleep soundly. With a view to greater watchfulness, our guard was doubled, the sentries crawling to and from their posts; and all making as little disturbance as possible. The fires of an Indian camp—probably a part of the same band who had defeated the mountaineers—shone brightly from a hillside about half a mile distant; and having nothing to cook, we deemed it most prudent to extinguish our own, which had been lighted to drive away the musquitoes. During the night great uneasiness among the animals betokened the presence or close vicinity of lurking Indians; and Kit, whose long acquaintance with the savages had taught him a perfect knowledge of their modes of warfare, believing that they would attack us about daybreak, determined to steal a march upon the

enemy. In pursuance of this object, we saddled our beasts at midnight, and departed as noiselessly as possible, traveling by starlight until the first glimmer of the dawn, when we paused for a few moments to breathe our tired animals, and then continued on.

We had, upon leaving our last night's camp, nearly one hundred miles to travel before reaching the first settlements in New Mexico, the nearest place of safety; and it was now determined to make the distance without delay. Accordingly we pressed on as rapidly as the condition of our cattle would permit, stopping only to shift our saddles to one of the loose animals when those we rode showed signs of giving out. Late in the afternoon we had, by the free use of whip and spur, reached a point some eighteen miles distant from the first Mexican habitations.

I was just beginning to feel a little relieved from the anxious watchfulness of the last few days, and had even beguiled the weariness of the way by picturing to myself the glorious dinner I would order upon reaching Santa Fé, when Carson, who had been looking keenly ahead, interrupted my musings, by exclaiming: "Look at that Indian village; we have stumbled upon the rascals, after all!" It was but too true—a sudden turning of the trail had brought us full in view of nearly two hundred lodges, which were located upon a rising ground some half a mile distant to the right of our trail. At this particular point the valley grew narrower, and hemmed in as we were upon either hand by a chain of hills and mountains, we had no resource but to keep straight forward on our course, in the expectation that by keeping, as sailors say, "well under the land," we might possibly slip by unperceived. But our hope was a vain one; we had already been observed, and ere we had gone a hundred yards, a warrior came dashing out from their town, and, putting his horse to its speed, rode rapidly up to Carson and myself: he was a finely formed savage, mounted upon a noble horse, and his fresh paint and gaudy equipments looked anything but peaceful. This fellow continued his headlong career until almost at our side, and then, checking his steed so suddenly as to throw the animal back upon its haunches, he inquired for the "capitan" (a Spanish word generally used by the Indians to signify chief); in answer to which, I pointed first to Carson, and then to myself. Kit, who had been regarding him intently, but without speaking, now turned to me, and said: "I will speak to this warrior in Eutaw, and if he understands me it will prove that he belongs to a friendly tribe; but if he does not, we may know the contrary, and must do the best we can: but from his paint and manner I expect it will end in a fight anyway."

Kit then turned to the Indian, who, to judge from his expression, was engaged in taking mental, but highly satisfactory notes of our way-worn party with their insufficient arms and scanty equipments; and asked him in the Eutaw tongue, "Who are you?" The savage stared at us for a moment; and then, putting a finger into either ear, shook his head slowly from side to side. "I knew it," said Kit; "it is just as I thought, and we are in for it at last. Look here, Thomas!" added he (calling to an old mountain man)—"get the mules together, and drive them up to that little patch of chapperal, while we follow with the Indian." Carson then requested me in a whisper to drop behind the savage (who appeared determined to accompany us), and be ready to shoot him at a minute's warning, if necessity required. Having taken up a position accordingly, I managed to cock my rifle, which I habitually carried upon the saddle, without exciting suspicion.

Kit rode ahead to superintend the movements of the party who, under the guidance of Thomas, had by this time got the pack and loose animals together, and were driving them toward a grove about two hundred yards further from the village. We had advanced thus but a short distance, when Carson (who from time to time had been glancing backward over his shoulder) reined in his mule until we again rode side-by-side. While stooping, as if to adjust his saddle, he said, in too low a tone to reach any ears but mine: "Look back, but express no surprise." I did so, and beheld a sight which, though highly picturesque, and furnishing a striking subject for a painting, was, under existing circumstances, rather calculated to destroy the equilibrium of the nerves. In short, I saw about a hundred and fifty warriors, finely mounted, and painted for war, with their long hair streaming in the wind, charging down upon us, shaking their lances and brandishing their spears as they came on.

By this time we had reached the timber, if a few stunted trees could be dignified with the name; and Kit, springing from his mule called out to the men, "Now boys, dismount, tie up your riding mules; those of you who have guns, get round the caballada, and look out for the Indians; and you who have none, get inside, and hold some of the animals. Take care, Thomas, and shoot down the mule with the mail bags on her pack, if they try to stampede the animals."

We had scarcely made these hurried preparations for the reception of such unwelcome visitors, before the whole horde were upon us, and had surrounded our position. For the next fifteen minutes a scene of confusion and excitement ensued which baffles all my powers of description. On the one hand the Indians pressed closely in, yelling, aiming their spears, and drawing their bows, while their chiefs, conspicuous from their activity, dashed here and there among the crowd, commanding and directing their followers. On the other side, our little band, with the exception of those who had lost their rifles in Grand River, stood firmly round the caballada; Carson, a few paces in advance, giving orders to his men, and haranguing the Indians. His whole demeanor, was now so

entirely changed, that he looked like a different man; his eye fairly flashed, and his rifle was grasped with all the energy of an iron will.

"There," cried he, addressing the savages, "is our line, cross it if you dare, and we begin to shoot. You ask us to let you in, but you won't come unless you ride over us. You say you are friends, but you don't act like it. No you don't deceive us so, we know you too well; so stand back, or your lives are in danger."

It was a bold thing in him to talk thus to these blood-thirsty rascals; but a crisis had arrived in which, boldness alone could save us, and he knew it. They had five men to our one; our ammunition was reduced to three rounds per man, and resistance could have been but momentary; but among our band the Indians must have recognized mountain men, who would have fought to the last, and they knew from sad experience that the trapper's rifle rarely missed its aim. Our animals, moreover, worn out as they were, would have been scarcely worth fighting for, and our scalps a dear bargain.

Our assailants were evidently undecided, and this indecision saved us; for just as they seemed preparing for open hostilities, as rifles were cocked and bows drawn, a runner, mounted upon a weary and foam-specked steed came galloping in from the direction of the settlements; bringing information of evident importance. After a moment's consultation with this new arrival, the chief whistled shrilly, and the warriors fell back. Carson's quick eye had already detected their confusion, and turning to his men, he called out, "Now boys, we have a chance, jump into your saddles, get the loose animals before you, and then handle your rifles, and if these fellows interfere with us we'll make a running fight of it."

In an instant each man was in his saddle, and with the caballada in front we retired slowly; facing about from time to time, to observe the movements of our enemies, who followed on, but finally left us and disappeared in the direction of their village, leaving our people to pursue their way undisturbed. We rode hard, and about midnight reached the first Mexican dwellings which we had seen since our departure from the Pacific coast. This town being nothing more than a collection of shepherds' huts, we did not enter, but made camp near it. Here also we learned the secret of our almost miraculous escape from the Indians, in the fact that a party of two hundred American volunteers were on their way to punish the perpetrators of the recent Indian outrages in that vicinity; this then was the intelligence which had so opportunely been brought by their runner, who must have discovered the horsemen while upon the march.

It is almost needless to say that we slept the sleep of tired men that night. I for one did not awake with the dawn. Our tired animals too appeared to require some repose ere they renewed their labors; and it was therefore decided that we should take a holiday of rest before departing for Taos, now distant but one day's journey. I remember celebrating this occasion by visiting one of the Mexican huts, where I ordered the most magnificent dinner that the place afforded, eggs and goat's milk, at discretion—if discretion had any thing to do with the terrible havoc we made among the eatables, a thing which on reflection appears to me more than doubtful.

Early upon the following day we resumed our march, and that evening terminated our journeyings for a season, by bringing us to the Mexican village of Taos, where I was hospitably entertained by Carson and his amiable wife, a Spanish lady, and a relative, I believe, of some former Governor of New Mexico.

THE AUTHOR ON REACHING TAOS.

And now, as our good parsons say, "a few words more and I have done;" and I most sincerely hope that these farewell lines may not bring the sensation of weariness to the reader which I have sometimes felt upon hearing the foregoing announcement from the pulpit. What I have written is simply a plain, unvarnished statement of facts as they occurred. While I grant that the capital "I" has come in more frequently than I could have wished, I must disclaim all title to the hero-ship of my story. I was but a looker-on, "a chiel," who, though "takin' notes," did not then mean to "prent 'em."

Since writing a portion of the foregoing narnative, Mr. Christopher Carson has been nominated by our President to the Indian Agency of the Territory of New Mexico, a highly responsible office, requiring great tact, much common sense, and a fair amount of judgment. This excellent selection has been ratified and confirmed by the Senate, and I am free to say, that Kit Carson has no friend, among the many who claim that honor both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, who congratulates him more sincerely than myself. He is eminently fitted for the office; and all who know him will agree with me when I declare that I believe him to be

"An honest man, the noblest work of God."

MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

THE dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man; his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state, he is one of the most formidable of animals; but when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. "He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he is constant in his affections, friendly without

interest, and grateful for the slightest favors; he is not easily driven off by unkindness; but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him. He knows a beggar by his voice, his clothes, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guardianship of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge: he continues a watchful sentinel, goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty."

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is "treated as one of the family;" with a marvelous sagacity, he recognizes the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person.

His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals, and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveler has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

The dog does not disdain to become the blind mendicant's assistant, conducting him through the streets of our cities and large towns, with the hat in his mouth, supplicating alms of the passers-by. We have seen the dog take portions of bread or even copper coin into his mouth, and place it in his master's hat; nor has the creature, though sometimes much tempted to do so, even tasted the bread till given to him by the hand of his employer.

"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade, of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

The following instance of sagacity, which is

well authenticated, reminds us of some of the companions of our childhood, who, when ill-treated, have threatened their oppressor with the vengeance of their "big brother." A gentleman in Staffordshire was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Albans, till his return. On one occasion, calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. "Alas, sir," said she, "your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog, larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans." The gentleman, however, on arriving at home, found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home, and had coaxed away the great house-dog; who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

The dog, however, is not devoid of affection and sympathy for its fellows. Two dogs, near New York, were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself; he remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length, the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?" The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The benevolence of dogs has excited universal admiration. But the Newfoundland dog particularly is justly celebrated for this quality. Children and adults have frequently been rescued from danger by these faithful animals. "In 1792, a gentleman went to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was conducted in one of the machines into the water; but being unacquainted with the steepness of the shore, and no swimmer, he found himself, the instant he quitted the machine, nearly out of his depth. His alarm increased his danger; and, unnoticed by the attendant of the machine, he would unavoidably have been drowned, had not a large Newfoundland dog, which providentially was standing on the shore, observed his distress, and plunged in to his assistance. The dog seized him by the hair, and conducted him safely to the land; but it was some time before he recovered. The gentleman afterward purchased the dog at a high price, and preserved him as a precious treasure."

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than "the fireman's dog," as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in London. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would stay with neither of them for any length of time. The "policeman's dog," as he has been named, may also often be seen following the officer on his beat in Paternoster-row. The writer daily, on his way to the city, sees a dog begging for his breakfast before the house of an inhabitant of the Blackfriars-road; and so well does he act the part of a mendicant, that the boys are often heard to say, that he "is coming the 'old soldier.'"

The animal has frequently been sent on errands, which he has performed with fidelity and safety. A person who kept a turnpike near Stratford-on-Avon had one so trained, that he would go to the neighboring town for grocery or other articles of provision that were wanted, and return with them in safety. A memorandum of the things required was tied round his neck, and the articles were fastened in the same manner.

The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse, in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and in pursuing the reindeer, the seal, or the bear. The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveler benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some years ago, a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him.

Remarkable instances of sagacity are on record respecting this friend of man. Sometimes he has proved a defense to his keepers in a manner which could scarcely have been imagined. Take an example. "In 1781, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretence that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening the trunk arrived, and was carried into his bedroom. As the family were retiring to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the chamber-door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to open the box, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

MADRID AND VIENNA.

ENGLAND, encouraged by the insurrection in Spain, and by the threatening aspect of Austria, now redoubled her exertions.* She encouraged, by every means in her power, the rising of the fanatic peasants of the Spanish peninsula. Her invincible fleet swept the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and landed at every available point money, arms, and the munitions of war. Napoleon, unsuccessful in his renewed endeavors for the attainment of peace, was prepared for the arbitrations of battle. Before leaving Paris for the Spanish campaign, he assembled the Legislative body, and thus addressed them:

"I have traveled this year more than three thousand miles in the interior of my empire. The spectacle of this great French family—recently distracted by intestine divisions, now united and happy—has profoundly moved me. I have learned that I can not be happy myself unless I first see that France is happy. A part of my army is marching to meet the troops which England has landed in Spain. It is an especial blessing of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so blinded the English counsels as to induce them to renounce the possession of the seas, and to exhibit their army on the Continent. I depart in a few days to place myself at the head of my troops, and, with the aid of God, to crown in Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant our eagles upon the forts of Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia and I have met at Erfurth. Our most earnest endeavor has been for peace. We have even resolved to make many sacrifices, to confer, if possible, the blessings of maritime commerce upon the hundred millions of men whom we represent. We are of one mind, and we are indissolubly united for peace as for war."†

An army of two hundred thousand men, accustomed to battle, was now assembled in the gloomy fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Napoleon had stimulated their march by the following nervous proclamation:

"Soldiers!—After triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you

* "July 4, 1808, the alliance of Great Britain with the Spanish nation was proclaimed; and a struggle began, which, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the conduct of Napoleon, every one will admit to have led, as far as respected Spain, to nothing but evil."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *Spain*. The final triumph of the English inflicted upon Spain the heaviest curse which could have befallen the nation. It riveted the chains of ignorance, despotism, and the most intolerable religious fanaticism.

"Future ages will find it difficult to credit the enthusiasm and the transport with which the tidings of the insurrection in Spain were received in the British islands. Never was public joy more universal—the general rapture knew no bounds. All classes joined in it. All degrees of intellect were swept away by the flood. The aristocratic party, who had so long struggled with almost hopeless constancy against the ever-advancing wave of revolutionary ambition, rejoiced that it had at last broke on a rugged shore."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 56.

† "There are many reasons why Napoleon should have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain. The Spanish Bourbons could never have been sincere friends to France while Bonaparte held the sceptre. The moment that the fear of his power ceased to operate, it was quite certain that their apparent friendship would change to active hostility. The proclamation issued by the Spanish cabinet, just before the battle of Jena, was evidence of this fact."—NAPIER, *Hist. of the War in the Peninsula*, vol. i. p. 24.

to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules. There also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equaled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. But a real Frenchman could not, ought not to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart."

On the 29th of October, Napoleon took his carriage for Bayonne, "traversing the earth," says Sir Walter Scott, "as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came." Madrid was distant from Paris about seven hundred miles. The cold rains of approaching winter had deluged the earth. The roads were miry, and often perilous. Regardless of fatigue and danger, Napoleon pressed on through darkness and storms. His carriage was dragged through ruts cut axle deep by the wheels of military wagons and of ponderous artillery. At length, in his impatience for greater speed, he abandoned his carriage, and mounted his horse. Apparently insensible to physical exhaustion or suffering, with his small cortège, like the rush of the tornado, he swept through the valleys and over the hills. At two o'clock in the morning of the 3d of November, he arrived at Bayonne.

Immediately he sent for General Berthier, to question him respecting the state of affairs. He had given particular directions that the French generals should do nothing to circumvent the plans of the insurgents. He wished to place his veteran troops in the very midst of the Spanish armies, that he might strike blows heavy and fast in all directions. He had therefore ordered his generals to permit the Spaniards to advance as far as they pleased upon his wings. "I sent them lambs," said he, in reference to the young and inexperienced soldiers who were first ordered to Spain, "and they devoured them. I will now send them wolves."

Napoleon found, much to his disappointment, that his orders had been but imperfectly executed. A sufficient amount of clothing had not been obtained for the soldiers. Mules and horses were wanting. There was but a scanty supply of provisions. Joseph, instead of concentrating the troops, that they might be enveloped in the masses of the enemy, incapable of appreciating so bold a manœuvre, had timidly dispersed them to guard his flanks and rear. Napoleon expressed his regrets, but wasted no time in recriminations. The incredible activity of his mind may be inferred from the labors of a single day succeeding his exhausting journey from Paris to Bayonne. He ordered all contracts which the contractors had not yet executed, to be thrown up. Agents were dispatched to purchase with ready money all the cloths of the south which could be obtained. Immense workshops were established, and hundreds of hands were busy making clothes. All the orders for corn and cattle were countermanded, that the funds might be appropriated to the purchase of clothing. Barracks were ordered to be immediately constructed at Bayonne for the shelter of the troops arriving there. Agents were dispatched to spur on the march of the conscripts to the designated points. The troops which had arrived at Bayonne were carefully reviewed by the eagle eye of the Emperor. Many letters were dictated to administrators of posts, bridges, and roads, filled with most important directions. As rest from the toil of such a day, when the sun had gone down, he leaped into his saddle, and galloped sixty miles over the mountains to Tolosa. He here passed the night of the 4th, busy in making preparations for a speedy and a decisive conflict. The next day he proceeded thirty miles farther to Vittoria. Napoleon encamped, with the Imperial Guard who accompanied him, at a little distance outside of the city. He wished to appear in Spain but as a general, leaving Joseph, as the king, to occupy the first place in the eyes of the Spaniards. If there were any unpopular acts to be performed, he assumed the responsibility of them himself, that he might shield his brother from odium.

It was late in the night when Napoleon arrived at Vittoria. He leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, and in two hours decided the plan for the whole campaign. Orders were immediately dispatched for the simultaneous movement of 200,000 men. In the morning, he had a hurried interview with Joseph, and immediately entered upon a series of operations which have ever been considered as among the most remarkable of his military career.

The Spaniards, in alliance with the English, had met with some astonishing triumphs. They were perfectly intoxicated with success. Their boasting was unparalleled. They had conquered the armies of the great Napoleon. They were surrounding, and in a few days would utterly devour those hosts whom Russia, Austria, and Prussia had found invincible. Five hundred thousand peasants, headed by priests and monks, were to cross the Pyrenees and march triumphantly upon Paris. The French generals, unable to endure the audacious movements of the boasting Spaniards, had occasionally attacked and repulsed them. Had Napoleon's orders been faithfully executed, he would have found his troops strongly concentrated and almost entirely surrounded by the swarming Spanish armies. Then, leaving a veteran band to check the movements of the right wing of the enemy, and another to check the movements of the left, he intended, with 80,000

NAPOLEON IN THE INN AT VITTORIA

men, to cut the Spanish armies in two, at the centre He would then have fallen successively upon the two wings, and have enveloped and destroyed them. Bold as was this design, there could have been no question of its triumphant success, when undertaken by veteran French soldiers, headed by Napoleon. This plan could not now be so completely executed, for the various corps of the French army were widely dispersed, and the Spanish generals had been prevented from thoroughly entangling themselves. Napoleon, however, decided still to adopt essentially the same plan. He made his disposition to cut the Spanish line into two parts, in order to fall first upon the one, and then upon the other.

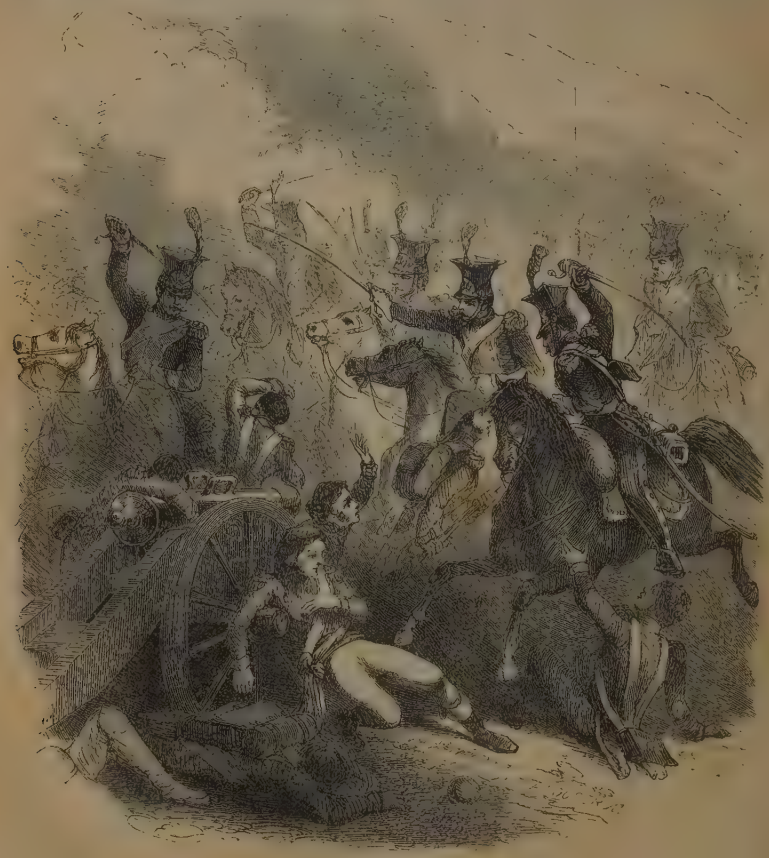
The moment Napoleon arrived at Vittoria, the whole army seemed inspired with new energy. Orders were dispatched in every direction. Hospitals were reared, magazines established, and an entrenchment thrown up as a precaution against any possible reverse; for, while Napoleon was one of the most bold, he was ever one of the most cautious of generals. Having stationed two strong forces to guard his flanks, he took fifty thousand men, the *élite* of his army, and rushed upon the centre of his Spanish foes. The onset was resistless. The carnage was, however, comparatively small. The peasant soldiers, accustomed to the mountains, threw down their arms, and fled with the agility of goats, from crag to crag. Colors, cannon, baggage—all were abandoned. In the night of the 11th of November, Napoleon arrived at the head of his troops at Burgos. Upon the entrenched heights which surround the city, the Spaniards had collected in great force. The French, regardless of shot and shell which mowed down their front ranks, and strewed the ground with the dead, advanced with fixed bayonets, and swept every thing before them. The Spaniards fled, with incredible alacrity, not merely defeated, but disbanded.

The conqueror strode sternly on, picking up by the way the muskets, cannon, and munitions of war, until he arrived at the little town of Espinosa. Thirty thousand men were here strongly entrenched. Six thousand Frenchmen marched up to the bristling ramparts. They fought all day. They did not conquer. Night separated the exhausted and bleeding combatants. The Spaniards were overjoyed at their successful defense. They built bonfires, and filled the air with their defiant shouts. Another division of the French army arrived in the evening. There were now eighteen thousand Frenchmen on the plain. There were thirty thousand Spaniards upon the entrenched heights. At the dawn of day the sanguinary conflict was renewed. One of the most awful scenes of war ensued. The rush of the assailants was resistless. Thirty thousand men, in frightful confusion, plunged down the precipitous rocks into the narrow street of Espinosa. Eighteen thousand men, in wild pursuit, rushed after them, intoxicated with the delirious passions

of war. Death, in its most revolting forms, held high carnival. Swords and bayonets were clotted with blood. Bullets pierced the dense masses of the affrighted and breathless fugitives. The unearthly clamor of the tumultuous and terrified host, the frenzied shouts of the assailants, the clangor of trumpets and drums, the roar of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, created a scene of horror which no imagination can compass. The River Trueba, rushing from the mountains, traversed the town. One narrow bridge crossed it. The bridge was immediately choked with the miserable throng. An accumulated mass, in one wild maelstrom of affrighted men, struggling in frantic eddies, crowded the entrance. A storm of bullets swept pitilessly through the flying multitude. Great numbers threw themselves into the torrent swollen by the rains of winter, and were swept away to an unknown burial. After this awful discomfiture, General Blake with difficulty rallied six thousand men, to continue a precipitate retreat. The rest were either slain, or dispersed far and wide through the ravines of the mountains.

The Spaniards made one more effort to resist the conqueror. It was at the apparently impregnable Pass of the Somosierra.

The storming of this defile was one of the most astounding achievements of war. At daybreak, the advance of Napoleon's columns was arrested. There was a narrow pass over the mountains, long and steep. Rugged and craggy cliffs of granite, rose almost perpendicularly on either side to the clouds. A battery of sixteen guns swept the pass. An army of twelve thousand men, stationed behind field-works at every available point, were prepared to pour a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the French crowded together in the narrow gorge. As soon as the advancing columns appeared, a murderous fire was opened upon them. The stern battalions, inured as they were to the horrors of war, staggered and recoiled before a torrent of



STORMING THE PASS OF SOMOSIERRA.

destruction which no mortal men could withstand. Napoleon immediately rode into the mouth of the defile, and attentively examined the scene before him. He dispatched two regiments of sharp-shooters to clamber along the brink of the chasm, among the rocks on either side, from height to height. An active skirmishing fire immediately commenced, which was as actively returned. A dense fog, mingled with the smoke, settled down upon the defile, enveloping the dreary gorge in the gloom of night. Suddenly, Napoleon ordered a squadron of Polish lancers, on their light and fleet horses, to charge In the obscurity of the unnatural darkness they spurred their horses to the utmost speed. A terrific discharge from the battery swept the whole head of the column, horses and riders, into one mangled and hideous mass of death. Those behind, galloping impetuously forward over these mutilated limbs and quivering nerves, dashed upon the artillery-men before they had time to load, and sabred them at their guns. The French army poured resistlessly through the defile. The Spaniards threw down their arms, and, scattering in all directions, fled over the mountains. The battery, and muskets, ammunition and baggage in large quantities, fell into the hands of the victor. "It is indeed almost incredible," says Napier, "even to those who are acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position, in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by twelve thousand men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped." The charge itself, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash. But taken as the result of Napoleon's sagacious estimate of the real value of the Spanish troops, and his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog that clung to the sides of the mountains, it was a most felicitous example of intuitive genius."

An English army, under Sir John Moore, was hurrying across the north of Portugal to the aid of the Spaniards. Napoleon could not ascertain their numbers. He resolved, however, first to disembarrass himself of the Spanish forces, and then to turn upon the English. With resistless steps he now pressed on toward Madrid. There was no further opposition to be encountered. The insurgents had been scattered like autumnal leaves before the gale. On the morning of the 2d of December, he arrived before the walls of the metropolis. It was the anniversary of the coronation, and also of the battle of Austerlitz. In the minds of the soldiers a superstition was attached to that memorable day. The weather was superb. All nature smiled serenely beneath the rays of an unclouded sun. As Napoleon rode upon the field, one unanimous shout of acclamation burst from his adoring hosts. A still louder shout of defiance and rage was echoed back from the multitudinous throng crowding the ramparts of the city. Napoleon was now standing before the walls of Madrid at the head of 30,000 victorious troops. The city was in the power of the insurgents. An army of 60,000 men had collected within its walls. It was composed mainly of peasants, roused by the priests to the highest pitch of fanatic enthusiasm. The population of the city—men, women, and children—amounted to 180,000. Napoleon was extremely perplexed. He recoiled from the idea of throwing his terrible bomb-shells and red-hot balls into the midst of the mothers, the maidens, and the children cowering helplessly by their firesides. On the other hand, he could not think of retiring as if discomfited, and of yielding Madrid and Spain to the dominion of the English. "His genius," says M. Chauvet, "inspired him with a plan, which conciliated at the same time the claims of his own glory, and the exigencies of humanity. Happily, fortune had not yet abandoned him, and gave still another proof of her partiality."

Napoleon sat upon his horse, and for a few moments gazed earnestly upon the capital of Spain. The soldiers, flushed with victory, and deeming every thing possible under their extraordinary chieftain, were impatient for the assault. He made a reconnoisance himself, on horseback, around the city, while the balls from the enemy's cannon plowed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. He stationed his forces, and planted his batteries and his mortars in such a position, as to reduce the city if possible by intimidation, and thus to save the effusion of blood The sun had now gone down, and a brilliant moon diffused almost mid-day splendor over the martial scene. "The night," says Napier, "was clear and bright. The French camp was silent and watchful. But the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils" The tocsin from two hundred convent bells came pealing through the air.

At midnight Napoleon sent a summons for the surrender. He assured the Governor that the city could not possibly hold out against the French army, and entreated him to reflect upon the fearful destruction of property and of life which must inevitably attend a bombardment. A negative answer was returned. An attack was immediately made upon the outposts. They were speedily taken. A formidable battery was then reared to effect a breach in the wall. Another letter was now sent, mild and firm, again demanding the surrender. It was noon of the second day. The authorities still refused a capitulation; they solicited, however, a few hours' delay, that an opportunity might be afforded for consulting the people. With difficulty Napoleon restrained the impetuosity of his troops, and waited patiently until the next morning. In the mean time the scene in the city was awful beyond description. Fanatic peasants, dressed like brigands, patrolled the streets, assassinating all who were suspected of favoring the French. The bells of the churches and convents tolled

incessantly The monks, heading the peasants, guided them in tearing up the pavements, and in raising barricades at every corner. The stone houses were secured and loop-holed for musketry. The inhabitants who had property to lose and families to suffer were anxious for the surrender. The fanatic peasants were eager for the strife. The monks had promised the reward of heaven, without purgatory, to every Spaniard who should shoot three Frenchmen

As soon as the brilliant sun had dispelled the morning fog, Napoleon himself gave orders for a battery of thirty cannons to open its fire upon the walls. A breach was soon opened The French soldiers, with wild hurrahs, rushed over the ruins into the barricaded streets Again Napoleon curbed in his restive army. At his imperious command the action was promptly suspended. His troops were now in the city.

His batteries were upon the neighboring heights, and could speedily reduce the metropolis to ashes. A third time he sent the summons to surrender. "Though I am ready," said he, "to give a terrible example to the cities of Spain which persist in closing their gates against me, I choose rather to owe the surrender of Madrid to the reason and humanity of those who have made themselves its rulers." Even the populace were now satisfied that resistance was unavailing. The Junta consequently sent two negotiators to the head-quarters of Napoleon. One of these men was Thomas de Morla, Governor of Andalusia. He had made himself notorious, by violating the capitulation of Baylen. He had also treated the French prisoners with horrible inhumanity. Napoleon received the deputation, at the head of his staff, with a cold and stern countenance. He fixed his piercing eye upon Morla. The culprit quailed before his indignant glance. With downcast looks he said to Napoleon, "Every sensible man in Madrid is convinced of the necessity of surrendering. It is however necessary that the French troops should retire, to allow the Junta time to pacify the people, and to induce them to lay down their arms" In the following indignant strain, which echoed through all Europe, Napoleon addressed him. We quote the literal translation of his words, as recorded in the "Moniteur" of that day:

"In vain you employ the name of the people. If you can not find means to pacify them, it is because you yourselves have excited them and misled them by falsehood. Assemble the clergy, the heads of the convents, the alcaldes, and if between this and six in the morning the city has not surrendered, it shall cease to exist. I neither will, nor ought, to withdraw my troops. You have slaughtered the unfortunate French who have fallen into your hands. Only a few days ago, you suffered two servants of the Russian Embassador to be dragged away, and put to death in the streets, because they were Frenchmen. The incapacity and weakness of a general, had put into your hands troops which had capitulated on the field of battle of Baylen, and the capitulation was violated You, M. de Morla, what sort of a letter did you write to that general? * Well did it become you to talk of pillage—you, who having entered Roussillon in 1795, carried off all the women, and divided them as booty among your soldiers. What right had you, moreover, to hold such language! The capitulation of Baylen forbade it. Look what was the conduct of the English, who are far from priding themselves upon being strict observers of the law of nations. They complained of the Convention of Cintra, but they fulfilled it. To violate military treaties is to renounce all civilization—to put ourselves on a level with the Bedouins of the desert. How then dare you demand a capitulation—you who violated that of Baylen? See how injustice and bad faith ever recoil upon those who are guilty of them I had a fleet at Cadiz. It had come there as to the harbor of an ally. You directed against it the mortars of the city which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks I preferred to see it escape in English ships, and to fling itself from the rocks of Espinosa,† than to disarm it. I preferred having nine thousand enemies more to fight to violating good faith and honor Return to Madrid. I give till six o'clock to-morrow evening. You have nothing to say to me about the people, but to tell me that they have submitted. If not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

These severe and deserved reproaches caused Morla to shudder with terror. Upon returning to head-quarters his agitation was so great that he was quite unable to make a report. His colleague was obliged to give an account for him. Morla was sent again to inform Napoleon of the consent to surrender. Thus, through the generosity and firmness of the conqueror, the city of Madrid was taken, with but a very slight expenditure of blood and suffering. The French army took possession of the city. Perfect security of property and of life was, as by enchantment, restored to the inhabitants. The shops were kept open. The streets were thronged.

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* Alluding to a letter which Morla wrote to General Dupont, in which he endeavored to vindicate the violation of the capitulation of Baylen.

† It will be remembered that the Prince of Peace, upon the eve of the battle of Jena, issued a proclamation, rousing Spain to attack France in her unprotected rear. The result of that battle alarmed the Spanish Government, and the Prince of Peace hypocritically protested that *his object was to send the troops to the aid of Napoleon.* The Emperor, feigning to be duped, expressed his *gratitude*, and called for the troops. Sixteen thousand men, under the Marquis Romana, were furnished, and were finally marched to the shores of the Baltic. Upon the breaking out of the war with Spain, a Catholic priest was sent to Romana to induce him to return with his troops to Spain. With ten thousand men he embarked on board an English fleet, and was transported to the Peninsula, where his army was united with the armies of England. These men, under General Blake, swelling his force to thirty thousand men, had entrenched themselves upon the heights of Espinosa. Napoleon hurled upon them a division of 18,000 veterans, and drove them, with frightful slaughter, over the rocks into the river.

The floods of business and pleasure flowed on unobstructed.*

Napoleon immediately proclaimed a general pardon for all political offenses. He abolished the execrable tribunal of the Inquisition. He reduced, one-third, the number of the convents, which were filled with lazy monks. One half of the proceeds of these convents was appropriated to the increase of the salary of the laboring clergy. The other half was set apart for the payment of the public debt. The vexatious line of custom-houses between the several provinces, embarrassing intercourse and injuring trade, he abolished entirely, and established collectors of imposts only at the frontiers. All feudal rights were annulled. General courts of appeal were organized, where justice could be obtained from the decisions of corrupt local authorities. Before the insurrection Napoleon had refrained from these important measures, to avoid exasperating the clergy and the nobility. It was no longer necessary to show them any indulgence. These were vast benefits. They promised boundless good to Spain. It is humiliating to reflect that England, our mother land, could deluge the Peninsula in blood, to arrest the progress of such reforms, and to plunge enfranchised Spain back again into the darkness and the tyranny of the middle ages.

Joseph returned, not to Madrid, but to the royal mansion of the Pardo, about six miles from the capital. To the various deputations which called upon Napoleon, he declared that he would not restore King Joseph to the Spaniards, till he deemed them worthy to possess a ruler so enlightened and liberal; that he would not replace him in the palace of the kings of Spain to see him again expelled; that he had no intention to impose upon Spain a monarch whom she wished to reject, but that having conquered the country he would extend over it the rights of conquest, and treat it as he should think proper. In a proclamation which he then issued he said to the Spanish nation:

"I have declared, in a proclamation of the 2d of June, that I wished to be the regenerator of Spain. To the rights which the princes of the ancient dynasty have ceded to me, you have wished that I should add the rights of conquest. That, however, shall not change my inclination to serve you. I wish to encourage every thing that is noble in your own exertions. All that is opposed to your prosperity and your grandeur I wish to destroy. The shackles which have enslaved the people I have broken. I have given you a liberal constitution, and, in the place of an absolute monarchy, a monarchy mild and limited. It depends upon yourselves whether that constitution shall still be your law."

Thus, in less than five weeks, Napoleon had become master of half of Spain. The Spanish armies had every where been scattered like dust before him. This whirlwind march of the conqueror, had astonished the English, who were hastening to the aid of their allies. In their embarrassment they hardly knew which way to turn. Advance was inevitable ruin. Retreat, without the firing of a gun, was the most humiliating disgrace. Sir John Moore, with an army of about 30,000 men was marching rapidly from Portugal, to form a junction with Sir David Baird who was approaching from Corunna with 10,000 men. With this army of highly disciplined British troops, to form the nucleus of uncounted thousands of Spaniards, the English entertained little doubt of immediate and triumphant success. The tidings of disaster which they encountered, left for them, however, no alternative but a precipitate retreat. Napoleon had done nothing to arrest the march of the English. He earnestly desired to draw them as far as possible from their ships, that he might meet them on an open field.

Establishing his head-quarters at a country seat about four miles from Madrid, he devoted the most unremitted attention to the welfare of the army. An entrenched camp was constructed, bristling with cannon, which commanded the city, where his sick and wounded would be safe, and where his military supplies could be deposited without fear of capture.

A deputation of 1200 of the notables of Spain called upon him. He recounted to them the services which he had rendered Spain, and closed by saying, "The present generation will differ in opinion respecting me. Too many passions have been called into exercise. But your posterity will be grateful to me as their regenerator. They will place in the number of memorable days those in which I have appeared among you. From those days will be dated the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go consult your fellow citizens. Choose your part, but do it frankly, and exhibit only true colors."*

Every speech which Napoleon made bears the impress of his genius. Every line which he

"In a short time every thing wore the appearance of peace; the theatres were re-opened, the shopkeepers displayed their tempting wares, secure in the discipline of the conquerors; the Prado and public walks were crowded with spectators. Numerous deputations, embracing some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Madrid, waited on the Emperor, and renewed their protestations of fidelity to his brother Joseph. It then appeared how completely and fatally the corruptions and enjoyments of opulence and civilized life, disqualified men from acting a heroic part in defense of their country."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 100.

* The Marquis of Londonderry, at that time Colonel in the 2d British regiment of Life Guards, thus testifies in reference to the perfidy of both Spain and Portugal. "The prospect of that rupture with Prussia, which ended with the peace of Tilsit, struck Godoy as furnishing a favorable opportunity of stirring up all Europe against a man, *whose ambition seemed to be unbounded.* A secret arrangement was accordingly entered into between him and the embassador Strogonoff (the Russian Minister) into which the Portuguese envoy was admitted, that the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal should instantly arm, for the purpose of attacking France, at a moment when her troops should be called away to oppose the Emperor of Russia in the north. These preparations were to begin in Portugal; with the ostensible view of overawing which, Spain was next to increase her armies, while expeditions being fitted out in the English ports, a combined force was to invade the south of France, which, it was believed, would not be in a fit state to offer any efficient opposition. Had Bonaparte, as soon as the designs of Spain became known to

NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF ST. SIMON.

wrote is stamped with his majestic power. Lamartine, who assails Napoleon in terms of measureless animosity and with a glow of eloquence rarely equaled, thus testifies to the Emperor's energy with the pen:

"He was perhaps the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. He is much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns. His style is not the written exposition alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and the counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted, between the fact and the word; and the word is himself. His phrases, concise and struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them, with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment."

While here two events occurred peculiarly characteristic of Napoleon. He had issued an order of the day enjoining the strictest discipline, and threatening the most severe military rigor against any person who should be guilty of acts of violence. Two of his soldiers had been arrested for a shameful assault upon a female. By a council of war they were condemned to death. Earnest petitions were presented for their pardon. Napoleon firmly refused, and they were shot. Their execution produced a very salutary effect upon the army, and restrained the outbreak of depraved passion.

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him, directed his victorious legions upon Madrid, the dethronement of Charles would have been viewed by the rest of Europe as an arrangement of self-defense. But it was not in the nature of the French Emperor to act in any case, either with openness or candor. *Though a passionate lover of war, he never effected that by force of arms, which he believed it practicable to effect by diplomacy.*"—*Story of the Peninsular War*, by the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, pp. 24, 26. The perfidious court merited its overthrow. It was humane to try to save the benighted populace from the carnage of war.

The Marquis of St. Simon, a French royalist emigrant, had taken at Bayonne the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. He was captured, at the head of a band of Spanish insurgents fighting against his country. A military commission condemned him to death. The daughter of the guilty man, aided by some of Napoleon's kind-hearted officers obtained access to the Emperor. He was on horseback at the head of his staff. She sprang from her carriage, rushed through a file of soldiers, and threw herself upon her knees before the horse of the Emperor. "Pardon, Sire, pardon!" she exclaimed, with suppliant hands and flooded eyes. Napoleon, surprised at the sudden apparition of the graceful and fragile maiden, reined in his horse, and fixing his eye earnestly upon her, said:

"Who is this young girl? What does she wish?"

"Sire," she replied, "I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die this night." Suddenly a deathly pallor spread over her countenance, and she fell insensible upon the pavement.

Napoleon gazed for a moment upon her prostrate form, with a look expressive of the deepest commiseration. Then in hurried accents he exclaimed, "Let the very best care be taken of Mademoiselle St. Simon. Tell her that her father is pardoned." With a slight movement of the reins he urged on his horse, evidently struggling to conceal his emotion, and at the same time looking back to see if his orders were executed. Offenses, ever so weighty, committed against himself, he could, with magnanimity forgive. Wrongs inflicted upon helpless females were unpardonable.

General Moore was now directing his retreating steps toward Corunna. He had ordered a fleet of English transports to repair to that port to receive his troops. On the morning of the 22d of December Napoleon left Madrid, with an army of 40,000 men, to overtake and overwhelm the English. He well knew that the British soldiers would present a very different front from that which the Spaniards had opposed to him. He consequently took the whole of the Imperial Guard, foot and horse, and a large reserve of artillery. The Spaniards had all fled. The English, exasperated by the cowardice of their allies, were left alone. Napoleon was sweeping down upon them with a power which they could not resist. Their salvation depended upon the rapidity of their flight.

Napoleon urged his troops impetuously on till they arrived in the savage defiles of the mountains of Guadarrama. It was necessary to make forced marches to overtake the retreating foe. Suddenly, the weather, which had been, till then, superb, changed into a series of the most violent storms. The wind blew with hurricane fury. The snow, in blinding, smothering sheets, blocked up the mountain paths, clogged the ponderous wheels of the artillery-carriages and baggage-wagons, and effectually prevented the advance of the army. The mighty host of horsemen and footmen, with all the appliances and machinery of war, became entangled in inextricable confusion. Napoleon forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of the column, which he found held at bay by the fury of the hurricane. The peasant guides declared that it was impossible to effect the wild passes of the Guadarrama in such a tempest. But he, who had set at defiance the storm-spirit of the Alps, was not to be thus intimidated. Napoleon ordered the chasseurs of his guard to dismount and form into a close column, occupying the whole width of the road. Every cavalier led his horse. Thus each platoon was composed of eight or ten men, followed by an equal number of horses. These veteran warriors, with iron sinews, trampled down the snow and made a path for those who followed.

Napoleon, in the midst of these toiling bands, climbed the mountains on foot. He placed himself behind the first platoon, and, leaning upon the arm of Savary, shared the fatigues of his grenadiers in breasting the storm, and in struggling along the drifted and tempest-swept defile. Such an example could not be resisted. The army, with enthusiasm followed its leader. The Emperor was greatly exhausted by the march. The main body of the army, encumbered by heavy guns and wagons, had not been able to keep pace with the advancing column. The Emperor stopped for the night at a miserable post-house in the midst of the mountains. Those engaged in his service were untiring in their endeavors to anticipate all his wants. Napoleon seemed ever to forget himself in thinking only of others. The single mule which carried his baggage, was brought to this wretched house. "He was, therefore, provided," says Savary, "with a good fire, a tolerable supper, and a bed. On those occasions the Emperor was not selfish. He was quite unmindful of the next day's wants, when he alone was concerned. He shared his fire and his supper with all who had been able to keep up with him, and even compelled those to eat, whose reserve kept them back." As he gathered his friends around the glowing fire, he conversed with unusual cheerfulness and frankness upon the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary life, commencing at Brienne, "to end," he said, "I know not where."

Having crossed the mountains, the snow was succeeded by rain. The troops, drenched and exhausted, waded knee-deep through the inundated roads, while the artillery-wagons sank to the axle in the miry ruts. The anxiety of the Emperor was intense to throw a part of his forces in advance of the English, and to cut off their retreat. His measures had been so skillfully formed, that but for the unusual severity of the weather and badness of the roads, the whole army would have been taken. "If the English retreat," he wrote to Marshal Soult, "pursue them with the sword at their loins. If they attack you, beat a retreat; for the farther they venture the better it will be. If they

THE PASSAGE OF THE GUADARRAMA.

remain one day longer in their present position they are undone, for I shall be upon their flank." General Moore was now at Sahagun, and Napoleon, with his advance-guard, was within one day's march of him. The British general had not a moment to lose to escape from the net in which he was nearly enveloped. With the utmost precipitation he urged his flight, blowing up the bridges behind him. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; the streams were swollen, and the roads, cut up by the passage of the retreating army, were almost impracticable.

No pen can describe the scene which now ensued. Notwithstanding the most firm and honorable endeavors of General Moore to restrain his troops, they plunged into every conceivable excess. Becoming furiously intoxicated with the wine, which they found every where in abundance, they plundered without mercy, and wantonly burned the houses of the wretched peasants. Often in helpless drunkenness they perished in the midst of the flames which their own hands had kindled. The most bitter hostility sprang up between the English soldiers and the Spaniards. The English called the Spaniards ungrateful wretches. "We ungrateful!" exclaimed the Spaniards; "you came here to serve your own interests, and now you are running away, without even defending us." The enmity became so inveterate, and the brutality of the drunken English soldiers so insupportable, that the Spaniards almost regarded the French troops, who were under far better discipline, as their deliverers.*

* "The native and uneradicable vice of northern climates, drunkenness, here appeared in frightful colors. The great wine-vaults of Bembibre proved more fatal than the sword of the enemy. And when the gallant rear-guard, which preserved its ranks unbroken, closed up the array, they had to force their way through a motley crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, stragglers and marauders who reeled out of the houses in disgusting crowds, or lay stretched on the roadside an easy prey to the enemy's cavalry, which thundered in close pursuit. The condition of the army became daily more deplorable; the frost had been succeeded by a thaw; rain and sleet fell in torrents; the roads were almost broken up; the horses foundered at every step; the few artillery-wagons which had kept up, fell, one by one, to the rear; and, being immediately blown up to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, gave melancholy tokens, by the sound of

RECEPTION OF DISPATCHES.

The road, league after league, was strewed with the wrecks of the British army. Baggage-wagons were abandoned; artillery-carriages were broken down and overturned; the sick, the wounded, the dying, and multitudes of stragglers in every grade of intoxication strewed the wayside. Napoleon pressed on vigorously, by day and by night, that he might overtake his fugitive foes. On the 2d of January he arrived, with his advance-guard at Astorga. In ten days he had marched an army of fifty thousand men two hundred miles. It was the dead of winter. Desolating storms clogged the passes of the mountains with snow, and deluged the plains. The rivers, swollen into rapid torrents, obstructed his path. Horses and men, knee-deep in the mire, painfully dragged the heavy guns along, as they sank to the axles in the ruts.

It was a stormy morning when Napoleon left Astorga. Gloomy clouds floated heavily in the sky. The snow-flakes melting as they fell, were swept in blinding sheets over the drenched and shivering host. Napoleon, sharing all the exposure and fatigue of his devoted army, had proceeded but a few miles in the storm, when he was overtaken by a courier from France, bearing dispatches of the utmost importance. There was no house near. Napoleon immediately dismounted, and ordered a fire to be kindled by the roadside. His officers gathered respectfully around him, watching his countenance with intensest interest. Standing by the fire, in the cold wintry air, with the snow-flakes falling thickly upon him, and his unfaltering battalions crowding by, as they breasted the storm, he read these documents.

They informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and of the withdrawal of 100,000 troops from the army of the Rhine, was entering into an alliance with England to attack him in the North; that the Turks, exasperated with his alliance with Alexander, were assuming a threatening aspect in the East; that the Queen-mother of Russia, and the great majority of the nobles were increasingly bitter in their hostility. Since Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian Empire; and that Alexander, though still firm in his friendship, was struggling against an opposition daily increasing in strength.

The whole frightful vision of another terrific continental war at once flashed upon his mind. For a moment, his Herculean energies seemed paralyzed by the appalling prospect. He now bitterly regretted that he was involved in the Spanish war. But he could not abandon the

their explosions, of the work of destruction which was going on. . . . . Disorders went on accumulating with frightful rapidity along the whole line."—ALISON'S *Hist of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 105.

struggle, for the combined English and Spanish armies would immediately throng the defiles of the Pyrenees in the invasion of France. He could do nothing to avert the rising conflict in the North, for he was the illustrious representative of those popular principles, which banded Europe was determined to crush. It was a desperate enterprise to carry on war with England and Austria on the banks of the Danube, and with England, Spain, and Portugal, south of the Pyrenees, while the other half of Europe were watching for an opportunity to spring upon their foe, in the very first hour of his reverse. France was weary of war. Napoleon was weary of war. There was but one alternative before him: either to abandon the interminable conflict in despair and surrender France to the tender mercies of the allies, or to struggle to the last.

Napoleon, from the cheerless fire, whose flames were fanned by the storm, turned his horse, and slowly and sadly rode back to Astorga. Not a word was spoken. All about him were impressed with the entire absorption of his mind. But, in an hour, his dejection passed away; his customary equanimity re-appeared; his plans were formed. Firmly and calmly he girded his strength to encounter the new accumulation of perils which thronged his path. It became necessary for him immediately to direct his energies toward the Rhine. He, consequently, relinquished the further pursuit, in person, of the English, and commissioned Marshal Soult to press them, in their flight, as vehemently as possible.

He then returned to Valladolid, where he remained for a few days, giving very minute directions respecting affairs in Spain, and dispatching innumerable orders for the organization of his armies in France, Italy, and Germany.

Marshal Soult pursued the enemy in one of the most disastrous retreats recorded in the annals of modern warfare. The wrecks of the fugitive host in the most melancholy fragments every where met the eye. Such was the precipitation and dismay of the flight, that the treasure casks of the army, containing a large amount of money in specie, were rolled over the precipices, and the glittering coin was scattered among the

POSTING FOR PARIS.

rocks. The French soldiers, as they rushed along, filled their pockets with English gold. The sick and the wounded, in wan and haggard groups, threw themselves down by the wayside, and struggled, in the agonies of death, upon the storm-drenched sods. Almost every conceivable atrocity was perpetrated by the drunken soldiers upon the wretched inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. Women and children were driven from their plundered and burning dwellings to perish in the freezing air. The dying and the dead, upon the bleak hill-sides, every where presented a scene most revolting to humanity. "There was never," says Napier, "so complete an example of a disastrous retreat. The weather was frightful. The rigors of a Polish winter seemed to have been transported to Spain. Incessant storms of sleet and rain swept the frozen hills. The English dragoons, as fast as their horses gave out, shot them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.*

During this retreat, which was conducted with consummate skill by Sir John Moore, the advance-guard of the pursuers had many conflicts with the rear-guard of the pursued. The English, whenever they stood at bay, fought with the most determined valor. Having arrived at Corunna, the retreating army, taking a position upon the circuit of hills, which almost inclosed the city, threw the gauntlet of defiance to their foes. They had gathered in a magazine, about three miles from the dwellings of the inhabitants, four thousand barrels of powder. To prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the enemy, the torch was applied. An explosion of inconceivable sublimity was the result. "When the train reached the great store," says Colonel Napier, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm. A vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves, succeeded, and the business of the war went on."

A sanguinary battle ensued. Sir John Moore, the heroic leader of this awful retreat, fell, fearfully mutilated by a cannon-ball. Night and utter exhaustion separated the combatants. The mangled body of the unfortunate general, wrapped in his bloody cloak, was hastily and silently interred on the ramparts of Corunna. It was one of the most melancholy of earthly scenes. A gloomy winter's night brooded over the exhausted and bleeding armies. Not a word was spoken, as, by torch-light, a shallow grave was dug, and a few sods were thrown over upon his remains. The genius of the poet has recorded his burial in lines which will never perish.* The French officers, admiring the heroism of their fallen foe, erected a monument to his memory.

In the night, leaving their camp-fires blazing to conceal their movements, the English commenced the embarkation. This was accomplished with no very heavy addition to their disasters. The Spaniards manned the ramparts, and beat off the approaches of the French. In this calamitous retreat, the English lost nearly six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Three thousand horses were shot by their riders. An immense quantity of the munitions of war were either destroyed or fell into the hands of the victors.

Alison thus describes the effect produced in England by the return of these emaciate, war-worn, and bleeding columns: "The inhabitants of the towns along the channel had seen the successive expeditions, which composed Sir John Moore's army, embark, in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colors flying, amid the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their number, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror, which was soon greatly increased by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with

* "That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army. Some were frozen in the baggage-wagons, which were broken down or left on the road, for the want of cattle. Some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the exhausted breasts. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain. She lay down upon the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along. There she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth, struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her to cover her from night, the only burial which could be afforded. The infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance of surviving through such a journey."—SOUTHEY.

* Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory."

them—the result of fatigue, confinement on shipboard, and mental depression, joined to the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors, of the hardships and miseries they had undergone."

Spain was filled with robberies and assassinations. The fanatic populace, under pretense of attachment to their ancient kings, committed the most revolting acts of violence. There was no protection for property or life, except in those portions of Spain occupied by the French armies. Some Spanish soldiers, enraged against one of their most brave and illustrious generals, Don Juan Benito, seized him in his bed, dragged him to a tree, hung him by the neck, and amused themselves for hours in riddling his body with balls. With a firm hand, Napoleon repressed these disorders wherever he had sway. At Valladolid, he arrested a dozen well-known assassins, and promptly shot them. He wrote to Joseph: "You must make yourself feared first, and loved afterward. They have been soliciting me here for the pardon of some bandits who have committed murder and robbery. But they have been delighted not to obtain it; and subsequently every thing has returned to its proper course. Be, at the same time, just and strong, and as much the one as the other, if you wish to govern." He ordered a hundred assassins in Madrid to be executed. These men had broken into the hospitals, and, with slow tortures, had murdered the wounded French soldiers in their beds. They had also burned the houses and taken the lives of many Spaniards, under the pretext that they, as friends of the French, were traitors to their country. Napoleon resolved to inspire the guilty with terror. With his accustomed magnanimity, he wished to draw upon himself the odium which these necessary acts of severity might excite. The popularity of all acts of clemency he endeavored to pass over to the credit of his brother.

In a complimentary letter on the occasion of the new year, Joseph wrote to Napoleon: "I pray your Majesty to accept my wishes that, in the course of this year, Europe, pacified by your efforts, may render justice to your intentions."

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for what you say relatively to the new year. I do not hope that Europe can this year be pacified. So little do I hope it, that I have just issued a decree for levying 100,000 men. The rancor of England, the events of Constantinople, every thing, in short, indicates that the hour of rest and quiet is not yet arrived.

The Spaniards were every where vanquished in the open field. Numerous bands had, however, thrown themselves behind the walls of fortified cities. Here they prolonged the conflict with the most prodigious and desperate valor. But ere long the strongest posts were reduced by the skill of the French engineers, and the valor of the French armies. The siege of Saragossa was one of the most memorable and one of the most awful recorded in ancient or modern annals. The English had filled the city with military supplies. Forty thousand Spanish soldiers, headed by monks, and inspired by fanaticism, had entrenched themselves in stone houses behind its massive walls. One hundred thousand individuals thronged the streets of the city. With but 18,000 men the French invested the place. For two months the cruel conflict raged without cessation and without mercy. The walls were battered down and convents blown into the air. Still the infuriate bands fought from street to street, from house to house. At length the disciplined valor of the French triumphed over the fanatic enthusiasm of the Spaniards. When Marshal Lannes, with but eleven thousand men, took possession of the ruins of the smouldering city, a spectacle was presented such as has rarely been witnessed in this lost world of sin and woe. The city was filled with devastated dwellings and putrefying corpses. Fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. The cries of the mangled—men, women, and children—with their wounds inflamed and festering, ascended piteously from every dwelling. One-third part of the city was entirely demolished. The other two-thirds, shattered and blood-stained, were reeking with deadly miasmata. Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who had fought with such desperation from window to window, and from roof to roof, but ten thousand infantry and two thousand horse, pale, gaunt, and haggard, as prisoners defiled before their captors. Even the French veterans, inured as they were to the horrors of war, were deeply moved by the spectacle.

Joseph now returned to Madrid, amidst the pealing of bells and the firing of cannon. He was received coldly by the populace, who considered themselves dethroned. The more respectable portion of the inhabitants, however, who had been living under a reign of terror, received him with satisfaction. Joseph had been presented to the Spaniards as their protector; as the one who, in their behalf, had implored the clemency of the resistless conqueror. Yet there was something in the inflexibly just and heroic character of Napoleon which won universal admiration. Notwithstanding his endeavors to promote the popularity of Joseph, by drawing upon himself the odium of all necessary acts of severity, the Spaniards were more attracted by the grandeur of the Emperor than by the more gentle spirit of his brother.

Napoleon stopped five days at Valladolid, writing dispatches to every part of Europe. In those five days he accomplished work which would have engrossed the energies of any ordinary mind for a year. His armies in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were spread out as a map before him, and he grasped all their possible combinations. Having finished his dispatches, he mounted his horse, and posted for Paris. "In the first five hours," says Headley, "he rode the astonishing distance of eighty-five miles, or seventeen miles the hour. This wild gallop was long remembered by the inhabitants of the towns through which the smoking cavalcade of the Emperor passed. Relays of horses had been pro-

vided along the road, and no sooner did he arrive at one post than he flung himself on a fresh horse, and sinking his spurs in his flanks, dashed away in headlong speed. Few who saw that short figure, surmounted with a plain chapeau, sweep by on that day, ever forgot it. His pale face was calm as marble, but his lips were compressed, and his brow knit like iron; while his flashing eye, as he leaned forward, still jerking impatiently at the bridle, as if to accelerate his speed, seemed to devour the distance. No one spoke; but the whole suite strained forward in the breathless race. The gallant chasseurs had never had so long and so wild a ride before."*

At Bayonne Napoleon took coach. Directing the Imperial Guard to march as rapidly as possible toward the Rhine, he departed for Paris. On the night of the 22d of January he arrived at the Tuileries, surprising every one by his sudden appearance. Napoleon governing by the energies of his own mind, revealed but little to the people of the plots and counter-plots which agitated Europe. Public opinion, uninformed of the secret and continued perfidy of the court of Madrid, had generally condemned the Spanish war, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, and as an act of injustice toward stupid and degraded princes. Napoleon himself now deeply regretted that he was involved in this calamitous war. He had hoped to confer such benefits upon the Spanish nation, that it would rejoice at the peaceful removal of its worthless and despotic princes. But for the intervention of England, Spain would thus have been regenerated. It is possible, that if Napoleon had not been engaged in this war, Austria might not have ventured to attack him. It is *certain* that the Spanish princes would have taken advantage of Napoleon's first hour of exposure to rush, in alliance with England, an invading host, upon the southern provinces of France.

Though Napoleon often subsequently expressed regret that he had attempted the overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons, there was no course which he could have pursued which was not fraught with the utmost peril. Had he left Spain to herself, a civil war would immediately have desolated the Peninsula, waged between the partisans of Don Carlos the father, and Ferdinand the son. England would immediately have espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and thus Spain would have become, as it were, an English colony. Had Napoleon, on the other hand, the Emperor of the French Republic, the great champion of popular rights, marched his armies to rivet the chains of an intolerable despotism upon a benighted people, to strengthen the bars and deepen the dungeons of the Inquisition, he would have done the most atrocious violence to his own principles. Napoleon, in the desperate endeavor for self-preservation, sought also to confer upon Spain a humane and enlightened prince and a liberal constitution. England—and with pain we record it of our revered fatherland—deluged the Peninsula in blood, to rivet upon the Spanish nation the shackles of perhaps the very worst system of civil and priestly slavery which ever cursed a civilized people. Look at Spain now, and see the result.

From all quarters Napoleon had received intelligence that Austria, with intense activity, was urging her preparations for a new war. From Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Milan the Emperor was furnished with precise details of those military preparations. There was no room for doubt of the imminence and magnitude of the danger. All Napoleon's efforts for the promotion of peace had proved unavailing. There could be no peace. England refused even to treat with him; even to allow his flag of truce to visit her shores. Though the Bourbons had been dethroned when he was but a boy; and though he had been elevated to the supreme command by the almost unanimous suffrages of the nation, England declared him to be a usurper, seated upon the legitimate throne of the Bourbons.

"Down with the Democratic Emperor!" was the cry which resounded through Austria, and which was echoed from the lips of the Queen-mother and of the powerful nobles of Russia. "We wage no warfare against France," exclaimed banded Europe. "Our warfare is directed solely against Napoleon, who has usurped the crown of France."

Napoleon, in the hour of victory, was ever ready to make any concessions in behalf of peace. But when disasters thickened, and his enemies were exultant, his proud spirit, unintimidated, roused itself to the highest pitch of defiance. In two months he had scattered the Spanish armies to the winds, had driven the English out of the Peninsula, and had conducted back his brother in triumph to Madrid. Still the Spanish war was by no means ended. New insurrections might break out in every province. The fleets of England still crowded the shores of Spain and Portugal, striving to rouse the people, and offering them abundant supplies of men, money, and the munitions of war.

It will be remembered that Napoleon had previously explained himself most fully to the Austrian embassador. He had assured M. Metternich of his earnest desire for peace. He had declared to him that if Austria had any cause of complaint, if she would make that cause known, he would immediately endeavor to remove it. The immense military preparations which Austria was now making were known to all Europe, and the object of these preparations was perfectly understood. Austria was, however, not yet prepared to commence hostilities, and her minister was still in Paris. Napoleon, with the faint hope of still averting the calamities of an-

* The Emperor had his saddle-horses arranged by divisions of nine, at every ten miles along the road. These horses were ever kept in the most admirable condition. The horses belonging to the grooms carried portmanteaus with complete changes of dress, and with portfolios containing paper, pens, ink, maps, and telescopes. The Emperor often made these arrangements himself, and in the utmost secrecy.—*See Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii. part 2, page 31.

other conflict, proposed to Russia the idea of offering to Austria the double guarantee of France and Russia for the integrity of her actual dominions. If Austria were actuated by an honest fear that Napoleon had designs upon her territory, this double guarantee would surely satisfy her, and prevent a war. But Austria wished to reconquer Italy, and to arrest the progress of democratic ideas, and to remove from Europe the dangerous spectacle of an elected and plebeian monarch upon the throne of exiled legitimacy. Napoleon did not deem it consistent with self-respect to make any further advances toward winning the favor of Austria. He treated her embassador with politeness, but with great distance and reserve. He assumed neither the aspect of defiance nor of obsequiousness.

To the embassadors of other powers he, with the most perfect frankness, explained his views. He openly avowed that it was Austria and her armaments which had brought him back to Paris, that he might respond to them by armaments no less formidable. "It seems," he said one day to a group collected around him in the Tuileries, "that it is the waters of Lethe, not those of the Danube, which flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience; they want fresh ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it. All Europe is witness that all my efforts and my whole attention were directed toward the field of battle which England has selected in Spain. Austria, which saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the straits of Calais, has saved them once more, when I was about to pursue them to Corunna. Had I not been called back, not one of the English would have escaped me. She shall pay dearly for this new diversion in their favor. Either she shall disarm instantly, or she shall have to sustain a war of destruction. If she disarms in such a manner as to leave no doubt on my mind as to her future intentions, I will myself sheathe the sword; for I have no wish to draw it, except in Spain against the English. If she continues her military preparations, the conflict shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England shall, for the future, have no allies upon the Continent." "The Emperor produced upon all who heard him," says Thiers, "the effect he intended; for he was sincere in his language, and spoke the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into it again."

"There must be," said Napoleon to Savary, "some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead. But we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I can not remain quiet, that I am ambitious. But their follies alone compel me to war. It is impossible that they could think of fighting single-handed against me. I expect a courier from Russia. If matters go on there as I have reason to hope, I will give them work."

War was a fatal necessity of Napoleon. By accepting the throne of revolutionized France, he inevitably drew upon himself the blows of combined Europe. He could only choose between inglorious submission to despotic thrones, and a terrific conflict for national rights.

To the Russian embassador Napoleon said: "If your Emperor had followed my advice at Erfurth, we should now be in a different position. Instead of mere exhortations, we should have held out serious threats; and Austria would have disarmed. But we have talked instead of acting; and we are about, perhaps, to have war. In any case, I rely on your master's word. He promised that if the cabinet of Vienna should become the aggressor, he would place an army at my disposal. As for me, I will assemble on the Danube and on the Po, 300,000 French and 100,000 Germans. Probably their presence will oblige Austria to leave us at peace, which I should prefer for your sake and for my own. If these demonstrations are not sufficient—if we must employ force, then we will crush forever the resistance made to our common projects."

He immediately wrote to his allies, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg and Westphalia, and to the Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and Wurtzburg. He assured them that he was very unwilling to expose them to premature expense, but that, as he was seriously threatened with war, he wished them to prepare to raise their contingencies. "I am about," said he, "to assemble forces, which will either prevent war, or render it decisive." Distrusting Prussia, he notified her that if she increased her military force above the 42,000 authorized by the treaty into which she had entered with France, he would declare war against her.

All France was again in a tumult of commotion. The superhuman energies of Napoleon's mind pervaded every province, and inspired with enthusiastic activity ten thousand agents. Orders were dispatched in every direction. He exhausted his amanuenses in keeping them at work by night and by day, writing letters innumerable to generals, embassadors, engineers, kings and princes. New conscriptions were levied. Vast magazines were established. Foundries glowed, and arsenals resounded, as the machinery of war was multiplied. Enormous bands of armed men were moving in every direction, apparently in inextricable confusion, yet all unerringly guided by the prescience of one mighty mind. He ordered twelve thousand fresh artillery horses to be purchased and accoutred. Anticipating every possible contingency of the war, he even laid in a store of fifty thousand pick-axes and shovels, which were to follow the army in artillery-wagons. These shovels and pick-axes eventually contributed most essential aid to his success. Conscious that the broad stream of the Danube would play an important part in the conflict, he joined

with the Imperial Guard a battalion of 1200 sailors, from Boulogne.* Carefully avoiding any act of hostility, he conspicuously displayed before the eyes of Austria his gigantic preparations, and placed his troops in such a position, that it might be seen that he was abundantly prepared to meet any force she could bring against him. Napoleon had nothing to gain by the war. He hoped that these demonstrations might inspire Austria with more prudent reflections. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war, as to prepare for it."

Such vast preparations demanded enormous financial means. But Napoleon in the science of finance was as great as in the arts of war. To meet the estimated expenses of the year 1809, it became necessary to raise 178 millions of dollars. Philanthropy must weep over such enormous sums squandered in extending ruin and woe. Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, would now have been almost a garden of Eden, had the uncounted millions which have been expended in the desolations of war been appropriated to enriching and embellishing her sunny valleys and her romantic hill-sides.

Austria had now gone too far to retract. Every possible effort was made to rouse the enthusiasm of the nation. It was represented in every variety of colors, and stated in every form of expression, that Napoleon, harassed by England and Spain in the Peninsula, could not withdraw the veteran troops sent across the Pyrenees; that his unguarded positions invited attack; that his German allies would abandon him upon the first disaster; that Prussia would rise with enthusiasm to the last man, to retrieve her disgrace; that the Emperor Alexander, entangled in a policy which the Queen-mother and the nobles condemned, would be compelled to abandon an alliance which threatened him only with danger. Napoleon, they affirmed, intends to treat Austria as he has treated Spain. It is his plan to supersede all the old dynasties by others of his own creation. In proof of this, extraordinary stress was laid upon an expression addressed by Napoleon to the Spaniards beneath the walls of Madrid: "If you do not like Joseph for your king," he said, "I do not wish to force him upon you. I have another throne to give him. And as for you, I will treat you as a conquered country." That *other throne*, they declared, was the throne of Austria.

Numerous agents of England were very busy in Vienna, endeavoring to excite the nation to arms. She offered to co-operate most cordially with her fleet, and to furnish abundant assistance in men and in munitions of war. Under the influence of such motives, the nation was aroused to the most extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Regiments of artillery and infantry, with bugles and banners, daily traversed the streets of Vienna, amidst the acclamations of the people. Five hundred thousand troops were daily exercised and inured to all the employments of the field of battle. Hungary had voted a levy *en masse*, which would bring into action a force whose numbers it would be difficult to estimate. An agent was immediately dispatched to Turkey, to represent to the Porte that France and Russia were seeking the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Austria entreated the Porte, therefore, to forget the recent passage of the Dardanelles by an English squadron, and to join Austria and England to resist these formidable foes. The Turks were exasperated. Hardly a year ago, in high favor with France, they had chased the detested English through their straits, pelting them with red-hot balls. Now the whole population were invoking the presence of the English, and no Frenchman could show himself in the streets of Constantinople without being exposed to insult. England immediately sent a frigate to Constantinople, and the Porte, with enthusiasm, entered into the new coalition against France.

The Emperor Alexander began now to show the most unequivocal signs of coldness and alienation. He had been perfectly sincere in his relations with Napoleon. He had, however, been much disappointed in the results of the friendly alliance. Constantinople was the great object of his all-engrossing ambition. For that his soul incessantly hungered. And that conquest Napoleon would not allow him to make.

Napoleon reluctantly consented not to interfere in the annexation to the Russian empire of the provinces at the mouth of the Danube. But even those provinces Alexander had not yet obtained, and he could only obtain them by the energies of conquest. A war with Austria would ally Austria and England with Turkey, and thus render the conquest of the Danubian provinces still more difficult. Influenced by these motives, and annoyed by constant reproaches at home, Alexander became very lukewarm in his friendship.

The Austrian cabinet clearly foresaw the embarrassments which must crowd upon the Czar, and were encouraged to believe that they could even draw him into their alliance. An embassador, M. Schwarzenberg, was sent from Vienna, with this object to the Court at St. Petersburg. He was received with the utmost cor-

* "*Paris, March* 9, 1809.

"Vice-Admiral Decres—I wish to have with the army of the Rhine one of the battalions of the flotilla. This is the object I have in view. Let me know if it can be accomplished. Twelve hundred sailors would be very serviceable to this army for the passage of rivers and the navigation of the Danube. Our sailors of the guard rendered me essential service in the last campaign; but the duty they performed was unworthy of them. Are all the sailors, comprising the battalions of the flotilla, men able to swim? Are they all competent to bring a boat into a road or a river? Do they understand infantry exercise? If they possess these qualifications they would be useful to me. It would be necessary to send with them some officers of the naval artillery and about a hundred workmen, with their tools. They would be a great resource for the passage and navigation of a river.

"NAPOLEON."

diality by the higher circles of society, and was very sanguine of success. He found every body opposed to France—even the members of the imperial family. He had an interview with Alexander. The Emperor, with noble frankness, reproached Austria with dissimulation and falsehood in professing peace, while making every preparation for war. He declared that he was under formal engagements to France, which he was resolved honorably to fulfill. "If Austria," said he, "is foolish enough to come to a rupture, she will be crushed by Napoleon. She will force Russia to unite her troops with those of France. She will make him, whom you call an overwhelming Colossus, still more overwhelming. And she will give England the power of still longer postponing that peace which the Continent so greatly needs. I shall regard as an enemy whoever renders peace more remote." These were noble words. Unfortunately, we can not receive them at their full apparent value, when we reflect that Alexander desired peace with Austria because war with that power would frustrate his designs upon Turkey. He was eager at any moment to draw the sword, if, by so doing, he could annex to his dominions dismembered provinces of the Turkish empire. The Austrian minister was, however, confounded, and sent most discouraging dispatches to his government.

Alexander then expressed himself with equal apparent frankness to M. Caulaincourt, the minister of Napoleon at St. Petersburg. He declared that it would be extremely painful for him to fight against the old allies by whose side he had stood at Austerlitz. He affirmed that even the success of the new war would cause him extreme perplexity, for he should look with alarm on the extinction of Austria, and on the vast preponderance of France, which would be the necessary consequence. He, therefore, expressed the desire to do every thing in his power to prevent the war. He was unwilling to intrust a matter of so much importance to the two ministers of France and Russia, but decided personally to re-assure Austria that no designs were entertained against her, and to warn her of the disastrous results, which, by a renewal of the war, she would bring upon herself. "Our ministers," said he, "will make a medley of every thing. Let me be left to act and to speak, and if war can be avoided I will avoid it. If it can not, I will act, when it becomes inevitable, loyally and frankly."

The pacific views of Alexander were in perfect accordance with those of Napoleon. So anxious was the Emperor of France to avoid a rupture, that he authorized Alexander to promise not only the joint guarantee of Russia and France, for the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but also the complete evacuation of the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine. Thus not a single French soldier would be left in Germany.

But the banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. They regarded his strenuous efforts for peace but as indications of conscious weakness. With renewed alacrity they marshaled their hosts and combined their armies, and set their majestic columns in motion. Napoleon remained in Paris calmly awaiting the onset. He knew not upon what point the storm would fall. Engaged in myriad cares by day and by night, he provided for every possible emergency. The energies of his tireless spirit swept over the broad expanse of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. Never before did a single mind grasp and control interests of such prodigious magnitude. All hope of peace was now at an end, and Napoleon issued his orders with the most extraordinary ardor, and with unparalleled activity.

The King of Bavaria wished to place the Bavarian troops under the command of his son, a young man of energy but inexperienced. Napoleon would not give his consent. "Your army," he wrote, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. It concerns the conservation and the extension of the aggrandizements which Bavaria has received. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and he will learn *our trade*." Napoleon gave the young prince command of one of the Bavarian divisions. The King of Würtemberg, furnished a quota of 12,000 men. They were placed under the command of General Vandamme. The king objected to the appointment. Napoleon wrote, "I know General Vandamme's defects, but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling much must be forgiven in consideration of great qualities." Napoleon concentrated divisions of his army amounting to over 100,000 men in the vivinity of Ratisbon. A line of telegraphs was established from the extreme frontiers of Bavaria to the Tuileries. Special relays of post horses were kept that Napoleon might pass, with the utmost rapidity, from the Seine to the Danube.

Thus prepared, Napoleon awaited the movements of the Austrians. He wished to remain as long as possible in Paris, to attend to the innumerable interests of his vast empire. The River Inn forms the eastern boundary between Austria and Bavaria. The Austrians had assembled an army of nearly 200,000 men on the banks of that stream. The passage of the river, and the consequent violation of the territory of Bavaria would be decisive of the war. Napoleon had been taught by past experience not to expect any declaration of hostilities. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1809, the Archduke Charles, with this formidable force, crossed the Inn and marched resolutely upon Munich the capital of Bavaria. He sent a letter at the same time to the King of Bavaria, stating that he had orders to advance and liberate Germany from its oppressor; and that he should treat as enemies whatever troops should oppose him.

This letter was the only declaration of war addressed to France and her allies.*

Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack upon Napoleon. Count Louis Von Cobentsel was then lying upon his death bed. He addressed the Emperor, in a vigorous letter, as follows: "Your Majesty ought to consider yourself as fortunate with respect to the situation in which the peace of Presburg has placed you. You stand in the second rank among the powers of Europe, which is the same your ancestors occupied. Avoid a war, for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer and will then have the right to be inexorable." Manfredini obtained an audience with the Emperor and ventured to express the opinion that the war would bring down ruin upon Austria. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Francis, "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain." When Count Wallis saw the Emperor Francis set out to join the army, he said, "There is Darius running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Inn is distant some six hundred miles from Paris. At 10 o'clock at night the telegraphic dispatch announcing the commencement of hostilities was placed in the hands of Napoleon. As he read the eventful communication he calmly said, "Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. But what do they wish now? Has the Emperor of Austria been bitten by a tarantula. Well! since they force me to it, they shall have war to their hearts' content." At midnight he entered his carriage, taking Josephine with him, and set out for Strasbourg. England sent her fleet and her troops to cooperate with the Austrians. The allies pressed vigorously on in their march of invasion, clamoring more vociferously than ever against "*the insatiable ambition of the bloodthirsty Bonaparte.*"

To this clamor Napoleon uttered no response. Sublimely leaving his reputation to be vindicated by history, he girded himself anew for the strife. He knew full well that no powers of despotism could obliterate that record of facts, which would guide the verdict of posterity.

* "The repeated instances of gratuitous regal perfidy exhibited toward Napoleon, might mislead us to suppose that sovereigns conceived treachery to be among their special prerogatives, but for our knowledge of the fact that the sophists of the day had decided that no offense against virtue or honesty was committed, by any breach of faith or want of candor toward '*the common enemy of Europe.*' Justice was outraged only when Napoleon disregarded it. Truth had a twofold significance as applied for or against him. The most solemn treaties were esteemed but as waste parchment when they contained stipulations in favor of the 'Corsican soldier of Fortune.' The whole code of morality seems to have been resolved into legitimacy and its opposite."—*History of Napoleon, by* GEORGE M. BUSSY, vol. ii. p. 84.

Bourrienne remarks, "The Emperor Francis, notwithstanding the instigations of his councilors, hesitated about taking the first step; but at length yielding to the open solicitations of England, and the secret insinuations of Russia, and above all seduced by the subsidies of Great Britain, he declared hostilities, not first against France, but against her allies of the Confederation of the Rhine." —BOURRIENNE'S *Memoirs of Napoleon*, 434.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica a very noble article upon Napoleon is concluded with the following words:

"Posterity will judge of the treatment which Napoleon experienced at the hands of England. A prisoner in another hemisphere, he labored to defend the reputation, which he knew history was preparing for him, and which various parties exaggerated or blackened, according to the dictates of their respective prejudices or passions. But death surprised him at the moment when he was putting his commentaries into shape, and he consequently left them imperfect. They contain much, however, that is not only valuable in itself, but calculated to dispel prejudice, and to throw light upon some of the most important events in his life; and no one can read them attentively, without experiencing a feeling of respect and sympathy mixed with admiration. No man, perhaps, was ever made the object of such unsparing abuse, such bitter detraction, such inveterate and unrelenting rancor. But it is already certain that neither envy nor hatred, nor malice nor slander will ultimately succeed in depriving him of his just fame. By his victories of Montenotte, Castiglioni, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensberg, Ratisbon, Wagram, Dresden, Champaubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, he acquired enough of glory to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes embody a system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which he had a principal share, and which has not only proved a boon of inestimable value to France, but is even at this day received as authoritative in a great portion of Europe, thus justifying his own proud anticipation, that he would go down to posterity with the codes in his hand. The monuments which he has left in France and Italy will also attest his grandeur to the most remote ages. And though he can never be freed from the reproach of ambition, yet, in extenuation of this 'glorious fault' he might say, like Mohammed,

> Je fus ambitieux . . . . .
> Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef ou citoyen
> Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.
> *I was ambitious . . . . .*
> *But never did king, pontiff, chief, or citizen*
> *Conceive a project as grand as was mine.*"

LOOKING BEFORE LEAPING.

YOU, probably, don't know Mrs. Flack. There I have the advantage of you.

For if you knew Mrs. Flack, you might also know something of my age. Yet I should hardly say advantage; for my acquaintance with that lady does not entirely relieve my mind from doubts upon that subject.

Mrs. Flack has peculiar facilities for knowing the exact ages of many people. Unless, indeed, her memory is defective. For her knowledge begins at the precise moment when a human being may be said to begin his birthdays.

It was just a year since, as I remember, and, as I hope, you also remember, that I imparted to you in confidence a chapter of Saratoga romance. I was then fresh from college, flushed with the honors of the valedictory—deeming myself as irresistible to others as I was to myself, and, as I surveyed myself in the small allowance of mirror allotted to each guest at the "United States," quite commiserating the many deserving (I doubt not), but entirely unnoticed ladies who were to fall victims to my—coats, or cravats, or gentlemanly manners, or eyes, or something of that kind, which, soberly, after a year's experience, I do not well remember.

Now, if, at that period, I was just out of college, when had all my European travels taken place? When had I made the acquaintance of the distinguished diplomat I have had the honor of introducing to you, and when and where had I acquired that general knowledge of the world on which I pride myself, and which makes me such an ornament to society? These questions, which, O Sarianna, are so trenchantly asked in your perfumed note, dated May-day, are easily answered by stating the fact—possibly unknown to you—that I was rusticated during my college course, for one year and a half, which time I devoted to solemnizing my mind amid the sobrieties of Italy, and the graver influences of Paris. So that I am not so old as you choose to believe, Sarianna; although, indeed, I have that huge experience which weighs so heavily upon all of us youth, and which imparts to our manners that pensive torpidity and heroic indifference which have so often charmed you.

Certain writers have recently amused themselves (more than the public), by endeavoring to ridicule that state of things known as "Young America." For I find that term signifies a social spirit rather than a class. There are, indeed, some of us who are constituted, as it were, the priests of that mystery, whose duty it is to indicate in our appearance and behavior, the spirit which governs it. You may know us by the angle at which we wear our hats, by our cravat-ties, by the sleeves of our coats, and the cut of our trowsers—best of all, by an air of supreme consequence, which becomes us, and which shows that we understand ourselves to be the heirs, in fee simple, of Broadway and the Avenue sidewalks.

Why should this air be ridiculed? Who should walk the streets with the mien of victors, if not we? Why, to show you that it is appreciated, and does not fail of its effect, I will relate to you, privately, that only last June, as I stepped out, in a new coat, trowsers, and waistcoat, perfectly adapted to summer wear, and began switching my little amber stick, and kindly surveying the girls that passed, a sober old gentleman, a decayed clerk, I should say, in a suit of black broadcloth (it was June, hot, of course, *and in the morning*, yet he wore BLACK trowsers!) suddenly stopped me, and looking at me from head to foot, inquired with an air of great curiosity:

"Sir, are you any body in particular?"

I was much flattered by the question. For you must see that is the necessary result of our fine dress and fine swaggering. Every sensible old gentleman (and some fair young ladies, I know!) instantly says to himself:

"Now, that must be somebody."

And it is no unpleasant thing for some people to pass for somebody, I can tell you. Perhaps my old friend fancied I was the son of a British nobleman! Why not? I trust you find nothing in my appearance inconsonant with such a supposition; although, poor old gentleman, those black trowsers in the morning did his business, so far as any theory of his being related to the nobility is concerned. Or, possibly, he thought a Russian man-of-war had arrived, and that I was the Hereditary Grand Duke of the Empire, promenading incognito in a foreign country.

You observe that all these little suggestions which enrich the ramble of an old gentleman, or a young lady, of imagination, are due to our general appearance. When I put my hat slightly on one side, and walk down Broadway as if I had an assignation with the Queen of Sheba, and was so *blasé* of royal amours, that I am in no hurry to meet that august lady, and would even prefer that my amiable friend Dove should take the bore off my hands—why, at that moment, I am as good as a verse of Sanscrit poetry to any poet or other imaginative and useless person who chances to pass. He doesn't in the slightest degree know what such an appearance as I present indicates, and he falls to theorizing; how do I know that he doesn't fall to poetizing, about it?

Do we dissipate?

Of course, we dissipate a little. We must be manly, we must pass all our leisure time in smoking, and sitting, heels up, in hotel corridors; in drinking brandy and water until we are fuddled, and it is necessary to take us home, yelping and roaring through the streets. I am surprised you don't see the necessity of this kind of thing to the complete man of the world. It is astonishing to me, that you don't see that the girls like us better for it. Dear me! my fortune would be made if there could only be a vague rumor among the girls, that I am "very dissipated." The darlings don't quite know what it means. But they fancy it is so manly, and courageous, and shows such knowledge of the world.

A waste of time?

My dear Sarianna, you take such odd views of the case, that I could almost fancy you to be an old gentleman wearing black trowsers in the morning. What is time given us for, but to enjoy? And what is our life but enjoyment? Why, we enjoy so enthusiastically that there is no new form of entertainment for us, after we are twenty-one years old.

Therefore you mustn't be surprised at my having so much experience while I am still so young. It is the spirit of our time and of our city: we can not help it. You thought I was, in reality, an old man, writing the memoir of my youth? Why, my respected lady, I am only—

Ah! what a pity you don't know Mrs. Flack. She would tell you what you will hardly expect me to betray. Indeed, I have my own doubts whether Don Bobtail Fandango knew my exact age. He always called me his "young friend," but it was rather as if it were only a habit of speech, not a personal conviction in regard to me. And you have surely observed that he always treated me as a man thoroughly versed in the ways of what is called "the world."

I had already advanced matters so far as to introduce him to an heiress.

Now it is reported that men sometimes shrink a little from meeting a great crisis, even when their minds are fully made up to it, and when they go through it manfully and well. History and the human heart forgive a slight tremor to the limbs of a king, for instance, mounting a scaffold. Nor is the heroism of Anne Boleyn less heroic, if her cheek blanches a moment as she confronts the headsman.

In the same way, my friend Don Bobtail was thoughtful and unusually silent after his presentation to the Romulus Swabbers and their daughter Dolly. As he had justly remarked, the finger of fate had evidently pointed to their house, as to his great good fortune; the impression he had made upon the maternal mind was the most favorable possible, and although he had exchanged few words with the daughter of the house, there could be little doubt of her quick and delighted accession to the parental wishes. Moreover it is to be considered that Don Bob had been looking forward to meeting precisely such a person—she was essential to his plan of life.

Yet he grew graver, day by day.

I think I have mentioned that he indulged in snuff. He now took prodigious pinches of that narcotic. He smiled more seriously. He evidently badgered himself upon his own behavior.

This lasted for some time; and as I placed it in the category of the shaking of royal knees upon the scaffold, and the paleness of Anne Boleyn's cheek (the intelligent reader will reprove me if I was wrong), it did not diminish my respect for the illustrious diplomat.

While he was still in this serious state, I met him one day in Broadway, and, taking me aside, he said:

"I want to consult you about going to a Watering Place, as I understand that is essential to the full fashionable development of the American man and woman."

"But, my dear Fandango, are you forgetting our fair friend?" asked I, with some sympathy for the pretty Miss Dolly.

"Forgetting? Quite the contrary. Where should I be so sure of meeting my fair young friend as, say at Saratoga?"

"Saratoga let it be, then," said I; and so, a month ago, we went up to Saratoga, from whence we came in the wake of the gay world here to Newport, where we now are, the Don and I. You can see us at any time at the Fort on Fort days—on the Beach, on Beach days—at Durfee's tea-house with choice parties—upon the Cliffs on Sunday afternoon—in the bowling alleys, pistol and archery galleries, in the morning—and at all the hops and balls in the evening. The Don you have recognized, of course, by his diplomatic button, and the ease of his address. Me, I am sure you have seen, with my loose coat-sleeves, and my straw-hat, and my little stick, and my small boots, and my beautiful vest buttons and shirt-studs, and my extreme elegance generally.

But to Saratoga we went, and in due season to the great ball, at which Miss Mildred and Miss Bessie Laurel were the belles. It was there that the Don and I, sitting just outside the hall, discoursed as follows:

"Perhaps you have observed me a little sober of late," said he; "and I hope you have drawn no false conclusions. I have been slightly serious; but it was only a little natural wincing. I have lived at large so long that I do not willingly resign my freedom; and I regard my approaching union with feelings whose gravity, I trust, is not entirely incompatible with the solemn occasion."

The Don delivered himself of all this as if he had learned it by heart.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "is the thing settled? Are you engaged? When, where, and how, have you done it all up?"

"My impetuous young friend, why do you dash on with such enthusiastic recklessness? Have I said that I was engaged? Certainly not. I have merely stated, at former periods, that I wished to marry an heiress. That object is now presented to me. I observe before me a desirable heiress, and I trust there is no doubt that I shall take it, as I should pluck a desirable fruit in a garden. Life I take to be a garden full of various flowers. Yet, I beg you to observe, the secret of my little sadness lies in this, that when a man has made up his mind to pick a rose, he can not but grieve for all the other roses, and the lilies, and the pinks, which he can not pluck, and which behold the happiness of the selected flower. You would not have me ruthlessly elect my heiress, and marry her, without a tear for those I can not marry! I assure you that is not the Spanish method. Every gentleman of proper feeling who sacrifices himself to a single woman, grieves that a retrograding civilization has annihilated polygamy.

"I have seen a lady to whom I intend to make an offer of my hand and heart—*this* hand and this heart," continued the Don, drawing himself up, "and such an intention, I flatter myself, is very much the same thing as being engaged to that lady. If you doubt, call your young companion Bootes there, and ask him if he does not think so. If he says no, watch his demeanor toward Linda Agnus, with whom he will presently polk, and see if his manner does not give his words the lie. His whole conduct toward her indicates his settled conviction that he has but to say "Will you?" for her to leap, blushingly, into his arms. It is an amiable consciousness of our power. We can not help being magnets to these darling, glittering motes, and if we could, they would be sorry. Say, my dear Smytthe, don't you think so?"

"'Pon my word," answered I, "it is rather a staggering view of the case. It never occurred to me."

"Why so? It is very plain. What is the end of female life? Is it not matrimony? Not for itself, I grant, but for a certain consideration, a position, &c. Well, if a daughter is

rich and handsome, she must be married, mustn't she?"

"I suppose so," answered I.

"Very well. If she must be married, she must be married well, *n'est ce pas?* And what is marrying well but taking some one of the many good matches that are always to be found in the mamma's circle? That being so, of course any sensible girl, rich and handsome, *is* ready to drop, when the desirable man fires off his 'will you?' You see it can't be otherwise."

"I suppose it can't," I answered.

"Certainly not," said the Don. "You will therefore understand that, considering myself a good match, I naturally sympathize with those charming and deserving young persons to whom I can not say 'will you?'"

It was very strange, but as the Don said these words, his mind seemed to wander a little, nor did he appear to be entirely conscious that he was speaking. As we sat withdrawn from the immediate glare and noise of the masquerade, the music fell more gently upon our ears, the movement of the dance floated more fairily upon our eyes, a young couple passed us, and upon them the eyes of my companion were riveted. They moved beyond us, and his eyes followed. They sat down by a window, around which the leaves clustered—leaves of a rose-bush in flower—and the moonlight streamed over the girl who, simply clad, and with a few natural flowers in her hair, sat still, listening only to the words that the youth spoke, and to which the distant music made a pleasant accompaniment. The eyes of Don Bob lingered with the figures by the window.

"You see them," he said.

"I do," answered I.

"You see how artless and lovely is the girl?"

"Certainly."

"And how utterly devoted the man?"

"Yes."

"Well, now follow my eye. There, between Mrs. Hogshead's cap and Miss Slippuz, you see a tallish girl quietly talking?"

"Yes."

"How does she strike you?"

"As a quiet, simple, clever, handsome person."

"You think her beautiful?"

"No, not beautiful; but sparkling and handsome."

"The kind of woman to fall in love with?"

"Decidedly not; but precisely the person to enjoy meeting and chatting with. A good ally in society."

"Ah! you know her?"

"Certainly, I do. I like her extremely; partly because she is willing to talk with me, and partly because she is so easy and good-natured. What a pity she should never have been in love, like her darling sister here, sitting by the window in the moonlight, and making the most of it with Herold."

The Don looked at me with a kind of pity.

"My darling Smytthe," said he, "what a very wise man you are."

Knowing Don Bob to be a man of singular discrimination, I could but blush. He resumed:

"Why, I know something, then, about your own friends that you are ignorant of. I heard it at the Club the week before we left. And it is a story that you could not hear to a better accompaniment than the Sophia Waltzes of Strauss, which they are playing there. Do you know the legend of the Sophia Waltzes?"

"No, unfortunately."

"Well, I must tell you that, to explain why they are so good an accompaniment for my story. Strauss, the father, who composed the famous waltzes, and who is now dead, although his son, who also plays and composes, is often confounded with him, was deeply in love with one of the royal and imperial Austrian Princesses."

"Atrocious upstart," interpolated I.

Don Bob looked at me, and took snuff.

"I am glad to see you so good a Republican, my Smytthe; but he really was strangely enamored of the Princess, which was not extraordinary, however atrocious it may have been, when you consider that he was a Hungarian, a fellow countryman of Kossuth (as Liszt is) with all kinds of wild oriental passion whirring along his veins, and a musician also, a genuine and characteristic musician, each one of whose waltzes is a little lyric, a throbbing song to which you may set whatever words and thoughts you please. The Princess did not know of the passion she inspired. Princesses never do. It is part of the arrangement that their love-affairs shall be matters of state. I wonder you republicans don't find an argument against monarchy, in the fact that monarchs have to smother the best and noblest human feelings as concerns of political policy. Why, only four years ago, when I was in Berlin as Embassador, Prince Adalbert, who fought with honor under the British flag in India, was broken-hearted, as I believe it is termed, for the daughter of a noted, but not a noble woman, in Berlin. I have often seen her, and she was well worthy to be a Prince's wife—provided he was worthy to be a Prince, which this time happened to be the case. The king frowned, of course, and the Prince went about the world fighting Hindoos whom he easily conquered, and his own feelings which easily conquered him. He came back to Berlin, and died when he was twenty-nine years old. The girl to whom he was devoted, and who was a lady, though not a noble, was permitted to lay a wreath upon her lord's coffin. The lady ought to have been consoled for his death by such a signal instance of royal favor. But I learned that she had the bad taste to grow thin and pale about it, which was a wanton waste of charms."

The Don was silent for a moment, and we listened to the music.

"Strauss, like a sensible fellow, *said* nothing about his passion, but went to work to express it in other ways. So he composed dances of all the saddest Bohemian and Hungarian melodies.

They are all melancholy enough, I assure you, and many a time, when I have been whirling in a waltz at a court ball in Vienna, the whole thing has been sadder to me than much sentimental poetry, although the music was dancing music, and the dancers were neither witty nor wise. Why, we were all Strauss' puppets. We flew upon his emotions. We danced upon the tightly strung cords of his heart.

"The Princess was engaged at length, and still Strauss composed and played, and still the royal balls reeled on, directed by his fiddle bow. The Princes and Princesses, the Dukes and Duchesses, the corps diplomatique, and the fashionable world in Vienna, and in all other civilized capitals, were spinning round in obedience to the whims of the musician's love. And he, who did not dare to betray the slightest token of his feeling in any direct manner, was compelling the whole world to help him express it indirectly. Many a moistened eye in London and Paris, in New York and Rome, knew not what moistened it, as his music thrilled the room. Many a half formed hope and budding passion flowered in full perfection under the magic of that music. A thousand hearts were sad and happy, and a thousand eyes glistening, while still he played on, and betrayed nothing of the passion that fed upon his own life and inspired his genius.

"At length Mr. Music-Director John Strauss was requested to compose dances for the Princess's nuptials. He went to work, and wrote the series called the Sophia Waltzes, which the band is now playing. The evening of the bridal arrived, and the Princess was married. Then followed imperial festivities. All the signs of joy, which are easily to be purchased by the imperial and royal treasury, were manifested; and you might have fancied Astrea returned to earth. The ball was eagerly desired, for the gay world of Vienna is a merry, dancing, half-German, half-Italian, world, and Strauss was known to have tried the sweetest stop of his genius for that night's dance. The ball opened, and the dancing began. It was a fluttering, flashing spectacle. Yes, it was even more brilliant than this to-night. At length it was whispered that the new waltzes were to be played previous to the withdrawal of the imperial bridal party, and unanimous expectation hushed all the rooms as the whisper spread.

"Precisely at midnight Mr. Music-Director John Strauss stepped to the front of his orchestra—a small, square man, with a dark face, and the black hair cut close to his head, clad in black entirely, with his coat buttoned close—and without any preliminary flourish, lifted his fiddle bow, as if he were raising it through a solid substance, and the prelude began. Every couple stood up, silent—and imagine, my dear young friend, what beating, eager hearts, what glittering eyes, what small and large emotions palpitating a hundred bosoms, were before the master in that moment. The waltz itself began. The Princess glided out upon the floor, and a swarm of the gay and graceful of every country followed. The music electrified them as with a mad enthusiasm. Never had they danced so well before, never had the waltz seemed to them a love song set to motion. The whole room was waving and circling in the musical maze; the lights flared as the couples swept around—the dancers were inspired by the musicians, the musicians by the dancers; and in the gorgeous revel Strauss alone stood upright, moving, like a magician, his steady bow—now dashing a passionate strain, as if to ease his heart, across the strings, then resuming his seat as if he had conquered passion. But his eye never swerved from one couple. It glided with them as they danced and swam among the groups, until all the music and the melancholy seemed to gush from that. A few dancers fell away exhausted, and lay panting upon the sofas at the sides of the room. Many fainted from the heat and the unnatural excitement into which they were thrown by the music and the dancing. But still the remorseless sound went on, branching into variations, fascinating as a tropical serpent, ever unwinding new and more dazzling coils. And still the unswerving eyes of the master followed that single couple, from whom gradually all the rest separated, and left them whirling alone. So perfect was the union of their movement with the music that all eyes followed them as gladly as all ears hung upon the sound; and a low murmur of surprise and delight at that grace and beauty pursued their circling career. But the lady grew paler and paler, though her step did not falter. There was no flush upon her cheek, as usual in dancing, but a deepening pallor that made her, momently, more beautiful. Her light dress waved around her like a rosy cloud, and her hair gradually disengaged itself as she flew, and fell partly over her shoulders and partly streamed upon the air. The inexorable music still held her to the dance, and the unyielding master did not relax his gaze. A sense of terror slowly seized the guests, as if they were unwittingly assisting at an enchanted festival. They fell into utter silence, only watching the wild dance before them with cold horror. The light was fading from the eyes of the Princess; her brow and cheeks were ghastly; her lips were colorless; but still she sped, and there was a wild sadness and despair in her movement, as if hope lay only in eternal motion. But the transfixed spectators saw that her feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor; that she was borne on in the arms of her partner, without effort of her own. Suddenly the hand of the master fell by his side, although his eyes still held her in their gaze; the music ceased; and a cry of horror burst from those bridal guests, as the head of the Princess drooped upon her partner's shoulder, and the bride fell lifeless at the feet of her husband.

"That is the legend of the Sophia Waltzes."

And my friend the Embassador actually sighed.

"What became of Strauss?" asked I.

"Mr. Music-Director John Strauss continued to compose waltzes and conduct court balls until

about three years since, when he died. Mr. Strauss has very great fame as a writer of light music, and was remarkably well paid while he was in the Emperor's service. Mr. John Strauss was envied by a great many people, and was considered a most fortunate man. Probably because he had seen the woman he hopelessly loved fall dead before his eyes. Estimates of happiness I have found, however, differ. Is that a good toddy?"

I ordered one for the Embassador; and reminded him that there was something else to tell.

"One story more, and a short one," replied he. "I am surprised you have not heard it, for it is a very recent romance, as I am told, and it concerns the fair one with golden locks talking there with Herold, and the tall quiet girl we have observed talking in the hall. They are sisters, you know; the eldest is Mildred; the fair one with Herold, Bessie. They grew up together in the country, genuine country girls—fond of walking, riding, flowers, trees; and of cows, and milking too, I suppose. But they were not female bumpkins, as you call country people, my Smytthe, and therefore not of the most unamiable class of women. Poets, who usually live in cities, tell us a great deal of the country and of country people—alluding to Arcadia, and other pleasant places, as if every milk-maid were a Neæra, and every plow-boy a Corydon—which is simply not the fact. But our friends were fortunate enough to reap what was best in country and city; and so grew up like beautiful flowers as they were.

"It was a pleasant life they led. Small events were great experiences to them. They knew of what we men call the realities of things only as they found them in books. Life, in fact, was to them a jeweled-clasped romance, over which, in a sunny, silent garden, they lay poring. But as in your poet Tennyson's poem of the *Lady of Shalott*, the good knight Sir Lancelot comes riding down the woods, his gemmy bridle jingling, and his gay cloak flashing and glistening in the sun, disturbing the dream of the musing lady with a figure fairer than her dreams, so young Herold yonder came dancing into the life of our quiet girls, and mingled himself with their destiny.

"Mildred was visiting a neighbor and friend, a girl of her own years, whose brother Arthur was a scholar, and was always surrounded by the pleasantest society. There was a grace and ease in his life which suited well the tastes of Mildred, who found plenty of reasons for making frequent and long visits at his house, ostensibly to see his sister, whom she loved; but much also for the pleasure of associating with him. For she, too, was wisely cultivated. She knew the poets, and even the philosophers; and many a time the young man found himself more than confused by the clear wit and sharp insight of Mildred. Her intercourse with him was of that kind which is called, I believe, Platonic. At any rate, she was very fond of his society, without being at all in love with him. Arthur, on the other hand, fell very profoundly in love with her. You think it unnatural? My dear young friend, there seems nothing so unnatural as Nature.

"One day Mildred heard from her friend that Arthur expected an old college friend to make him a visit. 'Come over and help us,' wrote Clio, 'for I don't know what manner of man it is.' Mildred went, leaving Bessie behind, and arriving at Arthur's, made the acquaintance of Herold. He was young, handsome, witty, brilliant; he was, in a word, fascinating—which implies every thing. A genuine hero of romance, I grant—such a personage as is mostly to be encountered in novels, especially those of my English friend and statesman, Mr. Disraeli. Herold had a subtle fancy, a genial wit, and the richness of his genius played over his whole character and conversation like light. An hour with him had sealed Mildred's fate. She loved him as only such women love, with a pathetic intensity and devotion, of which we men, dear Smytthe, we lords of creation and heads of the universe, know very little.

"Herold who had seen the world, somewhat differently from you, my friend, and who had encountered great varieties of character; who was, moreover, much of a poet, and was struck by the lofty beauty of Mildred, who seemed to him among other women like Urania among the Muses, could not avoid a profound admiration, and discovering how ardent was her passion for him, half dazzled and half doubting, was betrothed to her. The love of such a woman as Mildred, whom you, best Smytthe, with your fine penetration consider to be decidedly a woman *not* to fall in love with, has something so sweeping and majestic in it, that men of imagination like Herold are often carried away by it, as by a burning torrent. The days that followed were the midsummer days of Mildred's life. Yet her intimacy with him had been so close and exclusive that neither Arthur nor Clio suspected the secret. Arthur was often sad, where you would have been jealous. But men of his worth have a humility, I am told, which smothers mean feelings, and leads them to submit to crosses, as a proper discipline. I sincerely hope they have such humility, I am sure.

"Herold was unwilling the secret should be known. I don't know his reasons. I have never heard them. Perhaps you will have your own theories about the matter, as I have mine. But he and Mildred parted after a month's visit with Arthur, and parted as if they were very warm and happy friends. Mildred went home again, having come over and helped Clio, with exceeding vigor, and having also ascertained what manner of man Herold was. It was not easy for her to guard her secret from Bessie, but she did so, merely mentioning him in such a way as to excite her sister's ardent desire to see him, as an accomplished, brilliant, and fascinating man. He returned to the city and to his duties. The month with Arthur and its consequences seemed to him a summer dream, one of those fancies that airily haunt a poet as he

lies under trees and listens to running waters. But a letter from Mildred, glowing and beautiful as the flowers among which it was written, recalled him from dreaming into life. He answered as warmly, and the correspondence of the lovers was such as you and I are not capable of, my excellent Smytthe. At length he promised to come and see her. The secret was still unbetrayed. It was as an intimate friend that the visit was to be made. How life leaped along Mildred's veins! There was a wild, unnatural fervor in all she did and said that sometimes surprised her parents, and appalled the tender Bessie. The very sun of summer seemed to burn in her. Every word and look were fiery—but it was a fire of soft splendor, although so dazzling.

"Herold came, and in the first moment of privacy with him, Mildred threw herself upon his shoulder, and startled him with the vehemence of her love. He was pained without knowing why. A vague apprehension curdled cold along his veins. But he betrayed nothing, he returned her caresses, he gave her word for word, look for look, and Mildred was supremely happy.

"Yet when Herold saw Bessie, he understood the pain and the vague apprehension. He felt instinctively the charm that is beyond beauty or genius. He recognized the feeling that is neither surprise, nor admiration, nor astonishment. He felt a profound contentment, as if the warm summer air were flowing in his veins. He looked out from the fiery passion which enveloped him, toward the sweet, sunny beauty newly presented to him, as the mariner entangled in gorgeous tropical jungles beholds the calm seas and silver shores of the halcyon islands. He could not betray this; he could not whisper to the proud and superb Mildred, who was lavishing her soul upon him, that his heart was more loyal to another, and he studiously sought to avoid the society of Bessie, and to shame himself from what seemed a dishonorable feeling.

"But the golden-haired Bessie to whom Herold had been a very Sir Lancelot shaking the woods with his 'tirra lirra,' went out to meet him with her whole heart. She stood like the Indians upon the shore welcoming Columbus. She was ready to kneel to this new comer who apparently led all hopes and splendors with him. In fact, my friend, while Arthur was in love with Mildred, who was engaged to Herold, Herold was in love with Bessie, and she with him."

Don Bobtail paused a moment, and we listened to the music. It had a swift, wailing movement.

"It was during this strain," said the Embassador, "that the Princess fell lifeless.

"But, as I was saying, Herold sought to conceal his love for Bessie, and succeeded well enough until Bessie, in the overflow of sisterly confidence, confided to Mildred her pining love for Herold. Mildred listened, growing pale and trembling. She was not handsome, but she was lofty and noble, and a king might have loved her. Yet, as her sister spoke, Mildred parted the golden hair upon her forehead, smiled a wan smile, to assure her of her sympathy, kissed her upon her glistening eyes, and folded her to sleep in her arms, without betraying that her feeling for Herold was other than friendship. From that moment, however, she watched him as only such a woman's love-lighted eyes can watch. Herold was conscious that she suspected. He strove to drown her suspicion in greater fervor of devotion. Her soul smiled in scorn, not at him, but at the puerile effort to deceive her. But her heart broke as she felt that Herold loved Bessie.

"She told him so, and her lover laughed at the thought. He reproached her for suspecting him. She offered to release him at once from all allegiance to her. He refused, with indignation, to be so treated, and protested most eloquently that he was singly devoted to her. In vain she told him that she did not blame him; that it was not his fault that he loved Bessie more than her; that, although she loved him with her whole heart, she could no longer permit him to pretend to love her; that she understood how gentle and kind his feeling was for her, but that all between them must end there. She appealed to his honor, and charged him not to forget so far the respect due to her and to every woman, as to feign a passion he did not feel. She said all this without tears, or sobs, or gestures of any kind. There was not the slightest scene, dear Smytthe—even you would have pronounced it done in perfectly good taste. He persisted and protested. Poor Herold!

"Mildred left home immediately after writing a letter to Herold, gentle, and friendly, and generous, but firm. Herold staid behind for a few weeks to finish his visit."

The Don stopped.

"And then?" asked I.

"And then he was engaged to the fair Bessie yonder with the golden locks, who never knew that her lover had been betrothed to her sister. They are to be married next Wednesday week, and they will be very, very happy, as they deserve to be."

"And Arthur?" asked I.

"Arthur lives on in the country quietly among his books. Sometimes, I am told, he appears in town. He has never told his love, preferring, I suppose, to smile at grief. But it is not a very hearty smile. Mildred still visits him and his sister. But Arthur knows too well that Mildred does not love him, ever to trouble her with his feelings. He sighs, sometimes, that so noble a woman should be so cold;—and he has written a good many novels that lie in MS. in his library-drawers."

"And Mildred?" asked I.

"My dear, young, perceptive Smytthe, have you not already described her? Precisely the person to enjoy meeting and chatting with; a good ally in society; decidedly not a person to

fall in love with.' Oh, excellent young man! —a Daniel come to judgment!—why should I say more?"

The waltzes ended as he spoke; and Don Bobtail watched Mildred as she moved down the room and disappeared.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I am no longer young, and that there is nothing left for me but to marry an heiress. Whenever I see Mildred I remember that there are such things as youth and love—and I, even I, Don Bobtail Fandango, seem to feel the beating of a heart somewhere under my ribs. You, Smytthe, and the young ladies, rush to the new novels to find the romance that is playing all around you. Is it not natural that I, who mistrust the romance of books, because it falls so far short of that of life, should, even here at Saratoga, and doomed to a mercenary marriage, look before I leap?"

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Listen, now, a wonderful thing.—Layaman's Brut.
Cœlum ipsum petimus stulti.—Horace.

IT was already evening—one long line of melancholy light was stretched out wild and wide upon the distant hill-tops; and, over head, the first stars, few and faint, and one by one, were brightening over the darkened and solemn valleys below us.

The old man, who seemed tired, paused, and, drawing his cloak closer about him, sat down upon one of the long shelving ledges of the rock, motioning me to do the same. I did so, and we remained silent for some time, both, perhaps, wrapt in similar reflections.

Never had Melchior appeared to me more brilliant or more eloquent than he had been that day. This extraordinary man, whose research seemed to have exhausted every branch of human knowledge, infused into whatever subject he touched on—the most abstruse or the most trivial—a profound and varied erudition, and the clear and vivid common sense of genius. But Nature seemed chiefly to have absorbed his attention, and when he spoke of *her* he was eloquent.

From the star to the clod—from the belt of Saturn, and the path of the Pleiades, to the fringes of a fern—no knowledge, however vast or however humble, had been unattempted or unfathomed by his daring and comprehensive intellect; and his learning no less embraced the healing laws of the smallest simple which we crushed beneath our feet, than the wizard teachings of the antique strata over which it blossomed.

Yet through all that Melchior said there flowed a vein of such profound and unutterable melancholy, and so apparently crushing a sense of the utter nothingness of that learning, which so astonished me by its scope and accuracy, that, musing over our past conversation, I exclaimed, half-unconsciously, aloud:

"Alas! how transcendent, and yet how impotent, is human knowledge! In the measureless distances of space, what more than a mere point of light is even the orbit of the world! I doubt if Galileo, blind with gazing into heaven, was, in the eyes of Originative Wisdom, much nearer to the secrets of the moon, than the peasant who still believes she shines to make beautiful the fields he knows."

"Yes," said Melchior, with bitterness, "our knowledge is like those thieves whom the Egyptians call *Philetes;* and she tickles and caresses, only to strangle us at last."

"At least," I answered, "she is but the warden of the outer gate. We scale heights on heights, we descend precipices, we traverse gulfs; but the fortress of wisdom would seem to be an enchanted one, and looks further off the nearer we approach it. Yet to me is it, indeed, both dear and natural to cherish the belief, that human energy is never in vain exerted in the pursuit of what is great. If it fail in one object, does it not obtain others in the effort, and sometimes no mean prizes? The athlete who has been trained for the Olympic goal may never attain it; but he, at least, gains strength and vigor for a lifetime. Surely it is not in vain that we hunger for the unknown. Is it for nothing that Science already stretches out her arms into the future?—for nothing that we have leveled the hills, and bound the earth with an iron girdle, and tamed the lightnings to be our messengers?"

"Ah," replied my companion, "we are only moving in a circle; and if human intellect could illuminate the world, still as dark and as fathomless would lie the spaces beyond. We trace effects to causes, and link from cause to cause the chain of speculation; but the most daring research drops at last, baffled and paralyzed before that mysterious and inscrutable First Cause, of which the worlds are but the mystic expressions!"

Again we sat silent for many moments, till Melchior suddenly exclaimed:

"Look me in the face, young friend: you see my hair is thin and white, and my features plowed with wrinkles, and my step feeble, and my back bowed. What age do you take me to be?"

"You can not," I said, "be less than sixty; but, in the full possession of a most rare and gifted intellect, many years of life, are, I trust, yet before you. Why not devote to some generous and practical purpose your declining years? What a noble heirloom might not such a mind bequeath to the world of thought!"

He shook his head. "You take me," he replied, "for sixty, yet it was but yesterday that I entered on my five-and-fortieth year; and seven years ago my head was well-nigh as erect, and my step as firm as your own."

"Impossible!" I could not help rather rudely exclaiming.

My friend passed his hand convulsively over his heart.

"Have you not read," he replied, in a voice broken by some strange emotion, "of men in cells, condemned to death, whose hair has whitened in a night; of Eastern dreamers who have

fed on opium, and grown unnaturally old before their time; of criminals, haunted by the knowledge of some haggard crime that palsies their hand, and wrinkles their brow, and makes them falter in their walk?"

"But you," I answered, with surprise, "are neither a criminal, nor an opium-eater."

"Yet, perhaps, worse," said he, "than either. You, young aspirant after knowledge—you, who still struggle to the Far, and would grasp the unattainable—who, consuming the rushing years of youth in earnest and solemn meditations, still believe in the embodiment of that type of the Perfect which has alike allured and baffled the wisdom of your forefathers, listen to the strange and marvelous history of the being who is now beside you; and, if it may be, while yet spared the suffering, learn wisdom from that blighting lesson which experience has seared and graven here."

I could scarcely contain the curiosity with which these words inspired me; for every thing connected with this singular person—his strange and reserved habit of life, the impenetrable mystery, the wild rumors which were afloat in the neighborhood—all combined to surround him with unusual interest.

I therefore urged him eagerly to begin the tale, and while the night stole downward through the silent and starlit spaces above us, and the glow-worm lighted in the weeds his goblin lamp, Melchior thus began:

THE HISTORY OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

What loiterer on the Rhine is unfamiliar with the little university town of B——? Do you remember its white walls and houses, glimmering through the purple shadows of the distant mountains, below the quiet river banks? Its quaint roofs, and picturesque and narrow streets, its merry market-place, its venerable scholastic gardens? It was here that the early years of my life were passed. Here, young as yourself—like you, I thirsted for knowledge, and foolishly dreamed to trace it to its mysterious sources. With this ardent desire, I was not long in making myself familiar with all the general branches of science; and, as I was constantly reading books and attending lectures, I soon acquired a reputation in the university both greater and graver than that of any of my fellow-students.

My professors, especially the venerable Herr Inkleman, who was my tutor, were charmed with my proficiency. Every one prophesied for me a brilliant future. Great thoughts then agitated the German mind, and events which have since shaken the whole of Europe had already cast their shadow upon the time. Not a few looked to the young student of B—— to play a prominent part in the opening drama of the future; for learning in Germany leads oftener to power than is the case in your land.

Far otherwise did I myself regard my own attainments and my own fate. Science and metaphysics, which seemed to me to open the noblest paths to the human intellect, chiefly interested me; but in these, as in every other branch of knowledge, all that I had learned dissatisfied and saddened me—so much was yet to know, so little really known. The understanding of those laws which unfold the leaf and suspend the globule brought no nearer to my comprehension the original *causative* law of their existence; and without the knowledge of this law, thought I, all nature is still but as a dead carcass, which I can dissect, but am unable to vivify. All knowledge but this plays only with trifles. This is the true τὸ καλόν of science, and this science has hitherto failed to teach me.

So I mused; yet not wholly despairing of the end, I continued eagerly to absorb whatever information I could obtain from books, or from Nature herself. In such occupations, the hue of health left my cheek; I grew wan, and sickly, and feverish; the sense of youth deserted me, and I neglected food and exercise, grudging every hour lost from study.

My tutor, who loved me as a son, did not fail to observe this change, and he regarded it with apprehension and concern.

"My dear Melchior," said he, one day, affectionately passing his arm about my waist, "I must really insist upon your giving yourself a holiday. You are not strong enough for the intense study you pursue. We owe a duty, my dear friend, to the body as well as to the mind, for the body is the workman of the intellect; and I am sadly afraid you overtask your slave."

I smiled, and, pressing his hand tenderly, I spoke of my daring hopes and my constant disappointments.

"Knowledge," said he, with a half sigh, "is the lamp which burns in the temple, by whose light we worship the divinity. But it is not itself the divinity; and, if irreverently approached, it becomes only a will-o'-the-wisp, whose meteor light allures, but ever deceives us."

Thus conversing, we reached the professor's house. It was a large, low-gabled building, on the bank of the Rhine, surrounded by one of those stiff, old-fashioned gardens, so rare in Germany, and which contained a shallow square pond, or fish-tank, in the middle. As we approached the gate, I observed the old man's daughter leaning from the bank, and endeavoring to pluck a white, flat-leafed lily which was floating on the surface of the water almost beyond her reach.

As I watched her, thus leaning, the wind, lightly pushing one brown soft ringlet from a face radiant with pure and delicate health, and that warm and witching bloom which, in the beauty of girlhood is so great a charm: the white neck curving downward—one arm stretched out to the flower, and revealing the perfect outline of a bosom which would have enchanted even a duller book-worm than myself—the light and lustrous shadows of the rose and lilac bushes falling on her from above, she looked so young, so fresh, and fairy-like a thing, that I felt a new pulse of life rushing into my heart, and a sudden warmth upon my cheek. With a nimbleness wholly new to me I leaped the gate; a moment

more, and I had plucked the flower and given it to her. She smiled and thanked me with a slight blush; our eyes met, and I felt my own were moist.

In my frequent visits to the house of my tutor, I had sometimes seen and conversed with Margaret before; and, indeed, that sweet, young face, with its soft blue eyes, and happy laughing lips, had often come between me and the schoolman's page—haunted me sometimes in my lonely walks, and even visited me in dreams.

The intense application and study, however, to which I had lately surrendered all my time and mind, had banished from me every thought but that all-absorbing one—the desire of knowledge. Two very strong and dissimilar emotions can not exist at the same time in the human heart; and, in mine, indeed, the beauty of Margaret Inkleman had never created any very strong emotion, but rather a vague sense of happiness for which I had never cared to account to myself, like the echo of a tune which is familiar—the quiet light of a summer evening—the perfume of hidden violets in Spring. Now, however, as I beheld her suddenly, after the lapse of some months, during which time the thought of her had never once been present to my mind, standing beside me in all that pomp of youth and beauty, my own lost and squandered youth seemed to rush back upon me at the sight of her.

As we passed into the house, she reproached me playfully for my long absence, and I faltered blundering excuses, and felt foolish and afraid.

The old professor watched us, and smiled.

"There is no knowledge, my dear Melchior," said he that evening, "more worth possessing than the knowledge of our own youth, with all its boundless wealth of sensation. Believe this, though it is an old man who speaks. Alas," he added, with a sigh, "all eternity can not supply the sum struck from a minute!"

From that day my visits to the house of the professor were more and more frequent, and with each I felt myself grow younger. Indeed I seemed to gather youth from the youth of Margaret, and become child-like as she was.

Often did we sit together below the lilacs in the little quaint old garden; and to me it was a strange and new pleasure even to feed the gold fish in the pond, or hear the humming of the bee in the rose, or watch the golden-winged butterflies swimming down the sunshine. Often did we sup upon the open terrace in the happy, balmy air of June; and, while the old scholar smoked his quiet meerschaum, Margaret, with her rich, low voice, sang to us wild, heart-stirring songs of the dear fatherland. Often, too, did we linger together in the long summer evenings, when the fading landscape glimmered down the twilight gloaming, and the first stars grew bright above the sweet and solemn Rhine. For her I recalled my old recollections of its legends and its tales, and told her fairy stories of the haunted hills. We peopled the ruined castles with mailed barons and silken pages. We had marvelous histories of the old romance—ladies guarded by dragons in fortresses, and lovers lost in Palestine far away.

I showed her, too, the secrets of the flowers she cherished—their wondrous formation, their mystic properties. I taught her to know the solemn signs of the midnight, and count the stars in Orion. And while I hinted of the message of a moonbeam, or speculated on the formation of a world, she looked up into my face with her large, wistful, wondering eyes, or, clinging closer to me, hid her young cheek in my bosom.

Strange, too, it may seem, that, as we grew more familiar, I found that the mind of the child better understood my own vague dreams and desires than that of the gray scholar.

Herr Inkleman, who observed all with a kindly eye, one day spoke to me.

"I have ever loved you as a son," he said; I would gladly look on you as one. I think you love Margaret; I see the girl loves you. I am old, and can not but daily look to see the dark angel waiting at the door. To you I would bequeath the innocence and the happiness of my child. I have large hopes of your future career, but even should these never be realized—"

"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, "if I have your child's heart, the future can offer me no greater prize. Here let me garner up my hopes, and cry, *Eureka!* Surely the lore of sages offers no holier mystery for the contemplation of a lifetime, nor can ambition lure me with any fairer promise than a true woman's heart!"

And every one envied me. "He is the wisest scholar," said they, "and the happiest lover." And Margaret, with her soft eyes, looked into my own, and beyond that gaze I saw no future. I knew that I was loved, and, for the time, I cared to seek no other knowledge. Idiot! idiot that I was! had my spirit then folded her wings, and reposed in that sweet faith, happiness, rare indeed, might have been mine. But the demon desire of knowledge, which had so long consumed me, now only slumbered for a time. An accident, which changed the whole current of my thoughts, and all my future destiny, soon reawakened it.

In the course of some chemical experiments which I was making, I had occasion to charge several large jars with electricity. One day, in passing through certain substances a *positive* current of this fluid, I was struck by the singular form of the marks which it left behind in its passage. These bore a strange and very striking resemblance to the foliage of a tree, imitating, with a marvelous mimicry, not only the stem and branches, with their varied and intricate ramifications, but even the individual leaves, with those minute fibres and reticulated veins which conduct the sap to the most delicate extremities of the plant.

Never before having observed this phenomenon, it greatly astonished me, and I resolved to try the effect of a *negative* current. This was no less startling. Now the marks mocked another phase of vegetation, and assumed the ap-

pearance of a root. Every time that I repeated the experiment I produced an infinity of different but similar forms; and, by altering the arrangement of the conducting wires, as well as of the substances on which the magic pictures appeared, I obtained—now the spreading and fringed —now the clumped and bulbous root.

Why the electric action evinced itself in these, and only these peculiar forms, was to me for days a subject of incessant speculation.

I could not but call to mind the fairy-like and fantastic tracery of branch and leaf which often, in the bitter winter mornings, the white wizard frost had woven on my window pane; and I now began to look upon these as the result of an electrical action, occasioned by the evaporation which takes place in the process of freezing. It occurred to me, also, that the atmosphere which we breathe, and which is the great sustainer of all life, whether animal or vegetable, is constantly charged with *positive* electricity, while the earth, in which germination takes place, is, on the contrary, *negatively* charged. My experiment, which I was never wearied of repeating, seemed to me to be in striking relation to this great electrical law.

"If," thought I, "the type of vegetable forms be no less uniform and universal throughout the globe than is this law of electricity invariable, is it not, surely, to combinations of the electrical forces that we must trace the development and growth of all the plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers which we behold?"

I found myself constantly repeating this question; for days I mused and brooded over it, and daily it seemed to me more and more suggestive of great ideas. I believed myself on the threshold of a vast discovery, and determined to proceed.

I made several other experiments in the same direction, and each increased the interest with which the first had inspired me.

I secluded myself from all companionship except that of science. The new source of wonder and speculation thus suddenly opened to me wholly absorbed my thoughts; but the ideas which it gave rise to were as yet too vague and undefined to find expression in words, and I resolved to communicate them to none.

At last a strange and daring hope took possession of my mind. What, if by further developing and combining the results I had already arrived at, I should at last reach the knowledge of the original cause and germ of vegetable life? Why not, indeed, having possessed myself of the laws which create, as well as those which sustain, the being of a plant, put those laws into special operation? Why not myself create a plant? some new species, perhaps, that should be an era in the botanical world, and puzzle all the savants! This idea literally intoxicated me. It filled my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; it never left me time for food or relaxation; it haunted me like a familiar; in the street, in the lecture-room, in the fields, in my own chamber, wherever I moved or rested, it was forever with me, and whispering to me. Alas! that for such evil whispers the whispers of love were silenced in my heart. Poor Margaret was now almost forgotten!

With what money I could get together I at once commenced improving and enlarging the little room which I had already fitted up as a laboratory.

To subject the materials with which I had resolved to commence my experiments to a constantly uniform electrical action, it appeared to me necessary to keep the place in which they were deposited entirely free from all sudden changes of temperature, such as might be occasioned by currents of cold or heat in the atmosphere; and in order to effect this securely, I determined to construct a sort of chamber of glass, heated from below, and furnished with thermometers, by which I was enabled to regulate and sustain the degree of heat which I deemed suitable to my purpose. The formation of this structure occupied some weeks, during which I continued my experiments with avidity.

Inkleman, who could not fail to observe my continued absence from his house, and the marked alteration in my manner, reproached me affectionately with the change. I did not, however, in any way remit my labors on that account, but rather pursued them with redoubled energy, almost regarding the friendship of Inkleman, and the love of Margaret—so besotted was I with this delirium of discovery—with querulous suspicion, as though they were in league to decoy me from my great work.

Having, as I thought, established the vivifying cause in the action of electrical currents upon substances in such a condition as, under the influence of that action, to develop the result which we call life, I considered that my first care must be to ascertain—first, what were those substances; secondly, what the particular condition into which they were to be brought; and thirdly, what were the natural laws by which such a condition was produced.

In ascertaining these, I experienced great difficulty, and met with constant disappointments. Nevertheless I was not disheartened.

That there are many conditions in which life develops itself, independently of the *usual* process and mechanism, which Nature seems to have established for its propagation, as in the case of polypi, and many plants which seem to have an internal force of self-generation wholly apart, and widely different from the general system of development from seed, was a fact which greatly encouraged me.

In the inquiry which I now fearlessly entered upon, I had to go back to the first simple and elementary substances which are held to enter, more or less, into the formation of all *animated* matter. And, thoroughly convinced as I was from varied observation, that all natural effects, however rare, are rather the development of general principles, than the result of special laws, I commenced a series of very complicated experi-

ments for the purpose of ascertaining what are the effects by which life first evidences itself in its most simple forms, whether animal or vegetable. The result thoroughly satisfied me, that the *original* germ of life, in all its varied and different phases, is a *globule developing a globule;* and, I further convinced myself that this *vital* action, viz., the formation of a globule within a globule, producing in its turn another; and, so on, *countless* other globules, could be effected by *electricity*.

I will not weary you with a detailed account of the long and intricate process by which I arrived at the almost magical results which I shall soon have to relate.

It was many months before I was able to commence the work itself, which I did by laying down in my crystal chamber several strata, composed of those materials which a series of experiments had proved to be best adapted to the influence of the electrical laws, which it was my intention to bring to bear upon them. It was necessary to reduce these materials to a certain condition by the action of heat; I therefore had my furnaces at work both day and night, but I had not yet put the batteries into operation. I should tell you, that I had taken the precaution of fitting into the glass sides of the chamber three or four apertures of different sizes, air-tight when closed, and which I was able to shut or open at will. I had also formed the flooring of several porcelain trays, running upon grooves, one below the other, by means of which I could remove and change the materials on which I was at work, without disturbing the general arrangement.

One morning, after the strata of which I have spoken, had been exposed for several days to the influence of a steadily increasing temperature, I observed, to my great delight, that a thick, white mist, which seemed too heavy to rise far, had begun to exhale from them, and was floating and undulating over the surface. In the course of the day, this vapor seemed to become rarified, and lifted itself slowly up until it filled the whole chamber. I watched it with intense interest for several days, but no further phenomenon presented itself. I observed, however, with some surprise, that the thermometers had risen slightly—a fact for which I was unable to account, as I had not increased the heat of the furnaces, though I have since thought that it might have been occasioned by the heat thrown up in the process of evaporation.

After some days had elapsed, I resolved to gradually decrease the temperature. As soon, however, as the thermometers were fallen two degrees, the mist began to thicken again, and assume its original appearance. The next day a further change took place; and it seemed to me that condensation had commenced, for small aqueous particles were fast depositing themselves upon the glass sides of the chamber. The surface at the bottom seemed, also, partially decomposed, the component substances being separated from each other, and overspread with a strange glutinous fluid of a bluish gray color.

While the vapor was condensing, I was foolish enough to open the aperture in the framework, and put my head down for the purpose of examining the process more minutely. Scarcely had I done so, when I was seized with a deathly faintness; thick darkness came over my eyes; my throat rattled; I staggered, and fell to the ground. How long I remained insensible I know not; but when I awoke, it was to a dull, aching sensation of extreme physical pain, which, however, I was too weak thoroughly to realize. My temples were throbbing violently; my eyes felt as though they were starting from their sockets. I found myself stretched upon a bed, from which I was too feeble to lift a hand. All the place seemed strange and unfamiliar. Now and then figures, which to my aching sight looked dim, and indistinct, and dream-like, flitted and hovered near me. I heard them whisper, too, among themselves, and though I could not catch the words, I guessed from their gestures that they spoke of me. Utterly impotent as I felt myself to be, my first idea was that I was dead, and that these were already planning my burial; yet, strange to say, this idea, horrible as it was, more amused than alarmed me.

Thus days passed away without account. Life strengthened in me once more; then came fever, burning pain, and delirium.

In this terrible prostration, both of body and mind, I never once alluded (as I afterward heard) to the strange circumstance which had caused it, but in my ravings, they told me, I often called on Margaret; and when, at last, from these days of anguish and madness I awoke, as from a fearful dream, the thought of Margaret haunted me mournfully when I lay weak and languid, in the long, long twilight hours. Once, when the shadows were gathering and darkening about me, and the window-pane was glimmering in the melancholy starlight, the sense of loneliness which oppressed me became insupportable. My thoughts trembled into sound, and stretching my weak arms over the coverlet, "Alas!" I murmured, "sweet vision, were you like the rest, but the fading fancy of a sick man's mind, and do I awake from you forever? Ah! Margaret, Margaret, where are you now?"

There was a slight movement in the curtains round me, and a soft voice, tremulous with emotion, whispered, "Here! here, my betrothed, my adored; here, where my own heart has led me; where she whom you love should be, by your side, dearest, in sickness and in suffering; not upon your great occupations, not amid your majestic fancies and stately dreams, Melchior, did I ever dare to intrude this lowly companionship! Unworthy to understand, I have sat apart, love, and nursed in solitude the thought of your greatness—so proud, so proud, when others spoke of you with praise, to whisper to myself, 'And this man loves me!' But now, now when pain and sickness have come to you,

why not I? These, at least, I may share with you, whose more than mine that right—whose more than mine in evil and ill health, the privilege to be near you and to console? And, O Melchior," she said, "in the dreadful hours in which I have been by your side and you did not know it, I have grown so old—so old, and wiser too, I think, and more able to understand you. And once, O God, I feared that I should lose you!" She burst into passionate tears; my own voice was choked—I could not answer; and we both sobbed together like children.

When my servant, as I afterward learned, found me senseless in the laboratory, he at once, in his alarm and surprise, sent for Inkleman, who was almost the only person in whose society he had ever seen me. The old professor, who was not unlearned in the healing art, immediately had me conveyed to his own house; and there Margaret, her noble heart forgetting, in the knowledge that I was ill, perhaps dying, all other feeling but that she was a woman and loved, watched and tended on me night and day, and nursed me back to life, as she had once led me back to youth.

O God! that I had then died—died in some sweet dream of her, while her warm breath yet fanned my cheek, while her soft eyes watched my slumbers, ere yet I had learned to turn, with dread and loathing from the lips I loved!

Slowly and with pain I recovered. When I did so, I observed that a change had taken place in Margaret. She was no longer a child. Her heart seemed to have suddenly blossomed into womanhood. So true is it that we live by moments rather than by years. Love moves through time, as the gods of Greece through space; it makes a step, and ages have rolled away.

Inkleman questioned me closely as to the cause of my sudden illness, and the strange apparatus which he had found in the laboratory. I replied briefly, that in the course of some chemical experiments I had accidentally inhaled certain noxious gasses, to which I attributed the attack which had thus paralyzed me. He seemed dissatisfied with my answers, but observing the reluctance with which they were given, he soon desisted from further inquiries.

To Margaret, under promise of secrecy, I confided all that had taken place; but even this confidence I afterward regretted, for, with a woman's timidity, she implored me not to proceed in so dangerous and, as it seemed to her, so unhallowed an experiment.

I resisted, however, all entreaties; and as soon as I could return to my house, I set about recommencing the operations there, which had been so suddenly suspended.

I found the door of the glass chamber still open, as it had been left by me in my fall. The vapor had long since escaped. Many days elapsed before I was able again to bring my experiment to the state in which it had been arrested. I now, however, worked more calmly, and spent much of my time with Margaret.

When the vapor, which now exhaled from the bottom of the chamber precisely in the same manner as before, was thoroughly condensed, I applied the batteries, which I had so constructed as to be of an immense power. After these had been in action for some days, I observed, at night-time, a pale blue lustre, like that produced from phosphorescence, radiating out from the decomposed matter. This apparition was too wan and faint to be visible in day-light; but in the dark it burst forth with a fitful pulsation, now feeble, now strong, and sometimes so bright as to illuminate the whole room.

I was convinced, that in certain substances which enter into the composition of organic matter, there is a latent tendency and inclination in their inorganic state to the exercise of those functions which they develop in the organic, although such development may require some special condition not of frequent occurrence. That I was able to produce such a condition I fully believed; nor was I deceived. At the end of five weeks the dewy globules, which the vapor, in condensing, had deposited on the surface of the substances from which it had exhaled, having congealed into gelatinous granules, appeared agitated. Upon close observation I then discovered, that these granules formed a minute system of cells, which were bursting, and delivering themselves of other and yet smaller granules. In fact, an organic action had commenced.

I now separated from the myriads which covered the surface one single cell, and placed it under a loose covering of rich manure, continuing to keep the electric action directed upon it. Three days afterward, two small pulpous leaves, something like those of a lupin, pushed themselves above the ground. Day by day their growth increased. They were not, however, green in color, like the leaves of other plants, but of a sickly white hue, almost like dead flesh. Within a week the little plant put forth other leaves, and then long fibrous arms, more like roots than stems, which pushed off from the parent shoot, and struck into the ground.

After a second week there appeared in the middle of the plant a small bulbous head, covered up with long downy leaves. In time these leaves expanded and fell off, and the young bud burst into flower—a flower of a deep sullen purple hue—in shape and color something like an anemone, but of a thick and fleshy texture.

I observed that when I watered the ground the plant seemed to experience delight, for its color deepened to a tenfold brilliancy, and seemed to burn; the leaves, too, swelled, and the blossom broadened. This change, however, never lasted longer than an hour.

I no longer made a secret of my discovery. Like Alexander, I awoke one morning and found myself famous—famous certainly, but universally abused.

The vocabulary of scientific contempt was exhausted against me. I was an impostor, a charlatan, a juggler, a shallow coxcomb, a de-

ranged enthusiast, a humbug, a take-in. The professors of chemistry called me a trifler; the professors of logic called me a twaddler; the professors of philosophy called me a dreamer; the professors of botany called me an ignoramus; the professors of theology called me an Atheist.

Nevertheless the tree grew. Strange, uncouth, mis-shapen as it was—half plant, half polypus—I loved it like a human thing. I transplanted it into my garden. Margaret would sometimes water it, but I think she was half jealous of it; and, indeed, there seemed to be an unnatural and weird antipathy between the girl and the strange flower—it drooped in her presence, and shrunk from her touch.

One evening, when we were all sitting together in the garden of the professor—myself, and Margaret, and her father—the old man complained of cold, and went within. The next day he sickened and took to his bed, from which he never rose again. The constitution of Inkleman was, in fact, too enfeebled by age to throw off this slight attack. He grew weaker and weaker, and at last died without pain.

In the last hour we both stood by his side. He joined our hands in silence, and turned his face to the wall. One low sigh we heard, and in that sigh the spirit of the old man passed away. We were alone with the dead. In that hour, and with the icy sense of our great mutual loss at my heart, and in the thought of Margaret's lonely and unsheltered youth, and the knowledge that henceforth I was the sole protector left to the fatherless child, the false unnatural love which I had borne to my own monstrous creation fell suddenly from me, and left behind no feeling but the deep, fathomless, and almost fatherly tenderness which I felt for the poor girl who was sobbing on my shoulder. And then and there, in that sick chamber, by the mute death-bed, and below the light of the dying lamp, once more our solemn troth was plighted. And we laid the old man in the church-yard by the river. And to that grave the students followed his coffin at night, by torchlight, and in silence. For he had been greatly loved, and the whole place mourned for him, but chiefly we. And Margaret sat alone, tearless and speechless in her orphan weeds, in the melancholy house, in the dim chamber where he had lived and died. And, noiseless through that silent room I stole to her side, and touched her hand, and looked into her face; and, seeing me, she burst into tears, the first she had shed since she was an orphan.

"Look up, dearest!" I stooped and whispered; "death at least hath not robbed thee of one heart that yet lives only to love thee, and whose highest pulses are all thine. Let the loss, dear child, which we both so deeply mourn, make us only cling nearer and closer to each other, and strengthen in us that divine affection which even death can not darken, nor corruption make less beautiful! Are we not all to each other, darling? Margaret, my wife, look up! gazing in these eyes thou shalt never remember that thou art fatherless."

And so I kissed the tears from her poor pale cheek, and led her, weeping and clinging to me, into the little garden outside.

The soft twilight was deepening through the tender stars—the grass was deep in dew—the beetle boomed about the air—far off the nightingale was singing up the lawns—and "see," I said, "darling, Nature feels no loss. Is it because God is always present to her?"

She did not answer, but smiled faintly, and though this smile was a wan one, I saw that the first anguish of loss was over. So we were both silent; and, deepening far above through her solitary signs, the night stole over us.

But I must hurry on to those fearful events which crowded the close of that evil history which I am relating.

A distant female cousin was the only relative that remained to Margaret. For her we sent immediately. She came and lived with the orphan till the year of mourning was over, after which time I was to be married to my betrothed. The old house had associations which were now become too painful to us both. So I hired another for the two women until such time as I could prepare, in some distant land, a fairer residence for our future life.

And the grass grew green over the grave of the professor, and, save by two solitary mourners, he was forgotten before the year was out. And the tree, the weird tree, each year of whose growth seemed marked by human calamity, grew and spread in height and foliage daily. And night by night I sat beneath its solemn shadow, and watched the stars through its wild branches; and, as gazing upward, I saw heaven over heaven above me stretching far into the luminous infinite, there fell upon me a crushing sense of the impotence of that knowledge for which my youth had so feverishly yearned, seeing that it availed not to rescue one human life or save a single tear.

The day was fixed for our nuptials. I had prepared for Margaret, in a golden climate of the south, and below a riper sun, a new home.

"And here," I said, "by these purple seas, and below these rosy skies, my hopes shall anchor. Here I will learn no lore but what love teaches. Whatever knowledge can give me I have already obtained. Once I thought to benefit my race by dauntless discoveries, but I see the world is still the same world, that imprisoned Galileo and laughed at Hervey. Deprived of friendship, love is yet left to me; I am content—I will devote my life to Margaret. Her child's heart is the fairest book that I can read, for it is new-written by God himself. The future, at least, shall be more sufficient than the past."

So, for the last time, I returned to B——, to fetch my bride. And, standing, on the evening before my marriage morning, by the wizard tree—

"Thing," I said, "of the mistaken past, good-night and good-by! A fairer future is already

dawning to me in yon dark east. To-morrow I shall leave thee forever."

That night, from restless thoughts, I fell toward morning into a tired slumber. And in sleep I dreamed a dream, and the dream was thus: I thought that I had wandered far into the heart of a strange and beautiful garden. Flowers of all hue and trees of every foliage blossomed up about my path. Bright green humming-birds, crimson butterflies, and all the legendary winged things that I had read of in fairy tale, floated, and flashed, and hovered in the rosy air. And, as I paused to breathe the fragrance of the flowers, and marvel at the wonder of the place, I heard the voice of Margaret calling to me through the dreamy bowers. I listened, and again, and again, and again the voice called me by my name. So I followed the sound till at last I found myself below a mighty tree, and before me was a form like an angel. Radiant wings, that seemed to have been dipped in rainbows, cast a warm and glowing shadow over the lucid shoulder. The white feet hardly crushed the purple flowers. So graceful, too, and so harmonious in all proportion was the form beside me, that it seemed to contain an undulous and ever-varying motion hidden in rest. And, gazing at the dazzling apparition, I recognized, with eyes softer than stars, and smiles warmer than summer, the face of Margaret. Yes, the face was hers; but a glorified change seemed to have passed over it. It seemed to me to be such as her face would be, had we met, not on earth, but in heaven.

"Taste," she said, in a voice of the strangest melody, "taste of the marvelous fruit which grows upon this tree. For surely this is that other fairer growth which flourished in Paradise long ago, and which was guarded by the watchful cherub with the flaming sword, lest man should eat and live. But eat, you," she said, "for no warning angel forbids to pluck from yon ambrosial branches their glowing burden. Eat, and become as I am, fairer than the children of earth whom we have dwelt among—fair as the love we bear each other, O, my adored!"

Wondering, I looked upward, and, lo! I stood beneath a tree, in shape, in foliage, and in flower, the counterpart of my own created plant! The same, but fairer; the same in all, but laden with a golden fruit that already intoxicated me by its fragrance. I stretched my arm, plucked from the boughs above a dazzling apple, and put it to my mouth. No sooner did it touch my lips than, O wonder, O magic, O delight! earth reeled beneath me; tenfold glory rushed down upon the air; tenfold warmth came with the summer wind upon my cheek; music filled my ears, and light my eyes; my feet spurned the ground; I felt wings behind me; I mounted in the air, and, with the lovely vision at my side, flew upward, upward, upward, till, in soaring, I awoke.

I awoke, and it was morning. The window-pane was already reddening in the first flush of the dawning east. The recollection of my dream, which was very vivid, excited me too much for sleep. I arose, and unfastened the casement; and, wafted from breezy uplands and dewy river-banks, the fresh morning air fanned my cheek and blew the sleep from my eyes. Then I remembered that it was my marriage morning. I dressed myself and descended into the garden. The day was fast gathering light. The dew was deep on blossom and bell; and where I walked, the fragrance of the awakening meadows seemed to fill me with health.

Instinctively my steps led me to the weird tree; and then, for the first time, I perceived with astonishment that, hitherto unobserved—for the poor plant had been sadly neglected of late—perhaps even during the past night-time, the tree had burst into fruit.

Gorgeous golden globes were hanging on the boughs, like pomegranates, of a fiery red. As I looked at them wistfully, my dream of the past night occurred to me, a voice even seemed to whisper in my ears. Scarcely knowing what I did, I extended my hand and plucked one of the fruit. The tree shivered in branch and leaf, and seemed to shrink up. This I hardly heeded. The apple was of a most delicious and aromatic fragrance, and I began, with great curiosity, to eat it. The sensations which followed it is difficult to explain, but I conceive them to have been similar to what I have heard described as the effects of opium. A serene and tranquil sense of enjoyment, to which every thing about me seemed to suggest new sources, began to pervade my whole being, and, as it were, to flood every nerve with pleasure. Such too, was the happiness which I experienced, that I was unable to conceive how I could ever have felt otherwise; it seemed to me, indeed, that nothing could contain sufficient cause for the most trivial annoyance. "For the first time," I said, "I breathe the breath of life!" And, save in an unwonted elasticity of movement, there was, in what I felt, no symptom of intoxication. On the contrary, never had I felt more clear-headed or self-possessed. Not only every physical sensation, but every mental perception seemed expanded to its fullest development.

While I thus stood, basking and sunning myself, so to speak, in the realization of these new sensations, I cast my grateful and wondering eyes upon the tree, and it was not without surprise that I observed that the broken stem, from which I had just plucked the fruit, had already swollen, and turned purple and livid, presenting an appearance not unlike a tumor on a human body; and emerging from the orifice of the wound, I saw a small, green insect crawl forth, about the size of a common fly, but snouted and pig-shaped, and covered with diminutive bristles.

At any other time the first impression which this would have caused me would probably have been one of disgust, for, small as the creature was, it was preternaturally monstrous in its appearance, being both hideous in form and loathsome in color. My next impression might have been one of scientific curiosity; but now the

only sensation which I felt was that of great amusement, and I laughed inordinately at the sight of this diminutive deformity.

I gathered more of the fruit, and thrust it into my bosom. In each case the same phenomenon occurred. Wherever an apple was plucked the stem swelled, and turned a livid purple hue, and forth came a small green insect of the most loathsome appearance.

Not regarding this, I turned away and walked back to the house. As I reached the threshold the joy-bells began to ring out clearly from the distant spire, and I found that I had only just time to seek my bride, and accompany her to the church.

I hardly dare go on; but the end is nearly come. Still I think I hear the mad bells clashing clamorously and cheerily as they rang in my merry marriage morning. And we were wed. And I became forever through life, till death—in health, in sickness, in wealth, in want—the sworn guardian of another gentler life than mine; a fair young life, whose fate was given to my hands.

Oh, but it was a merry morning, that! And they pelted us with flowers in the porch, and flung them in our path as we walked by. Just emblems! perishable blooms, that died before the night fell, and withered up like all my hopes!

Far and far into the distant, dreamy south we went to find our future home, my young wife and I. And I breathed my love upon her cheek, and folded her to my heart, and felt her light arm tremble on my own.

And softly—oh, so softly—from the darkened hills rose up our nuptial night! And brightly the stars lighted their bridal torches for us. "And would," I whispered, creeping to her side as she gazed into the loving and lustrous spheres above, "would, dearest, I were heaven, to gaze on thee with all those myriad, myriad eyes!"

Then I spoke to her of my dream, and told her how that I had eaten of the fruit of the tree, and how marvelous were its properties. And I showed her the golden apples, and fed her on their delirious juices. Ha! ha! was ever fairer marriage-feast than that?

And I watched the color flush into her cheek, and the light rise into her eyes, and the delicious intoxication tremble through her veins. And we were so happy that night—so happy! And when sleep came at last, it seemed so sweet and natural to slumber on her breast, knowing that I should wake to look into her eyes. And so I *did* sleep, and I *did* wake, and forever the dream was over!

I awoke; but an iron pain was hanging on my lids. My cheeks were burning, and my lips were cracked and swollen, and my breath was like fire, and my tongue seemed bursting in my mouth.

With pain and difficulty I lifted myself up, and looked around me, and cold, cold and corpse-like, in my arms lay my beautiful young wife! Beautiful no more; for the gray, ghastly morning fell full upon her brows, and they were white and livid, and blotched all over with loathsome, loathsome purple spots. And, pah! from every ulcerous wound were crawling forth hideous, green, mis-shapen, insect reptiles! Ha! ha! She was not even a lovely corpse—my bride. I had not given her beauty to the grave.

Must I go on? Will you have the horrible details? The lying poison had done its work: the frailer, weaker constitution of the two was destroyed. Mine survived—wrecked, shaken to its foundations—a wreck forever!

Margaret was dead. I lived; if that be life in which time was stricken and razed from my perception. I know not how many terrible days, or weeks, or months, thus whitened my hair, and crushed me into sudden age. But years have passed since then—long, awful years—and still, as though but yesterday she died, the anguish of that morning is fearfully present to me. Would to God the malignant fate which robbed me of my bride and my youth, had taken from me, in the same hour, my memory and my mind!

Melchior paused; he was greatly agitated; and so entranced was I by the extraordinary history which he had just unfolded to me, that it was many moments before I could find voice to falter out a few barren and silly commonplaces, meant for consolation.

But no, he said, I have sinned, and it is justly that I suffer. I was filled with evil arrogance, in the blind estimation of my own powers. I thought, in the pride and folly of my heart, to mount on knowledge to the spheres, and stand face to face with Divinity! Impotent boaster that I was! I have found that is only through death and suffering that man draws near to God.

At first, and when the agonizing realization of all my loss was somewhat deadened, I endeavored, with the brutal egotism that had characterized my youth, to forget, in active life and amid crowds, the misery of the heart.

I dwelt amid thronged cities, and wrestled with my fellow men for their miserable prizes: the suffering at my heart lent me a wild energy. I succeeded in all I undertook; I became the counselor of kings; I trod the floors of costly palaces; I learnt to look into the dark heart of states; princes sought my favor; I was renowned, and—miserable!

To some, suffering brings a tender and melancholy sympathy with their kind; it was not so with me. I felt that the mystery of a great sorrow hung about me, and shut me from communion with the lesser griefs and joys of others. I knew that I was disliked and feared, and I scorned and crushed those who made me feel it. The barren life which surrounded me, with its noisy struggle for its puny and unworthy objects, chafed and irritated me. I said, "I will seek repose in solitude;" so I traveled far, and fled to the desert.

To its antique sources I tracked the course of the mighty and mysterious Nile, till my foot sounded in the palaces of the Ptolemies, and I saw thegre at sand-seas stretched around me. Then the silence was too awful, for I felt my-

self fearfully alone with God; and at night I dared not gaze into the vast heaven above me, knowing He looked down on me through the stars. Neither in cities nor in solitude had I yet learned the true lesson of grief. So I returned to Europe, and, in my wanderings, halted among these hills. Here I have dwelt for years; and with years have come repentance and patience.

I was silent and we walked on.

"You have read," said Melchior, suddenly, "of a Spartan general, who, on the night that he was wed, murdered—innocently murdered, if murder be ever innocent—the woman that he loved; and her spirit, they say, haunted him through life. Think you his guilt was equal to my own? or his suffering to be measured with what I have felt?"

I could not answer.

"The tree," he resumed, "the evil tree is withered up, and dead; and the evil desires that created and nourished it are at rest forever. And Margaret lies in yonder valley (for there I caused her body to be brought), where daily, by her grave, I may mourn and pray; and there, too, daily, renew flowers fairer than these which bloomed and perished on our bridal path. And if to those that have sinned, and in sorrow repented, the All-wise One, in His infinite mercy, has vouchsafed forgiveness, then is it not in vain that I have wept, and prayed, and hoped upon that grave.

"I think that the sands have nearly run out, and that my hour must be at hand; I think, and hope so; for I have fulfilled the life of man. I have loved and sinned, and suffered, and repented. What remains? Death. And the rest is there!" He pointed to the skies.

That evening Melchior died.

A DAY WITH CHARLES FOX.

ABOUT the noon of a summer's day (*circa* 1787–8), sauntering along that "sweet shady side of Pall-mall" sung of by Captain Morris, the fancy seizes us to visit Mr. Fox, whose orations we have read with delight, of whose marvelous talents we have heard such wonders. Accordingly we proceeded to one of the innumerable residences that he occupied during the vicissitudes of his career. We find him living in second-rate lodgings, in the neighborhood of St. James's-street, and the mediocrity of his abode strikes us as contrasting with the splendor of his fame. Ascending to his sitting-room, we are face to face with a great historical character, and our breath is in suspense while with eager curiosity we gaze in his retirement upon the idolized hero of Party Worship.

Lounging over his late breakfast sits one whose personal appearance alone would rivet the attention. His figure, in robust manhood, shows none of those traces of dissipation that we might have expected from the life of a roysterer. His swarthy complexion recalls to us his nickname—"Nigger;" and the thick and bushy eyebrows, with something of a saturnine aspect, strangely blended with the signs of a passionate temperament, remind us of his Stuart blood through the Lennox family. There is the "Charley Fox" of White's and Almack's—the "Mr. Fox" of aristocratic Whig coteries—the "Fox" of history's page! With what an easy, indolent air he sips his chocolate, while he glances over some piece of French trash, in which rumors, *bon mots*, scandals about the Faubourg St. Germain, and pedantry from the *pays Latin* are jumbled together in the *fricassée* style of French literature. There is a good-natured look of affability about our statesman that conciliates good-will; and yet that compressed mouth and beetling brow, with its occasional heavy frown, tell of one whose temper can be wrathful, and whose soul can be impassioned with the fire of genius.

The carelessness of the whole man as seen in his character is one of the most true and significant signs of his nature. Here is no formal bookcase with *variorum* classics and standard essayists. His books are as miscellaneous as his acquaintances, and, like his other friends, range from good to bad. A stray volume of Tacitus is beside the last Italian opera—the new "Racing Calendar" is carelessly tossed over his old Eton copy of Thucydides. His valet brings in more letters to him, in addition to the unopened pile already on the table, and we can see that the sight of all that he has to read daunts the man of ease. The variety of his life is attested by the superscriptions of his letters. Here is the formal clerkly hand of a money-lending usurer. There is a trumpery letter from a tuft-hunting democrat, proud of writing "My dear Sir" to the nephew of the Duke of Richmond. He takes up a long packet with "E. B." in the corner. It is a prolix MS. written in a tremulous hurried hand, with copious interlineations. But the morning is too oppressive to begin with poring over politics, and that dirty vile scrawl on yon crumpled paper, with news about "Seagull"* from the famed Sam Chifney, arrests his eyes. The political MS. is crumpled into a drawer, and, while our statesman, with something like bustling activity, makes fresh notes in his betting-book, there is ushered in one of his dearest friends. It is Fitzpatrick, a dandy of the eighteenth century, an Irish humorist with some Parisian grace, and something of a military carriage. He is prematurely haggard and careworn from the campaigns of pleasure; and his conversation, neither edifying nor instructive, is vastly amusing. And while the two friends are confidentially discussing of their common affairs—for they are deep in each other's secrets—pleasant noise of laughter is heard on the stairs, and the swarthy face of Fox is gladdened as his dear sprightly Jack Townshend

* "Seagull" won the Oatlands at Ascot, and in stakes (then smaller than now) won close on £1600. He easily beat the Prince of Wales's "Escape" at Ascot, two miles for five hundred guineas, vast sums depending upon the match. Sam Chifney used to say "Mr. Fox was a grand man, and know'd 'osses very well."

comes in along with the "Hare of many friends." What jokes! what mirth! what capital sayings sparkle, flash, and fly about that little shabby drawing-room! It is brilliant with the hues of fancy and humor. And Fox himself—with what an easy, delighted air he enjoys the banter and good-humor of his companions! The names of the gifted and the beautiful are mentioned, and Fox tears open his invitations to the various scenes of gayety and joy where his presence is persuasively bidden in the autographs of the fashionable rulers of the age. Well, our statesman leads a pleasant life, and who would say that politics are a grave pursuit? Ay, or a great one?

Yet stay! We must see more of the life of this man of ease. The day is wearing on, and he saunters out to Brookes's. Every hand is put out to welcome him, and he is evidently the favorite of the club. Around him are clustered the Fitzroys, and the Kepples, and the St. Johns. How glad he is to see George Byng, and with what warmth he greets that delicate, slender young man—the new member for Northumberland—a man of brilliant promise—Charles Grey! Every one is glad to see him, and he has a word for all. He is the king of his company, until a new arrival comes, and with courteous *empressement* the great party leader acknowledges the presence of George Prince of Wales. They were early this morning in each other's company before, and the Prince's face betrays what Fox's countenance does not show—that a night of joy had been succeeded by the headache of repentance. And now the Prince and Fox retire to a private room, where we must not intrude on the secret plottings in which the vanity of Court life, and the passions of a political chieftain are commingled. But soon the secret council is at an end, and, after a fresh ambuscade has been plotted against Mr. Pitt, the Prince and Fox emerge in high spirits, and the Prince gayly challenges Lord Derby to a game of billiards, while Fox mounts his horse and goes to the Park. How the crowd look after him! How all the idlers regard his well-known face! See him beside the chariot yonder! Who could think that this was a man deep in state affairs, while he eagerly talks gossip and prattles badinage to the delighted ears of those lovely sisters, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon. Yes! He has made them happy. He certainly will join the coalition water party up to Richmond. What a gay, joyous scene it is to-day, and what a blaze of fashion is in the Park! All eyes look toward Fox, as he continues to loiter by the side of the Duchess of Devonshire's chariot. See how admiring groups of provincials are gazing with admiration at the great lion of the day. They scrutinize his careless, easy dress, and note his blue and buff costume. They see his face, unclouded with care, and hear his laugh, while he tells light, gay anecdotes to the brilliant occupants of the chariot. Here comes Lady Lade and her eternal ponies; and the Duchess looks grave, and Fox bites his lips. And here comes the Countess of Clermont along with Lady William Gordon, telling of life at Paris and Marie Antoinette. There is a gentleman riding near, and, as he salutes Charles Fox, the Duchess of Devonsire, with her sprightly vivacity, quotes the line of the "Rolliad"—

"The comely Villiers with his flaxen locks."

Here comes the brilliant Colonel St. Leger, a star of fashion, and idol of the fair. He is welcomed with the sweetest smiles by the Duchess of Devonshire. But the smile vanishes as St. Leger announces that the Duchess of Rutland, the brightest ornament of the Pittite female aristocracy, is driving hither in her pony carriage. There they are, the two rival beauties of the day—Devonshire excelling in fascination, and Rutland unrivaled in grace—the first a daughter of the house of Spencer, and inheriting much of the versatile talent of her race; the second a Somerset, with the blood of the Plantagenets in her veins. Both equal in the amount of admiration which followed them, but Devonshire decidedly carrying the palm in popularity, and the other achieving the victory in power. What a stately air has Rutland, as she proudly sweeps by! Fresh from her vice-regal throne, she seems to have acquired more imposing dignity. And she smiles with flattered pride as she thinks of the lines in which Fox announced her conquest, when she was Marchioness of Granby:

"Ye meteors, who with mad career
Have rov'd through Fashion's atmosphere,
And thou, young, fair, fantastic Devon,
Wild as the comet in mid heaven,
Hide your diminished heads, nor stay
T' usurp the shining realms of day,
For see, th' unsullied morning light,
With beams more constant and more bright,
Her splendid course begins to run,
And all creation hails the sun."

And now Fox rides on slowly. One might suppose that he had much more to think of in life than toying and coquetting with pretty women. Is *this* the fitting life for a man professing to live for empire? Instead of toying with beauties, ought he not to be studying statistics? What would Sir Robert —— Down, thou snarler! Know that it is an age of passion, of vague aspirations, of grand and stirring social theories. It is in the latter end of the eighteenth century, before the steam-engine is invented, when the name of Peel is only mentioned with spinning-jennies, and Sheridan's lines on the new baronetcy—long before the time when a Clerk talking *blue-books* for three hours could be hailed as a debater. It is characteristic of the time that the first debater should be also the fashion of the day. Ay! *the fashion;* and what spell there was in that word in those days, when Fox was playing his great part! It would have been good policy in those days for a statesman with the King and Queen adverse to him to court the smiles of celebrated beauty. But see! He is not a favorite with all the lovely women. There is another lady in a pony carriage—for

pony driving is the female rage of the time. What a decided *cut* this lady has given to Fox, who seemed anxious to salute her! She is very beautiful still, though already she has had two husbands, and some say that she is secretly married to ——; but thereby hangs a tale, and there, too, lies the reason why Mrs. Fitzherbert turns away her head from Charles Fox.

And now the Park is getting thin, and the gay charioteers turn homeward their fairy steeds. Fox, too, is preparing to leave. He looks rather more grave than we could like. Could the apparition of Mrs. Fitzherbert have suggested unpleasant thoughts to him? Or does he want to shake off that boring Tom Stepney who wants to ride with him? Well, he is at last alone, riding out through Gloucester-gate, and he puts his horse to a canter, and is soon at his favorite *séjour*—the house of Mrs. Armistead. Ah! that name conjures up recollections of unlawful love. Yes! and of a love that cherished Fox as he was loved by none other in the world! Which of all his gay worldly companions, of all the friends that extolled his genius, would do as that woman, and risk life to secure the existence of the popular leader? Now she is his mistress, but the day shall come when he will gratefully call her by the sacred name of wife, and give her his hand in marriage, as the only recompense in his power for risking her life as his nurse in a contagious malady that but for her would have proved mortal.

She seems surprised to see him. She did not expect him for another hour. So much the better—he has something to read before dinner. Tossing himself on a sofa, he draws from his pocket a paper that we saw this morning. Yes! it is the "E. B." paper; and with knit brows he begins to apply himself to a disquisition from the pen of "the greatest *philosopher in action* that the world ever saw." Fox reads—admires, and learns from one who in the science of politics was his master. "Well," he mutters, "what genius and knowledge this good Edmund has! Yet the House of Commons prefers me to him, and Burke knows it; and, by Jove, the House is right! for where could a House of Commons be found to follow this profound reasoning, these soaring flights of fancy? Speeches, as I often say, are made to be spoken, and not to be read, as the House knows by instinct. Fox on his legs, and Burke upon paper—such is the right division of labor." He masters the paper with rapid facility, tenaciously grasps its facts, and with intuitive logic sees the variety of views which the speculative mind of Burke has suggested. Without a ruffle on his brow, he joyously announces that he has got his task ready for the Commons, joins his mistress at their quiet dinner, where she eagerly listens to her Charles eloquently rhapsodizing about the merits of a marvelous new actress—one Mrs. Siddons—with a voice almost as grand as that of Mr. Pitt, and with a delivery unrivaled by the orators of any time. Well! while Fox is dining, we shall see what the Commons are about, who are eagerly waiting for his appearance.

Here we are in old St. Stephen's! The first thing that strikes us is the plainness of the room where the chief rulers of the British empire are assembled. Here is no splendid hall, no tesselated corridor, no long-drawn vistas, or fretted vaults of Gothic architecture. The whole place reminds one of a superior description of a Dissenting meeting-house. Here are the gentlemen of England assembled to the number of nearly five hundred. How easy it is to know the Opposition, with the number of blue and buffs among them. What a number of old men are in the House! and there are also a number of very young men, fresh from college. But where is Pitt? He has not come yet; there is his place vacant on the Treasury bench, and there is Pitt's right-hand man—tall Harry Dundas—ready to sing the Scotch tune of "Wha wants me?" Look at that odd, queer creature, looking like an overgrown shrimp in contortions. Ah! that is a great friend of Pitt's—'tis young Wilberforce, the member for Yorkshire. The young man talking to him, with a star on his breast, and with a pair of eyes outshining his star, is young Lord Mornington—a poor Irish Lord—rather a favorite of the King. He has not yet realized the expectations formed of him. There is Sir John Scott, the Attorney-General, with his grave, sensible, sturdy face. What a contrast he is to that elegant, aristocratic-looking member on the front Opposition bench! That is Mr. Erskine, another of the brilliant advocates who have failed in St. Stephen's. There, at the middle of the front bench, is Rose, the Secretary to the Treasury, careworn and flurried, looking as anxious as if his New Forest property was taken from him. How unlike he is to his brother Secretary—Steele—the member for Chichester—a picture of Silenus. But what a Babel of noise! We can scarcely catch a word that falls from the member on his legs, vehemently flourishing a paper in his hand. How odd it looks to see a public speaker haranguing with spectacles on nose, like this unheard member! 'Tis Burke! Ah! You see what a rage he is in, while, thanks to that clownish-looking person—Rolle, the member for Devon—not a word is heard from "the greatest man then living." But the fault is not altogether with the Commons. Like other men of genius, Burke is arrogant, morose, and is embittered with personal annoyances. 'Tis the unhappiest time of his life. He sits down—and how well listened to is the next speaker, with his formal, slow, and precise manner. That's George Bankes, the member for Corfe Castle—one of the most independent men in the House—a man who would not barter his independence for an earldom. See how that tall, emaciated looking man is noting the statements of Bankes. He gets up to reply. 'Tis Sir Philip Francis. How impatient are his gestures! how sharp is his tone! how acrimonious in manner! And he is followed by some nondescript on the

Treasury bench. But see the bustle below the bar!

Yes! there stalks the stately figure of William Pitt, marching along the gangway to the Treasury bench! He looks like one born for power, with that wide imperial brow—that lordly air of supremacy—that sovereign stare at the embattled front of Opposition. There is something of his sire about his carriage; but his features have the Grenville look, as his blood partakes of its phlegm. He is dressed with elaborate formality, in his customary black waistcoat and blue body-coat. And now there is fresh noise below the gangway—and while the Speaker, roaring, "Order, order! below the bar—"

> "In vain the power of strengthening porter cries,
> And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies—"

in comes the much-desired Charles Fox, greatly to the relief of the discomfited Opposition, who now have the worst of the debate. That is Lord Surrey—the Protestant Lord Surrey—talking to Fox. People whisper that Lord Surrey is still a Papist, and it is said that he wears that ugly coat on him as a penance. And now Sheridan is up! How well he does it! and how readily the House gives its ear to him, while he dazzles it with ingenious thoughts, amuses with his fancy, though his declamation fails to stir the passions. His tone is not deeper or higher than that of the comedy in which he has immortalized his name. How angry poor Burke looks at Sheridan's success! Rivals at the same side are always more jealous than avowed adversaries face to face.

At last Pitt rises. All is hushed. His figure seems too tall for an orator, and his aspect is forbidding, with its stern and haughty air. But his voice is that of a demi-god. How gloriously it fills the ear, as the speaker's swelling sentences are fluently rolled forth in mellifluous harmony. The action is flowing and facile, too unvaried for perfectly artistic grace, but with enough of elocutionary art. Not only every word but every syllable is distinctly caught. If we had not heard him we could scarcely imagine this blended force and harmony, this energy without discord, this marvelous facility united to imposing stateliness. In his words, as in his matter, there is no appeal to our imagination, but the whole man, with his air of heaven-given dictatorship, his awe-inspiring severity of deportment, his lofty scorn for his foes, his evident faith in himself—justified by his vast powers—we say, the whole man does kindle up our imagination, and vitalizes our recollection of Athenian and Roman story. Here is that man whose prowess would have daunted the sensitive soul of Cicero, whose logic, of clearness beyond all that the schools could teach, and musical thunder of grandly terrible declamation, might have contorted with jealousy the heart of Demosthenes. Here is that king of men—that ruler of his time—who, long before thirty summers have passed, has changed the fate of parties—crushed the Whigs—reconstructed on new principles the party of the Court—allied the Tories to the commercial energy of the land—unfurled his banner of "British Empire," and inscribed it with his motto, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce." For three hours, with unfaltering force, he has defied his adversaries, and defended his resolves, and, amid reverberating volleys of cheers, resumes his seat, himself the only unmoved human being in that spellbound assembly.

Well, Fox never can answer that display. You cry—"What a pity that he spent all his day sauntering about! And last night, too, how he wasted it in the orgies where Captain Morris sung his bacchanalian strains!" You think that Fox must break down, and you feel for him, as with heavy, lumbering air he advances slowly to the table, and fumbles awkwardly with his fingers. There he stands, amid a dead silence of expectation. Look at his careless half-buttoned vest, his crumpled linen, his almost slovenly attire. What is he saying? We can not hear him distinctly. He seems quite confused, and his sentences are all entangled. Ah! he must fail, as his father before him did when "battling it out" with another Pitt. His voice, too, how different is its coarse and husky sound from the sonorous organ of his gifted foe. His gestures, also, how commonplace—his whole air how ungainly, as we contrast it with the stateliness of the last speaker. But how very still the House is! The Opposition do not seem dispirited, nor does the Treasury bench look prematurely elated. Both sides know by experience the nature of the man before them. His voice is getting more clear—he has got rid of that unseemly obstruction to his utterance. We find that he is saying, in very plain and unaffected words, that the minister, though adroit and artful, is, after all, very superficial in his views. He—Charles Fox—does not mean to deny that a case of apparent strength and reason might be made by the minister. Well, he fancies the case—and we are surprised to find him restating his adversary's case. He does it with clearness, precision, and transparent simplicity of style. This case could not be put more strongly for the other side than Fox has put it. He enlists attention and sympathy by the equity of his statement. 'Tis his art! 'tis his matchless art, which died with Fox. Now, then, he has the case fairly before the House—now the matter in dispute is clearly seen. Ha! with what overwhelming vehemence, what terrific impetuosity he anathematizes the contemptible sophistry of the case which he had recently just restated! He scouts its utter absurdity, and rends to pieces the whole argument. He analyzes it, and refutes each assertion separately; he returns again and again to the main proposition, never gliding away with ambiguous language or skulking from a difficulty. This plain downright manner disarms all suspicion of sophistry, and you evidently see that he is making havoc with the substance of Pitt's speech. Now how he glows

with ardor as he approaches a part of the question where humanity is concerned! He becomes more intense every moment. A new view of the whole question, not thought of before, is bursting upon the astonished House. The speaker's masculine sense is translating into parliamentary English the over subtle and abstracted conclusions of the "E. B." paper. Vast prospects of great social good flash into the speaker's soul, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impulsiveness of an enthusiast. His argument becomes impassioned; his reasoning blends into the speaker's soul. This is the ignited logic—the Greek fire of heart-stirring eloquence—the tongue to plead for the injured and oppressed—to speak of human anguish. This is the man who would burn to break the shackles of the dusky tribes of Africa. Those near him see the tears bursting from his eyes—those far off hear the voice faltering with sympathy, and the genuine sensibility of a strong man has magic power over the sympathies. He is carrying the House with him: how he revels in his power! He realizes to his mind the pleasure described by an anonymous essayist of antiquity—the heart-stirring joy of successful extempore speaking: "Sed extemporalis audaciæ, atque ipsius temeritatis, vel præcipua jucunditas est. . . .gratiora tamen quæ suâ sponte nascuntur." Completely carried away himself by his own enthusiasm, and by that which he has raised, his pulse at fever heat, and his heart knocking against his ribs, amid a tempest of cheers he sinks back into his seat, exultant in the glory of stirring to the very depths the deep-lying passions of the Commons of England!

Pitt's speech now seems like the recollection of a mighty sound in your ear. Fox has left upon you the impression that he had all the reason and argument on his side. Pitt gave you little materials for thinking upon, and Fox poured forth masses of thought. But you do not stop to criticise. Your eyes are fixed on the rush to Fox's seat, and on the eager crowd of roaring Whigs who seek to grasp their champion's hand; and you leave the House, astonished how a man of his apparently idle habits can show himself the match for Pitt, another prodigy of powers—"rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their special combination." You wonder still more when you find that Fox's speech has scarcely told upon the division. The minister has gained by three to one, and Fox's glory is to inspire his beaten party in the hour of defeat with hopes of future victory.

Follow the orator as he drives to Boodle's, where he sups. There again he is first among the first, reveling in spirits, not presuming in the least upon his intellectual superiority. As in the morning at Brooke's, so now at Boodle's, he is welcomed by all, and makes himself happy among them. Well, he is entitled to close the night with pleasure, and repose from his labors. Close the night! Who talks of doing it? Why, thou rustic novice, know that Charley Fox (again he is Charley) is now only beginning it! See his countenance beaming with gratification as he drains the flowing beakers. How he enjoys and takes part in the rattling talk and vehemently vivacious gayety of the wits and talkers around him. He makes us think of the description by Beaumont of the nights at the Mermaid:

> "Heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."

But what a strange look Fox's face is getting now! We have not seen him the whole day exhibit that sinister expression. He fixes his eye on Lord Foley, and heeds not Courtenay's artificial wit and classical puns, nor does he mind "Blue Hanger's" aphorisms about the art of dressing, nor Fitzpatrick's raptures on Roman punch. Even though fresh news from Newmarket has come to-night, he does not care about it. We do not like that hard, callous expression; it seems quite unnatural to his countenance. There is a vicious rigidity creeping over it that is very displeasing. He nods to Lord Foley, and the pair leave the room, after a hackney-coach has been ordered. When the door has been closed upon them, Courtenay, coarsely enough, with a toss of his head, winks at Lord Besborough, and makes significant gestures.

And now there is a chorus of sounds echoing the *refrain*, "What a man that Fox is, to be sure!" His talents are extolled to the skies, and the state of his affairs is commented upon. He has no doating father now to pay £140,000 for his gambling. But he still is deep on the turf, and has shares in blood horses, and his cards may yet turn up trumps—and, better than all, Billy Pitt may be turned out. Another hour has passed away since that joyous supper at the club. The summer morning has dawned, and the early market-gardeners are coming into town. The eastern sky is streaked with the rising sun, and the cool air is refreshing after the heated supper-room. For the ten thousandth time the contrast between the calm beauty of nature, and the stir and noise of feverish passing life comes upon us, and the heart is touched. But as we are passing down this narrow street leading from Jermyn-street, what noise is that? Ha! there is a riot in yonder house, and the door is suddenly opened, and a couple of fellows, looking like bandits in servants' livery, kick out into the street, amid profuse imprecations, a cheating blackleg. Yes! it is a gaming-house.

Ascend the stairs, walk into the second-floor chamber, and look upon the horrid scene.

Yon Jew from Amsterdam is a gamester, noted through Europe! Near him is an Irish peer, staking the remains of his rack-rents. There is Lord Egremont, who thinks the whole set around a pack of pickpockets, but still plays

on; that fine young man, with frenzy in his face, flushed with feverish rage, is a prince of blood royal—the Duke of York. And there is Fitzpatrick, exhausted in body, and excited in mind—and, oh shame!—there is that Fox on whose burning words the Senate lately hung enraptured! There is that Fox from whose lips we heard the words of virtue, the precepts of the purest morality, and the faltering accents of enthusiastic philanthropy! see him now, half-maddened with the *auri sacra fames*. See the gnawing misery in his haggard features, and hear him—but no! We can not look on. The hero of our idolatry has fallen to a man. Our dream of a philanthropic demigod vanishes. We will not wait to see the ruined gambler stagger home to the lodgings where we found him last noon; our feelings are revolted. We have for the moment no patience with a whining sentimentalist who would cry, "Alas! poor human nature!"

So ends our chronicle of "A Day with Fox." It will of itself explain why such a man was, from first to last, conquered by one his equal, but scarcely his superior, in great intellect. Darker tints might be used, but we have revealed enough to show the reasons why amidst the grave and decorous people of England, Fox held office for months, and Pitt counted his power by decades of years.

A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

AN anecdote of M. Laplace, the celebrated author of the "Mécanique Celeste," was lately read before the French Academy by Mons. J. B. Biot, one of Laplace's most eminent pupils, and now, we believe, filling the chair of the mathematics. M. Biot terms his paper, or memoir, an anecdote; but it is more a piece of entertaining scientific autobiography, illustrating the love of science, hopefulness of heart, and magnanimity of nature, of both pupil and tutor.

It is now fifty years ago (commences M. Biot) since one of the greatest philosophers France has produced took by the hand a young and inexperienced student of the mathematics, who had the presumption to form the resolution of personally waiting upon the great professor, although a complete stranger, and requesting his examination of a crude essay connected with the above science. At the time I speak of (1803), the Academy hardly demanded more of young students, than that they should at least show zeal in whatever engaged their studies. I was fond of the study of geometry, but, like other young men, lost a good deal of time in capriciously dallying with other sciences. Nevertheless, my ambition was to penetrate those higher regions of the mathematics on which the laws of the heavenly bodies could be defined. But the works of the ancients on this grand subject are abstruse, and naturally taxed a tyro's comprehension on the threshold of his inquiries. At the commencement of the present century, M. Laplace was laboring at the composition of a work, now celebrated, which was to unite, in a comprehensive form, the calculation of the old astronomers as well as modern, and submit them to the test of new calculations. The first volume of M. Laplace's book was promised to appear under the title of the "Mécanique Celeste," it being then in the press. This fact induced me to take a step which was both precipitate and impertinent, although it fortunately proved successful, and opened the door of M. Laplace's studio to me. I had the presumption to write to the professor, requesting that he would permit me to assist him in correcting the proof-sheets of his celebrated work, while they were proceeding through the press. M. Laplace replied to my letter politely, but excused himself from complying with its request, on the plea that his calculations might become anticipated in publication, by their being submitted to a stranger. This refusal, reasonable as it was, did not satisfy me; and so greatly did my zeal outweigh my sense of propriety, that I made a second appeal to the learned author, representing, that all I wished was to test the amount of my own proficiency in the mathematics, by having the opportunity of inspecting and studying his valuable pages. I stated, that my prevailing taste was to pursue calculations of the abstruse order of his book; and that, if he granted me permission, I would devote myself carefully to the task of endeavoring to discover any typographical errors that might exist in his volume then going through the press. My persistence disarmed him; and, in short, he sent me all the proof-sheets, accompanied by an exceedingly kind letter of encouragement. I need not say with what ardor I devoted myself to my task. I could well apply to my case the Latin maxim—"Violente rapiunt illud."

At the date of this occurrence, I resided at some distance from Paris; but from time to time I went thither, taking with me whatever I had got through of my revision, and I certainly found opportunities for making errata. At each succeeding visit, Laplace received me in the most encouraging and friendly manner, examining my revisions attentively, the while discussing with me, in the most condescending manner, my favorite topic of the mathematics. His kind reception and deportment won all my confidence. I frequently drew his attention to what I thought were difficulties in my studies, but he always helped me over the stile condescendingly, although his valuable time must have been somewhat unfairly trespassed upon. But, in fact, Laplace, out of sheer good-nature, often pretended to consider questions of importance the simplest propositions, which my inexperience caused me to submit to him.

Shortly after I had become his regular visitor, and was received as a guest, or, rather, pupil, I was so fortunate as to accidentally offer a suggestion, which threw some new light on the mode in which mathematical calculations were to be made in correction of Euler's work, "De

Insignia Promotione Methodi Tangentium." In Petersbourg's scales, there are classes of questions in geometry of a very singular kind, which Euler has only partly solved. The singularity of the problems consisted in explaining the nature or true character of an irregular curve, of an almost shapeless form to any eye but a mathematical one. This description of irregular curve is so crooked, and full of minor and mixed irregularities of shape, that it is quite capable of confusing a beginner in the mathematics in his attempts at rendering it amenable to mathematical principles and rules. It presented to me a problem which no one had, I believed, fairly solved, Euler and Laplace inclusive, and it was important enough to engage my special attention and severest application.

It is not necessary that the translator should follow M. Biot's explanations of his actual method of solving the problem, since they are extremely difficult to explain within moderate limits either of space or patience; suffice, that, having dived to the profoundest depths of the science, he says he rose up possessed of the *Eureka*—viz., in certain unique analytical and symbolical equations, by which occult means he solved the problem in question.

My calculations (pursues M. Biot) were duly and patiently gone into and finished, their object being to explain the nature or characteristics of this irregular curve. The symbols or hieroglyphics I chose to employ, for want of any better, covered many folios of foolscap, and finally I submitted my manuscript to my excellent tutor. He examined it with manifest surprise and curiosity, and appeared much pleased with the production. The next day he told me that I must make a copy of my *mémoire*, for the purpose of its being laid before the Academy, and that he would introduce me as the author of an original paper on the mathematics, which I was to read. This was an honor I did not even think of, and I felt in doubt whether I ought to accept it; but the judgment of Laplace being so strongly in behalf of my doing so, I acted upon his advice, and prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

I presented myself at the Academy the following day accordingly. By permission of the president, I proceeded to draw upon the large black table, used for ocular demonstrations, the figures and formula I was desirous to employ as modes of explanation before an auditory. When the opportunity was afforded me to commence, the table at which I stood was immediately surrounded by the geometricians of the Academy. General Bonaparte, then just returned from Egypt, was one of those seated among them. I overheard Napoleon, in conversation with M. Monge, a celebrated academician of the day, express his interest in the *début* of one who, like himself, had been a student in the Polytechnic School. This was a gratifying circumstance; but, to my surprise, Bonaparte pretended to anticipate the contents of my paper, by exclaiming aloud to Monge, who sat near him—"What! surely I know those figures again; I have certainly met those symbols before!" I could not help fancying that the general was extremely premature, in thus declaring knowledge of what no one save M. Laplace had any opportunity of examining, at least by my consent; but, occupied as I was, every other thought gave way before the one great aim I had in view, to explain my calculations in correction of Euler's problem. In my agitation, I neither thought of Napoleon's military greatness nor his political power; consequently, his presence on those accounts did not trouble me much. Nevertheless, Bonaparte's well-known talents as a geometrician, which had been not only exercised in the Polytechnic School, but on a wider and bolder scale during his military career, particularly in fortification, joined to his well-known quickness and foresight, were sufficient to make me pause ere I attempted to communicate matters, in the study of which I might prove, after all, but a mere tyro. However, it was only the hesitation of a few minutes. The thought that Laplace had been my adviser re-assured me. I proceeded with my demonstrations, and soon found myself in the midst of them, explaining very freely, and I believe, also, as clearly, the nature, point, and results of my researches. On conclusion, I received numerous assurances from the academicians that my calculations possessed considerable scientific value. Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix, were appointed adjudicators upon my contribution to the Academy, and they accorded me the usual honors of a successful *mémoire*.

After the *séance*, I accompanied M. Laplace to his residence; he very openly expressed his satisfaction at the neatness and finish (these were his words) of my demonstrations, and he said his pleasure was greater still, from my having had the good sense to take his advice, and not hazard too much to theory. But I was quite unprepared for what was to come. When we reached home, Laplace invited me to come at once into his study, "for," said he, "I have something there to show you that I am sure will interest you." I followed him, and he made me sit down in his *fauteuil*, while he rummaged among his keys for one which belonged to a cupboard that, he asserted, had not been opened for years. Out of this cupboard he took a roll of yellow and dusty papers, which he carried to the window, threw up the sash, and then began energetically beating the manuscripts against the wall, intent, apparently, on divesting them of the dust and spiders which had made the writings their resting-place. At length the papers were in a condition to be deciphered; and Laplace put them before me, to make what I could of the figures inscribed upon the manuscripts. I had gone, however, but a little way in my examination, when (conceive my surprise at the discovery) I found that the mouldy papers contained *all my problems*, and those also of Euler, treated and solved even by the identical method I had believed myself to have alone discovered!

Laplace informed me that he had arrived at the solution of most of Euler's problems many

years ago, but that he had been stopped in his calculations by the same obstacle of which he had warned me—the fear of carrying theory too far. Hoping to be able to reconcile his doubts sooner or later, he had put the calculations aside, and had said nothing about them to any one, not even to me, notwithstanding my having taken up the same theme, and attempted to foist my wonderful symbols upon him as a *novelty!* I can not express what I felt during the short hour in which Laplace laid before me these proofs of his professional talents and the magnanimity of his nature.

The success of my paper was every thing to me; but, had it pleased Laplace's humor to have questioned its originality before the Academy received it, I should have lost heart altogether, and never dared again to put forward any claims of mine to be an original investigator in science. Professional abnegation is seldom enough practiced in trifling matters, much less in great ones, like that I have adduced to the honor of Laplace. But, besides the liberality of the act of keeping his work a secret from me until it could do me no harm, the professor exercised throughout such delicacy toward me as a humble student, that it won my deep respect. My career, ever since the day he took me by the hand, and presented me to the most eminent learned society of France, has been one of success—success, I fear, far beyond my merits. But, under Heaven, it is Laplace I have to thank for all, and for the honorable station I have been permitted to attain. To him I owe a debt of gratitude I can never adequately repay. The extent of my power is to make these general acknowledgments of his great worth, and to offer this public testimony to my appreciation of his rare talents. His influence upon the progress of physical as well as mathematical science has been immense. During fifty years, nearly all those who have cultivated such studies, have gone for instruction to the works of Laplace; we have been enlightened by his discoveries, and we have depended considerably upon his labors for any improvements our own works possess. There are few now living who were the associates of Laplace; but the scientific world must ever do homage to his genius.

TABLE TALK ABOUT THOMAS MOORE.

MANY years have elapsed—many more than we care to recall—since we first saw Thomas Moore. He had already become the "poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." His songs had been wafted, like perfume on the winds, into every homestead in the kingdom, and he enjoyed that special kind of popularity which had even more love in it than admiration. He had the aspect of one who lived quite as much in the affections of the world, as in its homage. The expression of his face was gay, bright, and roguish. It was radiant with fun, singularly refined, and restrained by an air of high breeding, almost aristocratic in its tone. Bon-mots seemed to be always sparkling in his eyes; while the mobility of his mouth, the brilliant tinge on his cheek, the laughing dimples and circles that were in incessant play as he spoke, and the clear expanse of a highly intellectual forehead, gave you at once the idea of a wit brimming over with cordiality and animal spirits. His head was the finest study in the world for a young Bacchus, with its thick clustering curls and ringlets, realizing, at a glance, the poetical ideal of hilarity and joyousness; and you could hardly help thinking that it was not quite perfect without its wreath. Yet it never suggested the notion of a *bon vivant*, but that of a lively table-companion, an animated epigram, a capital story-teller, an accomplished retailer of *ana*, who brought into society an inexhaustible fund of the choicest good things, and the happiest spirit of enjoyment.

When we last saw him, a sad and painful change had passed over him. It was not the exhaustion of time, or the constant excitement of society, that had wrought this change, for time seemed to pass over him lightly enough, and he had always carried himself through the turmoil of the great world with prudence and self-control. In the interval, domestic sorrows had fallen heavily upon him; some of his dear ones, in whom he had garnered up his hearth-stone affections, had been taken from him, and he never recovered from the gloom of these afflicting bereavements. Other misfortunes, that would have been more terrible to some men, had left him unscathed. His cheerfulness had never deserted him through the pecuniary troubles in which he had been involved; and he was never more gay or hopeful than when he was leaving England, for an indefinite period, to escape a debtor's prison. It was this very constitution, so indifferent to mere personal anxieties, and so exquisitely tender where his affections were concerned, that had made him so lovable and beloved all through his life. The change was apparent in a moment, and had borne down his whole frame like a stroke of illness. The clustering hair had become iron-gray and scanty; the brightness of his features was clouded over by a settled look of nervous melancholy; his figure had become attenuated and feeble, and had lost all its roundness and elasticity; his eyes were dull and wandering; and it was evident that he spoke and smiled with an effort, and that it was a labor to him to try to kindle up now and then some pleasant memory, or to throw out some of those sparks of wit that once flew off in rapid succession from him at the slightest collision. He was no longer the same being; his strength was shattered, his gayety extinguished, and his zest in social enjoyments no longer able to sustain him through the fatigue of conversation. The contrast with that image of glee and triumph, which he had impressed upon us so vividly when we were first introduced to him many years before, by his early friend, Captain Atkinson, can never be effaced from our recollection.

Among the persons casually alluded to in the

reminiscences of Moore's boyhood is Wesley Doyle—an individual who is entitled to a marginal note *en passant*. Wesley Doyle was the son of a dancing-master, or music professor, in Dublin, which functions were frequently united in those days. Doyle was gifted with a sweet voice, and some taste, and was a favorite at the convivial supper-parties which were in vogue formerly in Ireland. Doyle was a grown man when Moore was a boy, and frequently sang duets with him. He lived upon the poet to the end of his life. Like some famous characters who owe their celebrity to a single incident, Wesley Doyle acquired whatever social reputation he enjoyed from the glory of having sung duets with Moore; and in subsequent years, when the incidents of their early intercourse had faded into generalities, he used to boast that he had taught Moore to sing. There is a story told of an Irishman who plunged into the water when George IV. was landing at Kingstown, to shake hands with his Majesty, and who was ever after so proud of the circumstance that no earthly inducement could prevail upon him to wash the hand his Majesty had pressed. Wesley Doyle held his recollection of his musical intimacy with Moore in much the same sort of veneration. It was his *cheval de battaille*, and it unquestionably exercised a very considerable influence over his character. What manner of man he was originally we know not; but in his later years he had something about him of the studied ease of a beau of the olden times. He dressed carefully, took infinite pains with his carriage as well as his toilet, and had altogether that kind of quiet, gentleman-like air which indicates the habits of a man who had either descended from an ancient family, and had always mixed with exclusive society, or who wished to impress that belief upon others. He never lapsed into an ordinary person. He appeared to be constantly engrossed with the consideration of appearances, and after some little knowledge of him, you could not avoid suspecting that there was a mystery of some kind connected with his life. You could detect in his manner a certain consciousness of something special in his claims or experiences; he seemed, in the blandest way possible, to look for deference, and to be treated with attention. It was all because he had sung duets with Moore; and although he never, or very rarely—for it was too great a matter to make common property of—introduced the subject himself, yet by some means the fact was sure to ooze out in whatever company he appeared, and to attract toward him the curiosity which it was his delight to provoke and pique. His great pleasure was to sing Moore's songs, and he continued to sing them long after his voice had subsided into a very faint echo of what it had been.

Moore's singing has been so often described, and is so well known in its leading characteristics, that it will probably go down to posterity as an essential feature in all accounts of him. It was as peculiar as his songs, and its sweetness and expressiveness were indispensable to the full development of their beauties. It might be said of him with more truth than it has been said of many others, that there were tears in his voice; but the phrase does not accurately convey the pathos of his tones. His voice was small and weak; it was hardly equal to the conventional demands of a song, and some of his own songs were quite beyond his reach—such, for instance, as the "Savourneen Dheelish," which requires considerable power and compass. It was in the reading of his songs he excelled. The tone was silvery, and the feeling he threw into it, with a low and mournful warble, went straight to the heart, and filled the eyes of his hearers with tears. The spell was in the profoundness of the emotion he exhibited and awakened. In the playful passages, where the sunlight falls in upon the shower and suddenly brightens it, he was equally marvelous in his effects. Master of that pecular transition from gay to sad which enters into the temperament of all Irish music, and thoroughly alive to the still more singular perplexity so frequently scattered over the national airs, in which both sad and gay are blended, and make their contradictory appeal together, he could draw out from the recesses of a song all those subtleties which escape, if they do not confound, the most accomplished musicians who are not to the manner born. The subtleties can never be conquered by study. They defy science; they are purely a matter of constitution. Irishmen penetrate them by instinct, and Moore added a refinement and purity to that instinct which heightened the results with an indescribable charm.

His correspondence was as delightful as his Rhymes on the Road, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very handwriting, neat, close, and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far handwriting may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gayety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after

the manner in which the gipsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse, he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season, "That racketing old harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead*. She expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gayety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade on Friday morning at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss ——, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of vials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall ——." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my *side!*" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gayety of his letters even from these particles.

Like almost all poets whose work have a particular stamp or tendency, Moore was popularly identified with the practice of the festive and amatory doctrines he sang so genially. But his practice was in reality the very reverse of his precepts. It was taken for granted, because he threw such intensity into his bacchanalian songs, that he led the life of a bacchanal; and a very literal gentleman who met him one morning in the quiet seclusion of St. Patrick's library in Dublin, consumed by an irrepressible desire to have his curiosity on that point set at rest, actually ventured to ask him whether he really was as fond of wine as his gushing songs led the world to believe. Moore was, of course, infinitely amused, and assured the gentleman (who was a perfect stranger to him) that he held the theory to be very pleasant and harmless in a song, but did not consider it quite so safe in practice. In fact, with a most enjoyable temperament, he was very careful in the way of indulgence; and although not so ascetic in the matter of wine as Ned Waller, who would sit up all night over a glass of water with the Rochesters and Sedleys, his animal spirits mounting higher than theirs all the time, he invariably kept a prudential guard over his table pleasures, and, we believe, never in his life was guilty of an excess. But it must be acknowledged that, if he did not indulge to any undue extent himself, he was the cause of much undue indulgence in others. Never yet were there songs, even Burns's scarcely excepted, that threw the convivial circles into such ecstasies, or detained the gravest and discreetest people from their beds at such unseasonable hours of the morning. The lyrical arguments against breaking up the joyous gathering were irresistible, and exercised a magical influence over the feelings of the enthusiastic listeners. Groups already departing were always sure to be called back again for another round of hilarity by "One bumper at parting;" and when the ball was over, and daylight was streaming in through the windows on flushed cheeks and disordered tresses, which do not always appear to the greatest advantage under such circumstances, how often have the dispersing dancers been spell-bound by a voice in some corner of the room opening with the well-known appeal, "Fly not yet!" The sweet persuasiveness and bounding animal spirits that mantle up through these songs can never lose their power over the young.

The diary Moore left behind him for publication, which already extends to four volumes,

although it carries us down only to the autumn of 1825, so that it promises to be of greater length than any diary on record, does not fully exhibit his character in its best phases, nor, indeed, satisfy us upon any of them. It is unlike all other diaries. It is not so rich as the *ana* of Spence or Selden in the way of anecdote and criticism, nor so characteristic of manners and persons as the diaries of Pepys or Evelyn, nor so full of the literary flavor as Boswell. It is in some sort a reunion of all these qualities, more casually brought out, and more lightly touched. It exhibits rather the social side of the picture than the political or literary, and throws very little light on the mental history of a writer whose progress from the piano-forte in the drawing-room to the shelves of the library, must have been crowded with interesting details. But in its social aspect it is replete with amusing varieties of all kinds; and, although, from the evidently hasty manner in which the incidents of the day were jotted down, Moore seldom allowed himself time to sketch in a portrait or note an opinion, the diary abounds in ephemeral memorabilia, that will be read with fugitive avidity. He never failed in his journal; but he was so absorbed by engagements, and seems to have been so perpetually called away from his task, that he limited his entries, for the most part, to the scantiest particulars. Yet it abounds in pleasantries, brief and sunny, and running the round of the celebrities of the day. He had a great zest for fun, and was an industrious picker-up of unconsidered trifles, dipped in the rainbows of fancy, wit, and mirth. Such bagatelles assimilated with the playfulness of his nature, and if he threw them, just as they came, into the heap of evanescent things he accumulated in his daily repository, it was not because he attached any value to them, but because they amused him. Take, for example, such scraps as the following: Dr. Currie being once bored by a foolish Blue to explain to her the meaning of the word *idea*, which she had met with in some metaphysical treatise, but did not understand, at last said to her angrily, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool." There is a better thing about ideas attributed to Hazlitt. Having been knocked down by John Lamb (the brother of Charles) in some dispute, and being pressed by those who were present to shake hands with him and forgive him, Hazlitt said, "Well, I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and don't mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*." It is told of Mr. Robinson (we suppose Crabbe Robinson) that upon receiving his first brief at the bar, he immediately went to Charles Lamb to tell him of it, when Lamb observed, "I suppose you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first*, great *cause*, least understood.'" Of a different order is a *bon mot* of Rogers's on hearing that Payne Knight, who was a very bad listener, had got very deaf. "'Tis from want of practice," said Rogers. Among many reminiscences of Curran is a passage from his speech in an action brought by the Theatre Royal in Dublin against Astley of the Amphitheatre for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lord," said Curran, "the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind." A still happier hit of Curran's is his witticism on Mr. Phillips's oratory, in which all manner of tropes were mixed up in execrable taste and inextricable confusion. "My dear Tom," said Curran, "it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Poole, who was always dropping pearls in this way, appears two or three times in the diary. Here are a couple of specimens. Somebody said after hearing Moore sing one of his own melodies, "Every thing that's national is delightful." "Except the national debt, ma'am," said Poole. Talking of the organs in Spurzheim and Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ. Out of the abundance of Irish anecdotes (which, strangely enough, lose much of their point in the telling) this is perhaps the best, or at all events the least known: An Irish country squire, who used to give extravagant entertainments, was remonstrated with for treating the militia in his neighborhood to claret, when whisky-punch would do just as well for them; "You are right, my dear friend," he answered, "but I have the claret on tick, and where would I get credit for the *lemons*?" Of mistakes made by the French in the use of English we have the following sample: A young French lady was asked, by way of compliment, in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well, when she replied, "I began by *traducing*;" and this is balanced by a blunder on the other side, related by Wordsworth of some acquaintance of his who, being told, among other things, to go and see the Chapeau de Paille, at Antwerp, said on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Nothing is too trivial for a corner in this repertory of whimsicalities. Here is a typographical mistake picked out of an Irish paper. In giving Mr. Grant's speech on the Catholic question, instead of "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages," the reporter made him say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." A page or two further on we have a still more ludicrous misprint taken from an American edition of Giffard's Juvenal, where the Editor, drawning a parallel in the preface between Horace and Juvenal, says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, and inclined to indolence"—the printer turns it into "inclined to insolence." An absurdity produced by the transposition of words is related of an actor, who thus delivered the well-known lines in "King Lear":

> "How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
> To have a *toothless* child."

Even conundrums and charades are not despised in the poet's memorabilia. These snatches collected out of the recollections of the idle amusements of the evening, bring us back to the follies of Whitehall in the days of Charles II., when the whole court used to sit round in a circle playing at "Hunt the Slipper," and "I love my love with an A." Here are some of the conundrums. "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting other? Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." This very far-fetched conundrum is attributed to Beresford, the author of "The Miseries of Human Life." The charades are indifferent enough. The following is given as Fox's: "I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third. Answer, Scotland." The next, which is more in the way of a riddle, and is very neatly expressed, owes its paternity to one of the Smiths: "Use me well, I'm *every body;* scratch my back, I'm *nobody*.—A looking-glass."

Innumerable facetiæ, neither much better nor much worse than these specimens, bubble up incessantly to the surface of the aerated pages of the Journal. They were blown about in the literary and fashionable circles, in which Moore mixed, by graver, no less than by shallower, people than himself; and helped to relax his mind after the hard work of the morning, which usually consisted in writing verses or—visiting, the harder work, we suspect, of the two. The mental recreations in which he ordinarily took refuge from the labors of the day were scarcely of a more elevated character. At home in the evenings he constantly amused himself by reading aloud some Minerva press novel or such volatile comedies as "A Cure for the Heart-Ache" or "The Way to Get Married." We look in vain for any records of the sustained study out of which he must have built up his knowledge, which, if it was not accurate or systematic, was, at least, diversified and extensive. But in this point of view he was like Sheridan, and got at his information by random through all sorts of out-of-the-way channels; or like the bee, that gathers honey from weeds. Industrious he unquestionably was, although there are few traces of industry in his daily memoranda. If he did not work with regularity and diligence like Southey, he produced a vast quantity of work, all admirable and highly finished of its kind, under circumstances that would have unfitted most other men for such exertions. He generally contrived to accomplish seventy or eighty lines a week, sometimes more, while he kept up a constant round of visiting and dining out, balls, plays, and soirées. Late convivialities had not then gone out of fashion, and the exhaustion of the day and evening was frequently repaired by a supper which, terminating at two or three o'clock in the morning, must have worn out any constitution except one so carefully preserved in its own animal spirits. Through all these scenes and exertions Moore passed unscathed, and when at last he broke down, it was under the infliction of domestic calamities, to the poignancy of which his affectionate nature rendered him peculiarly sensitive. Nor is it the least of his merits that he maintained his personal independence proudly through life, and bequeathed to the literary world an example which it would be well for all literary men to emulate. "Mingling careful economy," observes Lord John Russel, "with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him." This is a rare epitaph for a poet, and one which ought to be appreciated in a country where the maxims of prudential integrity are held even in higher esteem than the loftiest flights of genius.

THE BALLET-DANCER.

THE last scene was played out, and the grim curtain of death fell forever over the tragedy of Neil Preston's life. A bitter tragedy, indeed! Wife, fortune, health—all had gone by turns, until, of his former large possessions of happiness only two fair girls were left, as the last frail argosies on his sea of fate; left him were they for to-day, to be themselves wrecked on the morrow, when death should have carried his soul out into infinity, and trampled his body beneath the church-yard sod. And so, with choking sobs and grieving prayers, Neil Preston commended them to the care of the universal Father, and died as a good man should—one loosening hand still clasped in the affections of earth, and one outstretched to the glories of the coming heaven.

The girls were both young; but Nelly was a mere child—a pretty romping little maid, some three years before her teens; while Mabel was already almost a woman at seventeen. The little one's tears were fastest, and her sobs the loudest at the loss of the kind playmate who had been always so glad to see her when she came back from her day-school; who used to call her his evening-star, and never met her without a smile and a kiss, however grave and silent he might be to others. But the tears soon dried on her rosy face, and her sobs soon changed to the light quick laughter of childhood; and the little heart, which had swelled so large for its first great grief, soon danced blithely in her breast again, understanding nothing of the bitterness of orphanage. But Mabel, though she did not weep nor sob—at least not when others were by—sorrowed as few sorrow even by a father's grave, knowing that she had lost

her only earthly friend and protector, and that her way of life must now open upon a dark and thorny path of solitude and distress. Painfully she shrank from the heavy responsibility of her condition, and keenly she felt how frail a barrier she was between her pretty Nell and misery. Her father had told her, and told her with the solemnity of a dying man, that in leaving the little one to her care, he knew he left her to one that would never fail her; and that, whether for shelter from the storms of winter or from the burning sun of summer, for support in times of misery or for protection in times of temptation, his beloved Mabel would be all that he himself could have been to their darling, their star, their idol child. And Mabel, understanding full well the extent of the confidence reposed in her, was the more careful to perform her appointed task faithfully, and therefore the more anxious as to the means of its right fulfillment.

Long hours did Mabel sit by that clay-cold figure, planning various schemes of work, from all of which considerations of youth or incompetency turned her aside. Whatever she did, she must gain sufficient for Nelly's fit maintenance and education; and she could think of nothing that would give her enough whereby to live herself, and tenderly to foster her precious charge. She could not be a governess; her own education had been far too meagre and desultory, interrupted, too, so early on account of her mother's long illness: the thing was therefore impossible—she must turn to something else! But to what else? Ah, that blank question rose up like a dim ghost before her, and by its very presence seemed to paralyze her energies. A young girl who can not be a governess has few other professions left her. Governess, workwoman, shopwoman—these are nearly all the careers open to the middle class, until we come to the stage and its various branches. And from this small supply, Mabel must make her choice. Governess she could not be; shopwoman she would not be. Poor Mabel! Before she had done, this little harmless pride was burned out of her. She used to look back on this aristocratic impulse as on a child's feeble fancy, and wonder how she could have been so weak, so wanting to her nobler self, to have cherished it for a moment. Needle-worker, then, must be her profession: a badly-paid one enough, but independent, and consequently more endurable—private, and consequently more respectable than many others. For Mabel set great store by the strictest forms of respectability, holding herself and her character in trust for her little one, undertaking bravely and following cordially any profession that would support her own life—which was Nelly's capital—under the condition of perfect blamelessness, according to the world's code.

"Really very well done," said Miss Priscilla Wentworth.

"A trifle puckered in the gusset," said Miss Lilias Wentworth.

"Humph! pretty fair for a girl of the present day," said old Miss Wentworth, gruffly; "but half of it is cats' eyes, too! Ah, girls! in my time young ladies *could* sew; they would not have dared to call such cobbling as this fine work."

Now, the three Miss Wentworths were three kind-hearted, precise, testy old maids; horribly conventional, but really benevolent when you got through the upper crust; ever at war with themselves, between educational principles and instinctive impulses; and therefore uncertain in their actions, and capricious in their dealings. They never passed a beggar without giving him something; but they never gave him a halfpenny without taking it out in a lecture on political economy. They used to tell him of his sin in begging, and not going to the nice comfortable alms-house, and all this in the harshest language and the shrillest voices imaginable; they threatened him with the police, and hinted big terrors of the lock-up; they told him that he ought to be put in the stocks—a wretch, to leave his wife and children, or an unfeeling monster, to drag about his poor wife and children, as the case might be; and then they pointed out their little villa, and told him he would find a dinner there. And all the while they had been anathematizing him and his ways so bitterly, their eyes had been taking cognizance of the holes in his jacket, or the wounds of his shoeless feet, and they grumbled among themselves as to what old clothes they were possessed of and could spare for the poor fellow; and then they would walk away, growling pleasantly, satisfied with the duty they had rendered to the stern requirements of political economy, and vowing the man had had such a lecture he would never beg again.

They had known a little of Neil Preston in his better days, when he had burned a great blue and red lamp before his door, and had "Surgeon," &c., blazoned in great gold letters thereon; and they were glad to be kind, in their way, to his daughter. They were wise enough to know that money earned is better than alms received; so they gave Mabel work and high wages, as intrinsically a more benevolent thing to do than making her presents: not that they were behindhand in that either, for many a pretty frock and bonnet the Miss Wentworths gave the orphans, though unfortunately they always forgot their deep mourning, and gave them pink and blue instead of black. Still, the meaning was all the same; and Mabel was just as grateful as if she could have worn and looked smart in their ribbons and flounces, instead of being obliged to sell them all, at very small prices, for one black frock for pretty Nelly's dancing-lesson days.

But the Miss Wentworths, though kind, could not entirely support the sisters. They had a great deal of plain needle-work to give away among them, certainly; but even the plain needle-work of three precise old maids must come to an end some time; at last, their new sets of collars and

cuffs—and those more complicated matters still, which every one wears, and no one names—were made, washed, ironed, and put away; and Mabel's occupation was gone—gone with the last half-dozen long jean pockets—the old-fashioned pockets—made for Miss Wentworth, who, as became a partisan of the good old times, disdained all modern inventions, from politics to millinery. Mabel must, then, look out for employment elsewhere; and after many disappointments, and no small trials both to her dignity and her resolution, she found a slop-selling shop that gave her shirts at six cents, and other articles, in proportion, as much. Compelled by poverty, Mabel entered herself on their list, trying to make the best of her condition, and to bear her evils hopefully, but failing sadly in her attempts at self-deception. She soon found that as much as the most diligent industry and unwearied self-sacrifice could do, was not enough to supply them both with daily bread; not to speak of the more expensive requirements of Nelly's schooling. Her failing health and wasting strength were not sufficient offerings before this great Juggernaut car of toil, to gain her the scanty goods for which they were so cheerfully offered up. Still, hitherto she had struggled on. Old savings now came in as grand helps; and being conscientious and diligent, she had not yet been fined for bad work or unpunctuality. She had secured all her earnings at any rate, so far as she had gone, though she knew, by what she saw about her, that her turn would come soon, and that, by some device, she should find herself in the power of the overseer, and on the wrong side of the books. She had seen others mulcted of their wages unjustly—how could she then escape?

"Your work is spoiled," said the overseer at last, tossing her packet on the floor. "I can't receive it. You must take it back."

It was a white flowered waistcoat he threw down on the dirty floor: an expensive thing to buy, and a cheap thing to sell—as Mabel would be obliged to sell it—to the Jews. "I am very sorry," stammered she, the blood rushing to her face, for she remembered now that the candle had "guttered" last night when she took it up stairs to hear Nelly say her prayers, and the waistcoat had been lying on the table—"I am very sorry: where is it spoiled?"

The man sprawled a grimy thumb on a minute spot of grease by the armhole—a very small spot, undiscoverable by ordinary eyes, and which would have been hidden in the wearing. His unwashed hands left a broad dark mark, made purposely, as Mabel saw too well.

She gave a little indignant cry, and snatched the waistcoat from him.

"It was not so bad before! You have ruined it on purpose!" she said, looking him straight in the face, and speaking passionately.

He raised his hand to strike her, but a general murmur among the bystanders stopped him. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and the meanest of popularity-hunters as well.

"You impudent wench!" he said; "if you give me another word of your sauce, I will turn you off altogether! Coming here with your impertinence and fine-lady airs, indeed, as if the earth was not good enough for you, because you were an apothecary's daughter! I have as great a mind as I ever had in my life to turn you out of the place, and never let you set foot in it again. Here, madam, take this waistcoat back, and bring no more of your airs and graces here. A pale-faced chit like you, sticking out against laws and masters! What next, indeed! You owe the house three dollars, and that's letting you off easy, after your impudence, too. Take care how you pay it, for, by George, you shall smart for it, if you shirk. Will you take the waistcoat, I say?" He seized her by the shoulder roughly, leaving the mark of his strong clench on her flesh. The girl winced, and a faint moan escaped her. There was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women; but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one knew whose turn would come next; and women, however true in heart, are too weak, in both purpose and strength, to stand by each other long against a superior force. So Mabel had to bear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not one farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of three dollars was wiped off. And she was threatened brutally, because she exclaimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a door-step in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitterest pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had ever been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty; in all that regarded her condition, she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last sweet secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for once in her life forgetting duty in feeling, some one spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender, manly voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly gray about his square, broad forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve, on the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something

in a military attitude, and with much of a paternal expression. "Why, how now, my child, what has happened?" he said, kindly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

"Don't be frightened, my poor child, and don't run away from me yet; I may be able to be of use to you. Tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you." He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must perforce confide in. She felt that distrust would have been affectation: the false modesty of the prude, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely related the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two half-eagles, asking, at the same time, the address of the slop-shop where she had been so ill-treated. She shrunk back.

"No, no!" she cried; "I can not receive alms!" She let her hand drop, and the gold fell on the pavement. Hastily stooping to pick it up, the man stooping at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and pressed it gently.

"You are right, my child," he said; "though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive alms. Still, as you do not know me, you can not tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat, which has brought you into so much trouble."

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this feint; and, oh! how her poor heart, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult, seemed to expand like a flower in the sun beneath the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these few words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes, smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks. The stranger made a pretense of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two coins, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would "keep it for his best."

"Will you tell me where you live?" he then asked.

Mabel hesitated: she looked troubled.

"You are right," he said, kindly; "and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you! Be a good girl, and all will come right."

"Good-by, sir," said Mabel, simply, looking up into his face.

"How great and handsome he is!" she thought.

"What a lovely little face!" said he, half-aloud; "and what a good expression! Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure!" He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street. Mabel watched his manly figure striding in the sunshine, and a sharp, swift pang came over her, to think that she had seen him for the last time, perhaps!

"And yet, I did right," she said, turning away. "What would my poor father have said if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly?"

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealized and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed *to* him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the ten dollars from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably? What to do, so that Nell might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and held up her head with the best of them? Little did Nell think of the bitter toil, and patient, motherly care it took to keep her at school and clothe her so prettily; little did she know how dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her "darling Mabel," and tell her how far she had got in Fénélon and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favorite was in the sunshine. If Nelly sorrowed, Mabel would have drooped.

"What to do?" This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were raining down her cheeks, as she thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, "to borrow some coals." She saw that Mabel was crying; and, seating herself by her, she asked: "What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?"

Mabel, after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was

nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful, contemplative air.

"You can do better than this," she said, after a pause. "Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favorite with the old French dancing-master.

"Then come with me," said the woman.

"Where?—what to do?"

"To the —— Theatre." Mabel started. "Does this frighten you?"

"Yes, a great deal." She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and all round a subject, of which a fraction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

"Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself, that degrades." Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute, honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expression seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

"You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny," added the woman; "but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I dare say you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will have many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder—any thing, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humor. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing. Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer you must necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good-morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, and that is a respectable age enough."

And so she left, smiling, half-sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal-time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say? She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying: "Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer!" sealed in her own mind her happiness and respectability forever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said: "She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day."

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the ordinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her; for she could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty women behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure-minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Captain John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

"Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?" asked old Miss Wentworth, sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

"Very well lately, ma'am," answered Mabel, turning rather red.

"What have you been doing, child?"

"Working, ma'am."

"What at, Mabel?" asked Miss Lilias.

"Needle-work, ma'am."

"Who for, Mabel?" asked Miss Priscilla.

"A ready-made linen-warehouse, ma'am."

"Did they give you good wages, child?"

"Not very," said Mabel, beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

"Ugh! so I've heard," growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. "Wretches!"

"What did they pay you, Mabel?" Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

"Six cents a shirt, ten cents for a dozen collars, and so on," answered Mabel.

There was a general burst of indignation.

"Why, how have you lived?" they all cried at once.

Mabel colored deeper; she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into those three maiden heads. "Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?" they cried all together.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading the jam, and Miss Lilias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: "I am a ballet-dancer," she said, modestly, and courtesied.

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

"A ballet-dancer!" cried the eldest.

"With such short petticoats, Mabel!" said Miss Lilias, reproachfully.

"Dancing in public on one toe!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly, in a dark closet by the stairs, with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlor in procession.

"We are very sorry, Mabel Preston," began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched—"we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings—"

"Yes, consulted our feelings," interrupted Miss Lilias.

"And asked our advice," said Miss Priscilla, sharply.

"You would not have done such a wicked thing," continued old Miss Wentworth, considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. "However, it is too late to say any thing about it. The thing is over and done. But you can not expect *us* to countenance such proceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We can not have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts, made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example." (Captain John was past forty, but still "our boy" in his old aunt's parlance).

Mabel courtesied, and said nothing. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

"Here," said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, "take this: we won't part in unkindness at any rate."

Mabel kissed the shriveled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. "She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining," she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!

Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

"I am glad to see you again, sir," said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

"Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?" he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

"The poor never forget their benefactors," said Mabel.

"Pshaw! what a foolish expression!"

"It is a true one, sir."

"Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?"

"Yes," said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

"Well, how have you been getting on?"

"Badly at first, sir—better now."

"Better? Come, that's well! What are you doing?"

"Dancing at the —— Theatre," said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. The look was caught and understood.

"A hazardous profession," he said gravely, but very kindly.

"A disgraceful one. I know it," she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

"Disgraceful? No, no!"

"It is thought so."

"That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you any thing else."

"Women don't look at it in this light," said Mabel.

"Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent."

"Yet we live by the opinion of women," returned Mabel.

"Tell me what you are alluding to. You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?"

"My new profession, undertaken for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—as my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it."

"Tell me the particulars."

"The three old ladies at the villa—"

"Ha, ah!" said the stranger.

"They have been long kind to me. They were to give me some work to-day, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took

away the work. I can not blame them. They are particular, innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them."

"And their nephew?"

"Oh, I don't know any thing about him. I never saw him," she answered carelessly.

"Indeed!" muttered the stranger.

"He has had nothing to do with it."

"That I can swear to!" he said below his breath.

"But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work."

The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just opposite to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her; she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally toward her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her, and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her; his counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him "when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it."

And again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect; he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her the subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her "Mabel," "my child," "poor girl," &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him "sir;" but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clew was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of romance, to which his concealed name gave additional coloring. She did not know if he loved her, or if, in marrying her, he would, as the world calls it, honor her; she did not know their mutual positions, nor had he ever given her a hint as to his "intentions." Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her; then, again, his cold, calm, fatherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial probabilities for her—all said in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself: "He can not love me!" Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when, sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life, and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and, wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down; the rein of months was broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to accord with her fresh youth as to make her life a sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, laying fortune and untarnished name in her lap, and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to bear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face, all trembling on his shoulder, she said: "But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me?"

"As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!" And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was pleasing to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognize her. It was years before they forgave her; not until poor little Nelly died, just as she was en-

tering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; their woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though "she had been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies." But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John, that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thornton had said to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop-working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure. The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the "pure all things are pure," and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIV.—Springing a Mine.

REFRESHED by sleep, Mr. Bucket rises betimes in the morning and prepares for a field-day. Smartened up by the aid of a clean shirt and a wet hair-brush, with which instrument on occasions of ceremony he lubricates such thin locks as remain to him after his life of severe study, Mr. Bucket lays in a breakfast of two mutton chops, as a foundation to work upon, together with tea, eggs, toast, and marmalade on a corresponding scale. Having much enjoyed these strengthening matters, and having held subtle conference with his familiar finger, he confidentially instructs Mercury "just to mention quietly to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, that whenever he's ready for me, I'm ready for him." A gracious message being returned that Sir Leicester will expedite his dressing and join Mr. Bucket in the library within ten minutes, Mr. Bucket repairs to that apartment, and stands before the fire with his finger on his chin looking at the blazing coals.

Thoughtful Mr. Bucket is, as a man may be, with weighty work to do, but composed, sure, confident. From the expression of his face he might be a famous whist-player for a large stake—say a hundred guineas certain—with the game in his hand, but with a high reputation involved in his playing his hand out to the last card in a masterly way. Not in the least anxious or disturbed is Mr. Bucket when Sir Leicester appears, but he eyes the baronet aside as he comes along to his easy chair, with that observant gravity of yesterday, in which there might have been yesterday, but for the audacity of the idea, a touch of compassion.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, officer, but I am rather later than my usual hour this morning. I am not well. The agitation, and the indignation from which I have recently suffered, have been too much for me. I am subject to—gout." Sir Leicester was going to say indisposition, and would have said it to anybody else, but Mr. Bucket palpably knows all about it; "and recent circumstances have brought it on."

As he takes his seat with some difficulty, and with an air of pain, Mr. Bucket draws a little nearer, standing with one of his large hands on the library table.

"I am not aware, officer," Sir Leicester observes, raising his eyes to his face, "whether you wish us to be alone, but that is as you please. If you do, well. If not, Miss Dedlock would be interested—"

"Why Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, with his head persuasively on one side, and his forefinger pendant at one ear like an ear-ring, "we can't be too private just at present. You will presently see that we can't be too private. A lady, under any circumstances, and especially in Miss Dedlock's elevated station of society, can't but be agreeable to me; but speaking without a view to myself, I will take the liberty of assuring you that I know we can't be too private."

"That is enough."

"So much so, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket pursues, "that I was on the point of asking your permission to turn the key in the door."

"By all means." Mr. Bucket skillfully and softly takes that precaution; stooping on his knee for a moment, from mere force of habit, so to adjust the key in the lock as that no one shall peep in from the outer side.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I mentioned yesterday evening, that I wanted but a very little to complete this case. I have now completed it, and collected proof against the person who did this crime."

"Against the soldier?"

"No, Sir Leicester Dedlock; not the soldier?"

Sir Leicester looks astounded, and inquires, "Is the man in custody?"

Mr. Bucket tells him after a pause, "It was a woman."

Sir Leicester leans back in his chair, and breathlessly ejaculates, "Good God!"

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket begins, standing over him with one hand on the library-table, and the forefinger of the other in impressive use, "it's my duty to prepare you for a train of circumstances that may, and I go so far as to say that will, give you a shock. But, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, you are a gentleman, and I know what a gentleman is, and

* Continued from the July Number.

what a gentleman is capable of. A gentleman can bear a shock when it must come, boldly and steadily. A gentleman can make up his mind to stand up against almost any blow. Why, take yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock. If there's a blow to be inflicted on you, you naturally think of your family. You ask yourself how would all them ancestors of yours, away to Julius Cæsar, not to go beyond him, have borne that blow; you remember scores of 'em that would have borne it well; and you bear it well on their accounts, and to maintain the family credit. That's the way you argue, and that's the way you act, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

Sir Leicester, leaning back in his chair, and grasping the elbows, sits looking at him with a stony face.

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "thus preparing you, let me beg of you not to trouble your mind for a moment as to any thing having come to my knowledge. I know so much about so many characters, high and low, that a piece of infamy, more or less, don't signify a straw. I don't suppose there's a move on the board that would surprise *me;* and as to this or that move having taken place, why, my knowing it is no odds at all; any possible move whatever, provided it's in a wrong direction, being a probable move according to my experience. Therefore what I say to you, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, is, don't you go and let yourself be put out of the way because of my knowing any thing of your family affairs."

"I thank you for your preparation," returns Sir Leicester, after a silence, in that moving hand, foot, and feature; "which I hope is not necessary, though I give it merit for being well intended. Be so good as to go on. Also"—Sir Leicester seems to shrink in the shadow of his figure—"also, to take a seat, if you have no objection."

"None at all." Mr. Bucket brings a chair. "Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, with this short preface, I come to the point. Lady Dedlock—"

Sir Leicester raises himself in his seat, and stares at him fiercely. Mr. Bucket brings the finger into play as an emollient.

"Lady Dedlock, you see, she's universally admired. That's what her ladyship is; she's universally admired," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would greatly prefer, officer," Sir Leicester returns, stiffly, "my Lady's name being entirely omitted from this discussion."

"So would I, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, but—it's impossible."

"Impossible?"

Mr. Bucket shakes his relentless head.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's altogether impossible. What I have got to say is about her Ladyship. She is the pivot it all turns on."

"Officer," retorts Sir Leicester, with a fiery eye, and a quivering lip, "you know your duty. Do your duty; but be careful not to overstep it. I would not suffer it. I would not endure it. You bring my Lady's name into this communication upon your responsibility—upon your responsibility. My Lady's name is not a name for common persons to trifle with!"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I say what I must say, and no more."

"I hope it may prove so. Very well. Go on. Go on, sir!"

Glancing at the angry eyes which now avoid him, and at the angry figure trembling from head to foot, yet striving to be still, Mr. Bucket feels his way with his forefinger, and in a low voice proceeds.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's my duty to tell you that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn entertained mistrusts and suspicions of Lady Dedlock."

"If he had dared to breath them to me, sir—which he never did—I would have killed him myself!" exclaims Sir Leicester, striking his hand upon the table. But in the very heat and fury of the act he stops, fixed by the knowing eyes of Mr. Bucket, whose forefinger is slowly going, and who, with mingled confidence and patience shakes his head.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was deep and close, and what he fully had in his mind in the very beginning I can't quite take upon myself to say. But I know from his lips, that he long ago suspected Lady Dedlock of having discovered through the sight of some handwriting in this very house, and when you yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock were present—the existence, in great part, of a certain person, who had been her lover before you courted her, and who ought to have been her husband;" Mr. Bucket stops and reflects, "ought to have been her husband; not a doubt of it. I know from his lips that when that person soon afterward died, he suspected Lady Dedlock of visiting his wretched lodging, and his wretcheder grave, alone and in secret. I know from my own inquiries, and through my eyes and ears, that Lady Dedlock did make such visit in the dress of her own maid; for the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn employed me to reckon up her ladyship—if you'll excuse my making use of the term we commonly employ—and I reckoned her up, so far, completely. I confronted the maid, in the chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields with a witness who had been Lady Dedlock's guide, and there couldn't be the shadow of a doubt that she had worn the young woman's dress, unknown to her. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I did endeavor to pave the way a little toward these unpleasant disclosures yesterday, by saying that very strange things happen even in high families sometimes. All this has happened in your own family, and through your own Lady. It's my belief that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn followed up these inquiries to the hour of his death, and that he and Lady Dedlock even had bad blood between them upon the matter that very night. Now, only you put that to Lady Dedlock, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and ask her Ladyship whether, even after he had left here, she didn't go down

to his chambers with the intention of saying something further to him, dressed in a loose black mantle with a deep fringe to it."

Sir Leicester sits like a statue, gazing at the cruel finger that is feeling the tenderest recesses of his heart.

"You put that to her Ladyship, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, from me, Inspector Bucket of the Detective. And if her Ladyship makes any difficulty about admitting of it, you tell her that it's no use; that Inspector Bucket knows it, and knows that she passed the soldier, as you called him (though he's not in the army now), and knows that she knows she passed him, on the staircase. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, why do I relate all this?"

Sir Leicester, who has covered his face with his hands, uttering a single groan, requests him to pause for a moment. By-and-by, he takes his hands away, and so preserves his dignity and outward calmness, though there is no more color in his face than in his white hair, that Mr. Bucket is a little awed by him. Something frozen and fixed is upon his manner, over and above its usual spell of haughtiness; and Mr. Bucket soon detects an unusual slowness in his speech, with now and then a curious trouble in beginning, which occasions him to utter inarticulate sounds. With such sounds he now breaks silence; soon, however, controlling himself to say that he does not comprehend why a gentleman so faithful and zealous as the late Mr. Tulkinghorn should have communicated to him nothing of this painful, this distressing, this unlooked-for, this overwhelming, this incredible intelligence.

"Again, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, "put it to her Ladyship to clear that up. Put it to her Ladyship, if you think right, from Inspector Bucket of the Detective. Then you'll find, or I'm much mistaken, that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn had the intention of communicating the whole to you as soon as he considered it ripe, and further, that he had given her Ladyship so to understand. Why, he might have been going to reveal it on the very morning when I examined the body! You don't know what I'm going to say and do five minutes from this present time, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet; and supposing I was to be picked off now, you might wonder why I hadn't done it, don't you see?"

True. Sir Leicester, avoiding, with some trouble, those obtrusive sounds, says, "True." At this juncture, a considerable noise of voices is heard in the hall. Mr. Bucket, after listening, goes to the library-door, softly unlocks and opens it, and listens again. Then he draws in his head, and whispers, hurriedly, but composedly, "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, this unfortunate family affair has taken air, as I expected it might; the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn being took away so sudden. The chance to hush it up, is to let in these people now in a wrangle with your footmen. Would you mind sitting quiet—on the family account—while I reckon 'em up? and would you just throw in a word when I seem to ask you for it?"

Sir Leicester indistinctly answers, "Officer. The best you can, the best you can!" and Mr. Bucket, with a nod and a sagacious crook of the forefinger, slips down into the hall, where the voices quickly die away. He is not long in returning a few paces ahead of Mercury and a brother deity, also powdered, and in peach-blossom smalls, who bear between them a chair in which is an incapable old man. Another man and two women come behind. Directing the pitching of the chair, in an able and easy manner, Mr. Bucket dismisses the Mercuries and locks the door again. Sir Leicester looks on at this invasion of the sacred precincts with an icy stare.

"Now, perhaps you may know me, ladies and gentlemen," says Mr. Bucket, in a confidential voice. "I am Inspector Bucket of the Detective, and this," producing the tip of his convenient little staff from his breast-pocket, "is my authority. Now you wanted to see Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. You do see him, and mind you it ain't every one as is admitted to that honor. Your name, old gentleman, is Smallweed; that's what your name is, I know it well."

"Well, and you never heard any harm of it!" cries Mr. Smallweed in a shrill loud voice.

"You don't happen to know why they killed the celebrated pig, do you?" retorts Mr. Bucket, with a steadfast look, but without loss of temper.

"No!"

"Why, they killed him" says Mr. Bucket, "on account of his having so much cheek. Don't *you* get into the same position, because it isn't worthy of you. You ain't in the habit of conversing with a deaf person, are you?"

"Yes," snarls Mr. Smallweed, "my wife's deaf."

"That accounts for your pitching your voice so high. But as she ain't here, pitch it an octave or two lower, will you, and I'll not only be obliged to you, but it'll do you more credit," says Mr. Bucket. "This other gentleman is in the preaching line, I think?"

"Name of Chadband," Mr. Smallweed puts in, speaking henceforth in a much lower key.

"Once had a friend and brother sergeant of the same name," says Mr. Bucket, offering his hand, "and consequently feel a liking for it. Mrs. Chadband, no doubt?"

"And Mrs. Snagsby," Mr. Smallweed introduces.

"Husband a law stationer, and a friend of my own," says Mr. Bucket. "Love him like a brother! Now, what's up?"

"Do you mean what business have we come upon?" Mr. Smallweed asks, a little dashed by the suddenness of this turn.

"Ah! You know what I mean. Let us hear all what it's about, in presence of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. Come."

Mr. Smallweed, beckoning Mr. Chadband,

takes a moment's counsel with him in a whisper. Mr. Chadband, expressing a considerable amount of oil through the pores of his forehead and the palms of his hands, says aloud, "Yes. You first!" and retires to his former place.

"I was the client and friend of Mr. Tulkinghorn," pipes Grandfather Smallweed then; "I did business with him. I was useful to him, and he was useful to me. Krook, dead and gone, was my brother-in-law. He was own brother to a brimstone magpie—leastways Mrs. Smallweed. I come in to Krook's property. I examined all his papers and all his effects. They was all dug out under my eyes. There was a bundle of letters belonging to a dead and gone lodger, as was hid away in the side of Lady Jane's bed—his cat's bed. He hid all manner of things away, every wheres. Mr. Tulkinghorn wanted 'em, and got 'em, but I looked 'em over first. I'm a man of business, and I took a squint at 'em. They was letters from the lodger's sweetheart, and she signed Honoria. Dear me, that's a common name, Honoria, is it? There's no lady in this house that signs Honoria, is there? O no, I don't think so! O no, I don't think so! And not in the same hand, perhaps? No, I don't think so!"

Here Mr. Smallweed, seized with a fit of coughing in the midst of his triumph, breaks off to ejaculate "O dear me! O Lord! I'm shaken all to pieces!"

"Now when you're ready," says Mr. Bucket coolly, after awaiting his recovery, "to come to any thing that concerns Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, here the gentleman sits, you know."

"Haven't I come to it, Mr. Bucket?" cries Grandfather Smallweed. "Isn't the gentleman concerned yet? Not with Captain Hawdon and his ever affectionate Honoria, and their child into the bargain? Come then, I want to know where those letters are. That concerns me, if it don't concern Sir Leicester Dedlock. I will know where they are. I won't have 'em disappear so quietly. I handed 'em over to my friend and solicitor, Mr. Tulkinghorn; not to any body else."

"Why he paid you for them, you know, and handsome too," says Mr. Bucket, quietly putting his hands into his pockets.

"I don't care for that. I want to know who's got 'em. And I tell you what we want—what we all here want, Mr. Bucket. We want more pains-taking and search-making into this murder. We know where the interest and the motive was, and you have not done enough. If George the vagabond dragoon had any hand in it, he was only an accomplice and was set on. You know what I mean as well as any man."

"Now I tell you what," says Mr. Bucket, instantaneously altering his manner, coming close to him, and communicating an extraordinary fascination to the forefinger, "I am d——d if I am going to have my case spoilt, or interfered with, or anticipated by so much as half a second of time, by any human being in creation. *You* want more pains-taking and search-making? *You* do? Do you see this hand, and do you think that *I* don't know the right time to stretch it out and put it on the arm that fired that shot?"

Such is the dread power of the man, and so terribly evident it is that he makes no boast, that Mr. Smallweed begins to apologize. But Mr. Bucket, dismissing his sudden anger, checks him.

"The advice I give you, is, don't you trouble your head about the murder. That's my affair. You keep half an eye on the newspapers, and I shouldn't wonder if you was to read something about it before long if you look sharp. I know my business, and that's all I've got to say to you on that subject. Now about those letters. You want to know who's got 'em. I don't mind telling you. *I* have got 'em. Is that the packet?"

Mr. Smallweed looks with greedy eyes at the little bundle Mr. Bucket produces from a mysterious part of his coat, and identifies it as the same.

"What have you got to say next?" asks Mr. Bucket. "Now don't open your mouth too wide, because you don't look handsome when you do it."

"I want five hundred pound."

"No you don't; you mean fifty," says Mr. Bucket, humorously.

It appears, however, that Mr. Smallweed means five hundred.

"That is, I am deputed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to consider (without admitting or promising any thing) this bit of business," says Mr. Bucket; Sir Leicester mechanically lowers his head; "and you ask me to consider a proposal of five hundred pound. Why, it's an unreasonable proposal! Two, fifty, would be bad enough, but better than that. Hadn't you better say two, fifty?"

Mr. Smallweed is quite clear that he had better not.

"Then," says Mr. Bucket, "let's hear Mr. Chadband. Lord! Many a time I've heard my old fellow-sergeant of that name, and a moderate man he was in all respects, as ever I came across!"

Thus invited, Mr. Chadband steps forth, and after a little sleek smiling and a little oil-grinding with the palms of his hands, delivers himself as follows:

"My friends, we are now—Rachel my wife, and I—in the mansions of the rich and great? Why are we now in the mansions of the rich and great. Is it because we are invited? Because we are bidden to feast with them, because we are bidden to rejoice with them, because we are bidden to play the lute with them, because we are bidden to dance with them? No. Then why are we here, my friends? Air we in possession of a sinful secret, and doe we require corn, and wine, and oil—or, what is much the same thing, money—for the keeping thereof? Probably so, my friends."

"You're a man of business, you are," returns Mr. Bucket, very attentive; "and consequently you're going on to mention what the nature of

your secret is. You are right. You couldn't do better."

"Let us then, my brother, in a spirit of love," says Mr. Chadband, with a cunning eye, "proceed untoe it. Rachel, my wife, advance!"

Mrs. Chadband, more than ready, so advances as to jostle her husband into the back-ground, and confronts Mr. Bucket with a hard, frowning smile.

"Since you want to know what we know," says she, "I'll tell you. I helped to bring up Miss Hawdon, her Ladyship's daughter. I was in the service of her Ladyship's sister, who was very sensitive to the disgrace her Ladyship brought upon her, and gave out, even to her Ladyship, that the child was dead—she *was* very nearly so, when she was born. But she's alive, and I know her." With these words, and a laugh, laying a bitter stress on the word "Ladyship," Mrs. Chadband folds her arms, and looks impenetrably and obdurately at Mr. Bucket.

"I suppose now," returns that officer, "*you* will be expecting a twenty pound note, or a present of about that figure?"

Mrs. Chadband merely laughs, and contemptuously tells him he can "offer" twenty pence.

"My friend the law-stationer's good lady over there," says Mr. Bucket, luring Mrs. Snagsby forward with the finger. "What may *your* game be ma'am?"

Mrs. Snagsby is at first prevented by tears and lamentations from stating the nature of her game, but by degrees it confusedly comes to light that she is a woman overwhelmed with injuries and wrongs, whom Mr. Snagsby has habitually deceived, abandoned, and sought to keep in darkness, and whose chief comfort, under her afflictions, has been the sympathy of the late Mr. Tulkinghorn; who showed so much commiseration for her on one occasion of his calling in Cook's Court in the absence of her perjured husband, that she has of late literally carried to him all her woes. Every body, it appears, the present company excepted, has plotted against Mrs. Snagsby's peace. There is Mr. Guppy, clerk to Kenge and Carboy, who was at first as open as the sun at noon, but who suddenly shut up as close as midnight, under the influence—no doubt—of Mr. Snagsby's salooning and tampering. There is Mr. Weevle, friend of Mr. Guppy, who lived mysteriously up a court, owing to the like coherent causes. There was Krook, deceased, there was Nimrod, deceased, and there was Jo deceased, and they were "all in it." In what, Mrs. Snagsby doesn't with any particularity express, but she knows that Jo was Mr. Snagsby's son, "as well as if a trumpet had spoken it," and she followed Mr. Snagsby when he went on his last visit to the boy, and if he were not his son why did he go? The one occupation of her life has been, for some time back, to follow Mr. Snagsby to and fro, and up and down, and to piece suspicious circumstances together—and every circumstance that has happened has been most suspicious—and in this way she has pursued her object of detecting and confounding her false husband, night and day. Thus did it come to pass that she brought the Chadbands and Mr. Tulkinghorn together, and conferred with Mr. Tulkinghorn on the change in Mr. Guppy, and helped to turn up the circumstances in which the present company are interested, casually by the wayside; being still ever on the great high road that is to terminate in Mr. Snagsby's full exposure, and a matrimonial separation. All this Mrs. Snagsby, as an injured woman, and the friend of Mrs. Chadband, and the follower of Mr. Chadband, and the mourner of the late Mr. Tulkinghorn, is here to certify under the seal of confidence, with every possible confusion, and involvement, possible and impossible; having no pecuniary motive whatever, no scheme or project but the one mentioned; and bringing here, and taking every where, her own dense atmosphere of dust, arising from the ceaseless working of the mill of jealousy.

While this exordium is in hand—and it takes some time—Mr. Bucket, who has seen through the transparency of Mrs. Snagsby's vinegar at a glance, confers with his familiar demon, and bestows his shrewd attention on the Chadbands and Mr. Smallweed. Sir Leicester Dedlock remains immovable, with the same icy surface upon him, except that he once or twice looks toward Mr. Bucket as relying on that officer alone of all mankind.

"Very good," says Mr. Bucket. "Now I understand you, you know, and being deputed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to look into this matter;" again Sir Leicester mechanically bows in confirmation of the statement; "can give it my fair and full attention. Now I won't allude to conspiring to extort money, or any thing of that sort, because we are men and women of the world here, and our object is to make things pleasant. But I tell you what I *do* wonder at; I am surprised that you should think of making a noise below in the hall. It was so opposed to your own interests. That's what I look at."

"We wanted to get in," pleads Mr. Smallweed.

"Why, of course, you wanted to get in," Mr. Bucket assents with cheerfulness; "but for a old gentleman at your time of life—what I call venerable, mind you!—with his wits sharpened, as I have no doubt they are, by the loss of the use of his limbs, which occasions all his animation to mount up into his head—not to consider that if he don't keep such a business as the present as close as possible, it can't be worth a single mag to him, is so curious! You see your temper got the better of you; that's where you lost ground," says Mr. Bucket, in an argumentative and friendly way.

"I only said I wouldn't go, without they came up to Sir Leicester Dedlock," returns Mr. Smallweed.

"That's it! That's when your temper got the better of you. Now you keep it under another time, and you'll make money by it. Shall I ring for them to carry you down?"

"When are we to hear more of this?" Mrs. Chadband sternly demands.

"Bless your heart for a true woman! Always curious, your delightful sex is!" replies Mr. Bucket, with arch gallantry. "I shall have the pleasure of giving you a call to-morrow or next day—not forgetting Mr. Smallweed and his proposal of two, fifty."

"Five hundred!" exclaims Mr. Smallweed.

"All right! Nominally five hundred;" Mr. Bucket has his hand on the bell-rope. "*Shall* I wish you good-day for the present, on the part of myself and the gentleman of the house?" he asks in an insinuating tone.

Nobody objecting to his doing so, he does it, and the party retire as they came up. Mr. Bucket follows them to the door, and returning says with an air of serious business:

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's for you to consider whether or not to buy this up. I should recommend, on the whole, it's being bought up myself, and I think it may be bought pretty cheap. You see, that little pickled cucumber of a Mrs. Snagsby has been used by all sides of the speculation, and has done a deal more harm in bringing odds and ends together than if she had meant it. Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, he held all these horses in his hand, and could have driven 'em his own way, I haven't a doubt; but he was fetched off the box head-foremost, and now they have got their legs over the traces, and all are dragging and pulling their own ways. So it is, and such is life. The cat's away, and the mice they play; the frost breaks up, and the water runs. Now with regard to the party to be apprehended."

Sir Leicester seems to wake, though his eyes have been wide open; and he looks intently at Mr. Bucket, as Mr. Bucket refers to his watch.

"The party to be apprehended is now in this house," proceeds Mr. Bucket, putting it up with a steady hand, and with rising spirits, "and I'm about to take her into custody in your presence, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you say a word, nor yet stir. There'll be no noise, and no disturbance at all. I'll come back in the course of the evening, if agreeable to you, and endeavor to meet your wishes respecting the unfortunate family matter, and the noblest way of keeping it quiet. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you be nervous on account of the apprehension at present coming off. You shall see the whole case clear from first to last."

Mr. Bucket rings, goes to the door, briefly whispers Mercury, shuts the door, and stands behind it with his arms folded. After a suspense of a minute or two, the door slowly opens, and a French woman enters. Mademoiselle Hortense.

The moment she is in the room, Mr. Bucket claps the door to, and puts his back against it. The suddenness of the noise occasions her to turn; and then, for the first time, she sees Sir Leicester Dedlock in his chair.

"I ask your pardon," she mutters hurriedly. "They told me there was no one here."

Her step toward the door brings her front to front with Mr. Bucket. A spasm shoots across her face, and she turns deadly pale.

"This is my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock," says Mr. Bucket, nodding at her with his folded arms. "This foreign young woman has been my lodger for some weeks back."

"What do Sir Leicester care for that, do you think, my angel?" returns Mademoiselle, in a peculiar strain.

"Why, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket, "we shall see."

Mademoiselle Hortense eyes him with a scowl upon her tight face, which gradually changes into a smile of scorn. "You are very mysterieuse. Are you drunk?"

"Tolerable sober, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket.

"I come frequently at this so detestable house with your wife. Your wife have left me, since some minutes. They tell me down stairs that your wife is here. I come here, and your wife is not here. What is the intention of this fool's play?" Mademoiselle demands, with her arms composedly crossed, but with something in her dark cheek beating like a clock.

Mr. Bucket merely shakes the finger at her.

"Ah! my God! you are an unhappy idiot!" cries Mademoiselle, with a toss of her head and a laugh.—"Leave me to pass down stairs, great pig." With a stamp of her foot and a menace.

"Now, Mademoiselle," says Mr. Bucket, in a cold, determined way, "you go and sit down upon that sofy."

"I will not sit down upon nothing," she replies, with a shower of nods.

"Now, Mademoiselle," repeats Mr. Bucket, making no demonstration, except with the finger; "you sit down upon that sofy."

"Why?"

"Because I take you into custody on a charge of murder, and you don't need to be told it. Now, I want to be polite to one of your sex and a foreigner, if I can. If I can't, I must be rough, and there's rougher ones outside. What I am to be, depends on you. So I recommend you, as a friend, afore another half a blessed moment has passed over your head, to go and sit down upon that sofy."

Mademoiselle complies, and says in a concentrated voice, while that something in her cheek beats fast and hard, "You are a Devil."

"Now, you see," Mr. Bucket proceeds approvingly, "You're comfortable, and conducting yourself as I should expect a foreign young woman of your good sense to do. So I'll give you a piece of advice, and it's this, don't you talk too much. You're not expected to say any thing here, and you can't keep too quiet a tongue in your head. In short, the less you parlay, the better, you know." Mr. Bucket is very complacent over this peculiar explanation.

Mademoiselle, with that tigerish expansion of the mouth, and her black eyes darting fire upon him, sits upright on the sofa in a rigid state, with

her hands clenched—and her feet too, one might suppose—muttering, "O you Bucket, you are a Devil!"

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," says Mr. Bucket, and from this time forth the finger never rests, "this young woman, my lodger, was her Ladyship's maid at the time I have mentioned to you, and this young woman, besides being extraordinary vehement and passionate against her Ladyship after being discharged—"

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle, "I discharge myself."

"Now, why don't you take my advice!" returns Mr. Bucket, in an impressive, and almost in an imploring tone. "I'm surprised at the indiscreetness you commit. You'll say something that'll be used against you, you know. You're sure to come to it. Never you mind what I say, till it's given in evidence. It's not addressed to you."

"Discharge too!" cries Mademoiselle, furiously, "by her Ladyship! Eh, my faith, a pretty Ladyship! Why, I r-r-r-ruin my character by remaining with a Ladyship so infame!"

"Upon my soul I wonder at you!" says Mr. Bucket. "I thought the French were a polite nation, I did, really. Yet to hear a female going on like that, before Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet!"

"He is a poor abased!" cries Mademoiselle. "I spit upon his house, upon his name, upon his imbecility," all of which she makes the carpet represent. "Oh, that he is a great man! O yes, superb! O heaven! Bah!"

"Well, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "This intemperate foreigner also angrily took it in her head that she had established a claim upon Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, by attending on the occasion I told you of, at his chambers; though she was liberally paid for her time and trouble."

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle. "I ref-use his money alltogezzer."

("If you *will* parlay, you know," says Mr. Bucket, parenthetically, "you must take the consequences.) Now, whether she became my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock, with any deliberate intention there of doing this deed and blinding me, I give no opinion on; but she lived in my house in that capacity at the time that she was hovering about the chambers of the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn, with a view to a wrangle, and likewise persecuting and half frightening the life out of an unfortunate stationer."

"Lie!" cried Mademoiselle. "All lies!"

"The murder was committed, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and you know exactly under what circumstances. Now, I beg you to follow me close with your attention for a minute or two. I was sent for, and the case was intrusted to me. I examined the place, and the body, and the papers, and every thing. From information I received (from a clerk in the same house) I took George into custody, as having been seen hanging about there on the night, and at very nigh the time, of the murder; also as having been overheard in high words with the deceased on former occasions—even threatening him, as the witness made out. If you ask me, Sir Leicester Dedlock, whether from the first I believed George to be the murderer, I tell you candidly No; but he might be notwithstanding, and there was enough against him to make it my duty to take him and get him kept under remand. Now, observe!"

As Mr. Bucket bends forward in some excitement—for him—and inaugurates what he is going to say with one ghostly beat of his forefinger in the air, Mademoiselle Hortense fixes her black eyes upon him with a dark frown, and sets her dry lips closely and firmly together.

"I went home, Sir Leicester, Baronet, at night, and found this young woman having supper with my wife, Mrs. Bucket. She had made a considerable show of being fond of Mrs. Bucket from her first offering herself as our lodger, but that night she made more than ever—in fact, overdid it. Likewise she overdid her respect and all that for the lamented memory of the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn. By the living Lord, it flashed upon me as I sat opposite to her at the table and saw her with a knife in her hand, that she had done it."

Mademoiselle is hardly audible in straining through her teeth and lips the words "You are a Devil."

"Now where," pursues Mr. Bucket, "had she been on the night of the murder? she had been to the theayter. (She really was there, I have since found, both before the deed and after it.) I knew I had an artful customer to deal with, and that proof would be very difficult; and I laid a trap for her, such a trap as I never laid yet, and such a venter as I never made yet. I worked it out in my mind while I was talking to her at supper. When I went up-stairs to bed, our house being small, and this young woman's ears sharp, I stuffed the sheet into Mrs. Bucket's mouth that she shouldn't say a word of surprise, and told her all about it. My dear, don't give your mind to that again, or I shall link your feet together at the ankles." Mr. Bucket, breaking off, has made a noiseless descent upon Mademoiselle, and laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter with you now?" she asks him.

"Don't you think any more," returns Mr. Bucket, with admonitory finger, "of throwing yourself out of window. That's what's the matter with me. Come! Just take my arm. You needn't get up; I'll sit down by you. Now take my arm, will you. I'm a married man, you know; you're acquainted with my wife. Just take my arm."

Vainly endeavoring to moisten those dry lips, with a painful sound, she struggles with herself, and complies.

"Now, we're all right. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, this case could never have been the case it is but for Mrs. Bucket, who is a woman in fifty thousand—in a hundred and fifty thou-

sand! To throw this young woman off her guard, I have never set foot in our house since, though I've communicated with Mrs. Bucket in the baker's loaves and in the milk as often as required. My whispered words to Mrs. Bucket when she had the secret in keeping were, 'My dear, can you throw her off continually with natural accounts of George, and this, and that, and t'other? Can you do without rest, and keep watch upon her night and day? Can you undertake to say, 'She shall do nothing without my knowledge, she shall be my prisoner without suspecting it. She shall no more escape from me than from death, and her life shall be my life, and her soul my soul, till I have got her?' Mrs. Bucket says to me, as well as she could speak, on account of the sheet, 'Bucket, I can!' and she has acted up to it glorious!"

"Lies!" Mademoiselle interposes. "He's my angel!"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, how did my calculations come out under these circumstances? When I calculated that this impetuous young woman would overdo it in new directions, was I wrong or right? I was right. What does she try to do? Don't let it give you a turn? To throw the murder on her Ladyship."

Sir Leicester rises from his chair, and staggers down again.

"And she got encouragement in it, from hearing that I was always here, which was done a' purpose. Now, open that pocket-book of mine, Sir Leicester Dedlock, if I may take the liberty of throwing it toward you, and look at the letters sent to me, each with the two words, LADY DEDLOCK. Open the one directed to yourself, which I stopped this very morning, and read the three words LADY DEDLOCK MURDERESS, in it. These letters have been falling about like a shower of lady-birds. What do you say now to Mrs. Bucket from her spy-place having seen them all written? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having within this half-hour secured the corresponding ink and paper, fellow half-sheets and what not? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having watched the posting of 'em every one, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet?" Mr. Bucket asks, triumphant in his admiration of his lady's genius.

Two things are especially observable as Mr. Bucket proceeds to a conclusion. First that he seems imperceptibly to establish a dreadful right of property in Mademoiselle. Secondly, that the very atmosphere she breathes seems to narrow and contract about her, as if a close net, or a pall, were being drawn nearer and yet nearer around her breathless figure.

"There is no doubt that her Ladyship was on the spot at the eventful period," says Mr. Bucket; "and my foreign friend here saw her, I believe, from the upper part of the staircase. Her Ladyship and George and my foreign friend were all pretty close on one another's heels. But that don't signify any more, so I'll not go into it. I found the wadding of the pistol with which the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was shot. It was a bit of the printed description of your house at Chesney Wold. Not much in that, you'll say, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. No. But when my foreign friend here is so put off her guard as to think it a safe time to tear up the rest of that leaf, and Mrs. Bucket puts the pieces together, and finds the wadding wanting, it begins to look like queer street."

"These are very long lies," Mademoiselle interposes. "You prose a great deal. Is it that you have almost all finished, or are you speaking always?"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," proceeds Mr. Bucket, who delights in the full title and does violence to himself when he dispenses with any fragment of it, "the last point in the case which I am now going to mention, shows the necessity of patience in our business, and never doing a thing in a hurry. I watched this young woman yesterday, without her knowledge, when she was looking at the funeral, in company with my wife, who planned to take her there, and I had so much to convict her, and I saw such an expression in her face, and my mind so rose against her malice toward her Ladyship, and the time was altogether such a time for bringing down what you may call retribution upon her, that if I had been a younger hand with less experience, I should have taken her certain. Equally, last night, when her Ladyship, as is so universally admired, I am sure, come home, looking—why, Lord! a man might almost say like Venus rising from the ocean, it was so unpleasant and inconsistent to think of her being charged with a murder of which she is innocent, that I felt quite to want to put an end to the job. What should I have lost? Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I should have lost the weapon. My prisoner here proposed to Mrs. Bucket, after the departure of the funeral, that they should go, per buss, a little ways into the country, and take tea at a very decent house of entertainment. Now, near that house of entertainment there's a piece of water. At tea my prisoner got up to fetch her pocket-handkicher from the bedroom where the bonnets was; she was rather a long time gone, and came back a little out of wind. As soon as she came home this was reported to me by Mrs. Bucket along with her suspicions. I had the piece of water dragged by moonlight, in presence of a couple of our men, and the pocket-pistol was brought up before it had been there half-a-dozen 'ours. Now, my dear, put your arm a little further through mine, and hold it steady, and I shan't hurt you!"

In a trice Mr. Bucket snaps a handcuff on her wrist. "That's one," says Mr. Bucket. "Now the other, darling; two, and all told!"

He rises; she rises too. "Where," she asks him, darkening her large eyes until their drooping lids almost conceal them—and yet they stare, "where is your false, your treacherous and cursed wife?"

"She's gone forrard to the Police office," re-

turns Mr. Bucket. "You'll see her there, my dear."

"I should like to kiss her!" exclaims Mademoiselle Hortense, panting tigress-like.

"You'd bite her, I suspect," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would!" making her eyes very large. "I would love to tear her limb from limb."

"Bless you, darling," says Mr. Bucket, with the greatest composure; "I'm fully prepared to hear that. Your sex have such an animosity against one another when you do differ. You don't mind me half so much, do you?"

"No. Though you are a Devil still."

"Angel and devil by turns, eh?" cries Mr. Bucket. "But I am in my regular employment, any how. Let me put your shawl tidy. I've been lady's maid to a good many before now. Any thing wanting to the bonnet? There's a cab at the door."

Mademoiselle Hortense, casting an inquiring eye at the glass, shakes herself perfectly neat in one shake, and looks, to do her justice, uncommonly genteel.

"Listen, then, my angel," says she, after several sarcastic nods. "You are very spiritual. Can't you res-tore him back to life?"

Mr. Bucket answers, "Not exactly."

"That is droll. Listen yet one time. You are very spiritual. Can you make a honorable lady of Her?"

"Don't be so malicious," says Mr. Bucket.

"Or a haughty gentleman of *Him?*" cries Mademoiselle, referring to Sir Leicester, with ineffable disdain. "Eh! O my God, regard him! The poor infant! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, come, why this is worse parlaying than the other," says Mr. Bucket. "Come along!"

"You can not do these things? Then you can do as you please with me. It is but the death; it is all the same. Let us go, my angel. Adieu, you old man, gray. I pity you, and I des-pise you!"

With these last words, she snaps her teeth together, as if her mouth closed with a spring. It is impossible to describe how Mr. Bucket gets her out, but he accomplishes that feat in a manner peculiar to himself; enfolding and pervading her like a cloud, and hovering away with her as if he were a homely Jupiter, and she the object of his affections.

Sir Leicester, left alone, remains in the same attitude as though he were still listening and his attention were still occupied. At length he goes round the empty room, and finding it deserted, rises unsteadily to his feet, pushes back his chair, and makes a few steps, supporting himself by the table. Then he stops, and with more of those inarticulate sounds, lifts up his eyes and seems to stare at something.

Heaven knows what he sees. The green, green woods of Chesney Wold, the noble house, the pictures of his forefathers, strangers defacing them, officers of police coarsely handling his most precious heir-looms, thousands of fingers pointing at him, thousands of faces sneering at him. But if such shadows flit before him to his bewilderment and dread, there is one other shadow which he can name with something like distinctness even yet, and to which alone he addresses his tearing of his white hair and his extended arms.

It is she, in association with whom, saving that she has been for years the main fibre of the root of his dignity and pride, he has never had a selfish thought. It is she whom he has loved, admired, honored, and set up for the world to respect. It is she who at the core of all the constrained formalities and conventionalities of his life, has been a stock of living tenderness and love, susceptible as nothing else is of being struck with the agony he feels. He sees her, not himself, and can not bear to look upon her cast down from the high place she has graced so well.

And even to the point of his sinking on the ground, oblivious of his suffering, he can yet pronounce her name with something like distinctness in the midst of those numerous sounds, and in a tone of mourning and compassion rather than reproach.

CHAPTER LV.—Mother and Son.

Inspector Bucket, of the Detective, has not yet struck his great blow, as just now chronicled; but is yet refreshing himself with sleep preparatory to his field-day, when through the night and along the freezing wintry roads, a chaise and pair comes out of Lincolnshire, making its way toward London.

Railroads soon shall traverse all this country, and with a rattle and a glare the engine and train shall shoot like a meteor over the wide night-landscape, turning the moon paler; but as yet such things are non-existent in these parts, though not wholly unexpected. Preparations are afoot, measurements are made, ground is staked out. Bridges are begun, and their not yet united piers desolately look at one another over roads and streams like brick and mortar couples with an obstacle to their union; fragments of embankments are thrown up and left as abrupt precipices, with torrents of rusty carts and barrows traveling over them; tripods of tall poles appear on hill-tops where there are remains of tunnels; every thing looks chaotic and abandoned in fell hopelessness. Over the freezing roads and through the night the post-chaise makes its way without a railroad on its mind.

Mrs. Rouncewell, so many years housekeeper at Chesney Wold, sits within it; and by her side sits Mrs. Bagnet, with her gray cloak and umbrella. The old girl would prefer the bar in front, as being exposed to the weather and a primitive sort of perch, more in accordance with her usual course of traveling; but Mrs. Rouncewell is too thoughtful of her comfort to admit of her proposing it. The old lady can not make enough of the old girl. She sits, in her stately manner, holding her hand, and regardless of its roughness, puts it often to her lips. "You're a mother, my dear soul," says she, many times, "and you found out my George's mother, my noble boy!"

"Why, George," returns Mrs. Bagnet, "was always free with me, ma'am, and when he said at our house to my Woolwich, that of all the things my Woolwich could have to think of when he grew to be a man, the comfortablest would be that he had never brought a sorrowful line into his mother's face, or turned a hair of her head gray, then I felt sure from his way that something fresh had brought his own mother into his mind. I had often known him say to me that he had behaved bad to her."

"Never, my dear!" returns Mrs. Rouncewell, bursting into tears. "My blessing on him, never! He was always fond of me, and loving to me, was my Georgy! But he had a bold spirit, and he ran a little wild, and went for a soldier. And I am sure he waited at first in letting us know all about himself till he should rise to be an officer; and when he didn't rise, I know he considered himself beneath us, and wouldn't be a disgrace to us. For he had a lion heart, had my George, always from a baby!"

The old lady's hands stray about her, as of yore, while she recalls all in a tremble. What a likely lad, what a fine lad, what a gay, good-humored, clever lad he was; how they all took to him down at Chesney Wold—how Sir Leicester took to him, when he was a young gentleman; how the dogs took to him; how even the people, who had been angry with him, forgave him the moment he was gone, poor boy. And now to see him after all, and in a prison, too! And the broad stomacher heaves, and the quaint upright old-fashioned figure bends under its load of affectionate distress.

Mrs. Bagnet, with the instinctive skill of a good warm heart, leaves the old housekeeper to her emotions for a little while—not without passing the back of her hand across her motherly eyes—and presently chirps up in her own cheery manner:

"So I says to George when I goes to call him in to tea (he pretended to be smoking his pipe outside), 'What ails you this afternoon, George, for gracious sake? I have seen all sorts, and I have seen you pretty often in season and out of season, abroad and at home, and I never see you so melancholy penitent.' 'Why, Mrs. Bagnet,' says George, 'it's because I am melancholy and penitent both, this afternoon, that you see me so.' 'What have you done, old fellow?' I says. 'Why, Mrs. Bagnet,' says George, shaking his head, 'what I have done has been done this many a long year, and is best not tried to be undone now. If I ever get to Heaven, it won't be for being a good son to a widowed mother; I say no more.' Now, ma'am, when George says to me that it's best not tried to be undone now, I have my thoughts, as I have often had before, and I draw it out of George how he comes to have such things heavy on him that afternoon. Then George tells me that he has seen by chance, at the lawyer's office, a fine old lady, that has brought his mother plain before him; and he runs on about that old lady till he quite forgets himself, and paints her picter to me as she used to be, years upon years ago. So I says to George when he has done, who is this old lady he has seen? and George tells me it's Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper for more than half a century to the Dedlock family down at Chesney Wold in Lincolnshire. George has frequently told me before that he's a Lincolnshire man, and I says to my old Lignum that night, 'Lignum, that's his mother for five-and-forty pounds!'"

All this Mrs. Bagnet now relates for the twentieth time at least within the last four hours, trilling it out, like a kind of bird; with a pretty high note, that it may be audible to the old lady above the hum of the wheels.

"Bless you, and thank you," says Mrs. Rouncewell. "Bless you, and thank you, my worthy soul!"

"Dear heart!" cries Mrs. Bagnet, in the most natural manner. "No thanks to me, I am sure. Thanks to yourself, ma'am, for being so ready to pay 'em! And mind once more, ma'am, what you had best do on finding George to be your own son, is, to make him—for your sake—have every sort of help to put himself in the right, and clear himself of a charge of which he is as innocent as you or me. It won't do to have truth and justice on his side, he must have law and lawyers," exclaims the old girl, apparently persuaded that they form quite a separate establishment, and have dissolved partnership with truth and justice forever and a day.

"He shall have," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "every help that can be got for him in the world, my dear. I will spend all I have, and thankfully, to procure it. Sir Leicester will do his best, the whole family will do their best; I—I know something, my dear, and will make my own appeal, as his mother parted from him all these years, and finding him in a jail at last."

The extreme disquietude of the old housekeeper's manner in saying this, her broken lamentations, and her wringing of her hands, make a powerful impression on Mrs. Bagnet, and would astonish her but that she refers them all to her sorrow for her son's condition. And yet Mrs. Bagnet wonders, too, why Mrs. Rouncewell should murmur in a kind of distraction, "My Lady, my Lady, my Lady!" over and over again.

The frosty night wears away, and the dawn breaks, and the post-chaise comes rolling on through the early mist, like the ghost of a chaise departed. It has plenty of spectral company in ghosts of trees and hedges, slowly vanishing, and giving place to the realities of day. London reached, the travelers alight; the old housekeeper in great tribulation and confusion; Mrs. Bagnet, quite fresh and collected as she could be of her next point, with no new equipage and outfit over the Cape of Good Hope, the Island of Ascension, Hong-Kong, or any other military station.

But when they set out for the prison where the trooper is confined, the old lady has managed to draw about her, with the lavender-colored shawl, much of the staid calmness of deportment which

MRS. BAGNET RETURNS FROM HER EXPEDITION.

is its usual accompaniment. A wonderfully grave, precise, and handsome piece of old china she looks, though her heart beats fast, and her stomacher is ruffled, more than ever the remembrance of this wayward son has ruffled it these many years.

Approaching the cell, they find the door opening and a warder in the act of coming out. The old girl promptly makes a sign of entreaty to him to say nothing; and assenting, with a nod, he suffers them to enter as he shuts the door.

So George, who is writing at his table, supposing himself to be alone, does not raise his eyes, but remains absorbed. The old housekeeper looks at him, and those wandering hands of hers are quite enough for Mrs. Bagnet's confirmation, even if she could see the mother and the son together, knowing what she knows, and doubt their relationship.

Not a rustle of the housekeeper's dress, not a gesture, not a word betrays her. She stands looking at him as he writes on all unconscious, and only her fluttering hands give utterance to her emotions. But they are very eloquent; very, very eloquent. Mrs. Bagnet understands them. They speak of gratitude, of joy, of grief, of hope, of inextinguishable affection, cherished with no such return since this stalwart man was a stripling; of a better son loved less, and this son loved so fondly and so proudly; and they speak of it all in such touching language that Mrs. Bagnet's eyes brim up with tears, and they run glistening down her sun-tanned face.

"George Rouncewell! O my dear child, turn and look at me!"

The trooper starts up, clasps his mother round the neck, and falls down on his knees before her. Whether in a late repentance, whether in the first association that comes back upon him, he puts his hands together as a child does when it says its prayers, and raising them toward her breast bows down his head and cries.

"My George, my dearest son, always my favorite, and my favorite still, where have you been these cruel years and years? grown such a man, too, grown such a fine strong man. Grown so like what I knew he must be if it pleased God he was alive!"

She can ask and he can answer nothing connected for a time; and all that time the old girl, turned away, leans one arm against the whitened wall, leans her honest forehead upon it, and dries her eyes with her serviceable gray cloak, and quite enjoys herself, like the best of old girls as she is.

"Mother;" says the trooper when they are more composed; "forgive me first of all, for I know my need of it."

Forgive him! she does it with all her heart and soul. She always has done it. She tells him how she had it written in her will these many years that he was her beloved son George. She has never believed any ill of him, never. If she had died without this happiness—and she is an old woman now, and can't look to live very long—she would have blessed him with her last breath, if she had had her senses, as her beloved son George.

"Mother, I have been an undutiful trouble to you, and I have my reward; but of late years I have had a kind of glimmering of a purpose in me. When I left home I didn't care much, mother—I am afraid not a great deal—for leaving, and went away and 'listed, harum-scarum, making believe to think that 'I cared for nobody, no, not I, and that nobody cared for me.'"

The trooper has dried his eyes, and put away his handkerchief, but there is an extraordinary contrast between his habitual manner of expressing himself and carrying himself, and the softened tone in which he speaks, interrupted occasionally by a half-stifled sob.

"So I wrote a line home, mother, as you too well know, to say I had 'listed under another name, and I went abroad. Abroad, at one time, I thought I'd write home next year, when I might be better off, and when that year was out again, perhaps I didn't think much about it. So on, from year to year, through a service of ten years, till I began to get older, and to ask myself why should I ever write?"

"I don't find any fault, child—but not to ease my mind, George? Not a word to your loving mother, who was growing older, too?"

This almost overturns the trooper again, but he sets himself up with a great rough-sounding clearance of his throat.

"Heaven forgive me, mother, but I thought there would be small consolation then in hearing any thing about me. There was you, respected and esteemed. There was my brother, as I read in chance north-country papers now and then, rising to be prosperous and famous. There was I, a dragoon, roving, unsettled, not self-made, like him, but self-unmade—all my earlier advantages thrown away, all my little learning unlearnt, nothing picked up but what unfitted me for most things that I cared to think of. What business had I to make myself known! After letting all that time go by me, what good could come of it? The worst was past with you, mother. I knew by that time (being a man) how you had mourned for me, and wept for me, and prayed for me, and the pain was over, or softened down, and I was better in your mind dead than living."

The old lady sorrowfully shakes her head, and taking one of his powerful hands between her own, lays it lovingly upon her shoulder.

"I don't say that it was so, mother, but that I made it out to be so. I said just now, what good could come of it? Well, my dear mother, some good might have come of it to myself—and there was the meanness of it. You would have sought me out; you would have purchased my discharge; you would have taken me down to Chesney Wold; you would have brought me and my brother and my brother's family together; you would all have considered anxiously how to do something for me, and set me up as a respectable civilian. But how could any of you feel so sure of me, when I couldn't so much as feel sure of myself? How could you help regarding as an incumbrance and a discredit to you, an idle dragooning chap, who was an incumbrance and a discredit to himself, excepting under discipline? How could I look my brother's children in the face, and pretend to set 'em an example—I, that vagabond boy, who had run away from home, and been the grief and unhappiness of my mother's life? No, George. Such were my words, mother, when I passed this in review before me: 'You have made your bed. Now lie upon it.'"

Mrs. Rouncewell, drawing up her stately form, shakes her head at the old girl with a swelling pride upon her, as much as to say, "I told you so!" The old girl relieves her feelings and testifies her strong interest in the conversation, by giving the trooper a great poke between the shoulders with her umbrella; this action she afterward repeats, at intervals, in a species of affectionate lunacy; never failing, after the administration of each of these remonstrances, to resort to the whitened wall and the gray cloak again.

"This was the way I brought myself to think, mother, that my best amends was to lie upon that bed I had made and die upon it. And I should have done it, but for my old comrade's wife here, who I see has been too many for me. But I thank her for it, mother. I thank you for it, Mrs. Bagnet, with all my heart and might."

To which Mrs. Bagnet responds with two pokes.

And now the old lady impresses upon her son George, her own dear recovered boy, her joy and pride, the light of her eyes, the happy close of her life, and by every fond name she can think of, that he must be governed by the best advice obtainable by money and influence; that he must yield up his case to the greatest lawyers that can be got; that he must act in this serious plight as he shall be advised to act, and must not be self-willed, however right, but must promise to think only of his poor old mother's anxiety and suffering until he is released, or he will break her heart.

"Mother, it's little enough to consent to," returns the trooper, stopping her with a kiss; "tell me what I shall do, and I'll make a late beginning, and do it. Mrs. Bagnet, you'll take care of my mother, I know."

A very hard poke from the old girl.

"If you'll bring her acquainted with Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson, she will find them of her way of thinking, and they will give her the best advice and assistance."

"And, George," says the old lady, "we'll send with all haste for your brother. He is a sensible sound man, as they tell me, out in the world beyond Chesney Wold, my dear, though I don't know much of it myself, and will be of great service."

"Mother," returns the trooper, "is it too soon to ask a favor?"

"Surely not, my dear."

"Then grant me this one great favor," says the trooper, kissing her hand. "Don't let my brother know."

"Not know what, my dear?"

"Not know of me. In fact, mother, I can't bear it; I can't make up my mind to it. He has proved himself so different from me, and has done so much to raise himself while I've been soldiering, that I haven't the least of a face to see him in this place and under this charge. How could a man like him be expected to have any pleasure in such a discovery? It's impossible. No, keep my secret from him, mother: do me a greater kindness than I deserve, and keep my secret from my brother, of all men."

"But not always, dear George?"

"Why, mother, perhaps not for good and all—though I may come to ask that too—but keep it now, I do entreat you. If it's ever broke to him that his rip of a brother has turned up, I could wish," says the trooper, shaking his head very doubtfully, "to break it myself, and be governed, as to advancing or retreating, by the way in which he seems to take it."

As he evidently has a rooted feeling on this point, and as the depth of it is recognized in Mrs. Bagnet's face, his mother yields her implicit assent to what he asks. For this he thanks her kindly.

"In all other respects, my dear mother, I'll be as tractable and obedient as you can wish; on this one alone, I stand out firm. So now I am ready even for the lawyers. I have been drawing out," he glances at his writing on the table, "an exact account of what I knew of the deceased, and how I came to be involved in this unfortunate affair. It's entered up, plain and regular, like an orderly-book; not a word in it but what's wanted for the facts. I did intend to read it, straight on end, whensoever I was called upon to say any thing in my defense. I hope I may be let to do it still, but I have no longer a will of my own in this case, and whatever is said or done, I give my promise not to have any."

Matters being brought to this so far satisfactory pass, and time being on the wane, Mrs. Bagnet proposes a departure. Again and again the old lady hangs upon her son's neck, and again and again the trooper holds her to his broad chest, with his great tears rolling down his face.

"Where are you going to take my mother, Mrs. Bagnet?"

"I am going to the town house, my son, the family house. I have some business there, that must be looked to directly," Mrs. Rouncewell answers.

"Will you see my mother safe there, in a coach, Mrs. Bagnet? But of course I know you will. Why should I ask it?"

Why, indeed, Mrs. Bagnet expresses with the umbrella.

"Take her, my old friend, and take my gratitude along with you. Kisses to Quebec, and Malta, love to my godson, a hearty shake of the hand to Lignum, and this for yourself, and I wish it was ten thousand pound in gold, my dear!" So saying the trooper puts his lips to the old girl's tanned forehead, and the door shuts upon him in his cell.

No entreaties on the part of the good old housekeeper will induce Mrs. Bagnet to retain the coach to take her home. Jumping out cheerfully at the door of the Dedlock mansion, and handing Mrs. Rouncewell up the steps, the old girl shakes hands and trudges off, arriving soon afterward in the bosom of the Bagnet family, and falling to washing the greens, as if she had never been away.

My Lady is in that room in which she held her last conference with the murdered man, and is sitting where she sat that night, and is looking at the spot where he stood upon the hearth, studying her so leisurely, when a tap comes at the door. Who is that? Mrs. Rouncewell. What has brought Mrs. Rouncewell to town so unexpectedly?

"Trouble, my Lady. Sad trouble. Oh, my Lady, may I beg a word with you."

What new occurrence is it that makes this tranquil old woman tremble so. Far happier than her Lady, as her Lady has often thought her, why does she falter in this manner, and look at her with such strange mistrust.

"What is the matter? Sit down and take your breath."

"O, my Lady, my Lady. I have found my son—my youngest, who went away for a soldier so long ago. And he is in prison."

"For debt?"

"O, no, my Lady; I would have paid any debt, and joyful."

"For what is he in prison then?"

"Charged with a murder, my Lady, of which he is as innocent as—as I am—accused of the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn."

What does she mean by this look and this imploring gesture? Why does she come so close and kneel? What is the letter that she holds?

"Lady Dedlock, my dear Lady, my good Lady, my kind Lady! You must have a heart to feel for me, you must have a heart to forgive me. I was in this family before you were born. I am devoted to it. But think of my dear son wrongfully accused."

"I do not accuse him."

"No, my Lady, no. But others do, and he is in prison and in danger. O, Lady Dedlock, if you can say but a word to help to clear him, say it!"

What delusion can this be? What power does she suppose is in the person she petitions to avert

this unjust suspicion, if it be unjust? Her Lady's handsome eyes regard her with astonishment, almost with fear.

"My Lady, I came away last night from Chesney Wold to find my son in my old age, and the step upon the Ghost's Walk was so constant and so solemn that I never heard the like in all these years. Night after night, as it has fallen dark, the sound has echoed through your rooms, but last night it was awfulest. And as it fell dark last night, my Lady, I got this letter."

"What letter is it?"

"Hush! Hush!" The housekeeper looks round and answers in an agitated whisper: "My Lady, I have not breathed a word of it, I don't believe what's written in it, I know it can't be true, I am sure and certain that it is not true. But my son is in danger, and you *must* have a heart to pity me. If you know of any thing that is not known to others, if you have any suspicion, if you have any clew at all, and any reason for keeping it in your own breast, O, my dear Lady, think of me and conquer that reason and let it be known! This is the most I consider possible. I know you are not a hard lady, but you go your own way always without help, and you are not familiar with your friends, and all who admire you—and all do—as a beautiful and elegant lady know you to dwell far away from themselves, who can't be approached close. You, my Lady, may have some proud or angry reasons for disdaining to utter something that you know; if so, pray, O pray think of a faithful servant, whose whole life has been passed in this family which she dearly loves, and relent, and help to clear my son! My Lady, my good Lady," the old housekeeper pleads with genuine simplicity, "I am so humble in my place, and you are by nature so high and distant, that you may not think what I feel for my child; but I feel so much that I have come here to make so bold as to beg and pray you on my knees not to be scornful of us, if you can do us any right or justice at this fearful time!"

Lady Dedlock raises her without one word, until she takes the letter from her hand.

"Am I to read this?"

"When I am gone, my Lady, if you please; and then remembering the most that I consider possible."

"I know of nothing I can do; I know of nothing that I reserve that can affect your son. I have never accused him."

"My Lady, you may pity him the more, under a false accusation, after reading the letter."

The old housekeeper leaves her with the letter in her hand. In truth she is not a hard lady naturally, and the time has been when the sight of the venerable figure sueing to her with such strong earnestness would have moved her to great compassion. But so long accustomed to suppress emotion, and keep down reality, so long schooled for her own purposes, in that destructive school which shuts out the natural feelings of the heart, like flies in amber, and spreads one uniform and dreary gloss over the good and bad, the feeling and the unfeeling, the sensible and the senseless, she has subdued her wonder until now.

She opens the letter. Spread out upon the paper is a printed account of the discovery of the body, as it lay face downward on the floor, shot through the heart; and underneath is written her own name, with the word Murderess attached.

It falls out of her hand. How long it may have lain upon the ground, how long she may have been unconscious she knows not; but it lies where it fell, and a servant stands before her announcing the young man of the name of Guppy. The words have probably been repeated several times, for they are ringing in her head before she understands them.

"Let him come in!"

He comes in. Holding the letter in her hand, which she has taken from the floor, she tries to collect her thoughts. In the eyes of Mr. Guppy she is the same Lady Dedlock, holding the same prepared, proud, chilling state.

"Your Ladyship may not be at first disposed to excuse this visit from one who has never been very welcome to your Ladyship; which he don't complain of; for he is bound to confess that there never has been any particular reason on the face of things, why he should be; but I hope when I mention my motives to your Ladyship, you will not find fault with me," says Mr. Guppy.

"Please to do so."

"Thank your Ladyship. I should first explain to your Ladyship," Mr. Guppy sits on the edge of a chair, and puts his hat on the carpet at his feet, "that Miss Summerson, whose image as I formerly mentioned to your Ladyship, was at one period of my life imprinted on my art, until erased by circumstances over which I had no control, communicated to me, after I had the pleasure of waiting on your Ladyship last, that she particularly wished me to take no steps whatever in any matter at all relating to her. And Miss Summerson's wishes being a law (except as connected with circumstances over which I had no control), I consequently never expected to have the distinguished honor of waiting on your Ladyship again."

And yet he is here now, Lady Dedlock moodily reminds him.

"And yet I am here now," Mr. Guppy admits. "My object being to communicate to your Ladyship, under the seal of confidence, why I am here."

He can not do so, she tells him, too plainly or too briefly.

"Nor can I," Mr. Guppy returns, with a sense of injury upon him, "too particularly request your Ladyship to take particular notice that it's no personal affair of mine that brings me here. I have no interested views of my own to serve in coming here. If it was not for my promise to Miss Summerson, and my keeping of it sacred—I, in point of fact, shouldn't have darkened these doors again, but should have seen 'em farther first."

Mr. Guppy considers this a favorable moment for stroking up his hair with both hands.

"Your Ladyship will remember, when I mention it, that the last time I was here, I run against a party very eminent in our profession, and whose loss we all deplore. That party certainly did from that time apply himself to cutting in against me in a way that I call sharp practice, and did make it, at every turn and point, extremely difficult for me to be sure that I hadn't inadvertently led up to something contrary to Miss Summerson's wishes. Self-praise is no recommendation; but I may say of myself that I am not so bad a man of business neither."

Lady Dedlock looks at him in stern inquiry. Mr. Guppy immediately withdraws his eyes from her face, and looks any where else.

"Indeed, it has been made so hard," he goes on, "to have any idea what that party was up to in combination with others, that until the loss which we all deplore, I was graveled—an expression which your Ladyship, moving in the higher circles, will be so good as to consider tantamount to knocked over. Small, likewise a name by which I refer to another party, a friend of mine that your Ladyship is not acquainted with, got to be so close and double-faced that at times it wasn't easy to keep one's hands off his ears. However, what with the exertion of my humble abilities, and what with the help of a mutual friend by the name of Mr. Tom Weevle (who is of a high aristocratic turn, and has your Ladyship's portrait always hanging up in his room), I have now reasons for an apprehension, as to which I come to put your Ladyship upon your guard. First, will your Ladyship allow me to ask you whether you have had any strange visitors this morning? I don't mean fashionable visitors, but such visitors, for instance, as Miss Barbary's old servant, or as a person without the use of his lower extremities, carried up-stairs similarly to a jug?"

"No!"

"Then I assure your Ladyship that such visitors have been here, and have been received here. Because I saw them at the door, and waited at the corner of the square till they came out, and took half-an-hour's turn afterward to avoid them."

"What have I to do with that, or what have you? I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"Your Ladyship, I came to put you on your guard. There may be no occasion for it. Very well. Then I have only done my best to keep my promise to Miss Summerson. I strongly suspect (from what Small has dropped, and from what we have twisted out of him), that those letters I was to have brought to your Ladyship were not destroyed when I supposed they were. That if there was any thing to be blown upon, it is now blown upon. That the visitors I have alluded to have been here this morning to make money of it. And that the money is made, or making."

Mr. Guppy picks up his hat and rises.

"Your Ladyship, I don't want to say a word more, and I don't want to hear a word more. I have acted up to Miss Summerson's wishes in letting things alone, and in undoing what I had begun to do, as far as possible; that's sufficient for me. In case I should be taking a liberty in putting your Ladyship on your guard when there's no necessity for it, you'll endeavor, I should hope, to outlive my presumption, and I'll endeavor to outlive your disapprobation. I now beg to take farewell of your Ladyship, and to assure you that there's no danger of your ever being waited on by me again."

She scarcely acknowledges these parting words by any look or sign; but when he has been gone a little while, she rings the bell.

"Where is Sir Leicester?"

"Mercury reports that he is at present shut up in the library, alone."

"Has Sir Leicester had any visitors this morning?"

Several on business. Mercury proceeds to a description of them, which has been anticipated by Mr. Guppy. Enough; he may go.

All is broken down. Her name is in these many mouths, her husband knows his wrongs, her shame will be published—may be spreading while she thinks about it—and in addition to the thunderclap so long foreseen by her, so unforeseen by him, she is denounced by an invisible accuser as the murderess of her enemy.

Her enemy he was, and she has often, often, wished him dead. Her enemy he is, even in his grave. This dreadful accusation comes upon her, like a new torture at his lifeless hand. And when she recalls how she was secretly at his door that night, and how she may be represented to have sent her favorite girl away before, merely to release herself from observation, she shudders as if the hangman's hands were at her neck.

She has thrown herself upon the floor, and lies with her hair all wildly scattered, and her face buried in the cushions of a couch. See rises up, hurries to and fro, flings herself down again, and rocks and moans. The horror that is upon her, is unutterable. If she really were the murderess, it could hadly be, for the moment, more intense.

For, as her murderous perspective, before the doing of the deed presents the subtle precautions for its commission, would have been closed up by a gigantic dilation of the hateful figure, preventing her from seeing any consequences beyond it; and as those consequences would have rushed in, in an unimagined flood, the moment the figure was laid low—which always happens when a murder is done—so now she sees that when he used to be on the watch before her, and she used to think, "if a mortal stroke would but fall upon this man and take him from my way!" it was but wishing that all he held against her in his hand might be flung to the winds, and chance-sown in many places. So, too, with the wicked relief she felt in his death. What was his death but the keystone of a gloomy arch removed, and now the arch begins to fall in a thousand fragments, crushing and mangling piecemeal!

Thus a terrible impression steals upon and overshadows her, that from this pursuer, living

or dead—obdurate and imperturbable before her in his well-remembered guise, or not more obdurate and imperturbable in his coffin-bed—there is no escape but in death. Hunted she flies. The complication of her shame, her dread, remorse, and misery overwhelms her at its blight, and even her strength of reliance is overturned and whirled before it like a leaf before a mighty wind.

She hurriedly addresses these lines to her husband, seals, and leaves them on her table:

"If I am sought for, or accused of his murder, believe that I am wholly innocent. Believe no other good of me, for I am innocent of nothing else that you have heard, or will hear laid to my charge. He prepared me, on that fatal night, for his disclosure of my guilt to you. After he had left me, I went out, on pretense of walking in the garden where I sometimes walk, but really to follow him, and make one last petition that he would not protract the dreadful suspense on which I have been racked you do not know how long, but would mercifully strike next morning.

"I found his house dark and silent. I rang twice at his door, but there was no reply, and I came home. I have no home left. I will encumber you no more. May you in your first resentment be enabled to forget the unworthy woman on whom you wasted a most generous devotion, who avoids you only with a deeper shame than that with which she hurries from herself, and who writes this last adieu!"

She vails and dresses quickly—leaves all her jewels and her money—listens—goes down-stairs at a moment when the hall is empty, opens and shuts the great door; flutters away in the shrill frosty wind.

CHAPTER LVI.—Pursuit.

Impressive, as behoves its high breeding, the Dedlock town house stares at the other houses in the street of dismal grandeur, and gives no outward sign of any thing going on wrong within. Carriages rattle, doors are battered at, the world exchanges calls; ancient charmers with skeleton throats, and peachy cheeks that have a rather ghastly bloom upon them, seen by daylight, when indeed these fascinating creatures look like Death and the Lady fused together, dazzle the eyes of men. Forth from the frigid Mews come easily swinging carriages guided by short-legged coachmen in flaxen wigs, deep sunk into downy hammercloths; and up behind mount luscious Mercuries bearing sticks of state, and wearing cocked hats broadwise: a spectacle for the Angels.

The Dedlock town house changes not externally, and hours pass before its exalted dullness is disturbed within. But Volumnia the fair, being subject to the prevalent complaint of boredom, and finding that disorder attacking her spirits with some violence, ventures at length to repair to the library for change of scene. Her gentle tapping at the door producing no response, she opens it and peeps in; seeing no one there, takes possession.

The sprightly Dedlock is reputed in that grass-grown city of the ancients, Bath, to be stimulated by an urgent curiosity, which compels her on all convenient and inconvenient occasions to sidle about with a golden glass at her eye, peering into objects of every description. Certain it is that she avails herself of the present opportunity of hovering over her kinsman's letters and papers like a bird; taking a short peck at this document, and a blink with her head on one side at that document, and hopping about from table to table with her glass at her eye in an inquisitive and restless manner. In the course of these researches she stumbles over something, and turning her glass in that direction sees her kinsman lying on the ground like a felled tree.

Volumnia's pet little scream acquires a considerable augmentation of reality from this surprise, and the house is quickly in commotion. Servants tear up and down stairs, bells are violently rung, doctors are sent for, and Lady Dedlock is sought in all directions, but not found. Nobody has seen or heard her since she last rang her bell. Her letter to Sir Leicester is discovered on her table, but it is doubtful yet whether he has not received another missive from another world requiring to be personally answered—and all the living languages, and all the dead, are as one to him.

They lay him down upon his bed, and chafe, and rub, and fan, and put ice to his head, and try every means of restoration. Howbeit, the day has ebbed away, and it is night in his room before his stertorous breathing lulls, or his fixed eyes show any consciousness of the candle that is occasionally passed before them. But when this change begins, it goes on, and by-and-by he nods, or moves his eyes, or even his hand, in token that he hears and comprehends.

He fell down, this morning, a handsome stately gentleman, somewhat infirm, but of a fine presence, and with a well-filled face. He lies upon his bed, an aged man with sunken cheeks, the decrepit shadow of himself. His voice was rich and mellow, and he had so long been thoroughly persuaded of the weight and import to mankind of any word he said, that his words really had come to sound as if there were something in them. But now he can only whisper, and what he whispers sounds what it is—mere jumble and jargon.

His favorite and faithful housekeeper stands by his bedside. It is the first party he notices, and he clearly derives pleasure from it. After vainly trying to make himself understood in speech, he makes signs for a pencil. So inexpressively that they can not at first understand him; it is his old housekeeper who makes out what he wants, and brings him a slate.

After pausing for some time, he slowly scrawls upon it, in a hand that is not his, "Chesney Wold?"

No, she tells him, he is in London. He was taken ill in the library this morning. Right thankful she is that she happened to come to

London, and is able to attend upon him. "It is not an illness of any serious consequence, Sir Leicester. You will be much better to-morrow, Sir Leicester. All the gentlemen say so." This, with the tears coming down her fair old face.

After making a survey of the room and looking with particular attention all round the bed where the doctors stand, he writes "My Lady."

"My Lady went out, Sir Leicester, before you were taken ill, and don't know of your illness yet."

He points again, in great agitation, at the two words. They all try to quiet him, but he points again with increased agitation. On their looking at one another, not knowing what to say, he takes the slate once more, and writes "My Lady. For God's sake, where?" and makes an imploring moan.

It is thought better that his old housekeeper should give him Lady Dedlock's letter, the contents of which no one knows or can surmise. She opens it for him, and puts it out for his perusal. Having read it twice by a great effort, he turns it down so that it shall not be seen, and lies moaning. He passes into a kind of relapse, or into a swoon, and it is an hour before he opens his eyes, reclining on his faithful and attached servant's arm. The doctors know that he is best with her, and when not actively engaged about him stand aloof.

The slate comes into requisition again; but the word he wants to write he can not remember. His anxiety, his eagerness, and affliction, at this pass, are pitiable to behold. It seems as if he must go mad, in the necessity he feels for haste, and the inability, under which he labors, of expressing to do what, or to fetch whom. He has written the letter B, and there stopped. Of a sudden, in the height of his misery, he puts Mr. before it. The old housekeeper suggests Bucket. Thank Heaven! That's his meaning.

Mr. Bucket is found to be down-stairs by appointment. Shall he come up?

There is no possibility in misconstruing Sir Leicester's burning wish to see him, or the desire he signifies to have the room cleared of every soul but the housekeeper. It is speedily done, and Mr. Bucket appears. Of all men upon earth, Sir Leicester seems, fallen from his high estate, to place his sole trust and reliance upon this man.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I'm sorry to see you like this. I hope you'll cheer up. I'm sure you will, on account of the family credit."

Sir Leicester puts his letter in his hand, and looks intently in his face, while he reads it. A new intelligence, comes into Mr. Bucket's eye as he reads on; with one hook of his finger, while that eye is still glancing over the words, he indicates, "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I understand you."

Sir Leicester writes upon the slate. "Fall, forgiveness. Find—" Mr. Bucket stops his hand.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I'll find her. But my search after her must be begun out of hand. Not a minute must be lost."

With the quickness of thought, he follows Sir Leicester Dedlock's look toward a little box upon a table.

"Bring it here, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet? Certainly. Open it with one of these here keys? Certainly. The littlest key? To be sure. Take the notes out? So I will. Count 'em? That's soon done. Twenty and thirty's fifty, and twenty-seven and fifty's one twenty, and forty's one sixty. Take 'em for expenses? That I'll do, and render an account, of course. Don't spare money? No, I won't."

The velocity and certainty of Mr. Bucket's interpretation on all these heads is little short of miraculous. Mrs. Rouncewell, who holds the light, is giddy with the swiftness of his eyes and hands, as he starts up, furnished for his journey.

"You're George's mother, old lady; that's about what you are, I believe?" says Mr. Bucket, aside, with his hat already on, and buttoning his coat.

"Yes, sir, I am his distressed mother."

"So I thought, according to what he mentioned to me just now. Well, then, I'll tell you something. You needn't be distressed no more. Your son's all right. Now don't you begin a-crying, because what you've got to do is to take care of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and you won't do that by crying. As to your son, he's all right, I tell you, and he sends his loving duty, and hoping you're the same. He's discharged honorable; that's about what *he* is; with no more imputation on his character than there is on yours, and yours is a tidy one, I'll bet a pound. You may trust me, for I took your son. He conducted himself in a game way, too, on that occasion, and he's a fine-made man, and you're a fine-made old lady, and you're a mother and son, the pair of you, as he might showed for models in a caravan. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, what you've trusted to me I'll go through with. Don't you be afraid of my turning out of my way right or left, or taking a sleep, or a wash, or a shave, till I have found what I go in search of. By every thing as is kind and forgiving on your part, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I will, and I wish you better, and these family affairs smoothed over, as many other family affairs equally has been, and equally will be, to the end of time."

With this peroration, Mr. Bucket, buttoned up, goes quietly out, looking steadily before him, as if he were already piercing the night in quest of the fugitive.

His first step is to take himself to Lady Dedlock's rooms, and look all over them for any trifling indication that may help him. The rooms are in darkness now; and to see Mr. Bucket with a wax-light in his hand, holding it above his head, and taking a sharp mental inventory of the many delicate objects so curiously at variance with himself would be to see a sight—which nobody *does* see, as he is particular to look himself in. "A spicy boudoir this," says Mr. Bucket

who feels in a manner furbished up in his French by the blow of the morning. "Must have cost a sight of money. Rum articles to cut away from, these; she must have been hard put to it!"

Opening and shutting table-drawers, and looking into caskets and jewel-cases, he sees the reflection of himself in various mirrors, and moralizes thereon.

"One might suppose I was moving in the fashionable circles, and getting myself up for Almack's," says Mr. Bucket. "I begin to think I must be a swell in the Gaurds, without knowing it."

Then looking about, he has opened a dainty little chest in an inner drawer. His great hand turning over some gloves which it can scarcely feel, they are so light and soft within it, comes upon a white handkerchief.

"Hum! Let's have a look at *you*," says Mr. Bucket, putting down the light. "What should *you* be kept by yourself for? what's *your* motive? are you her Ladyship's property, or some body else's? You've got a mark upon you, somewheres or another, I suppose?"

He finds it as he speaks, "Esther Summerson."

"Oh!" says Mr. Bucket, pausing, with his finger at his ear. "Come, I'll take *you*."

He completes his observations as quietly and carefully as he has carried them on, leaves every thing else precisely as he found it, glides away after some five minutes in all, and passes into the street. With a glance upward at the dimly lighted windows of Sir Leicester's room, he sets off, full sailing, to the nearest coach-stand, picks out the horse for his money, and directs to be driven to the Shooting Gallery. Mr. Bucket does not claim to be a scientific judge of horses, but he lays out a little money on the principal events in that line, and generally sums up his knowledge of the subject in the remark that when he sees a horse as can go, he knows him.

His knowledge is not at fault in the present instance. Cluttering over the stones at a dangerous pace, yet thoughtfully bringing his keen eyes to bear on every slinking creature whom he passes in the midnight streets, and even on the lights in upper windows where people are going or gone to bed, and on all the turnings that he rattles by, and alike on the heavy sky, and on the earth where the snow lies there—for something may present itself to assist him any where—he dashes to his destination at such a speed that when he stops, the horse half smothers him in a cloud of steam.

"Unbar him half a moment to freshen him up, and I'll be back."

He runs up the long wooden entry, and finds the trooper smoking his pipe.

"I thought I should, George, after what you have gone through, my lad. I haven't a word to spare. Now, honor, all to save a woman. Miss Summerson that was here when Gridley died—that was the name I know—all right!—where does she live?"

The trooper has just come from there, and gives him the address near Oxford-street.

"You won't repent it, George. Good-night!"

He is off again with an impression of having seen Phil sitting by the frosty fire staring at him open-mouthed; and gallops away again, and gets out in a cloud of steam again.

Mr. Jarndyce, the only person up in the house, is just going to bed, rises from his book on hearing the rapid ringing at the bell, and comes down to the door in his dressing-gown.

"Don't be alarmed, sir." In a moment, his visitor is confidential with him in the hall, has shut the door, and stands with his hand upon the lock. "I've had the pleasure of seeing you before. Inspector Bucket. Look at that handkerchief, sir. Miss Esther Summerson's. Found it myself put away in a drawer of Lady Dedlock's—quarter of an hour ago. Not a moment to lose. Matter of life or death. You know Lady Dedlock?"

"Yes."

"There has been a discovery there to-day. Family affairs had come out. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, has had a fit—apoplexy or paralysis—and couldn't be brought to, and precious time has been lost. Lady Dedlock disappeared this afternoon, and left a letter for him that looks bad. Turn your eyes over it. Here it is!"

Mr. Jarndyce having read it, asks him what he thinks?

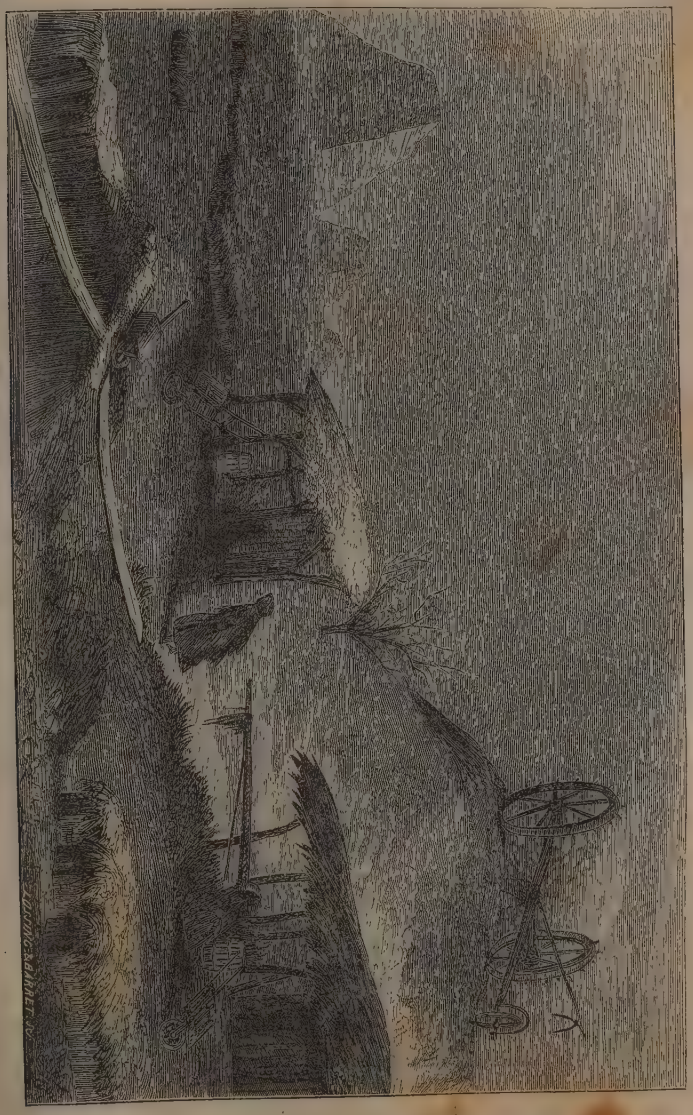
"I don't know. It looks like suicide anyways; there's more and more danger every minute of its drawing to that. I'd give an hundred pound an hour to have got the start of the present time. Now, Mr. Jarndyce, I am employed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to follow her and find her. To save her, and take her his forgiveness. I have money and full power, but I want something else. I want Miss Summerson."

Mr. Jarndyce, in a troubled voice, repeats, "Miss Summerson."

"Now, Mr. Jarndyce;" Mr. Bucket has read his face with the greatest attention all along, "I speak to you as a gentleman of a humane heart, and under such pressing circumstances as don't often happen. If ever delay was dangerous, it's dangerous now, and if ever you couldn't afterward forgive yourself for causing it, this is the time worth, as I tell you, a hundred pound a-piece. Eight or ten hours at least have been lost, since Lady Dedlock disappeared. I am charged to find her. I am Inspector Bucket. Besides all the rest that's heavy on her, she has upon her, as she believes, suspicion of murder. If I follow her alone, she being in ignorance of what Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, has communicated to me, may be driven to desperation. But if I follow her in company with a young lady answering to the description of a young lady that she has a kindness for—I ask no question, and I say no more, than that she will give me credit for being friendly. Let me come up with her and be able to have the hold upon her of putting that young lady for'ard, and I'll save her, and prevail with her, if

she is alive. Let me come up with her alone—a harder matter—and I'll do my best; but I don't answer for what the best may be. Time flies; it's getting on for one o'clock. When one strikes, there's another hour gone, and it's worth a thousand pound now instead of a hundred.".

This is all true, and the pressing nature of the case can not be questioned. Mr. Jarndyce begs him to remain there, while he speaks to Miss Summerson. Mr. Bucket says he will, but acting on his usual principle, does no such thing—following up-stairs instead, and keeping his man in sight. So he remains, dodging and lurking about in the gloom of the staircase while they



THE LONELY FIGURE.

confer. In a very little time, Mr. Jarndyce comes down, and tells him that Miss Summerson will join him directly, and place herself under his protection, to accompany him where he pleases. Mr. Bucket, satisfied, expresses high approval, and awaits her coming, at the door.

There he mounts a high tower in his mind, and looks out, far and wide. Many solitary figures, he perceives, are creeping through the streets; many solitary figures out on heaths, and roads, and lying under haystacks. But the figure that he seeks is not among them. Other solitaries he perceives, in nooks of bridges, looking over; and in shadowed places down by the river's level; and a dark, dark, shapeless object drifting with the tide, more solitary than all, clings with a drowning hold on his attention.

Where is she? Living or dead, where is she? If as he folds the handkerchief, and carefully puts it up, it were able, with an enchanted power, to bring before him the place where she found it, and the night landscape near the cottage where it covered the little child, would he descry her there? On the waste where the brick-kilns are burning with a pale-blue flare; where the straw roof of the wretched huts, in which the bricks are made, are being scattered by the wind; where the clay and water are hard frozen, and the mill in which the gaunt blind horse goes round all day, looks like an instrument of human torture; traversing this deserted, blighted, spot, there is a lonely figure with the sad world to itself, pelted by the snow and driven by the wind, and cast out, it would seem, from all companionship. It is the figure of a woman too; but it is miserably dressed, and no such clothes ever came through the hall and out at the great door of the Dedlock mansion.

JUSTICE TO PUSS.

FEW animals, I consider, have received a greater share of unjust calumny than the cat, and it is my intention in the present paper to stand up for it, and prove its claim to consideration by recapitulating certain passages of feline history, with which it has been at various times my lot to become acquainted. I shall state nothing but facts. If puss be dear to me, truth is dearer; and let no man suspect me of sophistication if I tell him what he never heard before, and might have been slow to suspect. My feline friends, some traits of whose personal history and character I am about to recall, are all, with one exception, dead and buried long ago. Did I say "buried?" Having pledged myself to speak truth, I must recall that expression: few of them, I am sorry to say, were buried; one or two, I recollect, did find rest in honored graves—in the garden under the gooseberry bushes; for the remainder, the reader will be so good as to substitute "dust-boxed" for "buried." And now, that point being settled, we may proceed to invoke from what some long-haired poet calls "the caverns of memory," the slumbering shades of Grimalkin gray and his parti-colored compeers, and exhibit their virtues to the world.

The first was my mother's cat "Brindle." What a host of endearing associations does the name recall to memory, and what an endless panorama of family pictures, which must all vanish, as they come, without observation. Naturalists have said that the cat is attached to places and not to persons. Brindle would have said, if he could have said any thing, that they knew nothing about it. He was an overgrown tom, of the true tabby pattern. All places were alike to him, if one person, his mistress, were present. He would sit and doze on the narrow back of her chair for hours together, but preferred the middle of the table, under her eye, and close to the book from which she read. He always overlooked the preparation of the pastry when she visited the kitchen for that purpose, and followed her up stairs and down though all her domestic duties daily. At night he escorted her regularly to her chamber-door, and then descended to the lower regions on a mousing expedition. In the morning he called her regularly at seven o'clock, by crooning and scratching at the door, where he waited till she came forth. He slept a good part of the day, but would wake up immediately if she rose to leave the room. In case of her illness he took his station on the landing outside of the chamber where she lay, and had to be fed there, as nothing could induce him to leave the spot. He was a cat of no accomplishments, and would rarely submit to be fondled by any but his mistress. Poor fellow! his fine coat and portly proportions were the death of him; he was snatched up by a member of the skinners' company, while watching at the door for the return of her he loved, and was slaughtered for the sake of his fur.

"Turnkey" was intended for Brindle's successor, and might have led a happy life had he known our good intentions toward him. He was brought up at a dairy-farm, was a magnificent tortoise-shell tom, and derived his name from the figure of a large key plainly visible on his flank. Happening to be on a visit to the farm soon after the loss of Brindle, I begged him of farmer Bolton, and putting him in a canvas bag, which I thoughtlessly suspended from the axletree of the gig, drove him home, a distance of some miles. When released from the bag in my mother's kitchen, while Betty was preparing, according to the prescribed formula, to butter his feet, to prevent his straying, he darted like a mad creature twenty times round the room, shot over the fire and up the chimney, where being stopped by the smoke-jack, he came down again, looking black and furious, dashed through a pane of glass, and made off. Of course we gave him up for lost, and expected neither to see nor to hear of him again. Not so, however. When farmer Bolton rose next morning, Turnkey, dirty, draggled, wet and wounded, and shorn of half his coat, was the first living thing that met his eyes.

How he had found his way back is one of those mysteries not very easily fathomed. No wonder that he was shy of strangers ever after, and would fly from the house whenever they appeared.

"Peter" was a stray, who came, as cats are frequently known to do, to volunteer for the situation of Brindle, which he must have instinctively discovered to be vacant. He was an undersized, foxy-looking fellow, with a disreputable tail which had suffered fracture, and, from lack of surgery, had healed with a knot in the middle. But he was a knowing tactician, and earned his way to favor before he claimed it. At first he hung about the house, seizing such scraps as were offered to him out of compassion for his hungry face, and not venturing to be familiar till he had proved himself of use. One night he managed to avoid being shut out, and the next morning he brought an enormous rat, which he had killed in the cellar, and laid it in the centre of the kitchen-floor, where he was found keeping guard over it. This exploit was interpreted, as it was doubtless meant, as an offer of service, accompanied with a specimen of workmanship. A compact was entered into, ratified by a basin of milk, into which Peter dipped his whiskers, and took post at once as the house-cat, giving general satisfaction by the diligent discharge of his duties. He soon began to exhibit extraordinary talents. His first acquirement was the art of opening the kitchen-door for himself, and this he learned to do ere long by a single leap at the latch: the dining-room door, however, presenting nothing but a smooth brass handle, cost him more pains; still he frequently accomplished it by continuous pawing, though it evidently required a very strong inducement to impel to the undertaking. Though he would not submit to nursing, the children grew fond of him, and taught him to fetch and carry. In this he excelled the cleverest dogs, and liked the sport so well that he would bring the ball in his mouth, and solicit a game two or three times a day. He was neither greedy nor a thief, and though he would beg with the patience and perseverance of a Carmelite monk, it was never from choice, but at the word of command, that he did so. He had but one fault, and that was his leanness. He refused to grow fat and sleek. Perhaps this was owing to his eating nothing but flesh, fish, and fowl—of which latter, by the way, he contrived to help himself to a liberal quantity, by pouncing from under the cabbage-leaves, or out of a tree, upon the sparrows in the garden. Peter died in the height of his popularity from the bite of a terrier dog, who had the reputation of having killed half the cats in the neighborhood.

In cities, cats are frequently the victims of cruel negligence, from being thoughtlessly abandoned by their owners upon a change of residence. Poor puss is too often omitted from the catalogue of "goods removed," and is left to bewail her fate in the empty house, in which she is sometimes starved to death through the absence of any tenant; or, escaping that fate, has to subsist by hunting and foraging upon the cat's common ground, the roofs of out-houses, the gardens, and garden-walls of the district. Sometimes puss has a family to rear under these distressing circumstances, and half a dozen mouths to provide for without the aid of the cat's meat-man or the milk-woman. How she manages to get through the difficult undertaking is more than we can explain categorically; but the following sample of maternal anxiety, prudence, and knowledge of the world in a cat, may serve to throw some light upon the business. A friend, whose avocations call him early to the city, was lately making his morning toilet, when he observed the abandoned cat of a neighbor, who had removed some time before, stealthily surmounting his garden-wall. She carried a kitten in her mouth; and, finding the back-door open, flew past the servant, darted into the house, ran up-stairs, and deposited the kitten on the soft rug before the parlor fire, retreating immediately without beat of drum. The kitten, on examination, was found half-dead with cold and hunger, and almost in the last stage of existence. It was, of course, fed with a little warm milk, and encouraged to get well if it could. A few days effected a wonderful change, and within a week it was as well and as playful as kittens generally are. In a fortnight it had grown quite stout and strong; and then (*mirabile dictu*), at the same hour in the morning, the mother reappeared in precisely the same way, with another sick and starved infant in her mouth, which also she deposited in the same way upon the rug. Then, driving the first and now fat kitten before her, the two descended to the garden. But now there was a difficulty to be got over, which puss, with all her forethought, had not anticipated. The first visitor had grown so fat and heavy that the mother could not carry it in her mouth; and yet it was not strong enough to leap to the top of the garden-wall. Happily the dust-bin presented a half-way station; but even this was too high a leap for the kitten, who appeared unwilling to make the attempt. Twenty times at least did the mother jump up and down, to show the youngster how it was to be done. At last the kitten plucked up courage and made an effort, which only succeeded at length by the mother's taking her station on the top and seizing it by the neck as it leaped to meet her. Thus the two got clear off, and never again made their appearance. The second kitten, like the first, soon grew strong and frolicsome, and was left in the enjoyment of its comfortable home without further visit from the parent.

It is not difficult to imagine the circumstances which drove the mother cat, in this instance (for the truth of which I am in a condition to vouch), to these extraordinary proceedings. We know that she had herself been accustomed to an in-door life, and no doubt the recollection of the warmth, and comfort, and regular feeding

she had there enjoyed prompted her to secure such a position for her sick offspring. We may fairly suppose, as she did not come again, that some of her family (for cats rarely have so few as two kittens) had perished from cold and hardship before she had recourse to the step she took to preserve the remaining two. She must have known, too, and in her way reasoned upon it, that housekeepers keep but one cat, and that it was necessary to remove the first in order to secure the safety of the second. How cleverly she carried out her plan, and how pertinaciously she adhered to it, we have seen.

I am of opinion that cats differ as much in character as human beings do; and like human beings, their character is very much to be predicated from their countenances. No two are ever seen alike, and they vary as much in the conformation of their skulls as do the different races of mankind. Southey, in his "Doctor," gives a curious chapter upon the cats of his acquaintance—a chapter in which humor and natural history are agreeably mingled together; he was evidently a close observer of the habits of poor puss, and took much delight in the whims, frolics, and peculiarities of his favorites. Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," records an instance of a cat who suckled a young hare, who followed her about the garden, and came jumping to her call of affection. The Rev. Mr. Sawley, of Elford, near Lichfield, once took the young ones out of a hare which was shot. They were alive, and the cat, who had lately lost her own kittens, carried them off—it was supposed to eat them; but it soon appeared that it was affection and not hunger that actuated her, as she suckled them and brought them up as their mother.

Cats may be trained to obedience and to regular habits by those who choose to take the necessary pains. We have seen a cat sit at table, spectacles on nose, apparently reading a big volume, and occasionally turning over the leaves with all the gravity of a philosopher. Some time ago—it may be ten years—a man appeared in London with an exhibition of cats, four of which drew him about the room in a small chariot. They were introduced to the public as "Tibby, Tabby, Tottle, and Tott," and possessed various accomplishments, which some of our readers may possibly have witnessed. In France, the cat (puss is a word unknown there) plays a prominent part in the shops of fashion frequented by the ladies. She has a cushion on the counter, where she sits, or lies coiled up, all day long, soothed by the caresses of the customers waiting their turn to be served. She is a pampered idol, fond of sweetmeats, and grows to an enormous size, the bigger the better and the more creditable to the establishment. There, too, she is an article of commerce, and is bred and reared for the market—a fine cat being a necessary appendage to a well-furnished house.

Cats are sometimes taxed with a want of gratitude; but this is a charge which no one who is systematically kind to them would ever think of making. The fact is, they have more discrimination of human character than most dogs possess, and are slow to testify attachment which may not be deserved or reciprocated. Pincher wags his tail and licks the hands of a dozen benefactors in a day, if they turn up; Puss rarely bestows her affections on more than one, and that one must be essentially a keeper at home, a part and parcel of the establishment of which puss is a member. She manifests her gratitude much in the same way as the dog, that is, by licking the hands of her benefactor, or rubbing herself against his feet or garments; and if such demonstrations are much less frequent with the cat than with the dog, it may be that they are none the less sincere.

But I must cut off my cats' tales, lest I be accused of a design upon the reader's patience, while my real design is upon his compassion. In vindicating the claims of a persecuted race to more merciful consideration, I have brought them forward that they might speak for themselves. The essence of their united appeals may be summed up in three words, "JUSTICE TO PUSS!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been fertile in events of interest or importance. The Executive departments of the Federal Government have been occupied mainly in reorganizing their bureaus, and arranging the new appointments to office which the advent of a new administration brings with it. The Secretary of State, according to general rumor, has been engaged in preparing instructions for the recently appointed diplomatic agents, and has published two circulars to our consuls and the inferior members of our several legations, designed to regulate their official conduct. More stringent rules for the government of their offices have been promulgated, and they are enjoined to discard, so far as possible, the court dresses and other compliances with foreign usage which etiquette and custom have hitherto prescribed. With the opening of the season for fishing on the coast of the British North American provinces, fresh anxieties have arisen as to the extent to which the fishermen will be allowed to prosecute their labors. The fact that no substantial progress has yet been made toward the adjustment of the points in controversy between England and the United States, awakens apprehensions that the British authorities will enforce with a good deal of vigor what they claim as their rights, and it has been stated on good authority that many of the American fishing vessels

have gone out armed, in order to resist coercion when they can hope to do so successfully. Under such circumstances, there is doubtless considerable ground for anxiety, as a collision between vessels of the two countries would very greatly embarrass the pacific solution of the question, without regard to its intrinsic merits. Our government is understood to be pressing the negotiations with vigor and earnestness, and has sent two steam vessels, the *Princeton* and the *Fulton*, to the scene of danger for the purpose of keeping the peace. Serious difficulties, meantime, have sprung up between the French and English in regard to the fisheries of St. George's Bay. The French claim by treaty certain rights in connection with these fisheries, and a French cutter has recently driven some forty English fishing vessels out of the bay entirely. This course has been taken mainly in retaliation for the action of the English in stopping the French from fishing on the Labrador coast last season. This new danger has produced an increased moderation in the tone with which the British provincial press have been in the habit of speaking of the American claims.

Congress, at its last session, authorized surveys for the selection of the best route for railroad communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. Four expeditions have been fitted out for the prosecution of this very important exploration. The first, under command of Major Stevens, late of the engineer corps, has for its object the survey of the territory stretching from the Upper Mississippi to Puget's Sound, and will proceed from St. Pauls, in Minnesota, to the Great Bend of the Missouri River, thence on the table land between the Missouri and Saskatchanan rivers, to the most available pass in the Rocky Mountains, surveying the best passes in the Cascade Range and in the Rocky Mountains, from the 49th parallel to the headwaters of the Missouri. The second, under Lieutenant Whipple, is to survey the region of our western territory adjacent to the parallel of 35 degrees; it will proceed from the Mississippi along the headwaters of the Canadian, across the Rio Peco, and enter the valley of the Rio del Norte near Albuquerque, thence through Walker's Pass in the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific at some point on the coast of Southern California, near San Pedro, Los Angeles, or San Diego. The third, under Captain Gunnison, will pass through the Rocky Mountains near the headwaters of the Del Norte, by way of the Heurfano River into the valley of the Green and Grande rivers, thence westwardly along the Nicollet River of the Great Basin, thence north to the Lake Utah, surveying on a return route the best passes of the Wasatch range through the coal basin into the forks of the Platte. The fourth is to operate in California—in the region west of the Lower Colorado to the Pacific. Starting from Benicia, in California, it will examine the passes of the Sierra Nevada from the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys, together with the whole country southeast of the Tulare Lake, to ascertain the best route between Walker's Pass, or any other practicable passes in that region, and the mouth of the Gila, and from that point to the Pacific at San Diego. A glance at the map will show that these expeditions, by their combined operations, will sweep the whole area of our territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. They are under the charge of accomplished officers, and have reference not only to the examination of the country with reference to a railroad route, but to its geography, topography, climate, soil, and productions.

In the New York Legislature an important bill has been passed, by agreement among the several political parties, looking to the more speedy completion of the State Canals. It provides for such an amendment of the Constitution as will allow the adoption of the following propositions: The canals are to be finished by borrowing nine millions of dollars, without tax, but on the strength of the revenues: a million and a half is to be borrowed to pay the canal revenue certificates: the canals shall be completed in four years: it is made imperative on the Legislature to provide the means: the contracts of 1851 are to be repudiated, and the work is to be let out to the lowest bidder. The proposition is to be submitted to the people at the election in November next.

A large and highly respectable Convention of delegates from the Southern States recently assembled at Memphis, Tenn., and remained in session for three days. Its leading object was the adoption of measures for the advancement of the commercial and planting interests of the South. Hon. William C. Dawson, of Georgia, was elected President. The proceedings were eminently temperate and judicious. Resolutions were adopted strongly urging upon the General Government the necessity of constructing a railroad to the Pacific, and the only restriction as to its location was that requiring the route chosen to be that "which scientific exploration should show to possess the greatest degree of advantage, in genial climate, fertility of soil, cheapness of construction, and accessibility at all seasons from all parts of the Union." Nearly a thousand delegates, representing fifteen States, were in attendance.

The approaching inauguration and opening of the Crystal Palace in the city of New York, excites a good deal of attention as this Record closes. It is to take place on the 14th of July, and will be honored by the attendance of the President of the United States and other distinguished guests. The building will be very nearly completed by that time, although all the articles intended for exhibition in it will not be displayed at the opening. The structure is very large, and architecturally is beyond doubt one of the most strikingly beautiful fabrics ever erected in this country. Though only about one-fourth as large as the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, its proportions and general form are decidedly superior to that. The exhibition promises to be highly successful. The British Government has sent out a Royal Commission, composed of six gentlemen of distinction, with the Earl of Ellesmere at its head and Sir Charles Lyell among its members, to attend the opening. The collection of articles entered for exhibition comprises some very fine works of foreign art.

From *California* our intelligence, which is to the 1st of June, is without special interest. Mining operations continued successful: general good health prevailed: the weather was favorable, business was dull and the prices of produce on the decline, with large and increasing stocks. A line of telegraph, the first in the State, was in process of construction between Sacramento and Nevada. A new law has been passed imposing additional taxes upon all real estate and personal property. The three hospitals hitherto maintained at Sacramento, Stockton, and San Francisco, have been consolidated into the State Marine Hospital at San Francisco. A State Lunatic Asylum has been established at Stockton, and a State Prison is to be erected on St. Quinten Point.

From *New Mexico* we have no further news of interest concerning the Mesilla valley dispute. The opinion entertained in the best informed quarters is, that it will be adjusted without recourse to hostilities. Gen. Garland of the U.S. Army, was at St. Louis on the 12th of June, on his way to New Mexico, to take

charge of the U.S. troops. He was to be met at Fort Leavenworth by the newly appointed Governor Merriwether.

MEXICO.

There has been as yet no decisive political movement in Mexico. Senor Alaman, Minister of Foreign Relations, and highly esteemed for his ability and patriotism, died on the 2d of June. The letter of Gen. Arista, published on the eve of his banishment and declaring his sympathy with the policy of annexation to the United States, proves to have been a forgery. Several persons have been shot for participation in the rebellion at Vera Cruz—in which three of the government troops and forty of the rebels were killed. A territorial government has been formed for the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The governors of the several States have been instructed to seek out all seditious persons who are in favor of annexation to the United States and to punish them as traitors. The circulation of foreign coin is strictly prohibited.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The proceedings of Parliament during the month have taken a wide range, and been marked by a good deal of interest. Every successive division has demonstrated the strength of the new Ministry, which is quite as thoroughly sustained by public sentiment as by the votes of the House of Commons. The debates upon the financial propositions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have served to introduce a great variety of cognate topics. The Irish members in the Commons on the 23d of May, when the Income Tax came up, made a concerted demand that Ireland should be exempted from its operation, rehearsing the old story of the wrongs that country had sustained from the Imperial Government, and the excessive financial burdens she had been compelled to bear. Mr. Gladstone replied to these allegations with prompt reference to official returns, showing conclusively, as he claimed, that England had paid for Ireland since the Union far more than she had received from her, and that the complaints of the Irish members were utterly unfounded. The motion for a Committee of Inquiry, out of which the debate had grown, was rejected by a vote of 194 to 61.—On the same night the question of Church Rates was discussed, on a motion that all Dissenters from the Established Church should be exempted from the payment of Church rates, on filing with the church wardens a declaration that they are Dissenters—and this declaration was to be evidence in any court of justice. Mr. Phillimore, who made the motion, supported it at length. Sir George Grey opposed it on the ground that it would injuriously draw a line between Dissenters and Churchmen, and operate as a premium on dissent. Lord John Russell opposed it because its adoption would concede the principle that it was wrong to tax men for propagating opinions which they did not share—and this would be striking at the very basis of the Church Establishment. Mr. Bright supported it on the avowed ground that he was in favor of the voluntary system; and several other members spoke in its defense from various points of view. The motion was lost by 172 to 220. ——On the 1st of June a bill to exclude the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons was brought up for a third reading by its mover, Lord Hotham. The feature of the occasion was a speech against it from Mr. Macaulay, the first he has made since his return to Parliament, and one of the best that ever fell from his lips. The principle involved in the bill was that judges ought not to sit in the House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay urged that no practical evil had ever arisen from their presence, but that some of the most eminent and useful members of that body had been judges. He drew graphic pictures, in which history and biography were admirably blended, of the ascendency of Mansfield, Thurlow, and Eldon in Parliament, of the distinguished part taken by Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, one the Lord Chancellor and the other the Lord Baron, in the great debate of the Reform Bill in 1831, and of the effect which such a bill would have to degrade the character of the House of Commons, by excluding from it the best ability and learning of the land. The earnest demand in the public mind for law reform, which he characterized as reasonable and sober, rendered doubly necessary the presence in the House of men familiar with its administration. The speech had all the grand characteristics of the eloquent historian's style, and was received with tremendous applause. The bill was lost by a vote of 224 to 123.——The subject of the Established Church in Ireland came up on the 31st of May, upon a motion of Mr. Moore for a Committee to inquire substantially into the propriety of abolishing the Establishment in Ireland, where the Catholics were as five to one of the Protestants. He urged the wrongfulness of thus appropriating large endowments designed for the benefit of all the people to the use of the minority. Lord John Russell, in reply, declared himself utterly opposed to abolishing the Established Church in Ireland, and said that he might consent to so dividing the revenues as to give the Catholic majority the larger share, but for the conviction that if the Roman Catholic clergy had increased power given to them, that power would not be exercised in accordance with the general freedom that prevails in the country, and that, neither in political nor in religious matters would they favor that general freedom of discussion and that activity and energy of the human mind which belong to the spirit of the English Constitution. The motion was lost by the decisive vote of 240 to 98.—These remarks of Lord John Russell gave offense to the Irish members of the Cabinet, who forthwith sent in their resignations, avowedly on the supposition that they expressed the views of the Ministry. The Earl of Aberdeen wrote in reply that Lord John had spoken merely for himself, and that the opinions he had expressed concerning the Catholics were not shared by many of his colleagues. The Irish members then withdrew their letters of resignation: and in a subsequent debate Lord John Russell said he deemed it quite sufficient that the members of the Government should agree as to the course to be pursued, and that it was not at all necessary that they should agree in all the reasons which induce them to adopt that course.—On the 6th of June the Income Tax Bill passed its third reading.

In the House of Lords the subject of Parliamentary oaths was brought up on the 31st of May by Lord Lyndhurst, who made a very able speech in support of a bill for their alteration. Those oaths are three in number—the oath of allegiance, the oath of supremacy, and the oath of abjuration. The first it is not proposed to alter. The second, the oath of supremacy, consists of two clauses—one denouncing the doctrine that princes excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by any subject, and the other disavowing the spiritual or ecclesiastical authority of the Pope. Both these clauses are directed against Roman Catholics, and yet Roman Catholics are now exempted by special act from all obligation to take it. The law thus admits that the Pope has spiritual authority within the British realm; and under these circumstances the oath ought no longer to be required. The oath of abjuration was

framed to exclude the descendants of the Pretender from the throne:—as there were no longer any of the Pretender's descendants living, the oath was needless. Lord Lyndhurst said he had been asked to strike out the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," from the oath; but he would not do so, because the House of Lords had already decided to keep them in, on the supposition that they were intended to exclude Jews from sitting in Parliament. The history of the words, however, proved that this supposition was incorrect. They were introduced just after the discovery of a Roman Catholic treatise, in which it was urged that any oath might be taken with a mental reservation nullifying its obvious meaning. To meet this case, the words, "on the true faith of a Christian, without equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever," were introduced. He thought it contrary to all sound principle that these words should be made indirectly to exclude a class of persons to whom they were never intended to apply;—but out of respect to the judgment of the Lords already pronounced, he would not attempt to change them. The Earl of Derby and others opposed the bill, mainly on the ground that it might be so amended by the House of Commons as to admit Jews to Parliament;—and on a division, the bill was lost, 84 to 69.——The Earl of Carlisle on the 30th presented a petition from Jamaica, complaining of the continued importation of slaves into Cuba, and of the admission into England of slave-grown sugar. Lord C. expressed some doubt as to the propriety of the course that had been taken in regard to the latter measure, but said it was too late to hope that it could now be altered. In regard to the Cuban slave-trade, he stated that by treaty in 1817, Spain solemnly agreed to suppress the slave-trade on the part of Spanish subjects, receiving from Great Britain in return for that stipulation the sum of £400,000. Still there is reason to believe that this treaty is systematically, willfully, and constantly violated, and that, with three exceptions, Generals Valdez, Concha, and Tacon, the Captain Generals of Cuba have received bribes for every slave landed through their connivance on the Island. Indeed suspicion implicates the Spanish government in these transactions; and certain it is that every Captain General who attempts vigorously to enforce the treaty is speedily removed from office. Under the present incumbent, Gen. Canedo, the slave-trade is carried on with unexampled vigor and audacity. Between the months of November and February last, 5000 slaves were landed in Cuba, and 1100 more had been very recently landed who were kidnapped from a Portuguese settlement. He suggested that when slave-trading vessels were captured by British cruisers, they should be sent into some free port for adjudication, instead of the Court of Mixed Commission at Havana, as at present, where justice was almost sure to be evaded. He felt sure that Spain, in countenancing as she had done this infamous traffic, had so violated her solemn treaty engagements as to give England far better cause of war than she had always had in the conflicts she had waged; and although he did not counsel a resort to hostilities, Spain should be given to understand that as long as she persists in her present course, if Cuba is ever endangered, England will remain neutral in the conflict. The Earl of Clarendon bore testimony to the correctness of the facts stated by the Earl of Carlisle, but read extracts from dispatches showing that the attention of the Spanish government had been directed to this matter; that Gen. Canedo had declared his determination to check the slave-trade, and that he had been furnished with enlarged powers by the Spanish government for that purpose.——On the 14th of June, Lord Beaumont moved for a copy of the correspondence respecting the laws of South Carolina imprisoning British seamen on entering her ports. The Earl of Clarendon, in reply, stated that there existed a treaty of commerce between England and the United States guaranteeing the utmost freedom of commercial intercourse between the two countries;—attached to that treaty was a proviso, under which South Carolina claimed the right to act as she did toward all colored seamen reaching her ports. The point had been submitted to the legal advisers of the Crown, and their opinion was, that, however unjustifiable the law might be, the government had no right to demand its abrogation, nor to demand compensation for injuries sustained under its operation. Remonstrances against the law, as in conflict with the spirit of the treaty, had nevertheless been addressed to the United States; but their reply had been, that if England should insist on the abrogation of the law, the United States government would have no course left but to give notice of the abrogation of the treaty which at present existed. Under these circumstances, there was little chance of securing an amendment of the law.——These are the principal topics that have engaged attention in Parliament during the month. The subject of reorganizing the East India Government was elaborately discussed, and leave has been obtained to bring in a bill. Explanations have been made in regard to the action of Government upon the Russian difficulty with Turkey, which will be further noticed under that head.——The Oxford commemoration was celebrated with great eclat on the 8th, the Earl of Derby being installed as Chancellor, and a number of distinguished persons, among whom were Disraeli, Macaulay, Samuel Warren, Mr. Ingersoll, and Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. At the dinner given subsequently, the new Chancellor declared himself not warmly attached to either of the extremes which weaken and divide the Church, and friendly to such changes in the academic discipline and studies of the University as might seem, after due examination, to be beneficial.——The Industrial Exhibition in Dublin was opened with appropriate and imposing ceremonies, and continues to attract a large share of public attention. The number of contributors from the United Kingdom is nearly 1500—of foreign contributors, 350, chiefly from Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium.

CONTINENTAL.

No events of importance have occurred during the month in *France*. At the discussion of the budget in the Legislative Body, on the 20th of May, M. de Montalembert protested energetically against including in the statement of receipts a sum of money drawn from the sale of the Orleans estates. He declared he must vote against the budget in order not to participate in an odious confiscation—a measure which even the Republicans and Socialists in 1848 did not dare to adopt. The whole budget was carried, nevertheless, by a vote of 233 to 5. The session of the Legislative Body was closed on the 28th. The President, M. Baroche, in his address, stated that 113 laws of private interest, and 73 of public utility, had been voted; that the different branches of the administration had been improved, and the budget reformed. The discussions of the Paris press turn principally on the state of affairs between Russia and Turkey. The *Pays* contains an article attributed to Louis Napoleon, representing that the only interest

which France has in preventing Russia from seizing Constantinople, grows out of her desire that the treaties of 1815 should be kept, and the balance of power preserved. If war ensues, therefore, France will be allied with all the powers of Europe for their common defense; if peace is preserved, it will be by a treaty of mutual alliance.

From *Switzerland* the news is favorable to the preservation of peace. Upon the withdrawal of the Austrian minister, measures were at once taken to put the Cantons into a condition to resist aggression: but the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs has since notified the Swiss authorities that he did not intend to withdraw the Chargé permanently, and that he would soon return.

From *Italy* there is no news of interest. A pamphlet has been published by Mazzini on the outbreak at Milan. It was immediately seized by the authorities, but some copies got into circulation. It seems from this that the movement did not originate with him, and that he doubted its practicability when first consulted on the subject. He yielded, however, to the earnest entreaties of others, who thought the time had come for another insurrection, and wrote the proclamation at their instance. He also wrote to several distinguished Italian liberals for their concurrence, some time in advance, but they all refused it, for different reasons. Nevertheless, he did what he could to have the movement seconded in other parts of Italy, but without success. Complaint is made that the rich among them have generally refused their aid to the Italian loan, which, small in itself, was made up of contributions from the poor, and adds, that these wealthy proprietors "now expiate their avarice with the forced loans and sequestrations of Austria." He confesses that the "National Committee," which once comprised many honored names, had been reduced to himself and Saffi alone, and that in consequence it is dissolved.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

No decisive settlement has yet been made of the question in dispute between Russia and Turkey. Official intelligence received, however, since our last, has made the points of difference more intelligible. It seems that Prince Menschikoff was charged with a double mission. The first point, that relating to the custody of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, was satisfactorily arranged on the 5th of May. On the same day the Prince sent in a peremptory demand to the Sultan, that the protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey should be conceded to the Czar, and that the Russo-Greek Church should have accorded to it, specifically and by treaty, all the rights and privileges both in regard to the Holy Places and on all other matters, which it had ever claimed. This demand purported to be based on a clause in a treaty concluded at the end of the last century, giving Russia the privilege of interfering on behalf of a Greek chapel erected in Constantinople, in the event of the Greeks being ill-treated by the Turks. At the same time Prince Menschikoff demanded that the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople should be irremovable unless proved guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and then only by consent of the Czar. To these requisitions the Prince gave the Sultan only four days to reply. The Sultan immediately held consultations with the British and French Ministers, and decided to reject the demands of the Russian envoy. The latter subsequently extended the time for consideration: but on the 17th, the Sultan, having re-organized his Ministry and placed Redschid Pasha at the head of Foreign Affairs, renewed his rejection of the Russian demands—saying to his Ministers that he had done all that depended on him to maintain with honor friendly relations with Russia, that he could do no more without dishonor, and that if war should break out, he would endeavor to show himself the worthy descendant of his ancestors. On the 22d, the Prince renewed the demand, altered somewhat in form but in substance the same. It was immediately rejected by the Sultan, and Prince Menschikoff announced his departure. The Sultan, in order not to alienate his Greek subjects, prepared to issue a proclamation confirming to them all their religious privileges. Hearing of this, the Prince addressed a note to the Turkish Minister and also to the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, declaring that any act which, although it might preserve the integrity of the purely spiritual rights of the Greek Church, should tend to invalidate their rights and privileges, would be considered by the Imperial Cabinet as an act of hostility to Russia and her religion. He immediately left for St. Petersburg where his action is said to have met the unqualified approbation of the Czar, who immediately sent to the Turkish Sultan a renewal of the demand, giving him eight days for deliberation. He has also declined the proffered mediation of England, Austria, Prussia and France. Upon the receipt of dispatches from St. Petersburg the Russian Minister at Paris explained to the French government that the Czar would not recede from these demands, and that he had no intention of making war against Turkey, or of interfering with the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; but that if his demands were rejected he should occupy the Danubian provinces, which would not amount to an act of war, inasmuch as existing treaties warrant such a course under certain circumstances.

The Turkish Sultan, meantime, was preparing for hostilities with great vigor: and he seems to be fully supported in his course by the governments of England and France. The Paris *Moniteur* of June 10th announced that the French Embassador to Constantinople, on the eve of his departure, was furnished with instructions which placed the French squadron at his command: and that the British Minister had been provided with similar powers. The two governments had decided, moreover, that their united squadrons should without delay approach the Dardanelles: and orders to that effect left Toulon on the 4th of June. In the English Parliament the Ministry was questioned as to the accuracy of this statement, in both houses. The Earl of Clarendon in the Lords, and Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, confirmed it fully, and said that these instructions were sent out on hearing that Prince Menschikoff had left Constantinople.—It is stated that the Greek Christians in Turkey on whose behalf the demands of Russia were made, support the Sultan fully in his rejection of them, and that great enthusiasm exists throughout Turkey on the subject. The Turkish artillery is said to be in a high state of efficiency, though its cavalry and infantry forces are inferior. Preparations for hostilities are pushed at Constantinople with the utmost energy: the Bosphorus was covered with vessels of every size, transporting ammunition and troops to the camp of Bujukdere, where over 30,000 men had been collected, and the same activity was manifested in the arsenal of the Admiralty, where ten vessels were ready to sail. The Russians had 130,000 men prepared to enter the Danubian principalities at a moment's notice, and Rear Admiral Kornileff had collected a fleet of 46 gun boats with 168 cannon, which could at once transport ten thousand men across the Danube at any given point.

Editor's Table.

ERROR MUST DEVELOP ITSELF. It may take the form of an angel of light, but it must in time reveal its diabolical side. Amid all disguises, the shaggy hide of the demon, with his forked tail and cloven hoof, must sooner or later present themselves in all their monstrous deformity. If men will not be drawn by the fair face of truth, they shall be driven to it by the offensiveness which must at length appear in its fully developed antagonist. Never has this been more strikingly illustrated than in some of the later manifestations of our day, and especially in that assemblage of infidels, and atheists, and reformers of every grade, who lately met at Hartford for the reviling—we will not call it discussion—of the Holy Scriptures.

Such necessary development we may regard as one of the laws of a beneficent Providence—as a most wise and benevolent provision in the economy of the physical and the moral world, through which a counteracting compensation is made for the disadvantage to which truth is subjected by the depravity of mankind. That truth must triumph over error, may be regarded as an almost universal affirmation of the human soul. The maxim must, therefore, possess some ground of reality, and yet, we do not hesitate to say, there is generally a most perverse fallacy in its application. The power of truth is its adaptedness to a certain state of the mind and the affections. Aside from this the expression has no meaning. The strength of truth, like the strength of a motive, lies in the condition of the soul, or souls to which it is addressed. "Error," it has been said, "may be safely tolerated when truth is left free to contend with it." Such is the plausible aphorism of one who was the oracle of his day; and yet if we may trust the Preacher of Nazareth rather than the Sage of Monticello, it must be received with some exception. At least must it be so in respect to moral truth. A greater than any reformer of the day has told us that "men love darkness more than light." One, too, whom the Great Teacher himself commissioned and inspired, speaks of certain truths which men do not "*love* to retain in their knowledge," in consequence of which "*the undiscerning mind is darkened*," and they not only believe but "love to believe a lie."

Still there is a ground for the maxim. Truth, even moral truth, does ultimately prevail, if not from its own intrinsic power, at least from that tendency to run out and develop its own deformity, which must sooner or later manifest itself as the very law—the law of death—inherent in all error, and especially in those kinds of it which would otherwise be the most injurious to mankind.

In the start, however, error has greatly the advantage of its divine antagonist. Its very manifoldness contributes to this. Truth is *one* and easily missed; error is *many* and presents itself on every side. Truth is remote from sense and feeling; error finds in them, when perverted, its strongest allies. Speculative atheism would be a monster, if sensuality did not powerfully take sides with it. So, too, all our babbling about law and development would appear to be, as it really is, the most inconceivable nonsense, if there were not something in the human soul that would deify these unmeaning expressions in order to escape from that dread idea of a personal law-giving, law-executing Deity.

Error must develop itself. We hear much nowadays of physical laws. Some would make their study the great end of human existence. But—God be thanked—there is no law more vividly impressed upon the natural, than this upon the moral world: *Error must develop itself.* It may have its rapid round of mischief and delusion. It may set out like Homer's Até—

> "With strong and nimble foot
> Outstripping truth and gaining far ahead!"

but it contains within itself the elements of its own decay. Its tendency to disorganization is inevitable, and truth would not only ultimately, but in every case, win a complete triumph, were it not that the decomposing mass becomes again the putrid bed from whence arises another, and still another, birth of the same infernal brood. Any one well acquainted with previous forms of philosophical or theological error might have predicted that the infidelity of the 18th century must inevitably run its course, and run out, just as had been done by that old Roman Epicureanism, to which, in many points, it bore so close a resemblance. Until experience, however, had convinced us of the fact, it was not so obviously certain that from its sweltering ashes would have exhaled the stupefying gases of the German pantheism, or the nitrous fumes that characterize the new atheology of Theodore Parker and the Westminster Review. And yet a careful study of profane and ecclesiastical history might have given us a clew to the moral chemistry of the transition. When the Pagan philosophy was receiving its death-blows from the preachers of Christianity, out of the dying carcass came forth the monstrous forms of that vaunting Gnosticism which so much troubled the early Christian Church. It, too, professed to be more spiritual than the Gospel itself. It contemned the Old Testament as gross and carnal, its God as a malign and vindictive deity. Christ was but an appearance—an idea. It, too, had its higher form of faith, its higher law, its subjective insight, its ideal, dispensing with the historical and the actual. It had its æons, its spheres, its developments, its new spiritual world. And yet as we now look back upon it through the cleared up glass of history, we see how "earthly it was, how sensual, how devilish." With all its boasted spirituality, it had no cross, no repentance, no humility, and, therefore, no true faith. Will not a similar spectacle be presented when some similar vantage-ground in the future enables the observer to look back upon the then stale and decomposing elements of its modern antitype.

It is ever thus—this coming up of old forms of falsehood; and yet it remains a blessed provision, a benevolent providence, that *error must develop itself.* It is ever changing its countenance and hastening away. It takes its place at first as near to truth as possible. It talks of mere "shades of difference." It has only some "new forms of old ideas"—some fresher aspect better adapted to the modern mind. But it can not long keep this position. The angle of divergency may seem, at first, too small to be measured by the keenest logical micrometer; but it is a divergency notwithstanding; it is a different direction from the one steady line of truth, and must sooner or later manifest itself in a wider and still wider departure, until the distance is obvious to the dullest vision. No deceptiveness of language will

any more avail. The traveler is clearly on another path, and must either retrace his steps, or push on to a position whence there is no retreat, while yet the hollowness of the ground allows no safe or permanent occupation.

We find no better illustration of these thoughts than that which was presented in the late Convention at Hartford for discussing, as they said, the claims of the Christian Scriptures. In itself utterly undeserving of notice in our Editor's Table, it becomes significant as one of the signs of the times. Here was indeed a development that must cause to stand aghast all who are evidently on the same road, and yet through lack of strength, or courage, or it may be, of honesty, have not yet "progressed" to this remote termination, this extreme Montauk point of the modern development.

In the contemplation of such a convention, there was something to call out almost every emotion of the human breast. There was much to move laughter—the ignorance was so egregious, the presumption so blind. There was much to arouse indignation—the malignity was so evident, the blasphemy so undisguised, the ferocious abuse of all things which the best minds esteem holy so unrestrained. Still in the pitying breast of that charity which believeth, hopeth, endureth all things, grief must have been the predominant emotion. Can we forget that some of the leading spirits of that convention were, but a few years ago, known as zealous, and, to all appearance, sincere professors of evangelical truth? They had entered upon this diverging path. They had followed on in the chase of new ideas, ever becoming more intolerant in respect to abandoned truths, and toward all who could not keep up with them in this race of progress. They began by settling for themselves their own higher law, instead of seeking for it in God's revelation. They assumed to sit in judgment on the Scriptures, while professing to receive them as their guide. They determined what the Bible ought to contain, and for some time fancied that by sheer force of an absurd exegesis they could make it speak their own language, and express their own thoughts. They find at last, however, that its strong conservative teachings will never yield to the strain of their machinery. It *will* inculcate submission to authority; it will enjoin respect for acknowledged and established relations among men. Though opposed to all cruelty, all oppression, all selfish tyranizing of one man over others for his own sensual or ambitious ends, still it unyieldingly refuses to teach radicalism, or revolutionary anarchy, or any theory of abstract rights that when carried out to its legitimate results must end in the overthrow of all government upon earth. In spite of all they can do, the language of apostles can not be made to resemble that of the modern ultra-reformer; the spirit of the New Testament can not be felt to be in harmony with that which is breathed through the wild ravings of fanatical abolitionism. One or the other must be abandoned. Then, forsooth, they begin to think of some new scheme of inspiration. First the authority of the Old Testament is doubted. Then many parts of the New are more than suspected of being written by fallible men far in the rear, perhaps, of the new lights they are so implicitly following. Doubts rapidly arise respecting all things before esteemed holy. The Sabbath is found to be no better than other days. A spurious hyper-piety puts it down under the lofty pretense that every day should be a sabbath devoted to philanthropy and reform. There is no need of prayer. The whole life, says this inflating Gnosticism, should be itself a prayer, and every deed an act of worship. There is no longer any demand for churches or ecclesiastical organizations; "the groves were God's first temples," and the "voices of nature" are the only fitting anthems in his praise. Marriage is first found to be a mere civil contract. In the course of progress it is soon seen to be a spring of impurity, an obstacle to the highest human development. Woman, too, it is discovered, has rights denied to her in the Scriptures. Government is an usurpation; punishment is cruelty; crime is but disease; and justice is revenge. Some feeble hold upon the Bible may be still maintained; but soon the last grasp is relaxed, and our progressionist stands forth, at last, an open reviler of the Scriptures and the Church.

And now the light breaks rapidly upon his mind. His extreme position, too, has given him a sort of honesty in this matter. No need now of any strained interpretations. He is free. The Bible, it is now frankly admitted, does teach and will teach conservative doctrine. It does uphold government; it does consecrate the domestic relations; it does establish the family; it does say, Children obey your parents, Wives be subject to your husbands; it does acknowledge the relations of master and servant, of ruler and subject. It enjoins obedience to laws we may not have made, submission to authority we may not have created. It is in all respects conservative. This he now plainly sees; and under the influence of this new light he calls upon his brethren who are yet lagging in the rear, to come up manfully to his own free stand-point, and to give up forever the idle hope of forcing an agreement between the new philosophy and any meaning that may be twisted out of, or forced into, this antiquated book.

Even he, however, is not yet fully developed. Nature is now his God. Jesus made mistakes, but nature he affirms is infallible. Here for a while he rests, but inexorable progress will not long allow him any such breathing spell. All fixed ideas are fetters upon the human soul, and she must move on, and keep moving on, if for no other reason, at least as an assertion of her liberty. The Bible had its dark spots, but soon it begins to be discovered that nature also is not pure—is not all transparent light. There is not only injustice in the world, and ignorance, and error, which the study of physical laws might be supposed in time to guard against, but evils from which there is no escape. There are physical convulsions, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, and flames, on an immense scale, and of most frightful aspect. There is every where pain, disease, pestilence, death. Nature seems wholly out of order. At least such would be the judgment we would pronounce on similar appearances in any other system. Some scheme, perhaps, of ultimate compensation may suggest itself, but where is the proof? the proof, we mean, in nature? Where is the law by which this compensation is to be made? Where, we mean, in nature? Compensation, retribution, satisfaction, justice, good triumphant, evil subdued, though not annihilated—these are Bible thoughts. They are the lingering remains, in the soul, of that revelation which has been discarded; but there are no such voices in nature—the outward material nature around us—and no mere physical interpretation will ever get them from her Thus he is compelled to take another step in progress which brings him to the Ultima Thule, for he can go no farther. The port in which he finally lands is that of atheism—cheerless, hopeless, soulless atheism. This is no fancy sketch. There were men in that convention who had gone this fearful

length, and by the very steps we have described. Awful as is the spectacle, it may have its salutary lesson. Turn back—turn back, it says to all who are upon the road; Take not the first step, is its warning to all who are tempted to set out on so perilous a journey. Should such an effect be produced on any minds, then will it be found that this extreme development to which, in God's good providence, error has been driven, will not have been made in vain.

These hardy pioneers are entitled to our sympathy, not only for the good which may thus result from their position, but also on account of the ill treatment they sometimes receive from their less advanced, and, it may be, less honest brethren. Nothing is more common than for those who are themselves far on in the same road, to fall to abusing the infidel, and infidel conventions. They dread these premature developments as bringing discredit on the whole cause of reform. They would now and then be conservative, forsooth, and chastise the imprudence of the too ardent progressionist. Not long since in England, Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson avowed an unqualified atheism and materialism. There was no God, no soul. The one was but a name for the eternal law or development of the material universe, the other a like development of the material human organization. Of course there was no more moral worth or moral demerit in man than in the vegetable. The result was shocking to the public mind; and, therefore, the Westminster Review must take to task this more rapidly running brother and sister, although one of them at least had previously held no inferior rank among its own contributors. They must be rebuked, however, and this rebuke is administered in a poor attempt to show the impiety and absurdity of their work. But what had these writers done, except to carry straight out the teachings and premises with which that periodical had for years been furnishing them? Not more certain is the law of nature through which the cockatrice can only come from the cockatrice's egg, than that similar law of the moral and intellectual world through which this effect took place. To use some of their own favorite language, they had but *developed* the theology, or rather atheology, of the school. They began with a denial of God as the author of the inspiration of the Bible; they ended where every one who travels that road most faithfully must end, in the denial of a personal God as the author of nature.

And yet their speculative impiety was not so bad a thing as the practical malignity of their chastising critics. They had never done what was reserved for one of the late numbers of the Westminster Review. They had never deliberately compared Christianity with Mormonism, nor placed the inspiration of Paul upon a par with that of Joe Smith. We may well doubt whether a total denial of a Deity could equal in impiety so blasphemous an insult to his noblest work. This was pure devilism. There was certainly nothing like it, that we can call to mind, in the late Hartford Convention; and we can not help thinking, that, harsh as the term may seem, it has a more fitting application to the men and writings that have for years been producing such results, than to the miserable victims who but exhibit the "latest phase of the development." There is an injustice in this matter which we ought to be made to feel. The Hartford Conventionists are derided and vilified, while the Westminster Review is to be found on respectable centre tables, and in respectable reading-rooms; it is subscribed for by those who have the charge of our district libraries; every time it comes freighted with its quarterly charge of infidelity it receives a grand puff from a good portion of the secular newspapers, and sometimes is even commended with faint censure in the columns of the religious press.

Mournful as are such developments as lately took place in Hartford, we have some reason to rejoice in their occurrence. Aside from compassion for the deluded members of such gatherings, we might consistently feel and express the wish that they might be held every year in some of the most public places of our land. They would be of great service as notes of the quality and quantity of progress we are actually making. Let error thus develop itself. Let our young men see to what complexion they must come at last, into what total darkness they must finally plunge, if they begin by assuming to possess a higher light and a higher law than the Bible.

The conservative in morals and theology knows the difficulties that surround the great subjects of revelation and inspiration as well as, if not better than, the most boasting rationalist of Germany or Boston. But he knows, too, the immensely greater difficulties which rest on all things else, if we reject the views which the Church of Christ has ever maintained in respect to the Holy Scriptures. He sees that there is no entering upon this journey without traveling to an immense distance. Too many warnings have come back from those who have gone before; no one of whom has ever found any clear and steady light in this direction. The bleaching bones of the wanderers who have utterly lost their way and perished on the enchanted ground of infidel speculation, lie too thick for his venturing on so dangerous an excursion. He sees, too, that in these latter days of the world, faith is more rational than ever before, because the race has had so much more experience of the madness and hopeless darkness in which unbelief must ever terminate. This is his conservatism —his rationalism. This his reason sees most clearly. It is the highest exercise of that divine faculty to discern the limits of its own powers, and the absolute necessity of some objective guide which shall speak to him with the voice of authority.

This is one of the guards which a conservative Deity has placed to the aberrations of the human intellect. This is the ground of the Bible's uncompromising demand of faith, as itself the evidence of things unseen—a state of soul which is a condition precedent to the discernment of the highest and purest truth. There is, indeed, for those who love it, and who seek for it, the positive evidence, strong as any sensible experience, and clear as the very light of Heaven. But for the bewildered soul there is reserved that negative, conservative support which a sense of our moral wants lends to the weakness of the intellectual perception. "Where can we go but unto Thee?" The language of the earnest Peter may be applied to the Bible itself, as well as to the Lamb who is the light thereof. Where are we to go if we reject that divine revelation which has lighted so many souls through the valley of shades? Where, too, are we to stop, if we begin to question the fullness of its inspiration and the faithful integrity of its guidance?

Error must develop itself; and this, too, not only in impiety but folly. Into what a piteous drivel have at last fallen some of the most anti-biblical speculations of German philosophy. Neologism, Hegelianism, Straussism, are fast running out and becoming stale in the land that gave them birth, while in England and America they are yet served up in our periodicals and newspaper correspondence as fresh

and as fragrant as ever. In the latest number of the Westminster Review, this "scope and breadth of modern thought" gives us as the result of the newest and most *original* speculation of the times, that "Christianity is the fusion of the Hebrew and Hellenic element into a new historical function of a progressive character for the regeneration of mankind." The incarnation, it maintains, is only this ideal fusion. Christ and Paul were misty, and did not fully understand the development in which they were unconsciously performing a part. The infidel oracle, therefore, undertakes to shed light on their darkness. "The Hebrew element," it tells us, "was a feeling of the divine personality, the Hellenic represented the universe in the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought." We think we understand this nonsense. The Old Testament did doubtless teach the divine personality. We find it difficult to conceive how there could be any morality, or any religion, without it, or where it is regarded as "fused" into something else. It teaches also no less the universal presence of God in space and time, and the absolute dependence of all things on his creative and sustaining will. Jeremiah represents him as "filling Heaven and earth;" Isaiah, as "inhabiting eternity;" the Psalmist, as the universal fountain of life, and as having an existence to which measures of time have no application; while in the theology of Moses, he is not only "*The Father* of spirits to all that is flesh," but the I AM, the very ground and substratum of all being. That God is *ALL, in ALL*, is a Bible doctrine, an Old Testament doctrine, a "Hebrew element" set forth with a sublimity and a clearness for which one must look in vain in any Grecian poetry or philosophy. There was indeed a pantheistic tinge in some of the Greek speculations, but even this came from an Oriental source. It was not native either in their poetry or their theology.

Has our Reviewer ever read Homer, the book which some of the German rationalists in disparagement of the Old Testament have called the Grecian Bible, and which, above all others, represents the Hellenic element in this matter? Will he find there, or elsewhere in Greek poetry, any thing like the representation of the "universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" Polytheistic the Greek mind was to a most extravagant degree, and here was the great contrast between the Hellenic and the Hebrew idea; but what gods were ever more individual, personal, human even, than those of Greece? Did Zeus, and Apollo, and Hercules, "represent the universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" True it is, each god had a particular department of nature, but instead of its being God "filling all things," according to the sublime doctrine of the Hebrew prophet, it was rather just the contrary, a filling all things with gods. Nature was not an emanation from deity. Such an idea was unknown to the Grecian mind. Nature, with them, was the *oldest*, and the gods were but emanations from her. She was eternal, and they were only superior to men as being an older and a mightier birth from the same prolific parent. In some quarters this article of the Westminster Review on Bunsen's Hippolytus has been praised for its profound scholarship; but what must we think of the claims, in this respect, of those who could so utterly mistake the fundamental idea of the Hellenic theology, or, as it might more properly be called, the Hellenic *theogony*. The emanation doctrine was purely Oriental. Whatever traces of it are to be found in Grecian philosophy were ever from that source.

What an important office, too, does Christianity fill in this profound and learned scheme! Here is no moral element at all—no law, no justice, no judgment, no cross, no redemption—none of those clear and thrilling thoughts which stand forth, as though written with a sunbeam in the words of Apostles, Evangelists, and Prophets. It is discovered, forsooth, that Christ is but "the fusion of two ideas forming an historical function for the regeneration of mankind!" And this is the new, the great, the wondrous theology of the age! Even admitting, however, that as a speculation it is not wholly nonsense, it may still be asked—what moral power is there in it? What hardened sinner would ever be converted by it? What good man would ever be strengthened in virtue by believing in such a developed union of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality? What fear, what love, what penitence, what piety, does it possess? What fervent prayer, what devout worship, what melting emotion, what soul-anchoring faith could be the fruit of such a Gospel?

The truth is—this occidental pantheism is a most unnatural thing. If we would have the genuine article we should seek it in its old birth-place and native home in the East. It is far more congenial to the Asiatic quietism than to European or Hellenic thought, and instead of endeavoring thus to metamorphose Christianity, we might procure a better pantheistic gospel at once from India or Siam. When compared with this idealism of the Westminster Review, even Buddhism has more of the religious element, more fear of God, more to do with the conscience or those moral affections which are the true life of the soul.

We say again—let the young man who is tempted to set out on this path, see to what he must come if he continues his travels—to what an intellectual as well as moral barrenness he is doomed, if he rejects the clear teachings of Jesus and Paul for such a "fusion" and confusion of all ideas as are presented in these modern developments.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE drift of the town tide, as well as of the town talk, has long since flowed and landed countryward. Scarce any, save we poor martyrs of the quill and desk are left—to bear as best we can the shortened breathing of the streets, and the sweltering walls of the city. Long ago wives and children have begged their way out of doors, to the land of springs, or sea-breezes, or beach-bathing, or wide shelter-giving trees.

And yet it would be interesting to compute if, in earnest, there were less of real suffering from such murdersome work as the sun does, in the country than in the town. Free breezes, to be sure, we have not; nor any overplus of greenness to regale the eye; nor abundance of such water as meets us in mirror-like sheets of silver; nor swarming swallows, chirrupping and dashing about either old gray roofs and barns, or low-lying marsh-banks; but have we not in their places heavy walls of brick, which the sun finds it task-work to warm through to the core? Have we not narrow streets, with their half-days' certain gratuity of dense, damp shadow? Have we not inner offices, protected by sunny *outside* clerks, and cool pitchers of Croton, and rumbling ice-carts, with cool-looking "Rockland Lake" pictured to our fancy by gigantic capitals, and everlasting water-drip? Have we not the Battery at sunrise skirting as charm-

ing a reach of salt expanse—dashed into spray by as charming a fleet of yachts, Indiamen, liners, Australians, frigates, and boats steam-borne and oar-equipped, as is to be found skirting any pleasure-ground that the hot sun, in all his travels, shines upon? Have we not—at length—street-sweepers who work early on Broadway, leaving us clean stone pathway from Grace Church to Bowling-green, and hissing water-carts, prodigal of spray? Have we not, still further, a two months' furlough from all visiting parties, friends' weddings, congratulations, christenings, pic-nics, etcetera, etcetera? Are we not (gentlemen, we mean) for the once, our own masters? Do we not rule the household, the roast, the pantry, the chamber-maids—nay, the very cooks—for this little summer oasis, while wife and family are in the country?

Do we not walk about our own parlors with somewhat of the air of masters, and freemen—inviting a passing friend to dine with us, without any Candle tremor in our bones, or any quick apprehension of the curtain lecture to come? Do we not riot even in this glowing sunshine which has driven our fashionable family to the close chambers of the Ocean House, and left us room and verge enough to do as we choose?

Is there not, in short—in all seriousness—an immense deal of idle and absurd languishment for the country wasted in these days? and quite as much, and quite as absurd a discontent with what Providence provides for us poor fellows, who stay behind? Are we not the truly sensible ones, who make a merit of our confinement in the town—of our freedom—of our boldness—of our empty walls—of our cigars upon the front balcony—of our audacity in our own kitchens—of our cool basements—of our back areas?

But lest our good readers should set us down for some stupid curmudgeon, who undervalues what he can never enjoy himself, we will inform them, that we—so bound to desk and pens—have ourselves enjoyed, after the usual summer fashion, our period of country recreation; and to convince them still further that this announcement is made in good faith, we will even serve them up an epitome of our progress, and of our summer *delicia*.

The affair was bruited about the breakfast-table (the only meal at which we are sure of being at home) as early as the first of March last past. At first it took the form of hints, dropped in connection with the movements of some near neighbors. Thus it was remarked by a daughter of the house, that Sally Sloman was going to Saratoga; and the daughter of the house quite envied Sally Sloman.

The mamma expressed herself sorry that the daughter could not take a short run to the Springs; she believed, conscientiously, that Congress water would do her good.

This much, of course, we could pass by, without any special remark or committal. But in a day or two, some new neighbor would come upon the breakfast board, who had bought a little cottage—a perfect gem of a place—on the Island. Whereupon the daughter, seconded by the mamma, would express plaintive regrets, and wonder why we didn't love the country more than we did. This, too, could be winked at, or, at worst, drifted aside by a peevish remark about the neighbor's thriving business. But, unfortunately, the claim of economy is a poor one to urge with such romantic ladies as have a very cheap idea about living in a cottage, with a kid, no servants, plenty of cheese-curds, and blue ribbons. Our daughter is at an age when she is easily and unfortunately infected with this mania.

As a consequence, the old story soon came up again, foisted in upon the shoulders of a stout neighbor who had taken rooms at West Point for a month. Some objections, on the score of cost, could be urged here with plausibility; but they were presently brushed away by the fearful hint of increasing sickness in the city, and imminent fear of cholera.

An indignant "pho—pho"—in reply to this had no other result than to make our family very sour, and our breakfasts very cold, for three weeks thereafter.

After this came sunny looks and smiles; a few kisses, and a plump request from our reconciled daughter to go and pass a week or two at Fort Hamilton or Newburgh.

There is a way of pushing daughterly requests, as every master of a family knows, which can not be gainsaid. We were, therefore, at length driven to capitulation; the terms of which involved a fortnight in the town of Newburgh. We have a respect for Newburgh, and for the people of Newburgh, and do not wish to injure them or malign them. Yet it is certain that they do live in a very hot, and a very dusty town. It is said to be cold in winter. We think it very possible. Our business, as is natural, required very frequent visits to the town; upon each of which we were haunted by a lively fancy-sketch of the Henry Clay disaster—relieved, at intervals, by thought, of the Reindeer, or of the Norwalk Bridge. And even had there been no haunting fear of this sort, there was enough of annoyance in the constant crowd of passengers to drive far off all easy sense of being amused. Indeed, nothing could exceed the anxiety of our poor girls on their passage up the river, lest the black trunk should be lost, or the russet traveling-case stolen, or the carpet-bag slip overboard. Besides which, they were horrified by the great number of "vulgar people" who seemed to be traveling with very much the same intent as themselves; and to tell the truth, there seemed to be no further difference than lay in a certain explosive hilarity which belonged to the "vulgar people." However, our daughters decided that they were vulgar; and distressed themselves a great deal, in forming a variety of conjectures as to how they could possibly have made their money, and who was their mantua-maker. They subsequently expressed regrets that such evidences of wealth should not be guided by more of taste and judgment. We must be permitted to observe here, that such notion is very apt to take possession of poor traveling families, whenever they overtake rich traveling families.

In proceeding with our experience, we have to mention the occupancy of very sunny rooms in the country, where the thermometer stood, upon an average, some ten degrees higher than in our modest quarters in town. There was a beautiful grove, indeed, much frequented (as a novelty) by the mamma and the daughters; but between musquitoes, canker-worms, and a long and dusty walk which led to it, we had, on our own part, rather a distaste for the grove.

It was found, too, much to the regret of the daughters, that the large flats which they had bought for the country, and trimmed with long blue streamers, were not the fashion at Newburgh; and these, with sundry other rustic accompaniments, were found to excite very unpleasant hilarity on the part of a few bare-legged boys who tended some half-dozen brindle cows, in the neighborhood of the grove. Two pairs of very *coquette* French slippers, from Middleton's, were, moreover, entirely ruined by the dew on the second morning after arrival.

Indeed, if it were not for the opportunity of talking about the trip to the neighbors before alluded to, and comparing notes with them about "our stay in the country," we honestly believe that the family would have enjoyed themselves much better at home.

We have omitted to mention that a capital cook we had on leaving town, and to whom we gave a fortnight's leave of absence on going away, has never made her appearance again.

Upon the whole, we think it a mistake to suppose that a love of the country, or the enjoyment of it, is a thing to be "gotten up" on call, like a taste for the Opera, or extra shares of the Cumberland Coal Stock. We have a fancy that it is a thing "bred in the bone," wherever it is strong enough to give relaxation and pleasure; and we think it must be followed after leisurely, and enjoyed quietly, even as a *bon vivant* sits down in orderly and tranquil manner to the discussion of a good meal; and not in the fashion in which they consume dishes of meat and bread stuffs at the Irving or the Metropolitan Hotels.

We suggest, meantime, for some of our graceful limners of the daily press, the scheme of occupying themselves with portraitures of that old and respectable class who go, during the summer season, to such resorts as Saratoga and Newport, because they *really* enjoy the air or the water; and take rational satisfaction in keeping up, from year to year, their acquaintance with the landmarks of twenty years gone by. The class is fast going by: their pictures will prove as effective within a short time (if tastefully done) as that of Will Honeycomb, or of the Squire of Bracebridge Hall.

The Town—by which we mean the stay-at-home Town—is busier than ever, with pulling down and building up. We despair of ever seeing Broadway completed. We can recall the time, not many years back, when the brick range opposite the Metropolitan Hotel was counted a most respectable pile, giving honor to that portion of the city, and subject for very much of newspaper encomium. We shall expect to see it coming down some fine morning, to give place to some new Lafarge Hotel, with a pine balustrade.

New schemes are afloat for an "Upper-story Railway," to carry the Broadway drift of passengers. One of these schemes proposes a second side-walk to flank the rails, and the adjustment of second-story rooms to lighter sorts of traffic. Something very like this, English travelers will remember, belongs to the quaint old town of Chester; and it may be that the antique doings of the stout Constables of Cheshire may yet give a hint to our mechanical and matter-of-fact age and people.

By the way, is it not something odd, in all our aimings at economy of space, and studies for brilliant effect, that we have neglected thus far to introduce the very convenient and the very showy *passages* of Continental cities? What could be prettier, or more suited to the shopping times, than a glazed Arcade reaching from Broadway through to Mercer-street, with dozens of little confectioners', hatters', and booksellers' shops at either hand? Would not every shower bring custom? and (if the position were adroitly chosen) would not the gayety and splendor of the scene convert the speculation into a most profitable fashionable Arcade? We throw out the hint gratuitously—venturing meantime the prediction that within ten years it *will be done*, and that it *will pay*.

Of course, in our climate, great care should be taken to secure very free and full ventilation.

The monster Palace by the Reservoir has at length fulfilled the design of its projectors, and though we write in advance of the time, we can speak safely of a thronged exhibition. Dublin, meantime, with its Palace, is provoking admiration over the seas; and its great compeer of the Sydenham Park is rapidly advancing toward the fulfillment of the grandest promise yet made by man to the world of art and of nature.

Not a little of boudoir and salon talk has rested upon a late order of our State department *apropos* of diplomatic and consular dress. It is eminently a Young American movement, without, however, having any thing about it dangerous to the old cherishment of either constitution or firesides. Henceforth, says Mr. Marcy, Americans shall be only Americans, whether charged with full missions or half missions; they shall wear no gold or trappings, but measure themselves simply by republican tailor standards. This new order is specially noticeable in contrast with that counter-action of the new French Emperor, which has sought the restoration of the imperial magnificence of the early part of the century.

The question becomes interesting, whether the black coat of the American Republic, or the blue and gold of the Emperor, will have most imitators in the world of 1900.

Mr. Vanderbilt, of the monster steam-yacht, is, they tell us, playing the sovereign in the old English town of Southamptom. And while the good burghers of the place, with their wives and daughters, are eating his dinners, the quiet lookers-on from Portsmouth and Cowes are carefully studying the model of his vessel. Once let the British add the symmetry of our hulls to their easy working and powerful machinery, and we fear that new Yankee steamers would require to be built to maintain the ocean mastery.

Editor's Drawer.

There was a time when *Phrenology* was even more in vogue than Spirit-Rappings; and many a map of one's cranium is now laid carefully aside in some out-of-the way drawer, which used to be consulted as if it were the very oracle of Fate. To be sure, Phrenology has many devotees now, and charts are every day given to such persons as desire to know exactly what manner of persons they are of; still, the "science," if not in its decadence, is not at that "flood-tide of success" which might have been claimed for it some years ago.

Phrenology was at its height when Gall and Spurzheim were in Edinburgh together, illustrating the science—making numerous proselytes on the one hand, and creating a great deal of laughter and ridicule on the other. About this time a most amusing circumstance took place, which almost threw the unbelievers in the science into spasms of mirth. Guffaws were heard in the streets "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at the success of a joke that was put upon one of the most prominent and learned of the societies which had been gotten up in the University.

Then, as nowadays, the illustrators of the science were assisted in their explication of its mysteries by numerous and various casts, upon which the different "organs," or propensities, were more or less developed. One morning, while the Society was holding a protracted sitting, and discussing the

accumulating proofs of the truth of the grand science, a messenger came in with a note, accompanied by a bag, in which was a large plaster cast of a human head. The note read somewhat as follows:

"*Gentlemen of the —— Phrenological Society:*

"Taking a great interest in the new science which you are engaged in making clear to the world, and having perused your able discussions of this great theme, I take the liberty of sending you a plaster cast, which I have received from a friend at Stockholm. It is taken from the head of a celebrated Swede, named *Thornipsson;* and I should esteem it a favor if you would furnish me with a chart of the character of the different 'organs,' or characteristics, developed upon it.

"Awaiting an early reply, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD.

"LOCHIEL, *April* 2, 18—."

The Society were in ecstasies when the cast had been taken from the bag. The "specimen" was indeed a splendid one: such a development of the "intellectual" organs was not to be found in any one of the numerous casts in the possession of the Society; and as it passed from one member to another, and each bump was separately examined by each, the admiration was unbounded: and, what was more, some of the more eminent of the members were enabled to find, very largely displayed, those protuberances which distinguished their *own* heads (the organ of *credulity*, if there be such, might have been one, perhaps), at which they felicitated themselves not a little.

A vote of thanks was passed to the donor; a chart of the head was dispatched for his inspection; and he was desired to forward it to his correspondent, to ascertain how far the Society had been correct in their reading of the character of the "illustrious deceased."

The return-mail brought the following letter from Mr. MacDonald:

"*Gentlemen of the —— Phrenological Society:*

"I have received your chart of the cast which I had the honor, on the 2d instant, to forward to your learned Society. I regret to say, that we have all been misled in the matter. I dispatched you the cast in some haste, after its receipt, in order that it might be early before you. On re-examining the letter of my correspondent, I find the following Postscript on the top of the last page, after the signature on the preceding page. It now appears that I had anticipated the writer in forwarding the cast to your learned body:

"'P.S. Please forward this to the most eminent of your Phrenological Societies in Edinburgh, where I understand the new science is making great headway. It is a cast of a *Swedish Turnip*, which grew in a garden in Stockholm, in such marvelous resemblance to a human head, that it has attracted the attention of thousands. The "original" is preserved in the collection of Natural Curiosities; and should you ever visit Stockholm, I shall be proud and happy to show it to you.'

"Excuse, gentlemen, the precipitancy with which I hastened to add this cast to your phrenological archives, and believe me, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD."

Perhaps it is not necessary to add, that this letter was not "entered upon the minutes" of the Society!

A VIRGINIA circuit-preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book" (holding up at the same time an old, and evidently much-read Bible), "dat I'm gwine *to do*. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone-wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin *troo* it, 'longs to GOD—jumpin' *at* it, 'longs to *me!*"

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

WE don't know that we ever heard a better instance of crime outwitting itself than the following:

A Protestant clergyman, traveling with his wife in his private carriage through the south of Ireland a good many years ago, was suddenly stopped by a robber, who demanded his money, his watch, and his wife's jewelry and ornaments, all of which he proceeded, without ceremony, to take, menacing the party at the same time with a loaded pistol which he held in his hand. When he had taken every thing that was valuable, he permitted the vehicle and its occupants to depart.

The carriage had not proceeded far, however, before a second thought struck the robber, and he gave chase after his victims whom he soon overtook, while the wife was engaged in reproaching her husband for his pusillanimity in not making a determined stand against the highwayman.

"We must change clothes," said the robber. "Strip, and take these!"

This was done at once, for the clergyman was a non-resistant, and practiced what he taught. He was then permitted again to drive on.

His wife was rallying him upon the sorry figure he presented in the miserable garb of the highwayman, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Bless me! it is not so bad, after all! Here, in the pockets, are all my money, my watch, and your jewels! It is all for the best."

The robber had forgotten, in his anxiety to disguise himself from detection or identification, to empty the pockets he had dishonestly filled, while the very means he had adopted to *prevent* detection were the cause of his immediate arrest. The minister and his wife stopped at the first inn upon the road, narrated the circumstance that had happened; a party was sent out in pursuit; and in less than an hour the criminal was brought back and secured, having been easily detected by his clerical garb.

MANY of the English newspapers have of late devoted a column or more to what they designate "*American Newspaper Wit and Oddities.*" We commend to them the subjoined extracts from the Prospectus of a weekly paper to be called "*The Socdolager,*" which some enterprising printer in the "flourishing city of Salt, in the State of Kanawha," has proposed to publish "in the first year of the PIERCE-ing reign, being the year after the "Big *Lick*" campaign." The "Programme of Principles" is arranged in order under appropriate heads:

"LOCAL MATTERS.—We are in favor of the construction of a wire-suspension-bridge across the river at this place; the funds for that object to be raised by a tax on *Female Beauty* in this county, allowing them to make the estimate.

"We are in favor of a thorough *School Reform.* The present system is entirely too old-fashioned for

the present age. We must have schools which we can rely upon in learning our daughters to speak French with fluency, walk Spanish, and faint in the most graceful manner described in our fashionable novels.

"We must have a school where our sons can learn to smoke, chew tobacco, drink champagne, sport a very stiff standing collar, and sit up late at night, in the 'most approved style.'

"We shall keep down all family-quarrels in the neighborhood; always taking particular care never to be in striking distance of intervention. Intervention, national or domestic, is against our principles.

"We are in favor of *increasing the pay* of Justices of the Peace, so that our citizens may all get a greater amount of justice than they once could. If they *pay* for it, they ought to *have* it.

"We object to allowing jurors any compensation whatever; for by so doing the ends of justice will be sooner accomplished than they would if the jury got two dollars a day for drinking bad liquor and playing dirty cards in the jury-room. By this means, too, good jurors can be obtained, and the officer of the court get rid of being haunted by hangers-on for the purpose of getting on juries. Such men are *not fit* for jurors!

"NATIONAL AFFAIRS.—We think that Congress, before the members spend all the contingent fund, should make some arrangement for a general *Hog-Mast*, as our opinion is that the present is not going to be a very good year for corn.

"We hold that President Pierce should be made personally responsible, or Uncle Samuel, whose servant he is, for the debts of every man whom he appoints to office of any kind, away from home, unless settled in some way before the individual takes his exit for foreign parts.

"'*The Socdolager*' will insist on the annexation of Mexico, as an asylum for our broken-down politicians; also our would-be great men, who are not very likely to succeed in doing any thing of importance for their country in many ages to come.

"PERSONAL.—The subscription-price of '*The Socdolager*' will be only fifty cents per copy per year, payable right away. This will insure a large circulation of our principles.

"We shall speak independently upon all subjects, except on those miscellaneous occasions when it may be to our personal advantage to speak otherwise.

"We shall have an Editor *pro tem*, or Head-Printer, who, in case of our absence or neglect, will give a correct account of things he has no knowledge of, that may occur in the community—provided he isn't drunk.

"We have selected as a suitable place for our editorial office the rooms generally occupied by the sheriff's legal guests, where all who are so lucky as to be of his party, may rely upon being well entertained."

There is more sly satire in the above than will meet the eye without a second perusal.

AT the recent opening of the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," at Dublin, the following dialogue was overheard by an American gentleman who was present at this "World's Fair" of the Green Island:

"I say, Pat, this mating is a grand thing intirely: and shure it's going on mighty swate and paceable."

"Yis, be Jabers, it is just *now*," replied Pat; "but, bide a bit! Be me sowl, it's impossible that such a many at a fair can pass without a fight!"

But the assembly, vast as it was, notwithstanding this prediction, dispersed in peace, and without a single broken head.

WE once gave in the "Drawer" a few examples of the wit of Nas-red-dyn, the Æsop of Turkey, in days gone by. Here is another and more recent one, which is characteristic, and, we dare say, well founded:

On one occasion, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, it was proposed to carry him fruit.

"Hold!" said he; "two heads are better than one. I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs."

His wife replied: "Quinces will please him best, because they are larger and finer."

"However useful the advice of others may be," rejoined Nas-red-dyn, "it is never well to follow that of a woman: I am determined to take figs."

When he arrived at the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at the old man's bald head. At every blow Nas-red-dyn exclaimed, "God be praised!"

Tamerlane inquired what he meant by that exclamation.

"I am thanking God," replied the old man, "that I did not follow my wife's advice; for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should not have escaped without a broken head."

The Turks attach, in their solemn way, a great "moral lesson" to this story of the old Mussulman joker.

THERE was a great failure in a concert given "down East" lately, which is thus accounted for by the leader. He said the discord was probably owing to the fact that the G string of the principal bass-viol was not made of good tow! The first drummer, too, said he, "broke his right drum-stick the day before, and his new one was made of bass-wood; whereas, for playing high notes, it should be made of white-wood; and that probably had something to do with the discord." The leader also remarked that the absence of the little string from his "first violin" probably had a bearing on the subject. But none of these was the true reason. The fact came out at last, and it was this: the bass-string of the fiddle was *tied in two places*. The leader said that the discords undoubtedly originated in those knots. "One knot," he said, "could be got along with; but that, to a cultivated ear, *two knots* were insupportable."

We do not profess great knowledge of music, or musical instruments; but to even an untutored ear, music, under such circumstances as those above stated, could hardly have been "pursued" save "under difficulties." One can imagine Paginini's "fine ear" somewhat tortured by *two* big knots in *one* string!

SIDNEY SMITH, one of the rarest wits that England ever produced, had an intense aversion to all forms of the *charade*. He went so far as to say, that any man who could trifle away his precious time in making one of the silly things, should at once be hung, without benefit of clergy; nor, he added, should he be allowed time, when upon the scaffold, before being turned off, to state to the gaping multitude that might surround him, whether his "first" agreed with his "sixth," or his "seventh" with his "tenth."

We share, to some extent, Sidney Smith's aversion to this species of lingual mosaic mechanism. We never saw but one really good one, and that was

one in which, *in spite* of the trammels of the charade, the *thought* redeemed the *form*. It was written for a London weekly journal the day after the funeral of the poet CAMPBELL:

I.

"Come from my *First*!—aye, come!
The battle-dawn is nigh:
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought—
Fall as thy father fell:
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So farewell!—and farewell!

II.

"Toll ye my *Second*!—toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed
So take him to his rest.

III.

"Call ye my *Whole*—aye, call
The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

This is very striking, and forcibly illustrates some of the peculiarities of Thomas Campbell's poetry, its grand and martial spirit.

THE visitor to Greenwood Cemetery, as he passes through the beautiful grounds of that treasure-house of the departed, will observe among the many tasteful mementoes of affection with which it is profusely sprinkled, a monument of the most ornate beauty and grace—the work of his own design, and the tribute of a fond and affectionate father to the memory of an only and lovely daughter, who, at the ripe age of seventeen, lost her life by the running away of the horses with the carriage, in which she was riding to an evening party. We could not avoid thinking, while reading the following paragraph from late foreign intelligence, what a joy it would impart to the desolate heart of this devoted father, if he could look upon the lineaments of his beloved child, beautiful as in life, with all the apparent spirit which informed the lifeless clay while living!

"While demolishing, recently, the old church of the ancient Welsh college at Helmstadt, near Brunswick, a coffin made of lead, the lid of which was a glass of great thickness, was found to contain the body of a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age, which still preserved every appearance of youth and freshness, although the coffin bore the date of 1461. A private letter, from a correspondent who was present, gives the following account of the appearance of the body. The occurrence is fully corroborated as a veritable fact: 'The face and figure of the child were perfect as in life, not a single sign of decay being visible throughout the whole person. The cheek preserved its delicate rose tint—the forehead its snowy whiteness. The hair, which was of a beautiful gold color, was parted on the brow and fell in long ringlets over the bosom, crisp and fresh as though the child had lain down to sleep the moment before. The dress of white satin embroidered in gold flowers, the shoes of white velvet, the lace apron, all seemed bright as if newly purchased; and more astonishing still, the bunch of lilies held in the hand of the corpse still looked as fresh and moist as though the dew still hung upon it. The workmen engaged in the demolition of the building were struck with awe, and immediately went in quest of the chief magistrate of the place, who soon arrived on the spot, accompanied by several of the inhabitants. Unfortunately the worthy functionary having recently been made the victim of a practical joke in the town, and being half suspicious that the same thing was intended, would not believe in the reality, and seizing the spade from the hand of one of the workmen who stood near, dealt a heavy blow upon the lid of the coffin, and smashed one or two of the diamond-shaped panes of glass of which it was composed. In a moment, and while yet we gazed, a thin cloud of dust or vapor, like a wreath of smoke, rose up from the coffin and dimmed the sight, vailing the corpse from our view. When it had disappeared, we gazed downward in awe; nothing remained of what had struck us with so much interest and wonder—all had vanished, and left naught behind but a heap of discolored dust, a few rags of tinsel, and one or two dried bones.'"

It would seem from this that the invention, hitherto supposed to be American in its origin, of the "metallic coffins," which, by producing a vacuum, by means of an air-pump, preserve corpses from decay, must have been known in the middle ages. In the case above recorded, no name was found upon the coffin. There was no doubt that the perfect preservation of the corpse had been produced by the abstraction of all air from the coffin. "It is supposed," say the journals, "that the child belonged to some great professor of the University, who had performed the experiment in secret; since it is curious that amid all this pains and care concerning the body of the child, no means should have been taken to preserve her name from oblivion."

After all that science, or affection, or skill of any kind can do, the mandate of the Almighty, "Dust thou *art*, and to dust shalt thou *return*," must be obeyed. We are all in the service of Death, the great Conqueror, and "there is no discharge in that war!"

"*He's taken too much Rum*," is the caption to a rough piece of verse which we find in a far-western paper, printed with all the bad orthography and typographical blunders with which the writer originally jotted it down. It seems to us, however, to embody too much truth, and too forcibly expressed, to be "made fun of." So at least we must have thought when we placed it among the contents of our multifarious "Drawer." We restore it to a correct orthography, and venture to print it, for its "moral," if for nothing else. It runs as follows:

"A grief-worn mother silent sat,
Beside her little son,
When thus began his childish chat,
And soon attention won.

"'Why, mother dear, why do you weep?
Why don't my father come?'
'Alas! my child, it is because
He's taken too much rum!'

"'Why is his nose so often red?
His eyes with water run?'
'The reason is—it must be said—
He's taken too much rum!'

"'The winter winds, they make us cold,
The house has poor become;
We want for clothes, we want for shoes.'
'He's taken too much rum!'

"'Why does our farm no bread-corn grow?
Why all with thorns o'errun?'
'The reason is—sad is the truth—
He's taken too much rum!'"

WHEN the "*Siamese Twins*" were "on view" at the Museum in this city, we saw a lank, cadaverous-looking clergyman, with a white cravat adjusted to his neck at the precise point short of strangulation, go up to them and say, in very measured and sepulchral tones:

"Young men, may I ask how long you have been in this condition?"

They both replied, at one and the same time, and in the same words:

"Twenty-one years, the fifteenth day of last September."

"Umph!" resumed their inquisitor; "that is a long time—*quite* a long time. You must be very much *attached* to each other!"

A fact so incontrovertible amused us a good deal at the time, we remember; and we have been newly reminded of it by the following dialogue which took place between Chang and Eng on their recent visit to the East, and an inquisitive Yankee, of "that ilk."

After "dickering" some time with the long-legged door-keeper, he disbursed "the swindle," as he called it—a quarter of a dollar—and entered to see the "cur'osity." He surveyed the unique pair for the space of five minutes without saying a word. At length he broke out:

"How long you fellers been in this kind of a hitch?"

"Forty-two years," replied Eng.

"Do tell! Gettin' kind o' *used* to it, then, I 'xpect?"

"We *ought* to be, by *this* time," said the twins, both together.

"Yes—'zactly; should say so tew, myself. B'long to the same church, shouldn't wonder?"

"Yes," said Chang, "we do."

"Want to know!" continued the Yankee.—"Well," he added, examining the ligature, "ef one on you dies, t'other 'll be in a fix, won't he?"

"It *would* be bad," said Eng, with something of sadness in his face at the thought.

"Don't drink nothin', 'xpect?" pursued their interrogator. "Ever go in to swim?"

"Sometimes," they answered.

After gazing at and scrutinizing them for a few moments longer, the indefatigable questioner again burst out with:

"Look o' here! s'posin' one o' yeou fellers should get into a scrape, and was about to be put into jail? How do you calc'late you'd get along?"

"Oh," said Eng, laughing at the idea, "I'd go Chang's bail!"

"Sartain—ye-e-s: you *could* do that—couldn't ye?"

And here closed the instructive colloquy, and the inquisitor, whistling Yankee-Doodle, retired, and gave room for a fresh "lot" of examiners to interrogate anew the wonderful "cur'osities."

THAT was a most admirable and appropriate answer which a poor woman once gave to a minister, who asked her "What is Faith?"

"I am ignorant," she replied, "and I can not answer well; but I think faith is *taking our Heavenly Father at his word.*"

It was the gifted Summerfield who first mentioned this anecdote, in a discourse delivered in this city, soon after his arrival in the country.

"SPEAKING of bores," says a victim to one of the species, "I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable *whistler*. I can stand a fife, when all the nation is "armed and equipped" on training days, and and a drum with its "flang, flang," serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poorer puckerer, I prefer death in some easier if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being very much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with:

"Mine frien', vat for you all de times vissel? You loss your dog, eh?"

APROPOS of "Bores:" they are of a good many kinds: and *very* long-winded preachers may certainly be counted among them. A good story is told of a certain preacher in a Western State, who was wont to indulge in unconscionable long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother who always delivered short ones, and always very good ones, also. At the usual hour for closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went out one by one, till the preacher was left with the sexton. Still he continued to "blaze away," till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walking deliberately up the pulpit stairs, and handing him the key, requested him to lock up when he got *through*, and leave the key at his house as he went along!

As for the literary bore, who insists upon reading to us the poem he has just written for our Magazine, we have sometimes thought of profiting by the example of M——, the dramatist. He was one day stopped in a public square by Fitzgerald, a noted bore, commemorated in the "Rejected Addresses."

"My dear M——," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "I am delighted to see you. You were not at the Literary Fund dinner, were you?"

"No," replied the dramatist. "I could not attend."

"Why," answered Fitzgerald, "then you missed hearing me recite my last poem. But never mind, you're a lucky fellow in meeting me now; for I happen, by the greatest good-fortune in the world, to have a copy of it in my pocket now. Here it is; I'll recite it to you on the spot."

"Attempt it at your peril!" exclaimed the dramatist, thrusting his hand into his pocket with a determined air. "It's as much as your life is worth; I have pistols in my pocket."

THESE are the days for "Pleas" of all kinds; "pleas" for woman's rights; "pleas" for the poor, for the criminal, for the young, and for the tempted; but the annexed "plea" is somewhat out of the order of "common-pleas." It is entitled,

"A PLEA FOR EGGS.

"Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brittle things;
They can not fly until they're hatch'd,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress:
The "yelk" and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful 'mess!'

"'Tis but a little while at best,
That hens have *power* to lay:
To-morrow eggs may addled be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
O, let the touch be *very* light,
That takes them from the keg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!"

WHAT good old English worthy was it, who said: "I would strive to be *virtuous* for *my own* sake, although not one were to know it on earth beside

myself: just as I would be *clean* for my own sake, although nobody were to see me."

SOMEBODY away out in Minnesota—as far up as the Falls of St. Anthony—has been perpetrating the following poetical description of "A Merchant." The subject, we take it, is the "merchant" of a country-store; quite a different variety from the "big bugs" of the trade in the Great Metropolis, it must be premised:

"Tare and tret,
Gross and net,
Box and hogsheads, dry and wet,
Ready made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail—will you trade?

"Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;
Every dye,
Will you buy,
None can sell as cheap as I!

"Thus each day,
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray!
O'er his books
He nightly looks,
Counts his gain and bolts his locks.

"By-and-by,
He will die:
But the ledger-book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold,
How he got and used his gold."

THE story is current, we believe, of the elder MATTHEWS, the inimitable actor and amusing *mime*, who, when in this country, took passage from New York for Boston in one of the Sound steamers. He was dreadfully annoyed by the gormandizing and bolting of food by the passengers at the supper table, as the boat was passing through the Sound. He reached out his hand for a plate of potatoes, which was nearly exhausted, there being but a solitary one remaining in the plate. He was about drawing it toward him, when a fork was stuck deep into the "murphy," and a harsh voice exclaimed:

"Halves, mister!—*haaves!*" The potato having been halved, and *that* business got through with, he said to a "gentleman" at his side:

"Will you oblige me by handing me the butter?"

"There's butter *by you*," said the man, in a cold, disagreeable tone.

"Thank you!" said Matthews, "I did not see it."

"Very well," said his amiable neighbor, "who said you *did* see it?"

This closed *that* conversation, at least between "the parties" mentioned.

THEY have a pleasant way of raising blisters in India, according to late accounts. The skin is raised with red-hot iron, and the blister is dressed with Cayenne pepper. "Gunpowder Pills," also, is a favorite medicine, in that region. Twelve of them are given for a "dose." A minute after they are down, a coal of fire is applied to a slow-match, leading down the throat, when a "movement among the particles" takes place, which either eradicates the disease or the patient—most commonly the latter!

IT is a very common thing for people when they are on the downhill side of life to wish to disguise their age, and to appear much younger than they really are. We have heard of a very polite husband who was accustomed, on coming down to breakfast on the morning of a new year, to address his wife with:

"Well, my dear, how old are you going to be *this* year!"

The probability is, from the question, that she was growing younger every year.

There is a good story recorded of Pope ("the little crooked thing, that asked questions") which illustrates, laughably enough, this propensity to grow younger with increasing years. If there was a sting in the satire of the trick put upon him, it was not so sharp as many that Pope had stabbed with; and it was his to "take" as well as "give."

When Pope first came to London in 1774, he was about twenty-seven years old; and he was very solicitous, toward the latter part of his life, of being thought much younger than he was; a desire that one Mich. Kelly thought proper, on all occasions, to thwart. One morning Pope called upon Kelly, and the latter placed in his hands a letter, with the Dublin post-mark, addressed to Pope, "to the care of M. Kelly, Esquire." After many thanks, Pope opened and read the effusion, which was from an unknown correspondent, begging an important favor for his grandson, and reminding Pope how often he (Pope) in Dublin had "patted the writer on the head, and praised his aptitude as a scholar," &c., &c., and concluding with the following paragraph:

"I am now *eighty years of age*, and do hope that the friend and patron of *my boyhood* will not desert me or mine in my declining years!"

Pope was rallied by his friend upon the contents of the letter, which it was in vain to attempt to conceal. The story got abroad, and the satirical little poet never heard the last of it, nor, it is stated, did he ever forgive it. Proof so circumstantially and inferentially overwhelming, could not be parried.

MANY a parent will feel these simple lines; feel them, the mother, as only a mother *can* feel, when she encounters some little object that was cherished by her departed child; a little shoe, a broken doll, a set of tiny tea-things; a little rocking-horse, or juvenile play-thing:

"Oh we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss;
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

"And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of Heaven in that young eye;
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start."

And apropos of children: would not many a bitter thought be spared to surviving parents—many a pang arising from errors past and irretrievable—if more consideration were yielded to their little wants, their little weaknesses, their little faults, if need be, while living? On this point a correspondent will be permitted briefly to speak in some early number of the "Drawer."

THE following epitaph was copied by an American traveler from an old tomb-stone at Oakham, in Surrey, England.

"The Lord was good—I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me."

Literary Notices.

German Lyrics, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) The selections, of which this volume consists, are, to a very considerable extent, taken from the productions of Anastasius Grün, the *nom de plume* of Count von Auersberg, a Viennese poet, whose writings have hitherto been little known to the students of German literature in this country. His spirited and original verses are rendered with remarkable success by the present translator. Favorite pieces are also given from Uhland, Rückert, Freiligrath, Gellert, Claudius, and a variety of others, who may be regarded as the minor poets of Germany. Mr. Brooks has not entered upon this responsible literary task without conscientious preparation. To a familiar knowledge of the German language, he adds a true sympathy with the peculiar spirit of its most characteristic poetry, and, with a happy mastery of versification, has reproduced his originals in their native quaintness and simplicity. His volume opens a field of beauty, whose treasures will prove a delightful surprise to many readers, and will be welcomed by all the admirers of natural sentiment and sweet and living fancies.

The History of the Civil Wars in France, by LEOPOLD RANKE. A new work by this profound historian will be welcome to every student of European history. The volume now issued by Harper and Brothers is devoted to the civil wars of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and throws much light on the events of that important period. Professor Ranke is always discreet and cautious; his principles of historical research are sound; and he never fails to present the subject to which he devotes his attention in a new aspect. The present valuable contribution to historical learning will add to his claims on the gratitude of the scholar.

Theory of Politics, by RICHARD HILDRETH. In this volume, Mr. Hildreth engages in a discussion of the foundation of governments, and the causes of political revolutions. It may be regarded as a counterpart to his "History of the United States," unfolding the theoretical principles which, in his view, underlie the progress of social affairs. Eminently acute and subtle—founded on an ingenious and refined analysis—and thoroughly original in their character—the ideas here set forth must attract the attention of thinking men, though, to a great extent, they will provoke controversy rather than secure conviction. The ability with which they are maintained is equal to the boldness of inquiry in which they had their birth, the author never shrinking from the conclusions to which he is led by a stringent logic, and never failing to give them the most vigorous defense of which they are susceptible. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Old New York; or Democracy in 1689, is the title of a tragedy by Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, founded on the memorable political episode in the history of New York, in which Jacob Leisler is placed at the head of affairs, by the spontaneous action of the people, in defiance of the constituted authorities of England. The author has clothed the materials furnished by the imperfect annals of the day, with a vail of romance, which reflects great credit on her constructive power and her facility and strength of expression. The plot is high-wrought, dealing in the darker elements of passion, and upholding the sentiment of remorse, in intense contrast with that of love and patriotic devotion, which forms a leading feature of the play. In the conception of the persons of the drama, the author has drawn largely upon her imagination, though without violating the probabilities of history. Her language is terse and vigorous, marked by great poetic beauty, and well adapted for dramatic effect. In the general character of the play may be detected the same qualities for which the writings of Mrs. Oakes Smith are usually distinguished—earnestness of thought, strong individuality of feeling, a cast of expression not distinctively feminine, and a persistent self-reliance, which finds its law in interior suggestions, rather than in popular tastes and opinions. The tragedy is intended for representation on the stage, and whatever fate awaits it from the precarious verdict of a theatrical audience, it will increase the already high reputation of the author as one of the most gifted female writers of this country. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.)

A new volume of JACOB ABBOTT'S popular juvenile series, describing a visit of MARCO PAUL to the Springfield Armory, is published by Harper and Brothers. It contains an interesting account of the various processes in the manufacture of muskets at that establishment, with incidental notices of many objects of curiosity to the traveler on Connecticut River. The flowing style of this volume, as well as the multiplicity of facts which it sets forth, makes it one of the most appropriate works of the season for juvenile readers.

Murphy and Co., Baltimore, have issued an edition of *An Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*, by the Rev. JOSEPH DIXON, now Primate of Ireland. The work is intended to present a popular view of Biblical Literature according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The quarter from which it comes, and the unmistakable ability and erudition which it displays, will make it a standard authority among those for whose use it was intended.

A new serial, which bids fair to meet with popular success, has been started by Hermann J. Meyer, an enterprising German publisher in this city. It is called *The United States Illustrated*, and is to consist of views of American scenery, from original drawings by eminent artists. The principal editor is Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, who will be assisted in the preparation of the work by many of the most distinguished writers in the country.

The Rum Plague, translated from the German of ZSCHOKKE, is a powerful temperance story, showing in an original and impressive manner the inevitable evils arising from the use of alcoholic beverages. (Published by John S. Taylor.)

A collection of *Illustrated Memoirs*, by CHARLES C. SAVAGE, is published by Rufus Blanchard, comprising notices of a great number of distinguished individuals of all ages and countries. As a work of popular reference, it can not fail to command an extensive circulation.

The Boyhood of Great Men is the title of a valuable reprint by Harper and Brothers, giving brief sketches of the early career of those who have fought their way to eminence and distinction in the various walks of life. It embraces a noble company of poets, historians, statesmen, men of science, artists, and scholars of different nations. Among the great names which it commemorates, we find those of Sir Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, Dr. Johnson, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Jones, Dr. Arnold, Audubon, and

others both of recent and more distant times. The narratives are written in a simple and lively style, and are well suited to make a salutary impression.

The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign, by H. C. Carey. (Published by A. Hart.) The title of this profound volume might lead the reader to suppose that it had a political or sectarian purpose. But this would be a totally erroneous view of its character. It has no reference to the institution of slavery, as it exists in this country especially, or in any other country; but presents a philosophical discussion of the principles of commerce and industry, on which the welfare of society every where depends. The leading idea of Mr. Carey is, that in proportion to the tendency of industrial systems to elevate the value of man, is his guarantee for freedom, progress, and universal well-being. He gives a luminous exposition of the laws by which the development of society is governed, showing that, unless obstructed by artificial and selfish arrangements, their natural operation leads to the advancement and prosperity of the race. His views are supported by a mass of facts, collected from the history and statistics of all nations, while his reasoning is marked by crystal clearness of logic, and an imperturbable serenity of temper. The application of his principles to the subject of this volume will command the attention of intelligent readers, and confirm the position of the author as a leading authority in the science of political economy.

The Hive and the Honey Bee, by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth. (Published by Hopkins and Co., Northampton.) In this work, the author presents a good deal of valuable information on the habits of the honey-bee, which he has gathered from personal inquiry and experience. It is in no respect a compilation from previous writers. The views which it presents, are often original, and are sustained by very satisfactory evidence. We know no work, amidst the multiplicity of treatises on the subject, that is so practical, so intelligent, and so complete as the present. It will form a manual of great interest and utility to the cultivators of a difficult, though enticing, branch of rural economy.

The Redeemed Captive. A new edition of this celebrated memoir, relating the captivity and deliverance of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., during the Indian War of 1703, has been published by Hopkins and Co., Northampton. It is edited by one of the descendants of the captive, Dr. Stephen W. Williams, a writer favorably known to the public by his various antiquarian researches. He has added to the volume a biographical sketch of the Rev. Mr. Williams, together with some curious notes in reference to the Dauphin claims of his kinsman, the Reverend Eleazer. The editor has been acquainted with the pretended Dauphin ever since he was a young man, and never heard his origin or parentage doubted until within the last four or five years. He has no doubt of his regular descent from Eunice Williams, the daughter of the "Redeemed Captive," who remained and married among the Indians; he finds in Eleazer the marks of an Indian half-breed; never discovered any traces of idiocy about him; and five years after his alleged interview with De Joinville, received from him notices of his Indian genealogy, without the most distant allusion to his royal descent. In relation to the age of Eleazer, he has frequently informed Dr. Williams that he was born in 1790; this date is confirmed by other testimony: whereas the Dauphin was born five years before, in 1785. Various letters have been written by Eleazer to the editor, since the conversation with De Joinville, but not one expressed a doubt of his direct lineal descent from the Rev. Mr. Williams, until July, 1849, eight years subsequent to the date of the grand discovery. The statements of the editor of this volume are extremely interesting, and are sufficient in themselves to show that the pretensions of his Bourbon namesake are mere smoke. We are glad to see this edition of a rare old memoir at the present time. Its publication is seasonable, and must be welcome, not only to American antiquarians but to the general reader.

Life and Works of Thomas Cole, by Louis L. Noble. (Published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co.) The author of this biography enjoyed the advantage of a close personal intimacy with the distinguished artist who forms its subject. Naturally reserved and incommunicative, Mr. Cole appears, in his relation, to have freely unbosomed himself with all the confidence and geniality of friendship. Hence, we have more of the inner life than is usual in the memoirs of eminent persons. The volume reveals a pure and unworldly nature, strong domestic affections, an enthusiastic love of nature, and a devotion to beauty that is rarely paralleled. In relating the progress of Mr. Cole as an artist, the author shows the spiritual condition in which each of his great productions had its origin. They are traced back to some peculiar experience of nature, or in the sphere of religion, thus presenting an impressive exponent of personal growth and development. To readers who are addicted to habits of interior analysis, this portion of the volume will form the chief attraction. The external history of Mr. Cole, however, is full of interest and instruction. Although not signalized by any extraordinary events, it presents a beautiful example of admirable power worthily devoted to lofty ends. In the construction of his narrative, Mr. Noble has not always preserved the requisite simplicity for this branch of composition, but its faults of taste are amply redeemed by its elevated spirit and its genuine zeal for Art.

Professor Harvey, the well-known Algologist, has published a Second Part of his *Nereis Boreali-Americana*, comprising rhodosperms, or red kinds of North American sea-weeds. It is illustrated with twenty-four quarto plates, executed by the author himself in lithography, and printed in colored ink; and the microscopic structure and fructification of each species are worked out with his usual elaborate care. Professor Harvey, with the most disinterested zeal, has undertaken this laborious task for the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and we can not help noticing with pleasure the ardor with which the different American collectors of sea-weeds are assisting him by the loan of specimens. For supplies received since the publication of the First Part, the author records his acknowledgments of contributions from California, Florida, and from New York harbor —some inclosing forms quite new to him.

In Whittaker's "Traveler's Series," *A Critical Essay on Thomas Carlyle*, his style, teaching, tendency, is republished from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, in which it originally appeared. The writer gives due praise to Mr. Carlyle for vigorous thought and honest speaking, but criticises with just severity his affected style, his obscure teaching, and the dangerous tendencies of his writings, especially in their skeptical and pantheistic spirit. There are some points on which the general honesty of Mr. Carlyle is maintained to be at fault, as in regard to the suppression of the closing scene of his friend John Ster-

ling's life, which Archdeacon Hare has so touchingly described.

Eleven thousand copies of Mr. BAYARD'S last work have been sold in England during the last three months.

Mr. LAYARD set out from Constantinople on the 5th of May, for England, "to resume his Parliamentary duties."

A new annotated edition of the *English Poets* is announced as preparing for publication in London. The project is so far good, and may prove sucessful if sufficient judgment is exercised in carrying it into execution. The new edition is to be distinguished from all others by "including the works of several poets entirely omitted from previous collections," while, at the same time, "by the exercise of a strict principle of selection, the edition will be rendered intrinsically more valuable than any of its predecessors." The introduction of more of the old lyrical and ballad poetry is a favorable feature in the series. Notes, biographical, critical, and historical, with connecting notices and commentaries, are to be supplied by Mr. Robert Bell, the editor of the edition. The prospectus says that "a complete body of English poetry" is at present a desideratum.

Mr. COLLIER'S publication of the manuscript emendations from his old folio, followed by the edition of *Shakspeare* in which those emendations were incorporated with the text, has called into the field a critic and commentator of the olden school, with whom extensive popularity was not a primary object. In his *Shakspeare Vindicated*, Mr. SINGER goes seriatim through the principal "interpolations and corruptions" advocated by Mr. Collier; pointing out the why and wherefore of the errors; noting when judicious emendations have been already made by some of the numerous editors of the poet; and fairly allowing merit where merit is due. The conclusion of Mr. Singer is, that the manuscript is of no *authority* whatever, and that each passage must stand or fall, like any other critical suggestion upon a reading. The most curious point raised by Mr. Singer is, whether Mr. Collier's old book is not after all the reverse of a *rara avis*. Mr. Singer has in his possession two of the folios with manuscript alterations, emendations, and corrections, and, like Mr. Collier's, in more than one handwriting. Both books, Mr. Singer infers, originally belonged to some manager or company, to whom he ascribes the stage-directions, the rejection of whole passages deemed unfit for the stage, and unwarrantable insertions. The minor emendations he attributes to later possessors, who most probably had recourse to some critical edition, from which they made their corrections.

Mr. THACKERAY'S *Essays on the English Humorists* has been published in London. "We observe," says the *News*, "an original and highly characteristic article from his pen, in the June number of Harper's 'American Monthly,' upon the charity engendered by humor, and writers thereof. His tribute to the talents and excellence of Mr. Dickens's writings evinces much heartiness and kindly regard."

The *Athenæum* notices, in its characteristic oracular style, *The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage*, by a Pastor's Wife. "This is a book calculated to excite odd speculations among the controversial: a tale which might have been undertaken at the instance of some devout lover of deans, prebends, stalls, shovel hats, and the other pomps which link Church with State in England, to show the horrors of the 'Voluntary System' in America. According to the 'Pastor's Wife' (who is an American lady), 'life in a country parsonage' in 'the States' appears to be as pretty a martyrdom as the world has now to show. Privacy is exhibited as invaded by coarse curiosity; conscience is displayed as sitting within the control of religious dissipation, demanding perpetual pulpit excitement; service is reported to be repaid by that shabby trickery and self-interested meanness, the detail of which, were it attributed to 'the Yankee' (of the stage) by an English tourist, would put 'the Union' in a flame. Both the pastor and the pastor's wife are worn down to early graves by the dreary life of misery and undignified trial which is their lot in the 'country parsonage.' All that can be urged in favor of so dismal a book is, a hope that it is not true as a picture."

Professor AYTOUN has concluded his Lectures in London on Poetry, by a rapid review of *Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Shelley*, and *Keats*; and declared that his object in preparing these lectures had never been that of promulgating any new views, but simply of recording his protest against what he believes to be the modern tendency of worshiping *obscurity*.

FREILIGRATH has published a volume of selections, in Germany, under the title of *Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*, arranged with considerable care. It includes some American poems, and is highly spoken of.

The Pope has interdicted the circulation of Mrs. STOWE'S *Uncle Tom* in the Papal States. In Ireland the work is denounced by the priests as dangerous to the Catholic Church. On the Continent, editions are published with adaptations suited to the tenets of the Romish creed.

A French literary periodical publishes some recently discovered letters of Massillon, one of the pulpit *gloires* of France. They are of no great interest. They were, it appears, brought to light by accident, in the course of some researches among the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is strange that the authorities of this great library should not yet know exactly every document it contains.

Week succeeds week, and month month, but still we see not the revival of literary activity in Paris which the partisans of the Bonapartean *régime* have so often promised. With the exception of reprints of standard works, or of those of authors whose popularity is firmly established, and of a few occasional publications of no great importance either in pretension or bulk, it may be said, without much exaggeration, that nothing whatever is doing in literature. Publishers will not hear talk of purchasing manuscripts, and authors are either occupying themselves with speculation or commerce—or starving. Some of the principal of them are contemplating giving lectures or readings in the Thackeray style; but they have no hope of gaining any thing like the success which the able satirist has contrived to carve out of the reputation of Dean Swift.

Contemplative Man (*in punt*).—I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so!

THE HEIGHT OF PLEASURE.

SMITH.—Well, Brown! This is better than being stewed up in a railway! Eh?
BROWN *(faintly)*.—Ca—im-measurably—su-perior.

AUGUST IN TOWN.

OLD GENT.—Now then, Cabman, how much to the Crystal Palace?
CABMAN.—Two Dollars!
OLD GENT.—That's too much.
CABMAN.—Well! What you please! It's too hot to dispute about trifles!

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Full Dress for Visits.

Figure 1.—Visiting Dress.—Drawn Bonnet of tulle and blonde, with insertions of taffeta. The brim is composed of a transparent border, an inch wide, made of silk tulle bouillonnée, round a narrow border of white satin; this bouillonnée is covered by a fullish blonde, then three pink taffeta insertions drawn at each edge; and lastly, a tulle bouillonnée with blonde over it. The crown is tulle covered with blonde, forming a rosette in the middle of the crown; two rows of blonde wind round the rosette, the vandyked edges of the latter reaching the last taffeta insertion. The ornament on each side is composed of a bunch of bows and ends of silk ribbon, dying away under the crown; the inside of the brim is lined with blonde, and provided with blonde strings. On the right side a bow of pink ribbon; on

the left a moss rose and a bud—at top, a little to the left, there are three rose-buds stuck in the blonde. The Mantilla—"THE EOLINE," produced by Mr. BRODIE—is peculiarly adapted to the heats of August, being of gossamer airiness; it is composed of lace and taffeta. Several rows of green ribbon in reverse box-plaiting are inserted on black thread-net foundation, each row edged with narrow pointed French lace, and the whole bordered with very deep black pointed lace of the same pattern. It is worn scarfwise, very low on the shoulders.—In dresses there are no important changes requiring attention. We illustrate one of crêpe de Paris, with high open front, trimmed at the surplus edges, which open to the waist, with a bouillon of the same material, outside of which runs a ruffle edge like the flounces; two similar ruffles terminate the sleeves, which from the elbows to the shoulders are puffed—divided by bands, like the ornament of the flounce, into three divisions. The lower ruffle reaches half way from the elbow to the wrist. A bow is placed at the waist. The skirt is very full; the flounces being bordered with a wide, silk edging, either plaided or traversed by narrow lines of a different shade of the same color. Of course, the lighter fabrics, barèges, crêpe de Paris, and the like, receive preference.

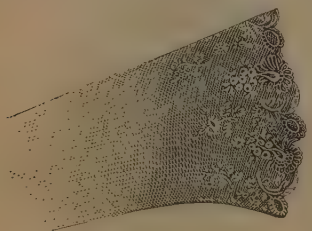


FIGURE 2.—SLEEVE.

LACES.—Such as we illustrate, *Honiton appliqué* and kindred styles, are most in vogue. Collars are worn wider than heretofore, and those with points are losing favor.

FIGURE 3.—CHEMISETTE.

BONNETS.—It is no easy, though a pleasant task, from among the several elegant productions offered, to select one which we may present to our fair friends. The zephyr-like lightness and exquisite taste of that

FIGURE 4.—BONNET.

which we choose, will elicit much admiration. It is composed of white hair—embroidered with Swiss straw and bugles; a row of straw blonde meanders along the edge of the brim, which is yet further trimmed with a rûche of narrow-pointed blonde. Several fullish rows of French blonde cross the brim, and horizontally the crown, which is soft. Malines lace, with loops of No. 1 white satin ribbon, compose the lining. The strings are No. 22, white ribbon.

Among recent novelties, the following are worthy of notice: HOME DRESS, with a skirt of silk barège, long and quite full. Body of white muslin, high at the back, and opening *en demi-cœur*, trimmed around with a row of insertion, a narrow bouillon of muslin, through which is drawn a blue ribbon, and a frill of embroidered muslin or lace. The front is crossed by rows of insertion and bouillons to correspond. The sleeves are open in front of the arm, and are trimmed like the body. Cap of vandyked lace, trimmed with blue ribbon.—YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME, composed of a frock of drab batiste, with rose-colored stripes woven in the skirt, graduating in width. Low-skirted body with capes *à revers*; it does not close in the front, but has points which meet in the centre, and are finished by a rosette; the sleeves are open, and are cut in points to correspond; the body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the stripes on the skirt. Leghorn hat trimmed with rose-colored ribbon and small white flowers; strings of broad white satin ribbon.

As general observations, we may remark that scarfs and manteletes in satin, taffetas, &c., are much worn: the styles are various. The scarf mantilla will be in great favor. In dresses for morning and the promenade, bodies opening in front to the waist, are still in favor; many are worn with small capes *à revers*. Sleeves opening in the front of the arm, and either slashed or showing the under-sleeve, are becoming great favorites. Muslin bodies will be worn, with silk and poplin skirts, by young ladies, for home costume. Flounces will be in favor for all light materials, as well as the thinner kind of silks, such as taffetas, &c.

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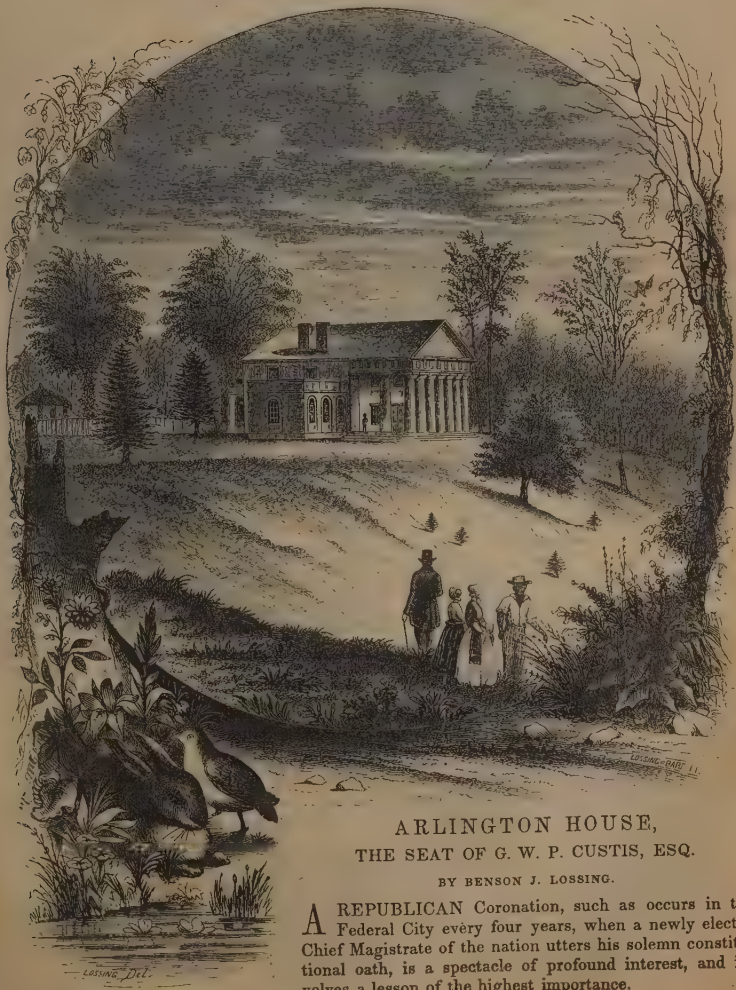


ARLINGTON HOUSE,

THE SEAT OF G. W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A REPUBLICAN Coronation, such as occurs in the Federal City every four years, when a newly elected Chief Magistrate of the nation utters his solemn constitutional oath, is a spectacle of profound interest, and involves a lesson of the highest importance.

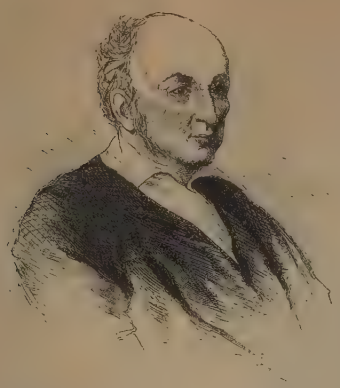
It is a great day in Europe, where monarchy prevails, when a prince by accident of birth, not anointed by the suffrages of the people, but by the often bloody hands of feudal custom, is decorated with a jeweled bauble upon his head, is covered with a robe of purple and minivir, and is made to hold a gilded wand, like Titania in the picture-books, as an emblem of authority. Then the people shout, and unshotted cannon boom, and drums beat, and bells ring forth their merriest peals, and men, women, and children, in velvet or in fustian, appear as joyful as if the inauguration of the millennium had come—as if a perpetual jubilee had been proclaimed. Then the public journals vaunt the loyalty of the people, the graciousness of the prince, and the happiness of all. And then—What then? Why the next day "comes a frost, a chilling frost." The bright pageant has disappeared; the down-trodden millions who shouted yesterday are still slaves; the foot of the prince whom they worshiped yesterday is upon their necks, his avaricious hand is in their pockets, and his weapons at their throats; and Alexander appears to the eye of just appreciation no better than the Thracian robber. Loyal huzzas are silenced by rebellious curses; the substratum of society heaves with the active elements of revolution, like the ground when an earthquake is rampant; the prince trembles; the cannon are shotted, to teach the *herd* submission; the merry bells of yesterday ring out a doleful alarum; and men and women are at the barricades.

Not so the Republican Coronation-day of America, and its future. No tinsel pageantry dazzles the people; no emblem of authority is placed in the hand of the honored one, for he is a *servant*, not a *master;* the voice of a free nation, freely expressed, is the guarantee of the strength of his position; the cannon which enunciate the public joy can not be shotted against the public will; the shouts of the people are commands to serve them well, and the public journals, like faithful Nathans, are ready and willing to rebuke the David upon the highest throne, for every dereliction of duty—every relaxation of effort for the good of the whole—every faltering in the beaten track of rigid republican doctrine; and the people go away to their well-requited toil, and are happy. No sighs for a change of rulers are heard until another election approaches, and the fishers for office are abroad. Then the bannered hosts of party are marshaled; the long-announced revolution begins; the contest rages, not upon some isolated field of Marathon or Waterloo, but in every city and hamlet in the Republic, and ceases not until Ballot-Box—the mighty umpire from whose decision there is no appeal—proclaims the victor. A new coronation occurs; the combatants laugh over the many "accidents by flood and field" of "the late war," and all are happy again, except an irritable clan called *Outs*, who are never satisfied with their condition.

I was in the Federal City on the occasion of the last Republican Coronation. Having no "friends at court" to give me shelter under the superb eastern portico of the Capitol, where the ceremonies were to occur, I stood for two hours in the open area in front, with thousands of other democratic citizens, pelted by sharp sleet, driven by a keen northeast wind, to witness the inauguration of the fourteenth President of the United States. A rude platform of rough boards had been erected over the great eastern stairs of the Capitol, and at the appointed hour the President-elect, accompanied by the retiring Chief Magistrate, the great officers of State, of the judiciary, the army, and navy, and the diplomats of foreign governments, appeared upon it. The recipient of the great dignity about to be conferred was clad in a plain suit of black. The entire paraphernalia of the occasion consisted of a small mahogany table, covered by a piece of red cloth of the value of five dollars, and bearing a Bible, a brown stone pitcher full of water, and a tenpenny tumbler. With his head bared to the pelting storm, and his right hand lifted toward heaven, the Chief Magistrate gave his solemn pledge of fidelity to the Constitution, by affirmation, and then turning to the multitude—an integral part of the great power which he represented—he proclaimed, as the orthodox creed for his guidance, those great political doctrines which, like the lever of Archimedes, having the rock of Truth for a fulcrum, are lifting the earth—or rather the nations of the earth—from darkness and dank misery, to the light and free air of real Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. How little—how exceedingly insignificant, to the eye of the true philoscpher and hopeful apostle of freedom—would Louis Napoleon, or any other ruler by the grace of bayonets and gunpowder, have appeared upon that rough platform of New Hampshire pine, with all his gaudy trappings and pomp of manner, by the side of Franklin Pierce, the chosen servant of a mighty and free nation, who stood there in all the dignity of a true sovereign, undistinguished in form and bearing from the humblest citizen, by ribbon or cross, star or garter, sceptre or crown!

Among those who came to witness the inauguration was George Washington Parke Custis, the venerable proprietor of Arlington House—the adopted son of the great First President, and last surviving executor of his will. Mr. Custis (then a lad) was present when his foster-father responded to the oath of office administered by Chancellor Livingston, upon the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in New York, in 1789; and he has heard every succeeding quadrennial pledge of fidelity to the Constitution from the lips of the Presidents. Unbent in body or in mind by the weight of years, and unmindful of the gale and the sleet, he came over the Potomac in an open boat, to assist at the august ceremonials.

In compliance with a cordial invitation to spend a few days at Arlington House, where are many precious mementoes of the Father of his Country, I crossed the ferry at Georgetown early one bright morning, and found Mr. Custis in his studio, giving some last touches to his picture



G. W. P. Custis

of *The Surrender at Yorktown*, the largest and best of the productions of his amateur pencil. At the age of almost threescore and ten years, he conceived the patriotic idea of employing his genius and skill in the use of colors, in transferring to canvas his impressions of scenes in the principal battles of the Revolution, in which Washington was engaged. Familiar from infancy with men who fought these battles; listening often to the voice of Morgan and other heroes, whose names are as household words to us, as they recounted the stirring incidents of the days of trial, his mind is thoroughly stored with a minute knowledge of the important events of the struggle. He is a living link between the patriots of the old war and the present custodians of the prize which they won; and his memory, ever faithful, has preserved all it has received from the past. Within five years, he has produced six historical pictures, all remarkable for their fidelity in the delineation of costume. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown, and the others are pictures of the several battles in which he was most conspicuously engaged, namely, *Trenton*, *Princeton*, *Germantown*, *Monmouth*, and *Yorktown*. We will consider these presently.

I have said that Mr. Custis is an adopted son of Washington. His father, John Parke Custis, one of the two children of Mrs. Washington, by her first husband, was an aid to the Chief at Yorktown. He was greatly beloved by Washington, for his many virtues, and for his mother's sake. Before the siege was ended, an attack of camp-fever compelled him to leave his post, and he retired to his home at Eltham, about thirty-five miles from York. Intelligence came to Washington that the malady menaced the life of his step-son; and soon after the capitulation he hastened to Eltham. Mrs. Washington was already there, with Dr. Craik, the friend of her husband, and his companion-in-arms on the field of Monongahela. He met the Chief at the door, and informed him that Mr. Custis had just expired. It was a terrible blow. The conqueror, at whose feet a royal army had just laid its weapons in submission, was bowed with grief, and he wept like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour." These were the present proprietor of Arlington House, and his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew. She died in Clarke County, Virginia, in 1852, at the age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was born in April, 1781, at Mount Airy, Maryland, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. He was only six

THE CHILDREN OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

months of age when adopted by Washington, and remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, when he was about twenty-one years old. He was appointed a Cornet of Horse in 1799, and soon afterward was promoted as aid-de-camp to Major-general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. After the death of his grandmother, and the breaking-up of the family at Mount Vernon, in 1802, he began the erection of the present mansion at Arlington, an estate of a thousand acres, left him by his father, and lying upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City.

The mansion, delineated in the frontispiece, occupies a very commanding site upon the brow of an elevation more than three hundred feet above the tide-water of the Potomac, and half a mile from its shore. The building is of brick, and presents a front, with the centre and two wings, of one hundred and forty feet. The grand portico, which has eight massive Doric columns, is sixty feet in front, and twenty-five in depth. It is modeled after the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens; and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is the sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion. From the portico a brilliant panorama is presented. The Capitol, Executive Mansion, Smithsonian Institute, the growing magnificent Washington Monument, and almost every house in the Federal City, may be seen at a glance, from this point, while between them and Arlington flows the bright flood of the Potomac.

At the foot of a wooded slope, near the bank of the river, is Arlington Spring, so well known to pic-nic parties who come there from Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, during the warm season. It is a pure and copious fountain, gushing out from the roots of a huge and venerable oak, which doubtless stood there when the Red Man, in a remote age, came thither to slake his thirst. Around the spring is a beautiful grassy lawn, shaded by a variety of trees, and affording a pleasant summer resort. Actuated by that generous hospitality which is every where prevalent at the South, Mr. Custis erected, several years ago, various structures for the accommodation of visitors to Arlington Spring. He built a wharf for convenient landing; a store-room; a kitchen; a dining-hall, sixty feet

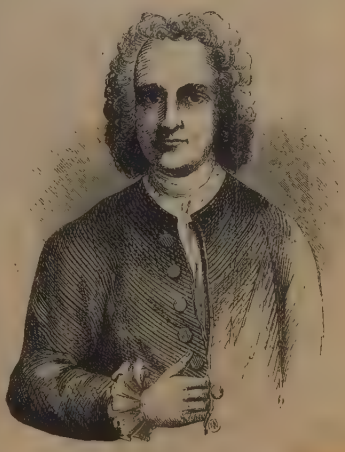
ARLINGTON SPRING.

in length; and a saloon of the same dimensions, for dancing in. No spirituous liquors are permitted to be sold on the premises, nor are visitors allowed to come there on the Sabbath. All that is asked in return, is the observance of those moral rules, and a reciprocation of the kind feeling which makes every class of respectable citizens cordially welcome. A little boat called the G. W. P. Custis, plies between the neighboring cities and Arlington Spring, during the warm season; and almost every day parties of from fifty to two hundred, are seen there. It is estimated that during the summer and autumn of 1852, more than twenty thousand people visited Arlington Spring.

While there is much to admire in the external beauties of Arlington, the chief attractions are the pictures within, and the precious relics of the great Patriot which are preserved there. Before we enter, let us look a moment at the beautiful weeping-willow near the north end of the mansion. It is a shoot from the original twig brought to America by an English officer, in 1775, from Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, England. That officer came over with the intention of settling in America, not doubting that the rebellion would be entirely crushed in the course of a few months. He was soon convinced to the contrary, and abandoning all idea of remaining here, he presented the twig to the father of Mr. Custis, then Washington's aid at Cambridge. It was carefully preserved in an oil-silk covering. Mr. Custis planted it upon his estate at Arlington, on the Potomac. Pope's Willow came from the East, and was the parent of all the willows of that species in England; the willow at Arlington, became the parent of all other trees of the kind in America; and even furnished shoots, many years ago, for English gardens, where the tree had become extinct. There is a noble specimen of that species of willow, on the corner of Twenty-second-street and Third Avenue, New York. It was a twig taken from the parent tree at Arlington, by General Gates, and planted there by him when that portion of Manhattan Island was his Rose Hill farm.

The first picture that attracts attention in the spacious hall at Arlington, and the oldest and best in the collection, but one, is a superb portrait of Colonel Daniel Parke, an ancestor of Mr. Custis, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the protégé of the great Duke of Marlborough. The exception alluded to is a fine picture of an old reformer, by Vandyke; painted, perhaps, sixty years or more earlier. The portrait by

COLONEL DANIEL PARKE.



JOHN CUSTIS.

Kneller is supposed to be the only specimen of that artist's work in this country.

Colonel Parke was a native of York County, Virginia, where he possessed large estates, but spent most of his time in England. He was the favorite aid to the Duke of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim, in Germany, which was fought on the 2d of August, 1704. Marlborough commanded the English troops, and Marshal Tallard those of France and Bavaria. Tallard was defeated and slain, with a loss of twenty-seven thousand killed, and thirteen thousand made prisoners. By this victory the Electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the conquerors. Colonel Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful intelligence to Queen Anne, who gave him her miniature-portrait, set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling, and made him Governor of the Leeward Islands. His dress, as delineated, was rich in the extreme. The coat was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; the waistcoat a silver gray fabric, with richly wrought figures of gold, and the sash green silk and gold. Upon his bosom, suspended by a scarlet ribbon, is seen the portrait of Queen Anne.

DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS.

Near the portrait of Colonel Parke hung that of the Hon. John Custis, one of the King's Council, in Virginia, who married Parke's daughter. The connection appears not to have been a happy one. The lady, (whose portrait also hangs near) was proud and impracticable, fond of having her own way at all times, and very expert with her tongue in a war of words. As the unhappy husband could not match her while in life, he commissioned his monument to give *the last word* in the ear of posterity. By a provision of his will, his son and heir (the first husband of Mrs. Washington) was instructed, under pain of disinheritance, to have a monument erected, at a cost of five hundred pounds, sterling, with the following inscription engraven upon it:

"UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGAR'S PARISH, ON THE
EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA."

The monument was erected and inscribed, as directed, and is still there. It is of white marble, about five feet in height and six in length. Upon the other side is engraved, "This inscription, put on this tomb, was by his own positive orders."

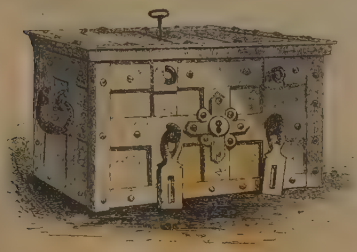
Opposite these pictures hung the portrait of Daniel Parke Curtis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, painted by Woollaston. He was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and, at the time of his marriage with the beautiful Martha Dandridge, was an extensive tobacco planter in New Kent County, on the banks of the Pamunkey River. He died at the age of about thirty years, leaving his wife in the possession of a large fortune. By the side of this hung the portrait of his wife, painted by the same artist, and near them the portraits of their two children, delineated on a preceding page. She was a native of New Kent, and was remarkable, among the handsome belles who graced the courts of Governors Gooch and Dinwiddie, at Williamsburg, for her great beauty and accomplishments. She did not remain a widow long. About two years after her husband's death, she became acquainted with Colonel Washington, whose praise, on account of his military achievements, was upon all lips, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1759. Besides a large estate in lands, she brought to her husband thirty thousand pounds

sterling, consisting of certificates of deposit in the Bank of England. The estate of Mount Vernon, bequeathed to Washington conditionally, by his half-brother Lawrence, had just come into his possession, and three months after their marriage, they took up their life-residence there.

The little iron chest in which the certificates for the thirty thousand pounds were secured, is at Arlington House. It is twenty inches in length, thirteen in width, and eleven in depth, heavily banded, and secured by two boltlocks and two padlocks. Such chests were used in lieu of banks, which were then unknown in America.

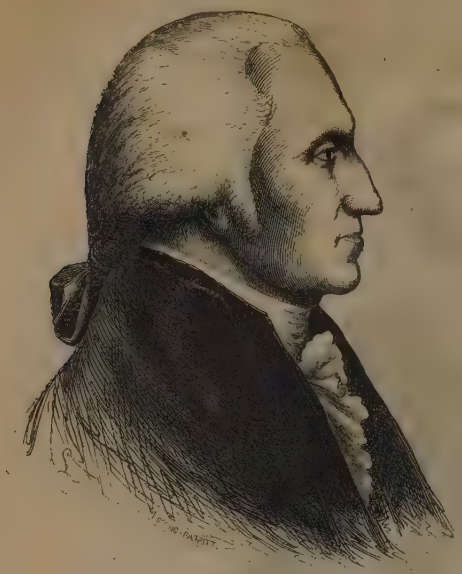
Mr. Custis possesses two other original portraits of Mrs. Washington. One is an exquisitely wrought miniature, executed by Robertson, in New York, in 1791. It is well engraved in the American Portrait Gallery. The other is a profile in colored crayons, by Sharpless. It was drawn from life, with a pantograph, in 1796, and, although well executed as a work of art, it is not considered an accurate likeness. But the portrait of Washington, by the same artist, and in the same style, was considered, by his family, the most faithful likeness of any extant. These are cabinet size. The copy given on the next page is about half the size of the original.

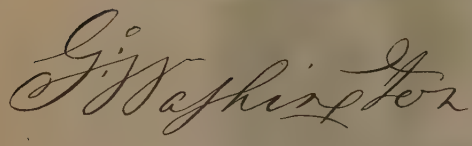
The original half-length portrait of Washington at the age of forty, painted life size, by Charles Wilson Peale, in 1772, is also here. He is dressed in the uniform of a Virginia colonel of that day—a blue coat with bright metal buttons, and red waistcoat and breeches. Near this portrait, suspended from the ceiling, was the ancient lantern which hung in the great passage at Mount Vernon full eighty years, it having belonged to Lawrence Washington, the original owner of that estate. The frame is of iron, painted black, and is almost the pattern of fashionable hall lanterns of the present day.



IRON CHEST.

An ancient side-board, which also belonged to Lawrence Washington, is a curious specimen of good furniture in Virginia, a hundred years or more ago. It is made of black walnut, ornamented with a delicate wreath of leaves upon its edges and legs. Its length is about five feet, and its width two and a half feet. Washington used it in his dining room at Mount Vernon, during his residence there. There, too, is the little mahogany tea-table, of oval form and three feet in length, which was made in New York for the executive mansion, in 1789, and, with other furniture made at that time, taken to Mount Vernon. This was a *tea*-table only, in the family of Washington, while he was President, for food was seldom set upon it. Washington, it is said, never ate any thing after din-



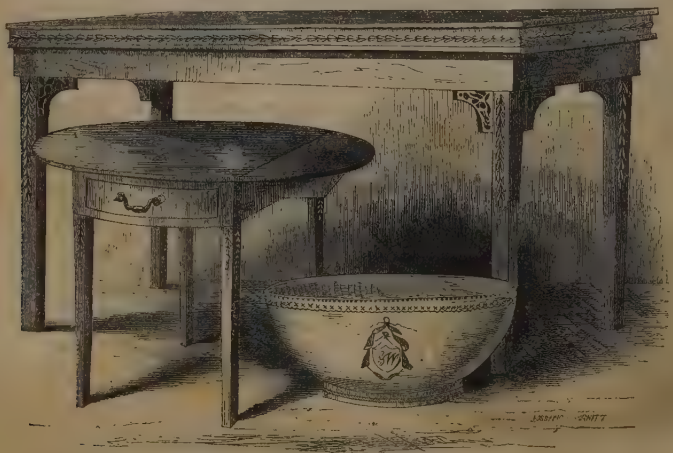


but by whom is not known. It is pure white porcelain, with a deep blue border at the rim, ornamented with gilt stars and dots. In the bottom is a picture of a frigate, and on the side are the initials G. W. in gilt, upon a shield with ornamental surroundings.

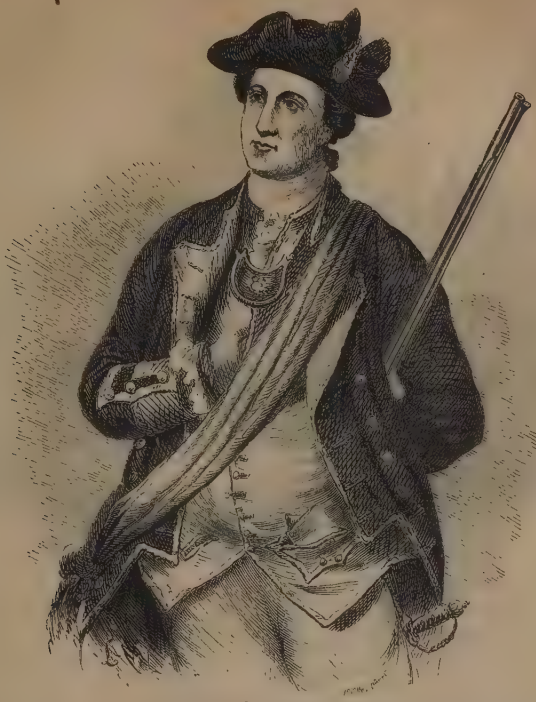
Washington's silver tea-service, made in New York, in 1789, of the old family plate, is very massive. The salver is plain except a beaded rim. It is oval, twenty-two and a half inches in length, and seventeen and a half inches in breadth. Like the other pieces, it has the arms of the Washington family engraven upon it. The salver possesses peculiar interest, because of its associations. It was used during the whole of the administration of Washington, for serving wine to guests. How many eyes, beaming with the light of great and noble souls, have looked upon its glittering plane! How many hands which once wielded mighty swords, and mightier pens, in the holy cause of universal freedom, long since crumbled into native earth, have taken from it the sparkling glass, and invoked health and long life for Washington! O, what a history is involved in the experience, so to speak, of that massive silver salver.

Mr. Custis related a pleasing circumstance connected with the use of the salver. Some years ago, a large military party, accompanied by ladies, came over from Washington to Arlington Spring for a day's recreation. Mr. C. sent his favorite servant, Charles, to wait upon the company at table. On that occasion the

ner, but at about eight o'clock in the evening he generally sat down with his little family, and partook of a cup of tea at this table. The family sometimes had bread and butter with their tea. The large punch-bowl seen in the picture was made expressly for Washington,



SIDE-BOARD, TEA-TABLE, AND PUNCH-BOWL.



WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

THE LANTERN.

salver was sent down. Placing a dozen glasses of ice cream upon it, Charles carried it to the visitors, and said, "Ladies, this waiter once belonged to General Washington, and from it all the great ladies and gentlemen of the Revolution took wine." The young ladies, as if actuated by one impulse, immediately arose, crowded around Charles, and each, in turn, kissed the cold rim of the salver before touching the cream.

Washington received many tokens of personal regard from men abroad. Among his most ardent admirers in England was Samuel Vaughan, Esq., a wealthy Londoner. That gentleman had ordered an exquisitely wrought chimney piece of Sienna marble to be executed in Italy for his own house. On its arrival he ordered it not to be unpacked, but sent it immediately to America, as a present for Washington. At the same time he sent three beautiful porcelain vases, made in India, and ornamented in London. The chimney piece is in the drawing-room at Mount Vernon. It is ornamented with sculptures in bold relief, representing scenes in the art of husbandry. The vases are at Arlington House. The ground is a dark blue, with delicate gilt scroll and leaf ornaments, with landscapes painted upon one side of each, and groups of animals on the other.

Mr. Custis has a small painting upon copper,

WASHINGTON'S SILVER TEA SET.

which exhibits the heads of Washington and La Fayette, in profile, as a medallion. It was executed by the Marchioness De Brienne, and presented to Washington in 1789. Madame Von Berckel, wife of the first Embassador from Holland, to the United States, also painted a very fine picture upon copper, eighteen by twenty inches in size, in testimony of her reverence for Washington. Upon the top of a short fluted column, was a bust of Washington, crowned with a military and civic wreath. This stood near the entrance to a cave where the Parcæ or Fates—Clotho, the *Spinster*, Lachesis, the *Allotter*, and Antropos, the *Unchangeable*—were seen, busy with the destiny of the Patriot. Clotho was sitting with her distaff, spinning the thread of his life, and Lachesis was receiving it. Antropos was stepping forward with open

PORCELAIN VASES.

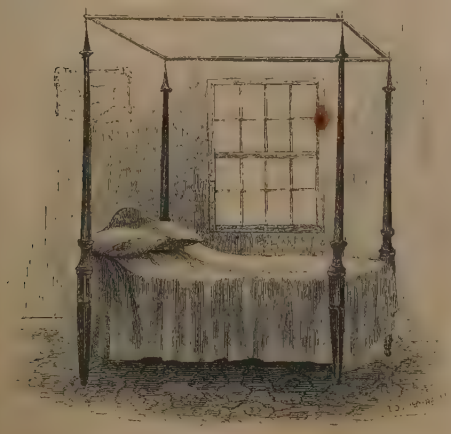
WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

shears to clip it, when Immortality, represented as a beautiful youth, seized the precious thread and bore it away to Fame, a winged female with a trumpet, in the skies, who bore it on to future ages. This picture was presented to Washington by Von Berckel, accompanied by the following lines, composed by the fair artist:

"In vain the Sisters ply their busy care,
To reel off years from Glory's deathless heir;
Frail things shall pass, his fame will never die—
Rescued from Fate by Immortality."

Mr. Custis presented this picture to the venerable General Pinckney, to whose military family he had belonged, as a token of profound respect. The general, in his letter of acknowledgment, said, "It forms the best ornament of my best parlor." It is yet in possession of the family of that sturdy Southern Patriot.

In one of the chambers at Arlington House is the bed and bedstead upon which Washington slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany, and the frame is remarkable for its great width, being six feet. It was made, with other furniture, in New York, in 1789, and was in continual use by the Patriot, until the day of his death. The bed and bedding remain in precisely the same condition as when the good man left it for his final resting-place.



WASHINGTON'S BED.

Tobias Lear, a gentleman of fine education, who was Washington's secretary for a long time, gave a simple but graphic account of the scenes at that bed-side, at the time of the death of Washington. It will be remembered that the malady was violent inflammation of the throat. On the first attack, Washington paid no attention to it, and on being advised to take some simple remedy for hoarseness, he said, "No; you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came." That was on Friday evening, the 13th of December, 1799. Between two and three o'clock the next morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and with great difficulty of utterance, told her he was very unwell, and had had an ague. He would not permit her to rise to procure a remedy, lest she should take cold, but at day-light, when the servant came to make fire in the room, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. Washington was then breathing with great difficulty, and one of the overseers was called in to bleed him, while a servant was dispatched for Dr. Craik. The bleeding afforded no relief. Dr. Craik arrived at about nine o'clock, and other physicians were sent for. But all their remedies were applied in vain. The malady increased in violence, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the General whispered, "I find I am going. My breath can not last long. I believed, from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal." Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Craik went to the bed and asked the sufferer if he could sit up. He held out his hand, and was raised up. He then said to the several physicians present, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me." He lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining; frequently asking what hour it was.

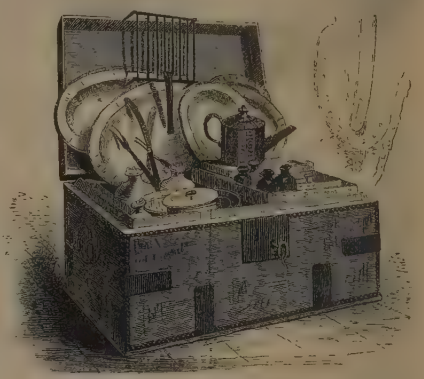
At about eight o'clock the physicians came into the room and applied blisters and cataplasms of bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Dr. Craik, without a ray of hope. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak, and at length, with great difficulty, he whispered to Mr. Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." He then looked at Mr. Lear,

and said, "Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear replied, "Yes;" when the expiring Patriot said, "It is well." These were his last words.

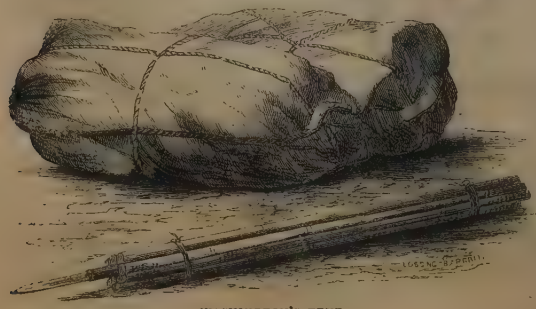
About ten minutes before his death, his breathing became easier. He felt of his own pulse, and a few moments afterward expired. The hour was eleven o'clock on Saturday evening. The only persons in the room at the time were Mrs. Washington, Dr. Craik, Mr. Lear, Mrs. Forbes the housekeeper, Washington's favorite house servant Christopher, and Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte, other servants. Mr. Lear held the hand of Washington to his bosom. Dr. Craik stood weeping near. Mrs. Washington sat at the foot of the bed, and Christopher was at its side. While all was silent, Mrs. Washington asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" All were too full for utterance, but an affirmative sign assured her that he was no more. "'Tis well," she said, in the same voice; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

The disease which terminated the life of the great man was so rapid in its course that the absent members of the family did not reach home before his death. Major Lewis and Mr. Custis were in New Kent; and the distance at which Mr. Custis's elder sisters (Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter) resided from Mount Vernon, prevented their witnessing his death. Of all the family at Mount Vernon at the time, only one survives, a venerable female servant, whom I saw at Arlington House, kneeling at the family altar every morning and evening, during my visit there. She was a girl of sixteen years, at the time of Washington's death.

One more precious memento of Washington, and that of more historic interest than any thing else at Arlington House, remains to be noticed. It is the General's *War Tent* which he used during the whole struggle for independence. It was first pitched at Cambridge in July, 1775, and folded up forever at Yorktown in October, 1781. It is still kept in the two large leathern portmanteaus in which it was carried from place to place during the war, with the tent-poles lying beside it. What a history is involved in the experience of that tent! How many anxious hours the great Patriot Hero passed beneath its ample canopy! How many important dispatches were written, and commands uttered, beneath its covering! What a noble band of illustrious men—the noblest the world ever saw—gathered beneath it in council, from time to time, and determined upon those movements which achieved the independence of these United States! And how often, during fatiguing marches, did the Patriot and his military family partake of refreshment from the furniture of his camp-chest—a relic now carefully preserved with the original Declaration of Independence and other objects of interest, by the National Institute at Washington City. Within that tent Cornwallis was received, a prisoner and a guest. And when the conqueror folded it up at Yorktown, and was marching, as in triumphal procession, from the field of victory to the great council of the nation, one of the most touching scenes in his life occurred. Accompanied by many of the French officers, and some of the most distinguished of the American army, he arrived at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where his mother resided. Cannons boomed, bells pealed, and the people came in crowds from the city and far-distant plantations, to greet the conqueror. But filial affection was burning intensely in the bosom of the Chief. Eight long and eventful years had passed since the mother and son had met. Leaving the great pageant as soon as courtesy would allow, Washington hastened to his sister, Mrs. Lewis, and desired her to inform his mother of his arrival, and his desire to embrace her. When the cannons boomed, and the bells rang, the mother of Washington was unmoved. With all a Cornelia's virtues, she possessed a Cornelia's firmness. She was as proud of her son as was



WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.



WASHINGTON'S TENT.

the mother of the Gracchii, yet she hid the feeling deep in her heart. She was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants when the pageant entered the town, and she was still occupied with her toil, when her honored son entered. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably!" were the first words of the matron. During the whole interview, not a syllable was spoken by the mother or son, of the glorious achievements of his mind and hand.

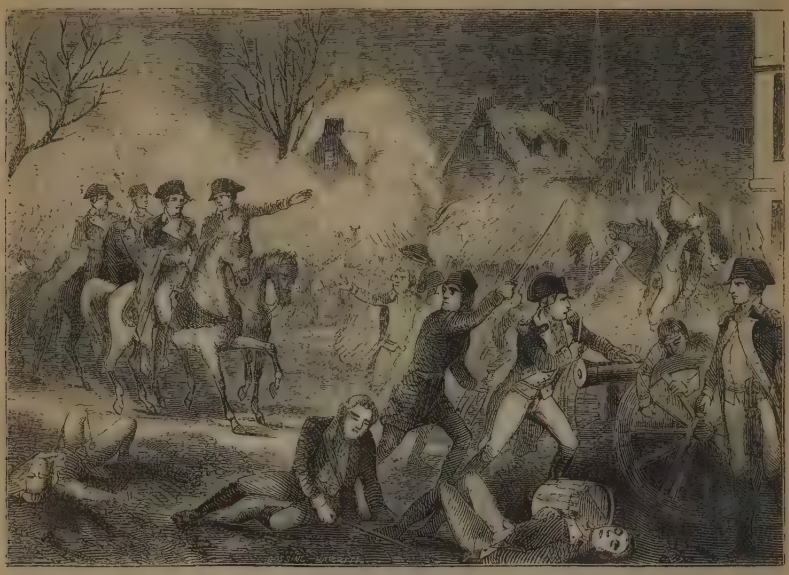
That evening a ball was given at Fredericksburg in honor of the General. It was a gay scene, for many of the most brilliant of the French officers and of the *élite* of Northern Virginia aristocracy were there. Washington entered with an aged woman, of middle stature, leaning upon his arm. She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, and upon her head was a lawn cap, white as snow, without lace or ruffles, and fastened by tabs under her chin. It was MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. The French officers were astonished. So plain a woman the mother of the great Leader! They thought of the Dowager-Queen of France, of the brilliant Antoinette, and the high-born dames of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, and could not comprehend the matter. At nine o'clock in the evening the honored matron, with an air of parental authority, took her son by the arm, and said, "Come, George, it is time for me to be at home;" and the conqueror of Cornwallis left that brilliant throng for an hour, and escorted his mother to her humble dwelling. La Fayette visited her the next day, and with glowing language he spoke to her of the greatness of her son. The matron's reply conveyed one of the wisest lessons ever uttered: "I am not surprised, for *George was always a good boy.*"

The war-tent of Washington, so often spread upon the line of march and the battle-field, has since been used in the holy cause of religion. Twice it has been pitched in green fields, and thousands came and willingly paid liberal tribute for the privilege of sitting beneath it. Two churches were erected with the proceeds. May it never be called forth for a purpose less suggestive of good-will to man!

Let us turn from the contemplation of these memorials of Washington to a consideration of the patriotic labors of the self-taught amateur artist of Arlington House. I have already alluded to the productions of his pencil. The first picture in chronological order is TRENTON. The Chief is seen upon a white charger, with Greene at his left, and Muhlenberg, Mercer, and Sullivan, in the rear. The wounded man in the foreground is Lieutenant Monroe (afterward President of the United States); Captain William Washington, the brave dragoon of southern campaigns in after-years, has his hand upon the cannon, and causes Scheffer, the Hessian lieutenant-colonel, to drop the point of his sword, in token of submission. The large figure in the centre, dressed in a hunting-shirt (the costume of riflemen), is Josiah Parker, of Virginia. Next him is Sherman, of Connecticut; and beyond him, Richard Parker, who was afterward shot at the siege of Charleston, is seen waving his hat for the Americans to rush on. Beyond the cannon, Colonel Rall, the Hessian commander, is seen falling from his horse, mortally wounded, into the arms of a grenadier.

The battle at Trenton was a very important one. Fearful and ominous were the clouds of gloom which gathered over the political firmament of America toward the close of 1776. England had sent some of her choicest troops and most skillful commanders to crush the rebellion by a single blow, and her transports had brought a horde of German mercenaries, known by the general name of Hessians, to plunder and murder the people. The city of New York had become the prey of the enemy early in September; and when the black frosts came, Long Island, Staten Island, and Lower Westchester, lay at the feet of the conqueror. In November, Fort Washington, the last foothold of the patriots upon Manhattan Island, was captured, with almost three thousand men; and Fort Lee, upon the summit of the lofty Palisades opposite, yielded a few days afterward. Then followed a spectacle which made every patriot heart pause in its pulsations. Washington, with his little army of half-equipped, half-clad, and half-famished troops, the last hopes of liberty in America, were flying before the well-disciplined battalions of Great Britain, over the plains of New Jersey, like a herd of frightened deer before the hounds. At almost every furlong the dispirited militia left the ranks, and, in utter despair, hastened to their forlorn homes to tell of personal woes and national misfortune. Every hour the patriot army lost numerical and moral strength; and when, on a keen December evening, it stood shivering upon the banks of the rapid Delaware, at Trenton, there were not two thousand strong right arms bared there in defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence!

The patriots dared not remain long upon the banks of the freezing river, for already they could hear the drum of the pursuers, beating a quick march on their rear. They hastened across the flood in boats, and just as the last vessel, filled with Americans, reached the Pennsylvanian shore, at midnight, a column of British troops entered Trenton with all the pomp of victors. The flood which afforded a passage for escape to the Americans, proved also the means of final deliverance. The British were afraid to attempt the passage, and waited for the increasing frosts to construct a bridge of ice, over which they might pass, crush the little band of patriots, and march upon Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. But God held "the bands of Orion," and in his hand were "the treasures of the snow" and "the hoary frost of heaven." For more than a fortnight the waters remained unchained, while the hopeful Washington was gathering new strength for a



BATTLE OF TRENTON.

decisive blow for freedom. While there remained a shadow of an army in the field—while Congress maintained its sittings and its unity—while a single ray of hope for success appeared, no thought of abandoning the righteous cause was harbored in the mind of that great man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the Americans seems never to have burned with a brighter or steadier light than at this moment, when every where was gloom. Already, in the very darkest hours, he had conceived the masterly stroke of military skill which brought forth such a radiant spark of hope and joy upon the frozen banks of the Delaware.

While waiting for the freezing of the river, Cornwallis had cantoned his troops at different points in New Jersey, from Trenton to Mount Holly, and returned to New York. Fifteen hundred Hessians and British light troops were stationed at Trenton, to watch the movements of the Patriot army. The Christmas holidays drew nigh, and knowing the convivial customs of the Germans on that festival, Washington resolved to cross the river on the night of Christmas, not doubting he should find the enemy weakened by inebriating indulgence. His little army had been gradually increased by great exertions; and on the evening of Christmas Day, over two thousand hardy men, with twenty pieces of artillery, were silently mustered upon the western bank of the Delaware, eight miles above Trenton. Through masses of floating ice they crossed the flood, not in time, however, to reach Trenton before the dawn. With equal caution, but with celerity, they marched upon the town in two divisions. One was led by Washington, assisted by Generals Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer, and Stevens; and the other by General Sullivan. At the moment when they were discovered by the Hessian picket guard, the Americans rushed forward, and fell upon them with great fury, in the northern suburbs of the village. The Hessian drums beat to arms; but before the half-drunken Colonel Rall (the Hessian commander) and his officers, who had spent the night in carousal, could reach their saddles and gather their troops, the Americans closed upon them. A warm conflict ensued in the streets of Trenton until Rall fell, mortally wounded; and his affrighted troops cast down their arms and begged for quarter. The British light troops had fled, and no hope remained for the Germans. Only two Americans were killed and a few wounded. The victors secured a thousand prisoners, as many stand of arms, six brass field-pieces, and a large amount of ammunition. After visiting the wounded Rall, in person, and smoothing his dying pillow with a soldier's words of kindness, Washington, with his troops, his prisoners, and trophies, recrossed the Delaware, and that night took a position of safety on Pennsylvania soil.

Next in order is the battle at Princeton. The Chief is seen on his white horse, with Cadwallader, Fitzgerald, and St. Clair—the latter with his sword raised. Further on is Mifflin, waving his hat. On the left is seen Hitchcock, with part of a New England Continental regiment. Upon the cannon, in the foreground, is Haslet, of Delaware, mortally wounded; and to the left, near the drum, is the dead body of Potter, of Pennsylvania. Toward the right is General

Mercer, rising from the ground and defending himself against British bayonets. Near by is his mottled gray horse, severely wounded at the fore fetlock.

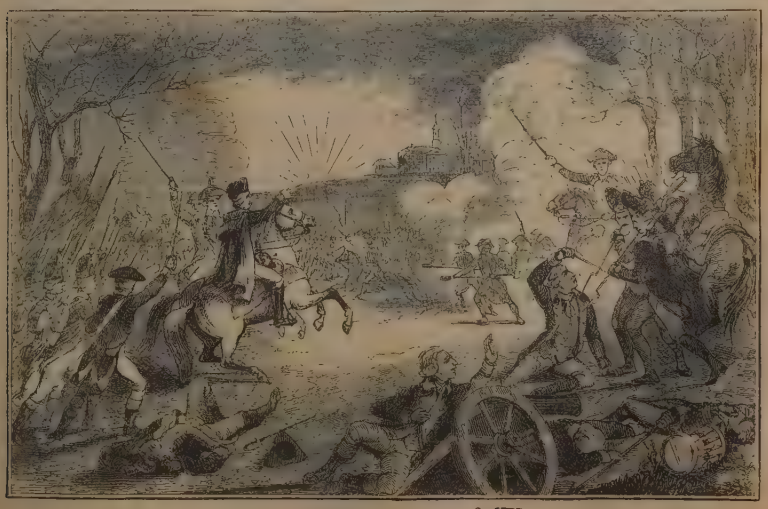
The battle at Princeton followed close upon that at Trenton. General Grant had boasted that, with five thousand men, he could traverse the length and breadth of the continent unharmed; and so certain was General Howe, the Commander-in-chief of the British army, that the retreat of Washington across New Jersey, and the rapid diminution of his army, were sure indications of despair, and ominous of a speedy submission of the rebels, that he had granted Cornwallis leave of absence. The earl was about to embark for England, when intelligence of Washington's exploit at Trenton reached the British head-quarters, at New York. The whole aspect of things was immediately changed. The contempt for the Americans, felt by the British commanders, gave place to compulsory respect and thorough vigilance. Cornwallis was ordered back to the command of the troops. Their cantonments were broken up, and the whole British force in New Jersey was soon concentrated in the direction of Trenton.

The effect of the victory at Trenton upon the Americans, was extremely inspiriting. Congress had just clothed Washington with the discretionary powers of a *Military Dictator*. His shattered regiments were speedily filled with new levies and volunteers, and the military chest was replenished by Robert Morris, that strong right hand of government during the war. Thus strengthened, Washington again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton. Cornwallis, who was at Princeton, immediately moved forward to attack him. At sunset on the 2d of January, 1777, a skirmish ensued on the borders of the village, after which both armies lighted their fires and encamped for the night, with only a mill-stream between them.

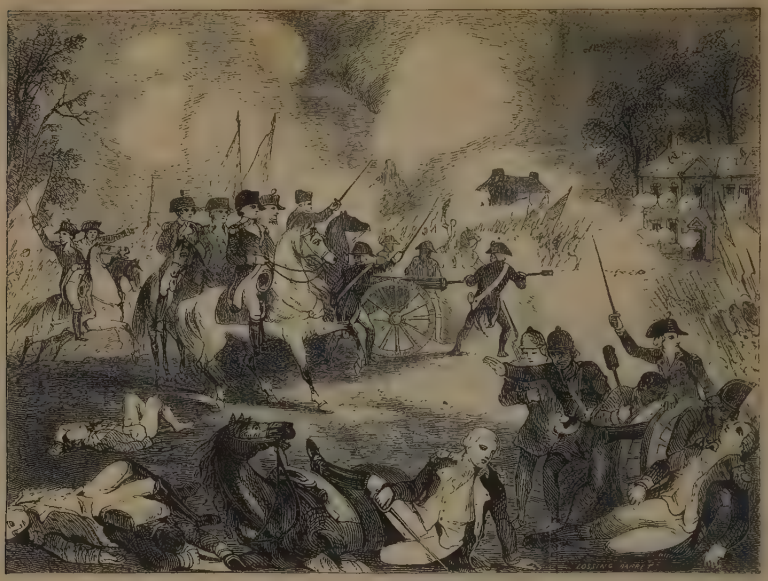
A council of war was held in the American camp, and it was resolved to withdraw stealthily from Trenton, get in the rear of the British at Princeton, and, if possible, fall upon their stores at New Brunswick. But the ground was too soft to drag their heavy cannon over, and these were too essential to be left behind. Again, He that "keepeth the frost in his fingers," stretched forth his hand to aid the righteous cause. The wind suddenly changed to the north, and before midnight the ground was frozen hard enough to bear the cannon.

The whole American army was now put in motion for retreat, except a small party who were left behind to keep the camp-fires burning, and thus to allay suspicion. When the day dawned, Cornwallis opened his eyes upon a deserted camp. Sure of his prey in the morning, the earl had slept soundly and dreamed pleasantly. Whither had his intended victim fled? Suddenly a deep booming sound broke over the country from the east, and was soon followed by another and another. It was midwinter and a cloudless morning, and yet Cornwallis thought it was distant thunder. But the quicker ear of General Erskine decided otherwise, and he exclaimed, "To arms, to arms! my lord! Washington has outgeneraled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!"

It was a keen winter's morning; and as the sun arose brilliantly, the startling apparition of a host of Americans, their arms glittering in the morning rays, burst upon the vision of Colonel Mawhood, who, with a detachment,



BATTLE OF PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1777.



BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, OCTOBER 4, 1777.

was just leaving Princeton to reinforce Cornwallis. Mawhood wheeled, recrossed the stream he had just passed, before the Americans could reach it and confront him, and soon portions of the two armies were in conflict. It was the booming of their cannon which fell upon the ear of Cornwallis, and called him back from the Delaware, to aid his troops at Princeton and preserve his stores at New Brunswick. The battle waxed fierce and bloody; and, finally, British bayonets proved an overmatch for American rifles. The Patriots fell back, and there the brave Mercer, who had dismounted, and was at the head of his troops trying to rally them, was smitten down, and mortally wounded. Freedom then lost one of her bravest champions, and Virginia one of her noblest adopted sons. Other brave hearts ceased to beat in that conflict; and the cypress chaplet which the patriot weaves in memory of Mercer, should have commemorative leaves for Haslet, Potter, Morris, Shippen, Flemming, and Neal.

Perceiving the disorder, Washington ordered the Connecticut Continentals to advance; and rushing forward far in front, and exposed to the deadly volleys of the enemy, Washington rallied the flying troops, brought order out of confusion, and secured a victory. The British troops, discomfited, fell back in disorder, and fled. Some who took refuge within the classic wall of Nassau Hall, were made prisoners, and the victory was complete. At that moment Cornwallis appeared, marching upon Princeton. The Patriot army had not slept for thirty-six hours, nor tasted food for twenty-four. Too weak to withstand the fresh troops of Cornwallis, or to make a descent upon New Brunswick, Washington pursued the fugitive Britons as far as Kingston, on the Millstone River. He destroyed the bridge there, and then pushed forward to Pluckemin. Cornwallis did not pursue, and the Patriots were allowed repose for a day. Then pushing on toward Morristown, they went into winter quarters there. From his snowy camp in the hill country of New Jersey, Washington sent out parties to harass the enemy; and within two months from the time when the exulting foe was pursuing him across the plains to the Delaware, not a British or Hessian soldier remained upon the soil of that State, except at New Brunswick and Amboy.

In the picture of the battle of Germantown, Washington is the most conspicuous figure in the central group. With him is Lord Stirling, Knox, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Harry Lee. Coming up with the reserve are Wayne and Walter Stewart. The fallen horse and his rider in the foreground is General Nash, of North Carolina. The same ball that shattered the rider's leg passed through the body of the horse, and killed him. By the cannon, on the right, is seen the British General Agnew, mortally wounded. In front of the central group is Colonel Proctor, directing the artillery. On the right, beyond the wounded artilleryman who is leaning upon the cannon wheel, is Colonel Mawhood, bringing up the British grenadiers.

The battle at Germantown was a severe one. Having been defeated on the banks of the Bran-

dywine, Washington retreated toward Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown, six miles from the city, about the middle of September, 1777. Perceiving the tardiness of the movements of General Howe, his pursuer, the American commander resolved to retrace his steps, attack the British, and, if possible, save Philadelphia. He recrossed the Schuylkill, and for several days was engaged in manœuvres with the enemy along the banks of that stream. Awed by the presence of the British, the people were passive, and Washington could get no reliable information concerning the movements of his antagonist. By a skillful manœuvre, Howe deceived Washington, crossed the Schuylkill a little above Norristown, and pushed forward to Philadelphia. He took possession of Philadelphia without opposition, and then stationed the main division of his army at Germantown. The Americans took post upon the Metuchen Hills, on Skippack Creek.

Howe weakened his force by sending detachments to execute various enterprises in the vicinity. Washington resolved to take advantage of this, and fall upon his troops at Germantown. His plan was judiciously arranged, and if it had been promptly executed, would have resulted in a victory for the Americans. The division of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by the main road leading toward Norristown, while General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to gain the British rear. The divisions of Greene and Stephen, flanked by McDougal's brigade, were to attack the enemy's right wing; the Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Forman, were to fall upon the rear of the right; and Lord Stirling, with the brigades of Nash and Maxwell, were to form reserve corps.

At dark on the evening of the 3d of October, the column of Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington, moved silently from the camp on Skippack Creek, toward Germantown. As they emerged from the woods on Chestnut Hill, at dawn the next morning, they were discovered by the British patrols. The drums beat to arms, and a strong detachment of the enemy was drawn up at Mount Airy to oppose the Americans. The patriots pressed steadily forward until within musket shot of the British, when they fired, and marched forward with great impetuosity. The enemy were driven back in confusion, closely pursued by the Americans. In the village stands a strong stone house (seen on the right of the picture) which belonged to Judge Chew. Into that house Colonel Musgrove and several companies of the British centre took refuge, as the torrent swept on, and by volleys of musketry from the windows checked the advance party of the pursuers, under Colonel Woodford, of Virginia. The pursuit would have been continued until crowned with victory, had not the excessive prudence of superior officers prevented. Woodford was not allowed to pursue further, and at the same time the Pennsylvania militia failed to attack the British left. The golden opportunity was that moment lost. It was afterward ascertained that the whole British army was about to retreat, and had selected Chester as a place of rendezvous. But perceiving his left flank, upon which Armstrong was to fall, secure, General Grey marched to the aid of the centre, and the battle again raged furiously within the village A thick fog now enveloped the contending armies, and each party was ignorant of the movements of the other. The column of General Greene, engaged with the British right, was unsupported by the Maryland and New Jersey militia; and a panic having seized a part of the troops, the whole body gave way, and retreated under cover of Count Pulaski's legion. The conflict had continued almost three hours, when the firing ceased. The Americans fell back to their camp on Skippack Creek, from whence they marched to White Marsh, and finally to Valley Forge, where they passed the severe winter of 1777–78.

The Battle at Monmouth continued longer than any other during the war. In the picture, Washington is seen on his white charger, with Greene near him. Knox is on the most prominent horse on the right, and near him are Hamilton, Cadwallader, and other Continental officers. In the foreground is seen a wounded rifleman. On the right, near a disabled cannon, is Dickinson of Virginia; and on the left, by the drum, Bonner of Pennsylvania. On the left is seen a group of artillery, with the famous "Captain Molly" at the gun. She was a young Irish woman, only twenty-two years of age, wife of a gunner, and during the heat of action was engaged in bringing water to her husband from a spring. A cannon shot killed the gunner at his piece; his wife saw him fall, and dropping her bucket, she seized the rammer, and vowed that she would take her husband's place at the gun, to avenge his death. She performed the duty until the close of the action, with a skill and courage which challenged the admiration of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant, which her husband held. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She usually wore the coat of an artilleryman over her petticoats, and went by the name of Captain Molly. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living at Washington, at the age of ninety-five years, informed me that she had often seen the heroine She says the French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns. Captain Molly died near Fort Montgomery, in the Hudson Highlands.

Terrible was the suffering endured, and wonderful was the love of country manifested at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777–78.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28, 1778.

There, in the midst of frost and snow, disease and destitution, Liberty erected her altar, and found unwavering worshipers. In all the world's history we have no record of purer devotion, holier sincerity, or more pious self-sacrifice, than was there exhibited in the camp of Washington. The courage that nerves the arm on the battle-field, and dazzles by its brilliant but evanescent flashes, pales before the steadier and more intense flame of *patient endurance*, the sum of the sublime heroism displayed at Valley Forge. And if there is a spot on the face of our broad land whereon Patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the banks of the Schuylkill. It was after the trials of the winter there, and when the warmth of summer brought comfort, and the news of the alliance with France came from abroad to assure their courage, that the patriot army received intelligence that the British were about to leave Philadelphia for New York. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them.

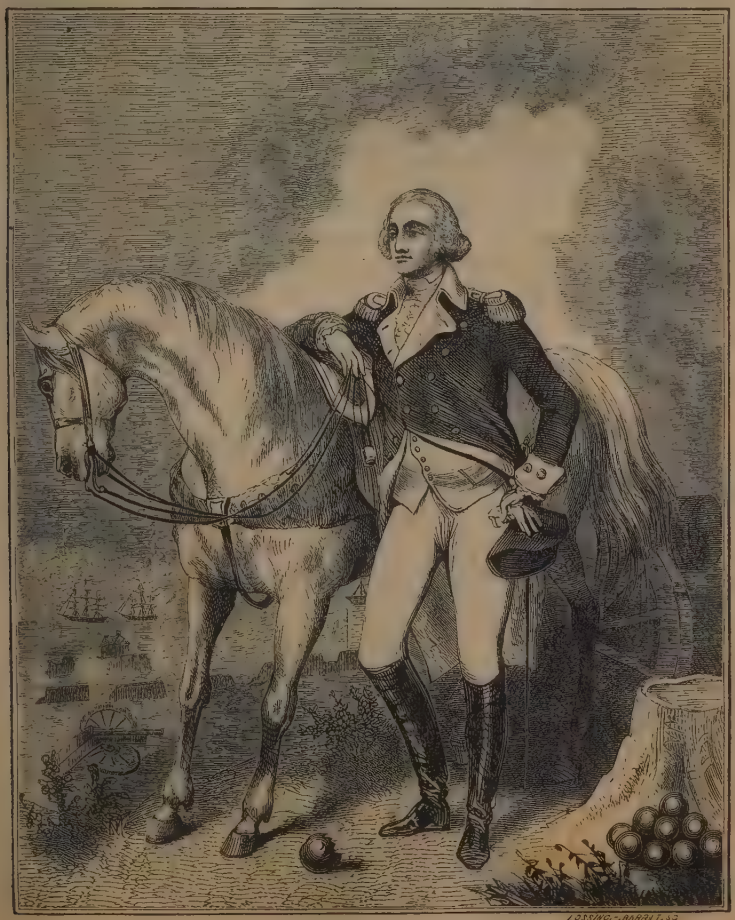
Sir Henry Clinton, then the British Commander-in-chief, left Philadelphia on the 18th of June, 1778, and, crossing the Delaware, took up his march for New Brunswick. Washington and his army crossed above Trenton, and pursued him. Clinton was compelled to change his direction, and march for Sandy Hook, where he intended to embark for New York. Washington pressed so hard upon him, that at Monmouth Court House (Freehold, New Jersey) Clinton halted, and prepared for battle. Washington eagerly accepted the opportunity, and on the evening of the 27th of June, both parties were prepared for conflict.

It was the morning of the Christian Sabbath when the van of the two armies met on the plains of Monmouth. Seldom had a sultrier day dawned, and the fiery sun arose unclouded. The brave General Charles Lee commanded the first division, and the impetuous Wayne opened the bloody drama of the day. Like a whirlwind he swept from a wooded height, and had he not been checked in mid career by an order from General Lee, he would doubtless have decided the fortune of the day in favor of the Americans, within half an hour. But Lee ordered him to fall back, and soon afterward issued such commands as caused almost the whole division to retreat. Hearing the firing, Washington had pressed forward with the second division, and met the flying detachments, hotly pursued by the enemy. No notice of the retreat had been communicated, and the safety of the whole army was jeoparded. Deeply mortified at the disgraceful movement, Washington ordered the commander of the first division of the fugitives to halt, and then, spurring his horse, he dashed forward with his staff to the rear of the flying column, where he met Lee, at the head of the second division of the retreating forces. With bitter emphasis, and glances of hot anger, Washington demanded the cause of the shameful retreat. Stung by the reproof, Lee retorted sharply. It was no time for personal strife. Wheeling his horse, Washington hastened to the flying regiments, rallied them, restored order, and turned with deadly power upon the foe. The action soon became general. The heat was intense, for the sun was climbing to the meridian. Many fell down through mere exhaustion, and yet the battle raged. Hour after hour

of that sultry day wore away, and backward and forward, over the sandy fields, the combatants swayed. At length Wayne poured terrible volleys into the ranks of the grenadiers of the centre, and Colonel Monckton, their commander, fell. His companies recoiled, the centre gave way, and the whole British army fell back to the heights of Freehold.

It was now almost sunset, and both armies coveted repose. Washington determined to renew the attack at dawn, and his troops slept upon their arms that night. Wrapped in his cloak, the chief, with his staff, slumbered profoundly beneath the green canopy of a spreading oak, around which many of the slain slept their last sleep. He felt sure of victory on the morrow, when his refreshed troops should rise to battle. But the dawn brought disappointment. Like the Americans at Trenton, the British retreated at midnight, and at day-break they had made a three hours' march toward Sandy Hook. Considering the distance they had gained, the extreme heat of the weather, and the fatigue of traveling in the deep sand of the road, Washington did not pursue, and Clinton escaped. The Americans marched to New Brunswick, and from thence proceeded to the Hudson River. The British embarked on transports at Sandy Hook, and reached New York in safety. But for the strange conduct of Lee in the morning, Clinton and his army would probably have shared the fate of Burgoyne and his troops at Saratoga, a few months previously.

The picture of WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN is five feet by four in size, and was painted by



WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN.

SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

Mr. Custis, to exhibit a correct representation of the figure of Washington. It displays the best coloring of all his pictures. That of THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN is about four feet and a half, by eight feet and a half, and is the largest of all his battle-pieces. Washington is seen on a white horse. Knox, commander of the artillery, is on a bay horse; and immediately behind the commander-in-chief is the Count de Rochambeau, on a bay horse, with Viomenil by his side, and the Duke de Lauzun behind him. Beyond are several French and American officers, and the flags of the two nations. General O'Hara is seen surrendering the sword of Cornwallis. At a little distance is Lincoln, leading out the British column, and beyond are the British works, and their ships of war in the York River. The French army is seen on the extreme right.

The great question was decided at Yorktown, on the banks of the York River, in Virginia, when Lord Cornwallis, with over seven thousand men, surrendered to the American and French forces. In order to carry on a depredating warfare in Virginia and Maryland, Cornwallis, with a strong force, took position at Yorktown, and Gloucester opposite, in September, 1781, and strongly fortified them. La Fayette, Steuben, and Wayne were in Virginia, and had already given the earl much trouble; but their forces were not sufficient to attack his lordship in his new position with any prospect of success. In the meanwhile, French troops, under Count de Rochambeau, who had wintered in New England, had joined Washington on the Hudson; and the allied armies, eluding the vigilance of Clinton at New York, marched to Virginia. They rendezvoused at Williamsburg, twelve miles above Yorktown, and on the morning of the 28th of September, marched in two divisions, by separate roads, to invest the British. They were occupied in preparations for the siege until the afternoon of the 9th of October, when a general discharge of twenty-four and eighteen pound cannon commenced upon the British works. Day after day the enemies' strong-holds crumbled. The American and French troops vied with each other in skill and valor.

Perceiving his peril, Cornwallis attempted to escape to Gloucester, and from thence to flee northward, by rapid marches, across the Rappahannock and Potomac, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to New York, the head-quarters of the British army in America. He had even embarked a large number of his troops upon the York River, when He "who rideth upon the wings of the cherubim" interposed. A storm of wind and rain, almost as sudden and as fierce as a summer tornado, arose, and made the passage of the York too perilous for further attempts. The last ray of hope now faded. Despairing of either victory or escape, or of aid from the British fleet while De Grasse with French ships of war guarded the mouth of the York, Cornwallis made overtures for capitulation. Arrangements were made, and on the 19th of October, 1781, the British troops laid down their arms in submission.

The ceremony on the occasion of the surren-

SURRENDER OF THE BRITISH COLORS AT YORKTOWN

der was exceedingly imposing. The American and French armies were drawn up on either side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton. Washington and Rochambeau, each on horseback, were at the head of their respective columns. A vast concourse of people had assembled from the surrounding country to participate in the joy of the event. Universal silence prevailed as the vanquished troops slowly marched out of their entrenchments, with their colors cased, and their drums beating a British tune, and passed between the columns of the combined armies. All were eager to look upon Cornwallis, the terror of the South, in the hour of his humiliation. He spared himself the mortification, by feigning illness, and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword to Washington. When O'Hara advanced for the purpose, Washington pointed him to Lincoln for directions. It must have been a proud moment for Lincoln, for only the year before he had been obliged to make a humiliating surrender of his army to British conquerors at Charleston. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O'Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back, to be returned to the earl.

The delivery of the colors of the several regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in a line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed in line to receive the colors. Ensign Wilson, of General James Clinton's brigade, was commissioned by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to receive them. When Wilson gave the orders for the British captains to advance and deliver their colors to the sergeants, they hesitated. They were unwilling to deliver them to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who, from a distance, observed the hesitation, rode up to inquire the cause. On being informed, he willingly spared the feelings of the officers, and ordered Wilson to receive them himself, and hand them to the sergeants. The scene is depicted in the engraving.

When the colors were surrendered, the whole British army, a little more than seven thousand in number, laid down their arms, and divested themselves of their accoutrements. They were then marched back to their lines, and placed under a guard until ready to march for permanent quarters in Virginia and Maryland.

Such were the stirring scenes which Mr. Custis, with filial and patriotic zeal, has attempted to delineate in the series of pictures we have copied. The circumstances under which they have been produced invest them with peculiar interest. They are creditable alike to the genius and patriotism of the amateur artist. Nor has the muse of painting, alone, been courted by him, but poetry and music have ever been his delight, and now afford him much pleasure in the evening of his life. He has written several dramas since he passed the age of fifty years, which were very popular in their day; and the sweet tones of the violin are often drawn forth by his touch in the old halls at Arlington House.

One evening while there, Mr. Custis, with his violin, accompanied the music of a piano in the performance of several old airs, some of which were very popular, especially among the military, fifty years ago. Among these was *The President's March*, concerning which Mr. Custis related an interesting bit of history. It was composed in the autumn of 1789, during the early part of Washington's first presidential term, by a German, named Feyles, who was then the leader of the orchestra at the little theatre in John-street, New York. That playhouse was a rickety affair, capable of seating about three hundred persons. There were performances in it only three times a week. The President and his family frequently attended. A box was provided for them on one side of the stage, and upon the opposite side was another for John Adams (the Vice-President) and his family. As "The Court" thus gave countenance to the drama, the little theatre became a place of fashionable resort, and while the seat of the Federal Government remained in New York, it was harvest-time for the managers. The President always informed the manager when he intended to visit the theatre. On these occasions, he was met by the manager at the door of the theatre, who, bearing two wax-candles, escorted the President to his box. It was on one of these occasions that *The President's March*, composed in honor of the Chief Magistrate, was first performed, at the moment when Washington entered the theatre. Mr. Custis and his grandmother were with the President at that time; and he speaks of the pleasing effect of the music upon the audience. The air became very popular; and when, a few years later, the words of one of our national songs were written, it was slightly altered, and has ever since been known as Hail Columbia.

Mr. Custis also informed me that *Washington's March*, so popular with the military in former times, was composed by Charles Moore, of Alexandria, Virginia. Moore was wounded in the battle on the Brandywine in September, 1777, and while convalescing, he composed that popular march. He often played it upon his violin, for the amusement of Mr. Custis, and other friends.

Ever green in memory will be my visit to Arlington House, where frank and generous hospitality, intellectual converse, and the highest social refinement make their pleasing impressions upon the mind and heart. Since then, alas! the light of the dwelling has been extinguished, and a cloud of grief has gathered over that happy home. The ever joyous spirit of the son of Washington is saddened, for the partner of his joys and sorrows through half a century, has been plucked from that beauteous home on earth, and borne away to a more lovely paradise in the Spirit Land.

FEEJEE WAR-DANCE.

A CRUISE AFTER AND AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

OUR course lay almost due westward: for Tahiti was our immediate destination, and would be the first land we should make, unless we became entangled in the low coral islands, forming the almost unknown group, called the Pau-motan, or Cloud Islands, in which case it was the intention of our captain to ascertain if they produced any thing worth trading for. I had taken passage on board a trim brig, fitted out for an experimental voyage to the Southern Pacific, for the purpose of competing with the trade to China, carried on from Sidney. The intention was to pick up a miscellaneous cargo —sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, trepang, birds'-nests—any thing, in short, attractive to the long-tailed Celestials, which were to be exchanged for Chinese productions suitable for the home market. I was in search of adventure, and was to be set on shore whenever and wherever I pleased.

For eight weary weeks we pursued our course with hardly an incident to break the dull monotony. Every morning the sun rose up from the sea, with a bound, directly over our stern, throwing the long shadows of our masts into one, far ahead; up the steep heavens it climbed its way till it showered its beams straight down upon our heads. Here it seemed to pause for awhile, before commencing its descent. Then the shadows lengthened toward the stern; and, at last, as the fiery orb sunk with a plunge beneath the waters, it was seemingly pierced through its centre by our bowsprit.

We were not in pursuit of whales, and never turned from our course to chase those coy monsters of the deep. For all we cared, they might have spouted as thickly as porpoises under our bows; we should never have lowered boat for them. They were no prey for us. We only asked of them to keep out of our way. There was room enough in the Pacific for us all.

Each day was like every other day. The same pale green sea; the same pale blue sky; the same broad sun stalking up the same track, and setting in the same spot. We could almost have sworn that the same porpoises wallowed in the same waves under our bows; and that it was ever the same broad-winged albatross who came day after day wheeling around our course, and then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, floated off into the far depths of space.

There was little to do on board. The invisible, almost unfelt, Trade winds bore us steadily, unhasting, unresting along. There was little attempt at conversation, for every body had long ago told all he knew. We were like prisoners shut up from the world, which alone gives us

new ideas; and it is wonderful how stale old ideas get, unless vitalized by a fresh influx of new ones. The tenants of the brain, left to breed-in among themselves, degenerate, like Spanish Dons, and the royal houses of Europe. This, I suppose, is the reason why common-place pedagogues and unprogressive clergymen, who fail to keep up with the current advances and changes in their professions, grow, in time, so ineffably wearisome. The man at the wheel slept, or seemed to sleep, by the hour; the look-out kept aloft for form's-sake, dozed away on his perch. The only sensible break in our life was the taking of the daily meridian observation. Our position ascertained and announced, we all relapsed into our usual apathy.

But when it was announced that we were approaching the longitude of the Pau-motan group, our careless way of life underwent a sudden change. Keen eyes were strained in every direction, to catch the outlines of some low island, or to mark where the breakers dashed over some outlying reef of sharp coral. For this part of the Pacific is almost unknown ground, even to whalers; although, lying in the direct route between the two gold-bearing regions of California and Australia, there can be little doubt that it will soon be opened to the knowledge of navigators.

At length the anxiously-awaited signal of "Land-ho!" was given, and all crowded to the bows and gazed in the direction indicated. At first nothing could be seen from the deck; but soon, as we rose on the long-heaving regular Pacific swells, we caught a glimpse—first of green tree-tops, then of a white line of beach, fringed with breakers, and beyond the narrow fringe of vegetation which lay like a green ribbon coiled around, we saw the still waters of an enclosed lagoon, blue and unruffled.

To our hungry eyes, this low island seemed at a distance like Fairy-land. But the romance disappeared when a boat was lowered, and a party of us effected a landing by swimming through the surf. The trees grew low and scrubby amid sharp fragments of coral; and the grass, which had apparently spread so inviting a carpet, consisted of a few scanty blades springing up from the white sand.

Slowly we threaded our way among these islands, sending a boat ashore here and there; sometimes finding no inhabitants, at others encountering a few scores of squalid dwellers, who seemed to waver between the desire to traffic, and the wish to drive us off as intruders upon their paradise. The only noticeable thing about the islanders was their canoes, which manifested no little labor and ingenuity in construction. They were all provided with an outrigger. This was united to the canoe by slight spars, forming a sort of platform upon which to deposit their arms, without which they never appear to move. Some were small, only adapted for rowing from one island to another close by. Others were large enough to admit of longer voyages. They are all constructed without a particle of metal. Sides and bottoms are lashed together with cords

PAU-MOTAN CANOE.

of cocoa-nut fibre, the seams caulked with a gummy preparation from the same indispensable tree, which also furnishes for mast a crooked unbarked stick; while the rigging is composed of a kind of tough flexible vine.

Still, even among these islanders there is a difference. Those at the eastward have the unenviable reputation of being cannibals; while those to the westward, nearest Tahiti, have been partially instructed by devoted native teachers from this latter island. No unprejudiced visitor can fail to notice the softening and humanizing influence of their teachings.

As far as any commercial results were concerned, our exploration proved a failure. We merely bartered a few yards of gay cottons, and a small number of fish-hooks, for cocoa-nuts and fish with which to vary our monotonous sea diet; and in exchange for knives and hatchets procured a few pearl shells fished from the lagoons. The natives carry on a small traffic with Tahiti, where they barter their nut-oil and dried fish for the few simple articles of which they stand in need.

A HALT AT TAHITI.

It was a joyful sight for us all when, having steered clear of these low islands, we caught sight of the lofty peaks of Tahiti piercing the clear air. I need hardly say that my South Sea dreams had been hitherto unrealized. Where were the green groves and the lofty cocoas? Where were the rivulets flashing down the dark glens, overtopped by precipices unscaled by human foot? Where were the grim temples, half in ruins, dateless as eternity, devoted to horrid and mysterious rites, with their mossy stones hallowed or desecrated by the

blood of human victims? Where were the light and graceful natives, free commoners of nature's bounty, spending the rosy hours in pastime, ignorant of the fretting cares and unending labors that make the civilized man old while yet in his prime of years? whose light existence was yet underlaid by horrid superstitions, darker than those of the northern Druids, borne witness to by their old and mysterious temples—as gay gardens and bright vineyards repose over the smouldering fire of a molten lava flood.

When Tahiti flung its lofty peaks up into mid-heaven from out of the luxuriant forests that clothed their base, it seemed that I was on the threshold of that world of which I had so long dreamed.

COAST SCENERY OF TAHITI.

As we skirted along the shores, the singular conformation of Tahiti became apparent. Imagine two lofty islands, of form almost circular, connected by a low isthmus; each rising in the centre to a lofty overtopping peak, from which valleys radiate down to the shore like the spokes of a wheel. The ridges which separate these valleys sink off abruptly on either hand in precipices almost perpendicular. The summits of the ridges are not unfrequently so sharply defined as to afford not room enough for a practicable path. A man might stand upon the edge of one of them and with either hand simultaneously toss a stone down into valleys, right and left, whose inhabitants can visit each other only by descending to the coast, and thence ascending the glens. Verily, it is not in cities only that a man may be ignorant of his next-door neighbor.

This great wheel, with its spokes of rock and valley, is girt with a tire of verdure, outside of which is an almost continuous coral reef, against whose ledges beat the long Pacific swells in white waves. Between the reefs and the shore is a reach of calm water, as unbroken as the surface of a mirror. Occasional openings through the coral reef give admittance to these quiet waters, in which vessels may lie at rest, as on the bosom of the calmest lake.

It was evening as I sprang on shore in the harbor of Papatee, and the first thing that met my sight was a row of most unmistakable street lamps, fed with the dimmest of whale oil, glimmering among the rustling foliage of the "Broom Road." Just then the roll of a drum broke through the breezy stillness. The groups of chattering natives began to disperse; and when, half an hour later, the evening gun was fired, not a Tahitian was to be found in the street.

I now recollected that not only was Pele undeified, but Pomare dethroned, and Tahiti had become a French colony; so that to find unadulterated Polynesian life, I must sail still farther to the West.

At that particular moment, I must acknowledge, I rather rejoiced at these evidences of civilization; for I thought that where there were street-lamps, drum-beats and evening-guns, there must also be hotels; and the prospect of once more sleeping on *terra firmâ* and giving an order to a waiter was nowise unpleasant.

Passing up the Broom Road, I saw more than one edifice bearing a sign announcing it to be a "Hotel." But I soon found that the occupants

were not permitted to lodge strangers unprovided with a formal *permis de séjour* from the French authorities. The upshot of the matter was, that I was obliged to return and sleep on board our vessel.

Tahiti was the last point definitely laid down in our scheme of proceedings. We were thereafter to be guided by circumstances. It was finally decided to bear away for the Samoan group, six hundred leagues further to the west, which forms a convenient half-way house between either the Sandwich or Society Islands and Australia. Here too I made my arrangements to leave our brig at the first of these islands we should make. My preparations were very simple. I selected a few pieces of red, blue and white cloths, which were to serve as letters of introduction to the chiefs whose hospitality I hoped to share. Instead of letters of credit, and such like *vectigalia*, I took from the ship's stores a few packages of fish-hooks, a dozen of knives, and as many hatchets, a quantity of tobacco, and vermilion, the latter put up in homœopathic parcels. To these, by the advice of one of these strange beings, the wandering whites, found throughout the Pacific Islands, I added a hamper of glass bottles picked up at the shops in Papatee for a mere song.

My new friend was originally a genuine London Cockney, though since he had left the sound of Bow-bells, his garment of nationality had become sadly tattered and mended, so that until you heard him speak, you were at a loss to know to what special department of the human family to assign him. One of his strange fancies was to bear away from each island where he resided, a portion of the tattooing peculiar to it. One side of his body displayed the coarse workmanship of the New Hebrides, while the other was the *chef d'œuvre* of Maletula, the most renowned tattooer in all the Marquesas. This great artist was so enchanted with the effect of his labors upon a white skin, that in pure love of art he was desirous of covering the whole body of Bill Sanders (for so my Cockney Mentor was called), even offering to waive the customary fee of tappa and whales' teeth. But Bill would not confine himself to any one school. He wished to be a walking gallery of every school of the art. So the great Marquesan was obliged to make up in delicacy of workmanship what he lacked in space. One leg was marked in the irregular squares and fancy stripes of the Samoans, while the other bore the clouded patterns which are the mode in the Kingsmills. Had he made his appearance in Broadway divested of his nether integuments he would have passed for a remarkably fine specimen of young America, with inexpressibles of the tightest fit, and of the most "stunning" pattern. In short, if any learned professor had wished to give lectures on the noble art of tattooing, he would not have needed to go beyond Bill for a specimen of every known style. His face only was left unmarked.

But notwithstanding his Polynesian exterior, Bill's tongue could never forget its pristine Cockney habits; and he murdered the king's English as ruthlessly in Tahiti as he had been wont to do in Saint Giles.

Apropos of my intended outfit, said he to me:

"Vy, you can't take nuffin better nor a 'amper o' bottles; cos, you sees the Hingens doesn't vere no clothes, and they keeps a hilin 'emselves, and in course they vants bottles to 'old their hiles."

Upon this hint I acted; and amused myself for a day or two in picking up a miscellaneous assortment from the drinking-houses in Papatee. A curious collection I made, suggestive of deep and manifold potations. There were slender champagne flasks, from which the officers of Admiral Petit-Thouars had drank health to King Louis Philippe or perhaps to the *République indivisable:* prim Presbyterian-looking pints, suggestive of "Edinburgh Pale Ale:" big-bellied, short-necked, apoplectic bottles redolent of "Brown Stout:" plethoric, burgomasterish flasks hinting of genuine "Schiedam," fresh from Dutch distilleries.

I must not omit that, by way of life-preserver, I secured a pair of revolvers, at that time an implement almost unknown in the Pacific. For these I made a belt to be worn inside my clothing, so as to conceal the weapons.

My impressions of Tahiti, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of the scenery, were any thing but pleasant. The natives are evidently verging to extinction. When the island was discovered the population was estimated at two hundred thousand; it now falls short of ten thousand. This diminution is undoubtedly in a great degree owing to intemperance and nameless diseases with which intercourse with abandoned whites has infected the entire race; which I believe to be hopelessly corrupt, both physically and morally. The missionaries have even been obliged to prevent all intercourse between their own children and those of the natives.

I know not whether the spectacle of their absurd attempts to ape European costumes and manners be more ridiculous or pitiable. Poor fragile earthen vessels as they are, they have been sent whirling down the tide of life, alongside of the great rough European iron vessels, and are sadly shattered by the contact. Even Christianity itself has not saved, and probably will not save the race. The bottles are too old and feeble to contain the new wine. In half a century, there can be no doubt the Tahitian race will become extinct; and the fertile valleys and mountain sides will fall to the share of a race capable of using them.

WE TOUCH AT THE SAMOAN GROUP.

Still tracking the sun's course, we sailed westward, until six hundred leagues of smooth tropical seas had been traversed, when the lofty sugar-loaf summit of Olosinga, the outmost of the Samoan group, appeared in view. We coasted along the steep shores of these islands, broken here and there by groves of cocoas and bread-fruit rising from a bright sandy beach.

MISSIONARY'S HOUSE, SAMOA.

Wherever there were trees, there rose the round thatched roofs of the native dwellings, with here and there a *fala-tele*, "great house," devoted to the entertainment of strangers. Now and then we saw the white-washed walls of a missionary's house, or of a church.

As we approached the shore the populace gathered around to receive us. Their tall, rounded forms were not, as at Tahiti, disfigured by absurd carricatures of European costume. Most of the males were dressed in the *lava-lava*, a sort of kilt of tappa, or of blue European cotton. Others were attired in the *titi*, a long fringe-like garment of gay pandanus leaves, split up into small slips. Above and below this garment their bodies were tattooed in every variety of pattern, presenting precisely the appearance of a tightly-fitting variegated pair of drawers. No tattooing marked either face or breast. The attire of the women was much the same as that of the men, with the addition of a kind of mantilla of tappa drawn modestly over the bosom.

As we landed, we were greeted with an unanimous *alofa*, "welcome," and were conducted to the great *fala-tele*, the floor of which was newly spread with odorous mats, where we were formally installed as public guests. The whole deportment of our entertainers was frank and cordial, yet modest.

A Samoan village presents at first view an enchanting picture of Polynesian life. It is always built near the sea, and embosomed in a grove of fruit trees. Hard by are the provision grounds, fenced in by low walls of fragments of coral. The native houses are of uniform construction, varying only in size. Posts of twenty or thirty feet in height support the ridge-pole, from which the roof slopes down to the level of the side walls, which are only four or five feet above the ground. The roof is thus the main portion of the building. It is always made in three pieces—a centre and two ends; the latter of a rounding form, somewhat like an enormous cabriolet hood. The parts of the roof are firmly lashed together, and to the side walls, by cords of cocoa-fibre. From roof to floor hang screens, which when let down divide the dwellings into separate apartments. The floor is paved with bright pebbles, covered at the sides with gay mats woven with bark, forming couches and divans upon which to recline. The whole aspect of these dwellings is wonderfully adapted to a tropical climate. They stand in no formal order, but are irregularly grouped along a street, kept most scrupulously neat, as is also the *malai*, or square, in front of the great house. The missionaries have introduced a style of architecture approximating to that of Europe, but which presents a far less picturesque appearance than that of the natives.

I was much pleased with the interior of one of the larger churches in this group. It was built purely in the native style, with lofty thatched roof, and low latticed side-walls. The ridge-pole was supported by two rows or orders of columns, one above the other, separated by horizontal beams. All the timbers were ornamented by cocoa-nut plait of every variety of tint, so disposed as to present the appearance of beautiful arabesque mouldings. Though the number of these ornaments was very large, it would have been impossible to have found the same design repeated.

In none of the Pacific islands have the efforts of the missionaries been crowned with so complete success as in this group, and in none have

INTERIOR OF SAMOAN CHURCH.

they encountered so few obstacles. It is scarcely fifteen years since the first native teachers arrived, and yet, within that time the majority of the population have abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity. Cannibalism, which, copying the example of their fiercer neighbors, the Feejees, they occasionally practiced, has been wholly abandoned, and is now regarded with no less abhorrence than it would be among ourselves; and even polygamy, so deeply rooted in all their modes of thought and habits of life, has been given up, in accordance with the instructions of their teachers.

Soon after the native teachers had broken the ground, two bands of white missionaries made their appearance, almost simultaneously on this group. One was a company of Scotch Presbyterians, sent out by a Society in London; the others were Wesleyans. With rare good sense and self-devotion, these missionaries perceived that their differences in doctrine and discipline would interfere with the success of their labors, if prosecuted together. But they felt, however important might be their theological views in themselves, the savages were not in a state to appreciate them. They determined, therefore, in order to avoid all appearance of rivalry, that one body should seek new fields in islands where no laborers had yet appeared. The lot to go fell upon the Wesleyans, who betook themselves to the wild Feejees, whose name was a terror to all the neighboring islanders, and where for years they labored with apparently no prospect beyond that of at any moment earning the crown of martyrdom.

Here, I at first thought, my dreams of island felicity were to be realized. Here, if any where, my youthful fancies were to find a fulfillment. Here, in the most lovely islands of the Pacific, bathed in the brightest seas, shadowed by dark groves of cocoa and palm, where the green bananas waved their broad leaves in the air, where the tasselled casuarinas shrouded the peaceful huts, where the free earth yielded ungrudgingly food and clothing in reward for the lightest toil;—where the simple natives have learned only good from the more powerful whites; where Christianity has uprooted the darkest rites of superstition, and gilded with the brightness of immortality the world that lies beyond the portals of their serene mortal life;—here will I taste to the full of whatever pleasure half-civilized life can afford.

So I had my boxes unladen from the brig and brought ashore to the *fala-tele*. A few yards of colored cotton, a hatchet and knife or two, and a score of fish-hooks, judiciously bestowed, gave me abundant claims on my hosts. The brig departed on her trading voyage to distant islands, and as her white sails sank from sight in the distance, I felt that the ties that bound me to civilized life were for a while sundered.

For a little while I yielded to the fascinations of this life. I began to comprehend the disinclination of the few wandering Europeans on the islands to return to the restraints of the civilized world. I wondered if I might not some day adopt the native garb, take a Samoan wife, and end my days on these islands.

But this could not continue. The gloss of

novelty wore off in a few weeks, and disclosed the bareness and poverty of savage life, even in its most inviting forms. I grew weary of lying all day long in the shade, or lounging on the mats of the great house, or bathing in the bright waters. I soon found that the quietude of Samoan life was but apparent. Petty feuds and open hostilities disturbed this small world, as well as the greater one I had left behind me. And evermore I was confronted by the stern spectacle of a race in decay. For here as throughout all the Pacific, the natives are slowly, but surely, diminishing in numbers. I had enough of Polynesian life.

One day I was standing on the margin of Apia Bay, in the island of Upolu, the largest of the group. I had taken up my abode there in the expectation of soon finding some means of escaping from the islands. As I watched the waves rippling up to the shore in those low murmurs which had so long haunted my fancy, but which were now so hateful to my ear, a strange-looking craft rounded the point of the headland, and came dashing up the bay. As it drew near, it proved to be a large double canoe, driven by an enormous triangular mat-sail, the hull gayly decorated with white shells.

I hurried toward it, and learned that it was from the Feejee Islands—the land of the cannibals—and would return in a few days. It was manned by natives of the Tonga Islands, the boldest sailors in the Pacific, under the command of a young half-breed, the son of a Feejee mother and a Yankee father, who had been long a resident in the Feejees. I would see these islands, I determined, and thereafter make my way back to civilized life once more. I easily succeeded in making an arrangement with the half-Yankee master to take passage in his canoe on its return.

FEEJEE CANOE.

VOYAGE TO THE FEEJEES.

Duly on the appointed day we spread our great mat-sail to the still-favoring Trades, and bore away to the Feejees.

It was a singular craft, apparently ill-calculated for so long a voyage. The length of the larger of the two canoes might have been about sixty feet, the smaller one-third shorter. The bottom of each was composed of a single plank of *vas* wood, to which the sides were dove-tailed, and then bound by elaborate lashings of cocoa-cord passing through flanges left upon each of the planks. The joints were payed with gum; but, owing to the tremendous strain of the great sail, they gaped terribly, so that it was necessary to keep a couple of men constantly at work baling out the water. The two canoes were united by a platform of a dozen feet in width, projecting a little beyond the sides of the hulls. Amidships was a small thatched cuddy to shelter the crew from the weather; and above this, a platform upon which I kept my station during almost the whole of the voyage.

Though myself at that time little more than a landsman, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which this unwieldy vessel was managed, when we had occasion to beat against the wind. The chief point is to keep the smaller canoe to the windward, for should it get to the leeward, the boat must inevitably be overturned. This makes the operation of tacking a somewhat curious one. The helm is put up, instead of down, bringing the wind aft; the tack of the sail is then shifted to the other end of the canoe, which is thus transformed into the bow, and the vessel glides on upon the other tack. They manage to carry sail under a heavy gale, by sending some of the crew to cling upon the extreme edge of the smaller canoe, which serves merely as an outrigger, so that the weight may counteract the force of the wind, and keep the craft upright. The steering apparatus is simply a broad-bladed oar. In a gale, or even when beating against a moderate breeze, the responsibility of the safety of the vessel rests upon the man at the end of the sheet. For the first two days there was, however, no occasion for any display of nautical skill, for we were scudding before a favorable wind.

I took advantage of our half-Yankee pilot to gain some information as to the almost unknown islands which we were approaching. His father, he said, was a *Papalangee Merikanee*, who had ran away from a whaler some five-and-twenty years before, and taken up his abode on the island of Ovolau, where he had resided ever since. He had taken to himself a dusky bride from among the daughters of the land, and was now considered the head of a small community of a score or so of whites, and had recently been named *Consul Merikanee* for the islands.

It was now the most favorable time that had ever existed for a white man to visit these

islands, as the great Thokombau who had reduced the larger portion of the group under his sway, was disposed to favor foreigners, whose presence he found in many ways advantageous to him.

He perfectly recollected, though he was then a mere boy, the visit of the squadron of the American Exploring Expedition to these islands, eight or ten years previously. To the prompt and decided punishment awarded by the commander of the Expedition for the murder of two of his officers, he attributed the comparative safety with which foreigners might now traverse the coasts of the islands. These men had been murdered by the inhabitants of Malolo, a small island far to the westward; in consequence of this their village had been attacked and burnt, a large number of the inhabitants slain, and the remainder compelled to make the most abject submission. Some months later, while on an expedition after trepang, this island was pointed out to me; and soon after a low island where the two young officers were buried by their comrades. It now bears the name of

HENRY ISLAND.

"Henry Island," in memory of one of the murdered men. It is a lonely speck of sand in the midst of a coral reef, upon which the waves of the broad Pacific moan evermore. The only vegetation it bears is a tangled thicket of mangroves. No monument marks their distant grave; its very spot is unknown, for every vestige of the interment was carefully effaced, in order that the cannibals might not disinter the remains. It was with no common emotions that a few days since I gazed upon the cenotaph in Mount Auburn Cemetery, erected to their memory by their brother officers on the return of the Expedition.

This prompt retribution was not the only instance of rigor displayed by our national Expedition in punishing outrages upon Americans. One of the most famous chiefs of the Feejees was taken prisoner, in consequence of a murder committed years before, detained on board the vessels, and conveyed to New York, where he died soon after his arrival.

On the third day of our passage the Trades, which had so smoothly borne us on in the desired direction, died suddenly away. A calm fell upon us "like night," as old Homer says in that magnificent figure addressed to the imagination, not to the fancy, where he describes the descent of the Sun-God upon the pale Grecian hosts encamped around Ilion. It came "like night," and in the night.

I had lain, far into the darkness, straining my eyes and my fancy toward the cannibal islands. I called to mind how, long ago, a wandering sailor made his way into the quiet New England village, where my boyhood was passed. What tales he used to tell of his adventures in distant lands, and mysterious islands which had no place upon our school-boy maps: It was as though their scene was laid in the stars—for one was as far distant, to us, as the other. Sometimes he would, as a rare favor, bare his brawny chest and show us the strange tattooing indelibly marked there, by the natives of an

island where he had been cast away. They debated long whether to sacrifice him or make him their chief. They decided in favor of the latter, and when he had undergone the torture of the process, they gave him the daughter of their late chief for wife, and he became their leader. She was, he said, the most beautiful woman in all the South Seas. He had somewhere picked up an old engraving, which he declared was "the perfect picture of her," only that it lacked the exquisite tattooing which ornamented her bust. It was the picture of a genuine beauty of the New Hebrides, with close-curled hair, great voluptuous lips and flashing eyes, which seemed to stare into your very soul. It had wonderful fascination for me, and I tasked my boyish pencil to copy it, until at last I could reproduce it from memory. Even now, at so many years' distance, as I close my eyes I see it before me as distinctly as ever.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

But none of his tales so wrought upon us as those about the Feejees, where he said he had spent some months. He told us of old men buried alive by their sons; of women by the score strangled on the graves of their husbands; of the pillars of temples founded upon the bodies of slaves buried beneath them to cause them to stand firmly; of canoes launched over the writhing bodies of victims instead of rollers, that they might sail the sea victoriously; and, more terrible than all to our young imaginations, of human victims roasted alive and eaten with horrid delight. He always denied having ever partaken in this horrid repast; but sometimes when something particularly to his appetite was presented to him, he would give a horrid grin, and mutter, half-audibly, "This is as good as man!" I now imagine he did it to frighten us—and, indeed, I more than half suspect that all his tales were pure inventions, as far as any participation of his own was concerned. What his name was we never knew. We called him "Feejee." He disappeared from the village as mysteriously as he had entered it.

Thinking over all these things, and comparing them with the information I had gleaned from Whippy, our half-breed pilot; wondering whether each low-lying cloud on the western horizon might not be the peaks of Ovolau, I lay on the platform until long after the Southern Cross had begun to bend, giving token that midnight was past.

When I awoke, morning was slowly dawning. But what a change. Sea and sky were blent into two flat grayish-yellow circles, which seemed momently contracting. I thought of an old tale of Italian revenge, in which a man was shut up in a room whose walls slowly came together till they met, and crushed him. Sky and water seemed as brassy as the walls of that apartment. Higher and higher rose the sun—we could not see it; but we knew its place by the direction from which its beams appeared to come. At noon they shot perpendicularly upon us like the Norman arrows at Hastings; as day fell they pierced us like the long level line of Huguenot spears at Ivry; and at midnight I almost fancied I could feel them pricking up through the whole earth's diameter from the other hemisphere.

The crew lay panting in the cuddy. We could hardly muster men to bail out the water, which seemed to well in more rapidly through the shrinking planks; though perhaps this was fancy. The mast was unshipped—for why spread sail when not a breath of wind was astir? We were at the mercy of the variable and uncertain currents of the farther Pacific.

Whippy began to look grave. With true savage carelessness they had only taken food and water for the probable length of the voyage. The former was of little consequence, for we had no desire for food. But the thirst grew unendurable. It seemed as though water could never quench it; and, in spite of our utmost parsimony in its use, the pile of cocoa-shells which held our supply grew fearfully small.

On the fifth evening of the calm the quick eye of Whippy turning to the north, caught a glimpse of a dark object in the horizon. With a shout he called attention to it. It rapidly drew nearer, and we saw that it was a dark storm-cloud unfolding and evolving. Just below its edge the surface of the sea was marked by a clear line of white, like the crests of breakers upon a lee-shore. It was strange to see it dashing down upon us, like a racer, while not a breath of air fanned our brows. We had succeeded in getting the head of the canoe toward the storm before it was upon us. Suddenly, with a blow like Martel's hammer ringing upon Saracen head-pieces, the storm struck us, wind and wave at once. The cuddy was filled in a moment; but, luckily, the canoes, fore and aft, were inclosed

and water-tight. The vessel being all of wood was specifically lighter than water; so, full or empty, we must float. It was a matter of life and death for a few minutes to keep the outrigger to the windward. But we succeeded. The weight of the storm passed over almost as rapidly as it had come down upon us; and far off to the southward we saw its long white line, like a range of snow-capped mountains.

The night set in dark and rainy, with a strong gale blowing steadily from the north. We managed, in the obscurity, to get up the mast, set the huge sail, and bail out the cuddy. A portion of the crew were sent to the extremity of the outrigger to balance the canoe, and once more we were under way. All night the rain fell fitfully, as though wrung by the winds from the reluctant clouds. This was so far an advantage that it enabled us to husband our remaining stock of water; a consideration of no small moment, since Whippy assured me that in the event of being obliged to land on one of the neighboring islands, the party would be considered lawful prize, and all the natives killed and eaten. He had once had an adventure of the kind. Having been cast ashore from a canoe, in the very neighborhood of Ovolau, he tried to pass himself off as a traveler. But the inhabitants suspecting him to have been shipwrecked, seized him, and subjected him to a close examination. One of them at length declaring that he detected "salt-water in the eye"—a kind of witch-mark by which their lawful victims are identified—he was on the point of being clubbed, when a chief came up, to whom he had once done some favor at home; and, at his intercession, his life was spared. He consoled me, however, by the information that the flesh of whites was considered inedible, so that I need be under less apprehension.

The night succeeding the gale closed in with mist, but without rain.

Morning broke gloriously; and was welcomed by our crew with a shout of joy. Right before us, and within two hours' sail, was a lofty island, whose summits were broken into picturesque peaks, beyond which another still larger, and apparently loftier, stretched away beyond the reach of vision; while to right and left, on either hand, were seen other and smaller ones. All were surrounded by reefs against which the swell of our late storm was still dashing, and breaking in long curling lines of white foam. The island in front was Ovolau; and we were just opposite the port of Levuka, whither we were bound.

We steered for a narrow opening through the encircling reef, scarcely two hundred yards in width. No sooner had we shot through the opening than we were in the midst of a harbor where our canoe rode as quietly as on the waters of an inland lake.

I sprang on shore, with somewhat of my old enthusiasm; and at once perceived that I was among a race different from any that I had yet beheld. Their figures were more brawny than those of the natives of the islands to the eastward. Their complexion was much darker, approximating to that of the negro race. All wore abundant beards and mustaches. The hair was worn in a most singular fashion, frizzed, and protruding from the head on all sides, often to

VILLAGE OF LEVUKA.

the distance of eight or ten inches. The faces of all were painted of a deep and glossy black, ornamented with spots and bars of red.

Their dress was the simplest conceivable. The usual costume was the *masai*, a narrow girdle of native cloth, from which depended before and behind a scanty strip, often reaching to the ground. Some wore in addition, the *maro*, an enormous piece of cloth wound round the waist, and had their great shocks of hair covered with a thin gauzy turban. All bore clubs of casuarina-wood, curiously carved. These were of two kinds; one was like a mace, with a round knobbed head, somewhat like the *morgenstern* of the old Swiss; others were like a short-handled oar, sharp at both edges. This latter weapon, together with the turban, I soon discovered to be the distinctive marks of the chiefs. All had stuck in their girdle two or three short-handled round-headed clubs, evidently intended for missile weapons. The dress of the women, of whom few were visible, was a scanty fringe made of colored grass or leaves slit up into strips.

Having propitiated the favor of the principal chiefs, by a judicious distribution of presents, I was conducted in triumph to the village. This consists of some fifty houses, situated in the midst of a beautiful wooded valley, down which pours a fine stream of pure water, fresh from the lofty volcanic peaks, which spring fantastically in the background. The houses are small, and of the usual Polynesian architecture, the roofs thickly thatched with the broad leaves of the sugar-cane.

Near the centre of the village is the principal edifice. This is called the *mbure*, answering the threefold purpose of public hall, temple, and hotel. It stands on an elliptical pile of stones, and is an odd-looking structure, enormously high in proportion to its length and breadth. The furniture within is simple in the extreme. Mats for reclining upon are spread around at intervals. The centre is occupied by a huge bowl of dark-colored wood, fully three feet in diameter, polished till it shines again; and an abundant supply of drinking vessels, some of smoothly-polished cocoa-nut shells, others of earthen pottery, often presenting the most grotesque forms, were piled on shelves against the wall. One end is separated by a tappa screen, depending from the lofty roof, forming an apartment for the *nambete*, or priest, who also performs the functions of publican.

Levuka being a central point in the group, the residence of the white inhabitants, and affording opportunities for procuring interpreters, I made it my head-quarters during my three months' stay in these islands.

LIFE IN LEVUKA.

With the earliest dawn the natives leave their mats, and betake themselves to the bathing place. The stream in its course through the valley spreads out into a number of pools, here overhung by rocks clothed with vines, overshadowed by clumps of lofty trees, there open to the rays of the sun. As they encounter on the way, their morning greetings are made with a scrupulosity worthy of the most elaborate "gentleman of the old school." These are nicely regulated according to the respective ranks of the parties. But it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the highest *turanga* to neg-

FEEJEE MBURE.

BATHING PLACE.

lect to return the salutation of the humblest *kaisi*. "*Ei veleetooe?*" "*Duo wa, turanga?*" "*Iveea, rakau?*"—"Hope you're well!" "Good-day, your honor!" "Ah, how are you?" are heard from all sides. There are no better-bred gentlemen in the world than my Feejee friends, notwithstanding certain ugly practices, of which I shall speak by-and-by.

A half hour or so is spent in the bath. By this time the sun has lifted himself clear of the low-lying clouds, and the shadows of the trees stretch westward in his slant rays. Like old tipplers, the chiefs saunter slowly toward the mbure, to take their morning draught of *angona*. This is the standing tipple throughout the islands of the Pacific, where it has not been superseded by the more fiery potations of the whites. It is known in different islands by the names of *angona*, *yangona*, *ava*, *kava*, and *arva*. It seems, like tobacco, to be used for its narcotic and stimulating properties, rather than from any pleasantness of flavor. Its effects resemble those resulting from the use of opium, though in a less degree. I like to do at Rome as the Romans do, and have habituated myself to some strange dishes. But I could never like *angona*. I can compare the taste of it to nothing but an infusion of rhubarb and magnesia, with a slight dash of liquorice. Its appearance is very like that of soap suds.

Preparations have in the mean time been made in the mbure for the manufacture of the angona. The old nambete has emerged from behind the tappa screen, rubbing his eyes like a sleepy landlord on the look-out for early customers. The great punch-bowl has received an extra polish, and the drinking cups are carefully looked to—for the Feejees are scrupulously neat, after a fashion of their own. Half a score of boys have been collected, and are seated about the bowl, each with a heap of the angona-root, and a shell of water by his side, ready to commence operations.

One by one the turanga saunter in, and seat themselves upon their haunches. The circle filled, the chief gives the signal, "Prepare angona." Each boy seizes a shell, rinses carefully his mouth, and then opens it wide, for general inspection. Such a display of ivory as these youngsters exhibit, would delight a dentist who had any enthusiasm for his profession. The examination finished, each takes a bit of the root, and commences chewing. As soon as it is thoroughly masticated, he forms it into a ball, takes it from his mouth, hands it, in a bit of leaf, to the mixer, who carefully deposits it in the bowl. As soon as a sufficient quantity of the root has been prepared, water is poured upon the pulp, and the whole is thoroughly stirred together. The mixture is then strained through fibres of the *vau* plant, which are used as a sponge for separating the fluid from the particles of the root. When it is clear it is ready for drinking. Though not inviting in description, there is nothing disgusting in the mode of preparation, when actually beheld. The rosy mouths and ivory teeth of the masticators, and the scrupulous attention paid to neatness throughout, take away every

sensation of disgust, when one has become somewhat accustomed to see the operation.

This ceremony performed, the inhabitants go about the light avocations of the day. Some climb the bread-fruit and cocoas, to gather the fruit; a few repair to the yam gardens and taro fields; for contrary to the custom of most savage nations the labors of the field are not wholly thrown upon the women. The chiefs busy themselves in polishing and decorating their weapons and ornaments.

The women, however, are by no means idle. Their standing employment is the manufacture of tappa. This is the native cloth, made of the inner bark of a species of mulberry. The bark is peeled off in strips a couple of yards long, and two or three inches wide. It is then soaked in running water till it becomes softened. The strips are then laid upon a sort of table, and beaten out into broad sheets. In this operation the sheets contract somewhat in length, but expand in width till they are as broad as they are long. The instrument for beating is not unlike one of those large four-sided razor-strops found in barbers' shops. Three of the sides are marked with creases of different sizes. The operation is begun with the use of the coarsest side, and finished with the smooth side. In texture tappa resembles tough flexible paper. As it does not stand water, immense quantities are consumed. It is formed into pieces of forty or fifty yards long, by simply laying the ends of the portions together, and uniting them by beating. Some of the tappa is bleached to a snowy whiteness, and some is printed in different colors. The joinings of the patterns are then painted by hand. The colored article is called *kesu-kesu*. The use of tappa is *tabooed* to the women, who only wear the *liku*, or woven fringe. The wives of the whites, however, are allowed the use of the tappa.

FEEJEE WOMAN.

Having no weapons to polish, or shells to grind down into armlets, no yams to dig or taro to weed, and as a public guest, being sure of cocoa-nuts or *mandrai* whenever I chose to ask for them, I used to wander about the groves, in company with any body who chanced to be disengaged; delighting my temporary hosts now and then with the present of a fish-hook, or bit of vermilion. When my munificence extended to the length of a yard or two of cotton, or a junk bottle, they were lost in admiration. Every where throughout the valleys the sound of the tappa mallet made the air vocal.

There is no necessity for a ten hours' bill in the Feejees. Where there is so little to do, the most industrious man must work short hours. Long before noon the day's work is concluded. Another refreshing bath is taken, followed by *vassi* or lunch—for the principal meal of the day is taken at an hour most fashionably late. After lunch and a short siesta the labors of the toilet begin.

Now as the usual *masai* is of so scanty dimensions, and as even the *maro* of tappa is of a very simple form, one would suppose that the toilet would be very speedily performed. But Fashion has votaries at Levuka as well as at Paris or New York, and is quite as capricious and exacting in her demands.

The adjustment of the hair is the grand employment of the Feejee dandies. The abundant locks are first saturated with fragrant oil, mixed with lamp-black. The barber then takes the hair pin and twitches them almost hair by hair, till the immense crop stands out, stiff and frizzled, looking like a Brobdignagian mop. Any inequalities are then singed off. Around the hair is now wound the *sala*, made of thin tappa, like tissue paper, and the most important portion of the toilet is completed: and well it may be, for hours are often spent in the operation. In order to preserve these enormous head-dresses while sleeping, they make use of a peculiar and most uneasy pillow. It consists of a mere bar of wood supported upon four legs, placed under the neck so that the head does not come in contact with the couch. I used to wonder whether these uncomfortable pillows had any thing to do with their habit of early rising.

The barber is thus a very important person; combining the functions of tailor, hatter, and bootmaker, to say nothing of the other functionaries whose labors go to make up the dandy in civilized life. The higher chiefs keep a number of them. The hands which have the honor of touching their sacred heads are *tabooed* from any meaner office. The barbers are not even allowed to feed themselves.

The hair and beard properly arranged, the face is next to be painted. The usual color is

black, though upon great occasions red and other bright hues are worn. Upon this dark ground vermilion ornaments are displayed, according to the wearer's fancy. The favorite mode in my time was to have a broad *bend sinister* across the face diagonally from right temple to left cheek, intersected by a stripe running along the ridge of the nose; to these might be added a star on each cheek and on the chin.

The toilet satisfactorily accomplished, the chiefs repair to the mbure to tipple angona, talk over the events of the day, or to witness the performance of some game or dance.

I could not avoid being struck with their particular regard for neatness in all their arrangements. They never put any vessel, from which a number of persons are to drink, to their mouths, but hold it at the distance of a foot or more, and allow the water to run down their throats in a stream.

MODE OF DRINKING.

To this personal cleanliness, however, there is one notable exception: at least according to our view of things. A fine-tooth comb is an unknown implement; and these enormous thickets of hair afford admirable warrens for the propagation of certain small deer. These preserves are guarded as sedulously as an English nobleman protects his game. Poaching is not allowed; but as a matter of special favor, a friend is allowed to hunt on shares, in which case one-third of the game belongs to the hunter, the remaining two-thirds pertaining to the lord of the manor. As no fingers can penetrate the coverts where these animals wander, they make use of a long implement of bone or tortoise-shell to allay the irritation occasioned by their burrowing. Warriors take pride in having a pricker made of a bone of an enemy whom they have slain. The mode of wearing this implement indicates the rank of the wearer. The sovereign wears it protruding in front, like the horn of the heraldic unicorn. Chiefs wear it more or less to one side, in proportion to their rank, while the common people carry it behind the ear, like a clerk's pen. When the preserves become over-crowded a sort of *battue* takes place. The head is washed with an alkali, made from the ashes of a particular plant, which also dyes the hair a brilliant red or yellow.

The staple diet in the Feejee Islands is vegetable; flesh and fish being principally reserved for formal feasts. The yam is the chief article of food. This grows to an enormous size. I have seen roots of four or five feet in length. Next comes the bread-fruit, of which there are different varieties in season throughout almost the entire year. This is eaten in a great variety of ways. A peculiar preparation is made from this fruit, called *mandrai*, which will keep for years. The rind is scraped off, and the fruit packed away in large holes lined with green banana-leaves. Here it is subjected to pressure, which reduces it to a homogeneous mass. After fermentation it becomes a stiff glutinous paste, with a strong odor not unlike sour-crout. It is eaten raw, or cooked with cocoa-milk. This food is stored in large quantities in their strongholds, so that they may be able to stand a protracted siege. The cocoa-nut also plays a conspicuous part in the Feejee cuisine. In fact, if an island contains these trees it is always considered habitable. It, however, grows to perfection only near the shore. Taro is also cultivated in moist places, and is a staple article of food.

Game is entirely wanting on these islands. There are no neat cattle, except two or three cows and bulls, which are objects of curiosity. When the first pair of these animals were introduced, the natives inquired what they were. They were told that they were *a bull and a cow*. They supposed that this was the name of each animal, and from it they formed the word *bull-na-kau*, by which they still designate beef. Their animal food is thus reduced to two species: The flesh of swine and that of human beings.

For the Feejeeans are the most abominable cannibals the world has ever known.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Foremost among the peculiarities of the Feejees we must place the practice of cannibalism. It is to be hoped that the present generation is the last which will see this practice in its full force. The efforts of the missionaries, and the influence of Europeans, have given a shock to the system, which will doubtless result in its overthrow at no distant date. But I had myself an occasion of seeing that, four years ago, it still existed even in the most advanced part of the group.

In a certain sense, there is no doubt that all the western Polynesians were cannibals. But among the brown races the partaking of human flesh seems always to have been a religious rite —a devoting of the victims to the infernal gods. Among the New Zealanders it was an expression of hatred to their fallen enemies; a sort of posthumous triumph over them, mingled with an idea that they thus secured to themselves all the warlike qualities which had belonged to their victims.

But among the Feejees alone human flesh is regarded as a delicacy, and the ordinary details of a cannibal feast are spoken of just as a supper of canvas-backs or turtle is with us. So habitually is the idea of food connected with that of the human body, that I was assured by those who must be aware of the truth of the matter, that they have no word to designate a corpse, as such. *Pork* and *venison* do not more directly convey the idea of the flesh of the swine and the deer destined for eating, than the Feejee word *bakola* does that of the human body destined for the same use. "*Puaka balava*," "long pig," is the phrase used in common discourse to designate human flesh; while that of the swine is called, by way of distinction, "*puaka deena*," "real pig."

The most obvious source of supply is the bodies of enemies killed in battle, which are always eaten. Next come those of shipwrecked persons, who are regarded by the Feejees as lawful prey, as they were formerly by the inhabitants of the Shetland Islands. When these sources fail to furnish the required supply, expeditions are fitted out to capture victims from their neighbors, or recourse is had to their own slaves.

It has grown into a positive requirement that at all great entertainments human flesh shall furnish a part of the viands. The chiefs, until quite recently, were in the habit of making a kind of pic-nic turtle feasts; on which occasions old Tanoa, the powerful chief of Mbau, used always to signalize his superior dignity by furnishing instead a human victim. Human flesh is looked upon, in a word, in precisely the light in which the Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey is among us. So highly is it prized that it is held always requisite to transmit a portion to intimate friends. A neglect to do this would constitute a breach of friendship.

I dare not descend into the particulars of these horrid repasts, or I might fill page after page with the tales related to me by the white residents of Levuka, and by the different missionaries, of incidents which have fallen under their own observation.

The same utter disregard of human life is manifested in innumerable other instances. Whenever one of their great war-canoes was launched, it was the custom to tie the bodies of prisoners to stakes, so as to keep them in an extended position, and then to place them as rollers, over which the vessel passed on its way to the water. The immense weight of the canoes of course crushed the victims. I saw white residents on the islands who had repeatedly witnessed this. When one of the chiefs builds a house, large holes are dug for the main pillars. A slave is placed alive in each of these holes, clasping his arms about the pillar, as though in the act of holding it fast. The earth is then heaped above him, until he is buried alive. When a chief dies, a number of his wives are always strangled upon his grave, to bear him company in the spirit-land. It is a common custom—so common that exceptions are almost unknown—for children to strangle their parents as they grow old; and, strange as it may seem, the parents themselves often request this to be done. The sight of a person far advanced in years is exceedingly rare.

I could never gain any very clear idea of the religious system of the Feejees. I doubt, indeed, if they have any very well-defined system. They believe in a future state, the happiness or misery of which depends upon whether the conduct in this life has been pleasing to the gods. The most generally recognized of their innumerable deities is Ovee, the creator of all things, who is supposed to reside in the upper regions —some say in the moon. After him comes Ndengei, a terrestrial god, who, after long wanderings through the islands, at last took up his abode in a cave on the western shore of the main island of Viti-Levu. Here he assumed the form of an enormous serpent, which he still retains. The souls of the dead are supposed to go to him for judgment. The children and relatives of this god are local deities. Rutumaimbulu, the god of fruit-trees, is especially worshiped in the month corresponding to our November, the spring of the opposite hemisphere. At this time he is supposed to descend, for the purpose of making the trees fruitful. He alone of the Feejee pantheon is a god of peace; and during his festival a kind of Sabbath reigns. It is *taboo* to go to war, to sail about, to build houses or canoes, to plant crops, or to perform almost any kind of work. Should they do so, he might be offended and return to the celestial regions, leaving his beneficent task undone. The priests announce the time of his approach. When his work is accomplished, they go through a ceremony called bathing Rutumaimbulu, after which they dismiss him, and the festival is at an end. Every village has at least one *nambete*, or priest, who exercises great influence over the common people, although he is usually the mere tool of the chief. The priests are held to be, at times, inspired by the immediate presence of the deity. This inspiration is denoted by a violent fit of shaking, occasioned by the god taking possession of the body of the priest. Whatever he says while in that state is supposed to be the utterance of the god. It sometimes happens that a chief suspects a pretended priest to be an impostor, in which case he does not hesitate to put him to death, and suffer his body to be devoured.

The funeral rites of the superior chiefs are performed with great ceremony. The body is dressed and painted with the utmost care, and laid upon a bier, around which the inferior chiefs cluster, bringing funeral offerings. "*Ai mumundi ni matee*," "It is the end of death," exclaims the principal chief present; to which the people respond, "*E deena*," "It is true." The chief's women now come to kiss the corpse. If any one of them is desirous of being strangled with him, she declares her wish to her nearest relative present. She is thereupon dec-

orated with her costliest ornaments; her nostrils are held fast by an attendant, that she may not breathe through them; a cord is twisted about her neck, which is drawn tight, and tied in a bow-knot. The body of the chief is laid in the grave, with one of his wives on each side, all being wrapped together in folds of tappa, and the earth is then thrown in. All who have touched the body are now *tabooed*, and are not allowed to perform the slightest office for themselves. The state of *taboo* lasts for a length of time corresponding to the rank of the deceased.

FEEJEE TOMBS.

In the case of very high chiefs it continues for many months. In some of the islands the grave is placed in a lonely and secluded forest, with a tomb erected over it, somewhat resembling the houses of the living, but smaller and more highly ornamented.

FEEJEE STRONGHOLD.

SOMETHING OF FEEJEE POLITICS.

The Feejee group is composed of about one hundred and fifty islands, of which less than half are inhabited. The remainder are solitary rocks rising from the ocean in the midst of a coral reef; or islands nearly barren, resorted to occasionally for the purpose of fishing, catching turtle, or of drying the trepang or *bêche-de-mer*, for the China market. For this latter purpose, a number of huts are not unfrequently erected upon an uninhabited island. The largest island called Viti-Levu, or Great Viti, is more than a hundred miles in length. The interior of these islands is wholly unknown. They are said to be scantily peopled by a race still more barbarous than those upon the coast, who are almost continually at war with the inhabitants of the coast. They inhabit strongholds situated upon the most inaccessible rocks which rise among their mountain fastnesses; the site of which is undistinguishable, unless betrayed by the smoke curling from their summits. The entire population of the group is vaguely estimated at about a quarter of a milion.

The little island of Mbau, scarcely two miles in circuit, just off the coast of Viti-Levu, holds in the Feejee world a position somewhat analogous to that of Great Britain in the system of nations. It is the residence of Thakombau,

TREPANG ESTABLISHMENT.

who exercises dominion over more than half the group.

This supremacy on the part of Mbau dates back nearly to the beginning of the present century. At that time an American brig was wrecked upon one of these islands. One of the crew, named Charley Savage, escaped, and managed to secure a few muskets, and a quantity of ammunition. Firearms were at this time unknown to the Feegees. Savage united himself to a scheming chief who occupied Mbau, and they commenced a career of conquest. Aided by their victorious artillery, tribe after tribe was subdued. Savage became a second Warwick, a Maker of Kings. He became renowned for more than Feejee cruelty; and to this day mothers hush their children by his name, as Saracen mothers were wont to do by that of Richard of the Lion's Heart. He waxed great in the land; had tappa and cocoa-cord, and whales' teeth without end; and took to himself a hundred wives. After a few years, however, he was killed while on a predatory expedition to one of the distant islands. His body was eaten, the larger bones made up into needles and hair-pins, and the smaller ground to powder and drank in *angona*. I myself saw a hair-pin which the owner assured me was made from the thigh-bone of Charley Savage.

His Feejee ally was succeeded by Tanoa, the father of Thakombau. Old Tanoa, who is still alive, and goes among the whites by the name of "Old Snuffy," on account of his begrimed appearance and snuffling articulation, is the most outrageous cannibal in all the islands. In the prime of his power it was always a question whether he would call for "*puaka balava*," "long pig," or "*puaka deena*," "real pig," for his evening repast; and in either case his demand was alike unhesitatingly complied with. As long as he exercised supreme authority, little success attended the zealous labors of the missionaries in his dominions. A few years

TANOA.

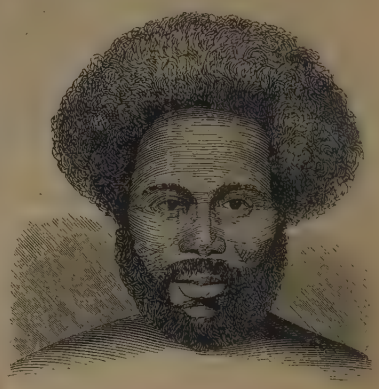
ago, finding himself becoming infirm, he made over the greater portion of his authority to his son Seru, who assumed the name of Thakombau, "Disturber of Mbau," who is probably at this moment the most sagacious and powerful chief in Polynesia. Second to him is his special friend and satellite, Navindee, whom I often

NAVINDEE.

saw at Levuka, who is also disposed to favor the missionaries. The great chief is one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, of gigantic size, and admirable proportions. His complexion is much lighter than that of the majority of his subjects. In his manners he maintains the utmost dignity and decorum.

THAKOMBAU.

Rewa, formerly the rival of Mbau, is the largest town in the Feejees. It stands on the mainland of Viti-Levu, about twenty miles from Mbau, and contains six or seven hundred houses. It is now tributary to Thakombau. At the time of my visit, the neighboring district was under the immediate jurisdiction of two brothers, between whom a bitter feud existed, which momently threatened to break out into open war. One of these brothers, Thokanauto, or as he chooses to call himself, "Mr. Phillips," is a jolly heathen. He has for many years been in the habit of visiting all the ships that come to the islands, and tippling with the crews. He has besides a couple of whites in his service, as cup-bearers and the like, a thing as far as I know unexampled throughout Polynesia. One of these is a little Cockney from London; who gives his name as Jimmy Houseman; the other, is a New York "bhoy," one of that class who at home wear wide trowsers, and low-crowned hats, eschew the use of coats, and are nowise particular as to the purity of their linen. He calls himself Bill Daniels, though that is doubtless an assumed name. Mr. Phillips speaks English after a fashion, though the influence of his tutors has hardly given a classical turn to his expressions.



MR. PHILLIPS.

"Ha!" was his greeting as I first made my way to his presence. "You come ter see me. Glad to see you. You a regular brick—you one o' the boys, I see; you kill for Keyser, I know. Take a horn, ha!"

I soon discovered that he inferred from the communications of Bill, that the "bhoys" were an order of nobility; and that he wished to compliment me on my personal appearance. As for Keyser, he imagined that to be the name of the chief "*Turanga Merikanee*," to kill for whom was to attain the summit of human dignity.

For some years after their arrival, the labors of the missionaries seemed to produce no effect upon the minds of the islanders. But at length, their influence was felt, and at the present time, some of the smaller islands have renounced heathenism, and there is every reason to believe that on the death of the savage old Tanoa, who

still exercises great sway over the mind of his son, the effect of their teachings will become still more apparent. Even now, however, the number of regular attendants upon their ministration amounts to some thousands, besides more than two thousand children in the different schools.

Of all the races of the Polynesia I believe that this is the only one which has sufficient stamina to exist when brought into immediate contact with the whites.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

Just before my departure, I had fearful evidence that the old rites were far from extinct. I had received intelligence that our brig, having sueceeded in gathering a cargo of shell and trepang among the western islands, would in a few days set out upon her voyage to Hong-Kong, touching by the way at Mbau. I determined to take passage in her, and proceeded accordingly to that island to await her arrival.

I found great preparations had been made to receive a tributary tribe, who were about to bring their customary presents to Thakombau. The mbure being too small to accommodate the visitors, an immense building, which they denominated "*Uloo ni Pooaka*"—"The Pig's Head"—had been erected on the great square. Enormous stores of pigs, yams, and cocoa-nuts had been provided for the entertainment of all comers.

ULOO NI POOAKA.

When the day for the presentation arrived, blear-eyed old Tanoa took his place at one extremity of the square, surrounded by his principal retainers. Etiquette would not allow Thakombau to be present, as his father is still nominally the chief.

The tributaries made their appearance from the house, advancing in a singular manner. They were all clothed in immense pieces of tappa looped about their persons. First one crawled on all fours for a few yards; then he keeled over, head over heels; then he brought up on his haunches, resting for a moment; after which he resumed the same procedure until he came within a few paces of "Old Snuffy." Here he paused, and made a short speech, proffering his fealty and presenting his offerings, which were graciously received. He then began to strip off, fold after fold, the immense bale of tappa wound about him, until he was naked to the *masi;* this he offered to the spokesman of Tanoa, who accepted it, returning him a scanty strip. He then went aside, while the other tributary chiefs, one by one, went through the same ceremony.

After all had thus offered their tribute of whales' teeth and tappa, the guests were given in charge of a secondary chief of Mbau, who was to furnish the meat for the opening breakfast.

I was not present at this meal; but soon after I met Navindee, in a state of great perturbation. It had not been expected that any human bodies would be provided on this occasion; but the inferior chief, greatly inflated with the honor done him, and wishing to make a display, had procured two bodies, which had been cooked and eaten in great state.

This was on Saturday; and on the following Monday the tributaries were to be the guests of Navindee. It would never do for him to suffor himself to be outshone by his inferior; and he resolved to prepare an entertainment which should extinguish that which had just been given; and about mid-day I saw him set out in his great canoe in search of victims.

At early dawn on the last Sabbath morning of July, 1849, the sound of the huge *lali*, or native drum, was heard booming over the lagoon. I hastened to the shore, and saw the canoe of Navindee come dashing through the smooth waters. It had hardly touched the shore, when from its depths were dragged forth the corpses of three victims who had been slain. Then followed fourteen living prisoners, all women, who had been waylaid as they were gathering shell-fish upon the reef near their village. These were haled up to the *Uloo*, just as animals with us are dragged to the slaughter-house.

I followed to the great square, and beheld the horrid preparations. Deep holes had been dug

BRINGING IN THE VICTIMS.

in the earth, filled in with heated stones, and lined with green leaves, by the side of which the victims were forced to sit, tied, trussed together hand and foot. I saw the executioners sharpening their bamboo knives, and making ready to begin the slaughter, as coolly and methodically as butchers in the shambles. I could no longer endure the sickening sight. For an instant, indeed, I clutched my pistols, half resolved to avenge if I could not prevent the outrage. But a moment's thought convinced me that I should sacrifice my own life uselessly, and probably furnish more bodies for the unnatural feast. I stopped my ears and rushed out of the square; but through my brain rang the shrieks of the victims, whose slaughter had now commenced.

Unconsciously, and half-stupefied, I had taken the way in the direction of the neighboring island of Viwa, the principal station of the missionaries. I saw a slight canoe urged through the waters. In the bow stood a tall chief, whom I recognized to be Feranee, one of the converts. Not many years ago he had assisted in the murder of the crew of a French vessel, in memory of which he bore this name, a corruption of Françoise. In the stern were two women clothed in white. They were the wives of Messrs. Lyth and Calvert, two of the missionaries at Viwa. They had heard the sound of the drums, and knew but too well what it portended. Their husbands were absent upon a distant island; but these two devoted women hesitated not to risk their own lives in the attempt to save some, at least, of the doomed victims.

No sooner had the boat touched the shore than they took their way straight to the dwelling of Tanoa. To enter his private den was as much as their lives were worth, for it was *tabooed* to women. I hurried on in advance, entered before them, and took my station beside a pillar. My indecision was gone. I had determined what to do. I covered the old cannibal with my eye, my hand grasping the revolver in my bosom.

Scarcely had I assumed my station when the two women entered, preceded by Feranee, each bearing in her hand an ornamented whale's tooth as a present. Tanoa seemed almost stupefied with amazement and anger as he demanded, with lowering brow, what all this meant. Feranee was as true as steel; and replied firmly, that the Christian women had come to beg the lives of the victims who had not been dispatched.

Tanoa was too much astounded to reply at once. I awaited his answer with breathless anxiety. I anticipated nothing but a signal for the women to be put to death on the spot. The old scoundrel never stood so near death's door as at that moment, and never will, until the very instant before the breath leaves his body. I had him covered with my eye, and my nerves were as firm as iron. At the first signal I would have sent a bullet through his brain.

At length he said:

"Ask Navindee if it be good."

The messenger departed. Hours seemed compressed into the few minutes that elapsed before his return.

"*Vinakee*—it is good"—was the answer sent back by Navindee.

Tanoa was for a moment undecided. At length he snuffled out:

"The dead are dead, and shall be eaten; the living shall live."

Ten had already been put to death, and the fumes from their roasting bodies filled the air. One had been saved by the wife of Thokombau, who had taken a fancy to her appearance. These devoted women saved the lives of but three; and conducted them to their canoe, amidst the clapping of hands of the inhabitants of Mbau, while the more savage tributaries looked on in mute wonder.

In a few days, our brig made its appearance, and I left the Feejee Islands forever.

Many months later, at Hong-Kong, I incidentally learned what had in the mean time transpired on the islands. The heroic conduct of these missionaries' wives has probably given the death-blow to cannibalism at Mbau. An English man-of-war arrived there soon after I left, and in consequence of the energetic remonstrances of the commander, Thokombau promised that only prisoners of war should be eaten. More could not at once be gained. "It's all very well," said he, "for you who have plenty of *bul-na-kau* not to eat *bakola;* but we have no beef, and the breasts of my warriors must be the graves of my enemies."

He, however, more than kept his promise. By the time of the next great presentation of offerings from the tributary chiefs, he had an abundance of prisoners of war, yet of these only two or three suffered the usual fate, and it was considered doubtful whether he was aware of the fact of their slaughter.

Navindee was slain in battle not long after I left the Feejees. Two or three of his women were strangled upon his grave, one of them by the hands of Thokombau himself; for she insisted that he should be her executioner, as her rank authorized her to demand that no meaner hand should end her life.

Phillips also was dead, and the feud in Rewa thereby came to an end. Only one of his wives was put to death—a thing altogether without precedent in Feejee annals, upon the death of a chief of his rank.

Thokombau, in the mean while, seemed to be more and more inclined to yield to the influence of the missionaries. He had granted them permission to settle in Mbau, and had taken them under his special protection. He is a politic chief, and having consolidated his power, seemed inclined to preserve it by discouraging the old national habits of predatory warfare. It can not be long before the Feejee Islands shall become a station of great importance in the intercourse that must take place between California and the Oriental nations. The wheels of steamers must soon flash through the waters of their still lagoons, and the interior mysteries of the islands, hidden till now from civilized eyes, be laid bare. The next cruiser in search of the cannibals, may seek for them in vain through the islands of the Pacific.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF LOUIS XIV.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

TWO hundred years ago, one mild and beautiful spring morning, two gorgeous carriages were seen, each drawn by six superb horses, emerging from the streets of Paris, by the Porte St. Denis. Three men were in the first carriage, and four in the second. They were all dressed in the richest costume of the court. The ringlets of their immense wigs were flowing over their shoulders, as all, save one, sat with plumed hats upon their *knees*. One alone rode with his head covered. It was Louis XIV. A magnificent escort of cavaliers preceded and followed the royal equipage.

The king was youthful and vigorous, and yet an expression of indescribable sadness overspread his countenance. Satiated with pleasure, and weary of the world, he knew not where to look for a single joy. He had utterly exhausted all the pleasures which the magnificence of Versailles could afford. Every appetite and every passion had been gratified to utter satiety. He was now emerging from the city, with some chosen companions, to select a spot of obscurity and retirement, where he might rear for himself an humble hermitage, and thus, in the glooms of the cloister, occasionally find refuge from the weariness of regal life.

Slowly the two carriages, enveloped in the gorgeous escort, ascended the hill of Louvienne, upon which the ruins of the aqueduct now present themselves so conspicuously. Louis, with his seven companions, alighted. The prospect spread out before them was attractive in the extreme. The wide-spread valley of the Seine extended all around, beautified with verdant fields, flowery meadows, and majestic forests. Steeples, turrets, chateaus, and villages were profusely interspersed throughout the whole landscape. The tranquil river meandered through the champaign in serene loveliness. As Louis cast his eye around upon the enchanting scene before him, his companions stood by his side, with heads uncovered, in respectful silence. At length, apparently thinking aloud, the monarch said:

"It is not the site for a palace which we seek, nor even for a chateau. We want a hermitage wherein to expiate our sins; a cottage where we may dine and sleep two or three times a year in silence and alone; a cloister where, weary of splendor and of the crowd, we may enjoy poverty and loneliness." Pointing to a little steeple, emerging from the embowering trees in a narrow dell, he inquired, "What village is that?" "It is Marly," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the king, "Marly pleases me. I will there build my cell."

"Marly," one of the courtiers ventured to remark, "is a narrow, deep, repulsive valley, surrounded by steep, inaccessible hills, and flooded with marshes. It is a sink for all the gutters in the neighborhood, and a receptacle for serpents, carrion, lizards, and frogs."

"So much the better," exclaimed the king,

GATE OF ST. DENIS.

with a smile. "I can not spend money in this sink, so contracted and destitute of all natural advantages. I can only cleanse it, and build a cottage there. I am weary of greatness and a crowd, and wish only for littleness and solitude. I could not have chosen better."

The valley was purchased and drained, and the king commenced his cottage. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to undertake building, knows the result. It is the same story the world over. New plans suggest themselves. Unforeseen capabilities of improvement lead captive the reluctant will. Where it was contemplated to expend but hundreds, thousands have vanished. "May building take you!" was the envenomed curse with which a rancorous man anathematized his foe.

An humble dwelling surrounded by a simple garden was first planned. The next day, lodgings for the guards and officers of the household were added. Then it seemed necessary to erect a few buildings for those gentlemen and ladies of the court who would occasionally accompany the king to his retreat. But with a court there must be fêtes and apartments of reception. This involved the necessity of a park. A park requires fountains, basins, statues, avenues, and running streams. Thousands of hands were now employed, and uncounted millions of money were expended in converting the unsightly marsh into a garden of Eden, and in embellishing it with the most attractive abodes of royalty. Hills were demolished and thrown into the morass; lakes were dug, terraces constructed, cascades and fountains reared, and surrounded with the most costly chiselings of art.

As the king was one day walking through the grounds he said, "I must have here a *jet d'eau*, sixty feet high, encircled by eight smaller fountains, and we will have a river flowing through this avenue."

"How, Sire," exclaimed the architect, "can we have a river here?"

"There is the water," replied the king, pointing to the Seine, three miles distant, and flowing in its quiet channel five hundred feet below the level of Marly. "We will bring the river upon this mountain, and then the water will descend of itself. An hundred steps, upon the side of the mountain, will produce as many cascades. At the foot we will have an immense basin with marble and bronze. You will build two conduit houses, and an aqueduct with thirty or forty arches, and three vast reservoirs. The river will be obedient to our bidding. As to the engines which are to raise this water to the summit of the mountain, demand them of the scientific men of Europe." The engines were constructed, the river pumped up, and the mountain side converted into a foaming cascade.

"We must have a forest," said the king, one day; "we have forgotten to plant a forest." Nothing was to be deemed impossible which the king required. A forest of full-grown gigantic trees was removed, at an enormous expense, from a great distance. Notwithstanding the utmost care, three-fourths of the trees died. They were immediately replaced by others. But the effect of the forest did not answer the king's expectations. He changed his mind, and thought that an expanded sheet of water would be preferable. The forest was therefore dug up and thrown away, and the bed of a lake hollowed out, where dense woods and picturesque valleys had been constructed. Gondolas, with silken awnings and crimson penants, freighted with beauty, floated upon the mirrored surface of the lake. But still the lake did not please the royal eye. It was consequently drained at the command of the king. The trees were replaced, and the gloom of the forest again overshadowed artificial hills and vales.

In this way, for twenty years, Louis XIV. was squandering measureless sums upon Marly. The revenues of the empire were lavished upon this abode of voluptuousness. The millions of the toiling people were doomed to ignorance, to poverty, and to a life-long wretchedness, to furnish the means for this extravagance. Mothers, with babes upon their backs, dragged the plow through the miry fields. Young girls, with native endowments which, cultivated, might have brilliantly embellished saloons of intelligence and refinement, brutalized by oppression, toiled bareheaded and barefooted in sun and rain, that a licentious king might enjoy his Marly. It is said that even greater sums were expended upon the palaces and the grounds of Marly than upon those of Versailles. Thus the kings of France "sowed the wind." They "reaped the whirlwind." But God, in his mysterious judgment, visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.

Marly became the favorite retreat of Louis XIV. until the close of his life. None but especial favorites could gain an entrance to those envied haunts of royalty. It became an object of the most engrossing ambition with courtiers, nobles, and princes, to secure an invitation to Marly. The day before the king was about to depart from Paris or Versailles for this his favorite palace, all the aspirants for the honor of accompanying his Majesty defiled in the morning before him. Each one, as he passed, bowed in profound supplication, saying, in imploring tones, "Sire! Marly!" Indescribable was the exultation of those who received a word or a gesture of assent. Mortification and disgrace oppressed the heart of him who obtained no reply. Many of the most illustrious men in France implored this honor, in vain, their whole lives long. And yet it was necessary for them, notwithstanding innumerable repulses, to persevere in supplication. The proud king enjoyed the spectacle of slaves kneeling before him, whom he could overwhelm by a frown or enrapture by a smile. If any courtier, weary of repulse, neglected to appear, at the appointed time, in the attitude of a suppliant, he incurred hopeless disgrace. In the emphatic words—"I do not know that man," his dismission from the court was announced. Even few of the princes of the blood could gain access to the exclusive privileges of Marly.

The position of a courtier in those days of despotism, was indeed unenviable. His daily walk was in the midst of fearful perils. If he offended either king or minister, he was liable to sudden and hopeless arrest. In the silence and darkness of the night, the minions of tyrannic power, bursting his doors, seized him in his bed. Uncondemned, untried, unaccused, he was consigned to the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile. From those damp, dark, cold sepulchres of stone and of iron, there was no escape. No voice of sympathy, no tones of affection, no ray of hope, could penetrate those massive walls. There the wretched victim lingered in all the agony of a living burial, till oblivion had obliterated his name, and till death came tardily to his relief. Awful fate! First to be buried and then to die, with years of protracted torture to intervene. The Bastile! Imagination can not compass the appalling woes its gloomy dungeons have witnessed. And yet, in despotic Europe, dungeons as gloomy, as merciless, still exist, and hundreds of victims now languish in them imploring the relief of death.

At Marly the king occasionally deigned to lay aside the pomp of regal state. To vary the monotony of his melancholy life, he condescended, at times to associate with the inmates of Marly like an ordinary mortal. Still his slightest intimation was inexorable law. At the royal balls, amidst wine and wassail and bacchanalian songs, infirm and gouty octogenarians, were compelled to hobble with affected gayety, through the dance. Ladies once young and beautiful, but whose sylph-like gracefulness, with advancing years, had expanded into unwieldy rotund-

MARLY.

ity of figure, were forced to waddle and pant through the mazes of the cotillion, and to twirl in asthmatic suffocation through the gyrations of the waltz. The selfish king was diverted by those contortions which would but have saddened a noble spirit.

Certain laws of etiquette held their sway at Marly, as elsewhere, with a relentless power, which seems almost incredible. The armies of France were contending against the armies of Spain. A decisive battle was expected. One morning, in the early dawn, the clatter of a horse's hoofs, was heard galloping at the top of his speed up the avenue of Marly. It was the Duke of Villeroy, a courier from the field of battle, bringing tidings of victory or defeat.

The rumor of his arrival spread. Every one, the king included, was burning with impatience to hear the news. Etiquette, however, required that the courier should address himself to the minister, Chamillart, who alone had the right to inform his Majesty. But Chamillart was absent, to be gone all day. The intelligence might be of such moment as to demand immediate attention. But no matter! The laws of etiquette must not be violated. Villeroy concealed himself until the evening. At last Chamillart appeared, received the dispatches, and placed them in the hands of the king. The battle was won.

Napoleon devoted all the resources of France not to the promotion of his own voluptuous indulgence, but to increase the wealth, prosperity, and happiness of the French people. He gave orders that whenever *good news* came, if he were asleep his slumbers were not to be disturbed. If bad news came, no matter how great might have been his fatigue, it was immediately to be communicated, for bad news would admit of no delay. Louis and Napoleon were illustrious kings, but surely there was diversity in their greatness.

One of the sons of the king, the Duke of Burgundy, had married a lady, young, joyous, full of animation and glee, and an universal favorite with all at Marly. A historian of that time has thus described her peculiar character. "We have at Marly a lovely princess, who by her grace, and peculiar charms of manner has secured the favor of the king, of Madame de Maintenon, and of Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy. In private she throws her arms around the neck of the king, seats herself in his lap, torments him with all sorts of badinages, examines his papers, opens and reads his letters in his presence, sometimes in spite of him, and treats Madame de Maintenon in the same way, with this extreme freedom. Not a word against any person ever escapes her lips. She is gracious to all, ever defending others as often as possible. She is attentive to the domestics of the king's household, not disdaining even the most humble, kind to her own servants, living with her ladies, old and young, as a friend, and with all freedom. She is the soul of the court, and is idolized by it. All, great and small, are eager to please her. Wherever she is present cheerfulness and gayety are diffused, while her absence causes general despondency. Her extreme kindness makes her infinitely to be relied upon, and her manners attach her to every heart."

Yet one so amiable, and so generally beloved, found even in the guarded retreat of Marly an enemy, and an assassin. One morning as the king was rising from his bed, his physician entered and said, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy found yesterday, in her chamber, a box of Spanish snuff. She took a pinch. She was soon attacked violently with fever, and is this morning dangerously sick. We fear poison." Courtly etiquette did not allow the king to manifest any emotion. The monarch of France was supposed to be superior to all the ordinary joys and griefs of mortals. Two days after, the physician again entered the royal apartment, and with diplomatic formality announced, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dying! Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dead!"

Among the guests privileged to enter Marly, Grief was one which even the royal mandate could not exclude. Death stalked through those chambers with haughty tread, bidding proud defiance to all efforts to bar him out. Even upon these gilded ceilings was inscribed the sentiments,

> "Sorrow is for the sons of men,
> And weeping for earth's daughters."

Five days after the death of the Duchess of Burgundy, the physician again entered the royal chamber. A peculiar grief darkened his features. He attempted to speak. But his lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, for a moment, he could not articulate the fearful tidings, which he knew would pierce, like a dagger, the heart of the king. Then regaining composure, he said, "Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dying. Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dead! dead of poison."

But a few weeks after this, Fagon, the celebrated court physician, entered calmly and silently the chamber of the king and, as he handed him his shirt, murmured in his ear, "Sire! your son, Monseigneur the dauphin, met a few days ago a priest, giving the viaticum to a sick person. He dismounted and knelt. Then he perceived that the sick man had the small pox. This morning your son has been seized by the same disease." The king struggled against his grief, and beneath the mantle of etiquette endeavored to hide his anguish. A few days passed, and Fagon again appeared. "Sire!" said he in ominous tones, which made the king tremble in every nerve, "Monseigneur the dauphin is dying. Sire, Monseigneur the dauphin is dead."

The father triumphed over the king. Louis, bereaved and desolate, in a swoon, fell lifeless upon the floor. His eye was blind to all the beauty of Marly. A mighty woe over-rode and crushed his joyless heart. Despair now reigned in the pavilion of Marly. Louis, childless, infirm, satiated, weary, utterly, utterly weary of the world, wept bitterly, and implored death to come to his release. Marly was shrouded in mourning. Requiems wailed through its sepulchral groves, and sighed and moaned amidst

its fountains, cascades, statues and parterres. The king sat alone silent, wretched, through long, long days of gloom. As the weary hours of the sleepless nights lingered away, he tossed upon his pillow, dreading the darkness and dreading the dawn; loathing to live and unable to die. Earth can present no picture more desolate than that of an infirm old man, who has exhausted every sensual joy, who has violated and outlived all friendships, and who, in his own tumultuous, agitated, remorseful spirit can find no resources of consolation. God deals in compensations. The king, reclining upon the velvet couches of Marly, was as woe-stricken as his captive, stretched upon his pallet of straw, in the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile.

THE BASTILE.

And now came the dark and dismal evening of the proud monarch's day. Unloving and unloved, dejected, irritable, soured, he wandered, a disconsolate spirit, through those groves, avenues, and bowers, from which joy had fled forever. His cheeks were pale and wan with woe. His steps tottered in the feebleness of soul-crushing despair.

"Darker and darker grows the path! How sad to journey on
When hands and hearts, which gladdened ours, appear forever gone.
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self and to the world, to us seem colder still.
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of tears."

Louis was now *alone, all alone in the world.* The joys of friendship he had never known. His *love* had been but selfish passion. Passion was now dead. He had no sympathies in his own heart to awaken a generous emotion of affection in any human bosom. The nation was now impatient for the old, petulant, gray-haired king to die. The gloom of the dying sadly mars the revelry of the palace. The courtiers, craving the gayeties of a new reign, were all watching with eager hope the arrival of the inexorable summons. One day the world-worn monarch, having passed an hour in witnessing an eclipse of the sun, in utter weariness and exhaustion retired to his bed. The glad tidings spread rapidly that he was about to die. The foreign embassadors with indecent haste, transmitted the intelligence to their respective courts. The annoying circumstance soon reached the ear of the proud monarch. Indignation came as a tonic to his exhausted frame. He declared that he would not die. With spasmodic energy he emerged from his blankets, dressed himself in his military costume, girded around him his sword, and descending the marble steps of his palace, with the strength which pride and rage could give to his tottering limbs, mounted his horse and demanded a review of his troops. As the brilliant host defiled before him, in front of the terrace of Marly, for four hours the unyielding monarch clung to his saddle, in relentless struggle against the king of terrors. But the all-conquering foe smiled at the impotent resistance of his victim. The king was vanquished, and falling powerless, was caught in the arms of his attendants. They conveyed him again in helplessness to his pillow. The emaciate cheek, the pallid brow, the lustreless eye, and the unnerved limbs, told too plainly how the conflict must terminate.

Still pride retained her indomitable sceptre in that heart, whose pulsations were every hour growing more faint and few. The king padded his emaciate frame with pillows to give an aspect of rotundity and strength to his withered form. His pale and wasted cheeks, covered with rouge, bloomed with the unnatural hues of youth.

With grotesque exertions he strove to compel his tottering steps into the firm and elastic tread of vigorous years. But it was all in vain. Slowly, surely, pitilessly, disease advanced. Fever burned in his veins. Debility paralyzed his strength, and the haughty monarch was compelled to yield to that power whom no one may resist. But he could not die at Marly. He was taken from his bed and borne on his couch to Versailles. There bitterly did he suffer, as he groaned and wept over the excesses and the crimes of his misspent life. The energies of his youth and manhood he had squandered in debauchery. A nation cursed his ambition. His regal pride, by multiplying wars, had filled every cottage with mourning. His enormous extravagance had laid upon France an almost insupportable burden of taxation. Death and retribution were near. Remorse, with vulture fangs, tortured his soul.

"Oh, who can tell what days, what nights he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!"

The dying hour at last came. It was a touching scene. The patriarchal king, 77 years of age, was bolstered in his gorgeous bed, while his long gray hair, floated in a profusion of ringlets upon the pillows, which were scarcely more white than was his pallid face. "Gentlemen," said he, in tones of anguish to the courtiers assembled around him, "I desire your pardon for the bad example which I have set you. Farewell. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." He died, and was carried with irreverent haste, to the tombs of St. Denis. In an hour he was forgotten. All France was filled with illuminations and revelry in welcoming a new sovereign to the throne. To thy sceptre, inexorable Death, all pride and power must yield!

"Earth hath hosts, but thou can'st show,
Many a million to her one.
Through thy gates the ceaseless flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
The mighty grave wraps lord and slave.
Nor pride nor poverty dare come
Within that refuge home, the tomb."

Louis XV. ascended the throne. He visited Marly but twice a year. In the months of May and October those wide-extended groves resounded with all the excitement and clamor of the chase. Here the celebrated Madame du Barry marshaled her merchantable charms, and proudly reigned the undisputed sovereign of both king and court. But kingly oppression and pride were treasuring up wrath. The people, defrauded, insulted, were accumulating vengeance. The French Revolution, that darkest tragedy in the annals of time, came with its retributory reprisals, and maddened misery plunged and rioted with blind recklessness through all the trophies of aristocratic grandeur. In eight years Louis XV. lavished upon his fascinating favorite ten millions of dollars. At last the cup was full. The people, ignorant, degraded, *and vicious, because ignorant and degraded*, could not and would not endure such oppression any longer. *Blouse* in starvation and rage regarded neither glossy ringlets, nor voluptuous smiles, nor sylph-like form, nor graceful attitude. In the gardens of Marly the beautiful Delilah was seized by the mob, and dragged before the revolutionary tribunal of Luciennes. Shouts of vengeance condemned her to the guillotine. Rude hands, with ruder scissors, dissevered and tore the clustering ringlets from her brow. Those enchanting features, and that almost celestial form, which had entranced human passion, and beguiled their unfortunate possessor to ruin, were exposed to the derision of drunken men and drunken women and brutal boys. The executioner's cart rumbled over the pavement, bearing the victim to a bloody death. She was frantic with terror. Every nerve of her frame was strained and quivering with agony. She shrieked and shrieked in wild frenzy. The crowd mocked and jeered. "Is this headsman's hurdle," they shouted, "like one of the carriages of Marly?" "Will you find the block of the guillotine as soft as the downy pillow of the king?" "Did you learn that song in the saloons of royalty?" "Life! life! life!" still shrieked the wretched woman, in delirious terror. The executioners with their sinewy arms seized her fragile and struggling form. Her convulsive resistance and her shrieks of agony afforded them but merriment. They bound her to the plank. The glittering ax glided through its groove. Her cry passed away into the gurgling of the gushing blood. Her head fell into the basket. The gory trophy, with the mutilated trunk, was consigned to an ignominious burial. Surely the inmates of Marly have had their share of earthly woes.

Marly was one of the favorite resorts of Louis XVI. and of Maria Antoinette. It was Maria's greatest pleasure to breakfast *en dishabille*, with her intimate friends, upon the beautiful terrace, watching the sun, as it slowly ascended, late in the morning, over the arches of the aqueduct. Nothing can be more irksome than the incessant frivolities of fashionable life. They are no less irksome amidst the splendors of the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, than in residences more plebeian in their appointments. The perpetual recurrence of the same trivial gayeties so exhausts all the susceptibilities of enjoyment, that life itself becomes a burden.

One day Maria was sitting in her saloon, in the palace of Versailles, weary and sad, when one of the ladies of the court, anxious to suggest some new pleasure, timidly inquired, "Has your Majesty ever seen the sun rise?" "The sun rise!" exclaimed Maria, "no, never! What a beautiful sight it must be. What a romantic adventure! We will go to-morrow morning!" The prosaic king preferred his pillow to his morning drive. A few hours after midnight the queen, with a mirthful retinue, left the palace of Versailles to drive to the lofty eminence of Marly, there to witness the sublime spectacle. The freak seemed so strange and mysterious, that it was noised through Paris, and gave rise to an insulting ballad against the queen, which

GATE OF ST. ANTOINE.

contributed not a little to the overthrow of the monarchy of France.

The day of vengeance finally came. A blacker cloud never engloomed earth's horizon. An exasperated people, maddened by oppression, rose in blind indiscriminating rage, to hurl king and noble to the dust The mobs of Paris—gaunt and frenzied men, brutal and haggard women—swarmed from the streets of the metropolis, and rolled, a turbid inundation of ruin, through the avenues and the saloons of Marly. The sturdy smith, with ponderous sledge-hammer, dashed Venus and Diana and all the Graces from their marble pedestals. The priceless statuary, which had enchanted all beholders, was smitten into shapeless fragments. All the rich furnishings of these voluptuous saloons, mirrors, paintings, sofas, couches, and regal plate, were thrown from the windows and tossed upon bonfires, around which starvation and beggary danced and shrieked. The demon of ruin swept through the halls. Desolation commenced her reign in palace and park and bower.

For many years the dilapidated property, the impressive mausoleum of departed royalty, remained silent and deserted. The National Assembly in vain sought for a purchaser. At last a man ventured to buy it for a cloth manufactory. The noise of the spindle and the loom, and the voices of the workmen, were heard where courtiers had trod softly, and where the viol and the lute had breathed their harmonies into voluptuous ears. But the manufacturer failed. The regal pavilions crumbled into heaps of ruins. The trees of the park were cut down for fuel. Marly was no more. Its beauty had descended into a tomb from whence there could be no resurrection.

The tourist now, with pensive emotions, loiters through the spacious and solitary grounds, and wonders that the magnificence of Marly could have so suddenly and so entirely disappeared. Dilapidated and crumbling walls, stagnant pools of water, fragments of marble, ruin, abandonment, death, meet the eye at every turn, and proclaim the emptiness and the vanity of life. The palace of Versailles is estimated to have cost the almost incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars. And yet those who compared the two chateaus of Marly and Versailles in the noon-day of their splendor, assert that Marly was more perfect in its proportions, more tasteful in its adornments, more varied in its attractions, and more luxurious in its appurtenances, than its proud neighbor, whose traditionary splendor still astonishes the world. Portions of the extended estate have recently been purchased, and villas and villages have sprung up in secluded retreats, which once echoed only to the transient revelry of kings and courtiers.

Alexander Dumas, wandering one day, among the deserted eminences of Marly, came to a very beautiful hill, called Monte Christo. Admiring its capabilities, he immediately purchased it, and said to his architect, "You will build me here a chateau in the style of the Restoration, and a Gothic chatelet, with two pavilions at the entrance, and an English park around them."

"Sir!" replied the architect, "the soil is too clayey to support the foundations."

"You will dig then to the gravel," replied the author, whose genius had filled his purse, "where you will construct the foundation arches."

"That will cost you," the architect rejoined, "forty thousand dollars."

"No matter if it cost eighty thousand," was the proud reply.

As by enchantment the chateau rose in picturesque beauty. "Here is water," said the opulent author, in the spirit of Louis XIV. "I wish for a lake, and a river circling around a Gothic pavilion. It is my desire to reside upon an island, which shall be called the Isle of Monte Christo." It was a dream of romance. And now the successful and wealthy author, resides upon his artificial island, in a degree of splendor

which the proud monarch might almost have envied. Marly, with its regal pageantry has passed away forever. The republic of letters has triumphed over the aristocracy of birth.

In France the palace now remains but the memorial of past monarchical grandeur. The triumphant success of the American Republic has shaken the foundations of society in France. There can be, hereafter, in that restless land, no king or emperor seated upon a stable throne. And yet the history of the past is so blended with the movement of the present, that many, many years must elapse ere there can be in France *any government* sound, healthy, and permanent. Europe is a volcano. No human wisdom or energy can quiet its convulsive throes. The inhabitants of the United States can exclaim in fullness of gratitude, "Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Surely we have a goodly heritage." The Atlantic Ocean is a wide ditch for the armies of Europe to leap. From them we have nothing to fear. The sacredness of the vote is universally recognized in our land. Each passing year deepens, in every American bosom, the appreciation of the rich legacy which our fathers have bequeathed to us. The millions of money, uncounted and uncountable, which, in other lands, have been squandered in wars, and which have been lavished in rearing palaces for proud kings and haughty nobles, we are expending in constructing railroads and canals—in rearing gorgeous cities and beautiful villages—in whitening all seas with the sails of a prosperous commerce, and in causing a boundless wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

It is not national vanity which asserts that in America man is moving with strides unknown upon the Continent of Europe. There the revenues of empires and the toil of ages have been lavished upon kings and nobles. The wealth of our country has been expended in rearing homes of comfort, of intelligence, of beauty for the people. *It is reported* that the annual salary of the Emperor of France exceeds five millions of dollars. The President of the United States lives frugally upon twenty-five thousand dollars. The White House at Washington, the modest yet ample mansion of our chief magistrate, has cost perhaps some one hundred thousand dollars. One only of the innumerable palaces of France, Versailles, cost two hundred millions of dollars. Its grounds have embraced, thirty-two thousand acres. It requires three hundred servants to keep the palace in order, even when uninhabited. And this is but one of the many extravagant residences of the French kings. There are Fontainebleau, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Elysée, the Louvre, St. Cloud, Blois, Compeigne, and we know not how many more, which have cost millions which can not be counted. This enormous splendor has been wrested from the toil of the poor peasants. They have consequently been compelled to eat black bread, and to live in thatched huts, and their daughters have toiled, barefooted in the fields.

The United States, to protect its widely extended frontier, has a standing army of about twelve thousand men. France has a standing army of five hundred thousand men. When we consider the arms, fortifications, barracks, food, clothing, ammunition, horses, which this enormous armament requires, the average expense can not be probably less than a dollar a day for each man. This makes an expense of 182,500,000 dollars a year for the support of the army alone. If there are eight millions of voters in France, an average tax of twenty dollars must be imposed upon every voter to support merely this army.

Each year in France eighty thousand young men, arriving at the age of eighteen, are drafted for the standing army. It is estimated that this is one half of all the young men who annually arrive at the age of eighteen. They are compelled to serve for seven years. During this time they are withdrawn from all the pursuits of useful industry, and learn absolutely nothing but to shoulder a musket. Then, unfitted for any of the ordinary duties of life and debased by all the pollutions of the camp, they are dispersed to disseminate ignorance and crime. In most of the other countries on the Continent of Europe, matters are at least equally bad. It is not possible for nations adopting such principles of political economy, long to compete with the United States.

We have no Marly, no Versailles, no Tuileries or St. Cloud or Fontainebleau. God grant that we may never have. But our land is filled with intelligent and energetic men and women. Our tillers of the soil are farmers, not peasants, men who read and think. Our mechanics are patriots and statesmen. Our homes are beautified with shrubbery and flowers, and still more highly embellished by the graces and the virtues of our sons and daughters. The American, in every other land, feels that he is a pilgrim and an exile. His thoughts turn proudly from the thatched huts of the peasants in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and from the humble homes of the peasantry even in beautiful, happy England, to the comfortable and tasteful farmhouses, the smiling villages, and the embowered cities of our own land.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ECKMUHL AND THE CAPTURE OF VIENNA.

THERE are some, even in liberty-loving America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings, by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant, when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will, with unanimity, respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the new world, and Napoleon in the old, were struggling alike against aristocratic

THE EMPEROR'S BIVOUAC.

usurpation.* Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, fell, contending heroically to the last. The barrier of the ocean alone rescued Washington from a similar doom. Had he perished upon the scaffold, "a hoary headed traitor," as he was then called, and had his confederates been shot as rebels, it is instructive to reflect upon the position which Washington would now have occupied in the pages of the caressed historians of Buckingham Palace.*

Austria had now on the march an army of 500,000 men to crush "the child and the champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly disciplined troops the Archduke Charles had crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, by superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He traveled day and night until he reached Strasbourg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed toward the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Würtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor, that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had

* "The great questions which the historian will have to decide in forming a judgment of Napoleon, seem to us to be first, whether he was right in taking it for granted that a republic in France was impracticable; secondly, whether the situation of France actually required that development of the military spirit which Napoleon so completely effected; and, thirdly, whether Napoleon was obliged to concentrate the whole government in himself. If this growth of the military spirit was necessary, that is to say, if Napoleon could not prevent it in existing circumstances; and if it were even advisable to promote it, in order to prevent the greater evil of the loss of national independence; and if the concentration of the whole government in himself was required to avert internal dissensions, and all the miseries following from them, insecurity of justice, property and person, then *the necessity is to be deplored, not the individual to be condemned.* A proper estimate of Napoleon's character depends upon the settlement of these points, which will require great study, comprehensiveness of view, and sagacity, with a sense of justice unbiased by libels or panegyric. One remark, however, we must be permitted to make, that Napoleon can not be said to have abolished republican liberty, as it did not in fact exist when he took the reins of government. Republican forms, indeed, had been presented in abundance; but they had no living principle. The government had always been essentially concentrated in Paris. Equality had been effected, but liberty remained to be established. Until the former was properly secured, the latter could have no sufficient basis. It was expected, and still is insisted on by some writers, that he should have beaten foreign enemies, quelled civil dissensions, put a stop to anarchy, established justice and public confidence, counteracted conspiracies, recalled the emigrants, re-established the church, and yet have left perfect liberty to all!"—*Encyclopedia Americana*, Article *Napoleon.*

* We would advise every intelligent reader, who wishes to see how strong a case can be made out against popular rights and republican equality, to turn to the History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison. Even those who dissent entirely from his principles, will be charmed with the unaffected sincerity of his convictions, the gentlemanly tone of his address, and the glowing eloquence of his periods. He is immeasurably the most efficient advocate of aristocratic usurpation the world has yet produced. His labors are appreciated by those whose cause he so cordially espouses. The Court of St. James smiles gratefully upon him, and has conferred upon him the well-earned reward of a Baronetcy.

CAVALRY CHARGE AT ECKMUHL.

an only daughter who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aids, or staff, arrived at Dillengen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders, from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this, his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000 arrayed against him.* After a hurried inter-

* The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely extended conflict, are thus given by M. Chauvet. In Poland 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia 15,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davoust, 45,000; that of Massena, 30,000; that of Lefebre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000 men. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 560 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French *army of Germany* at 325,000. Of these, he says, "at least 100,000 had not yet arrived. Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had at the same time an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests, and guide such enormous combinations, must have been one of extraordinary mould.

view of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse, and galloped forty miles farther to Donauworth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He had accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or at Donauworth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at all points, had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a tithe of the activity of Napoleon, he could have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste he dispatched officers in every direction on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other. He wrote to Berthier, "What you have done appears so strange, that if I was not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke, than of myself." "You can not imagine," said Napoleon afterward, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed, if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy." To Massena, at Augsbourg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend toward the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted *zeal, activity, and speed!*" To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon immediately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be every where present. His troops were every where victorious. These

NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT RATISBON.

THE RUINS OF DIERSTEIN.

varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eckmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable. Napoleon thus addressed his troops, "Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets, when the Emperor of Austria, arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed every thing to our generosity. Three times she has perjured herself! Our former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect, let the enemy recognize his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April, Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. Delighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria, and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign, these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory." *

* On the 18th Napoleon wrote to Massena, "It is indispensable that Oudinot with his corps and your three other divisions, with your cuirassiers and cavalry, should sleep at Pfaffenhofen to-morrow night. Those in the rear should do their utmost to reach Ascha, or at least get on as far as they can on the road from Augsbourg to Ascha. One word will explain to you the urgency of affairs. Prince Charles with 80,000 men debouched yesterday from Landshut on Ratisbon. The Bavarians contended the whole day with his advance-guard. Orders have been dispatched to Davoust to move with 60,000 in the direction of Neustadt, where he will form a junction with the Bavarians. To-morow (19th) all your troops who can be mustered at Pfaffenhofen, with the Würtembergers, a division of cuirassiers, and every man you can collect, should be in a condition to fall upon the rear of Prince Charles. A single glance must show you that never was

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was marshaling his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eckmuhl, a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impending peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them, ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapor. The green valley reposed before the eye, in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor, flashed through the osiers and willows, which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French army arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangor of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions, as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian, when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle, as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene impressed those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon, was never more conspicuous, than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a game of chess. For five hours, the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breast-plates of glittering steel and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Napoleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips, which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena. The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets, in clarion tones, pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so awful, so sure to be followed by decisive results that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets and the exhausted cannoniers leaned upon their guns, as, in intense absorption, they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene. The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies in breathless silence entrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light, from clashing steel, gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon in silent beauty, rose serenely in the east and

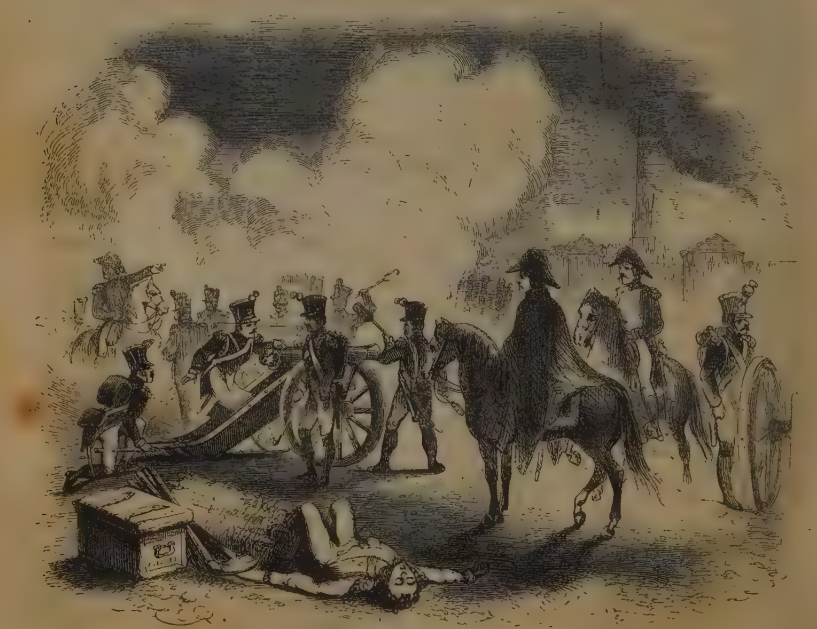
more pressing occasion for diligence and activity than at present. With 60,000 good troops Davoust may indeed make head against the Archduke, but I consider Prince Charles ruined without resource, if Oudinot and your three divisions are on his rear before daybreak on the 19th, and you inspire the soldiers with all they should feel on so momentous an occasion. In the 18th, 19th, and 20th the whole affairs of Germany will be decided."—Sav. vol. iv. 51, 52.

Again at noon of the next day he wrote to Massena, "Prince Charles, with his whole army, was this morning a day's march from Ratisbon. Davoust has evacuated Ratisbon to move upon Neustadt. I look, therefore, for an affair every moment. Every thing will be cleared up to-day. The moments are precious. The hours must be counted. Twelve or fifteen thousand of such rabble as you have defeated this morning should be easily disposed of by six thousand of our people."—Pelet, i. 285, 286.

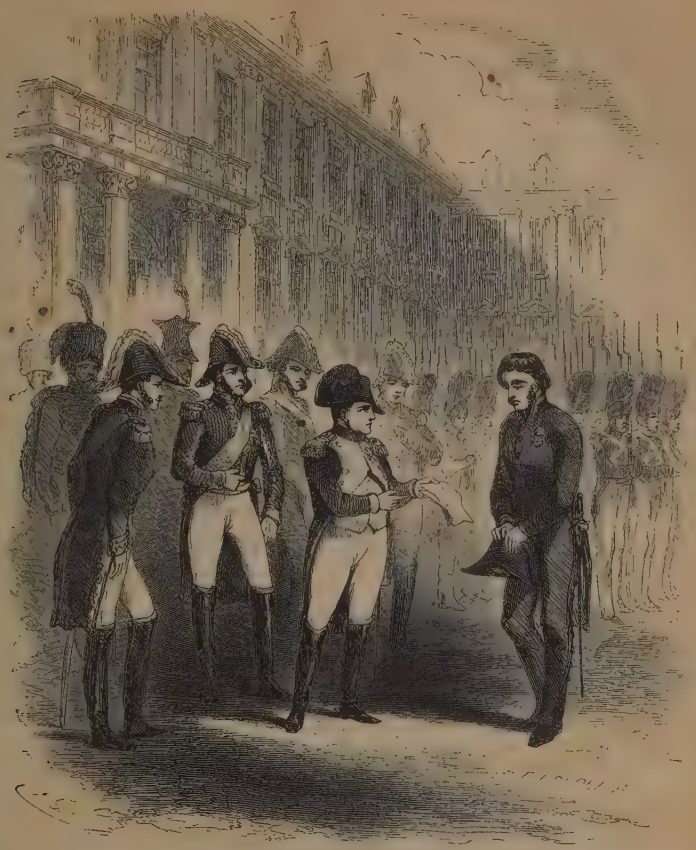
looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage; and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermitted fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangor of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still, in the gloom of the night, as the eye gazed upon the tumultuous mass, swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory. At length the Austrian horsemen, having lost two-thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders piled together on the ensanguined plain. The dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon the rout of their Imperial Guards, and immediately commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades. Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamor of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke which darkened the moon and the stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the Herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat toward Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's aids arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close by the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him, for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied, "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep. But before the dawn of another morn-



THE BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.



THE SURGEON DISGRACED.

ing, he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon with a victorious army was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards and an immense quantity of the munitions of war fell into the hands of the victor.*

Under these circumstances the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube, as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to reinforce him.

* It is seldom easy to ascertain with accuracy the numbers who were engaged or who fell in these conflicts. We here give some of the estimates which have been made respecting the battle of Eckmuhl.

"Twenty thousand prisoners, a great quantity of artillery, all the wounded of the enemy and fifteen flags, were the trophies of the victory of Eckmuhl."—M. DE NORVINS, vol. iii. p. 137.

"The battle of Eckmuhl cost the Austrians about six thousand, killed and wounded, a great number of pieces of artillery, and 3000 or 4000 prisoners."—THIERS, *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Book XXXIV. p. 694.

"Five thousand men had been killed and wounded, and seven thousand made prisoners in the battle [of Eckmuhl] besides twelve standards, and sixteen pieces of cannon which had fallen into the enemy's hands."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 189.

"The enemy left us 15,000 prisoners, the greater part of his artillery, all his wounded, and fifteen flags."—M. CHAUVET, p. 312.

"Prince Charles on quitting the field of Eckmuhl left 20,000 prisoners, 15 colors, and nearly all his artillery in the hands of Napoleon."—GEORGE MAIR BUSSEY, ii. 90.

"All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors, and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French.—SCOTT, ii. 48.

Keeping large watch fires blazing all the night to conceal his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defiled the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear-guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared. A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets, and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand to hand fight ensued with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding this assault, a musket ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolese marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable. The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril, and the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks, and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and pale and exhausted still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohmerwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the mean time almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of manœuvres he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmuhl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Danube. Fifteen days before, two hundred thousand men with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, dejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of their victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of the infantry, or by the sabres of the cavalry.* The Austrians had also lost six hundred ammunition wagons, forty standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign, would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of the most Herculean labors. At midnight leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then with an invigorated mind renew his dictation, or mount his horse and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of fifteen hours, he would, impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate dispatches half of the night.

The traveling carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is extremely characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adornments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labor. A sliding board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk encased in the sides contained stationary. Around the panels were a variety of boxes filled with books, charts, dispatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write, by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half reclining attitude when trav-

* These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

eling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvelous memory retained every thing. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes, scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him, the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing. Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade, were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges and defiles, were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations were distinguished by pins with heads of various colors, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that let him reach his head-quarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost. At the four corners of the room, tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pronounced his opinions, or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the manœuvres of the army. Turning to another he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his embassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering his carriage, or mounting his horse, disappeared like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine.

DONAUWORTH, *April 18th*, 1809.

I arrived here yesterday at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Every thing is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good.

Entirely thine, NAPOLEON.

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent any thing like the bodily labor to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon, he thus addressed his army,

"Soldiers, you have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar, and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaun, Abersberg, and Eckmuhl, and in the combats of Peissing, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-wagons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches, and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately, he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately, he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance-guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna."

At St. Helena Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked, "The greatest military manœuvres I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmuhl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions." The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armor reflected the rays of the unclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who, of his soldiers, had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of one of these veterans from the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognize him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of two hundred dollars." These appeals to honor and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed

by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of dollars, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 23d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion he began to read and dictate dispatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day.*

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles to be forced, which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet, which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crags which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive enginery of war. Napoleon had done every thing which mortal man could do to avert the conflict.† He now consecrated the entireness of his tremendous energies, without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians, he constructed new bridges, and reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Arcola, breasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the terrified Emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon.

"Your Majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you, in quarters where you were not personally present. I propose to your Majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, Sire, in combatting the greatest captain of the age. But I should esteem myself more happy if heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your Majesty, to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honored by meeting your Majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand."

Before this apologetic letter reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the Palace of Schœnbrunn. The French army was now approaching the river Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage, and one of the most revolting scenes of human butchery, recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge 1200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarped plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge,

* In reference to these events, Sir Walter Scott remarks: "At no period in his momentous career did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in a military point of view, ill-placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and, we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms can not be arrested."

† Thiers was perfectly familiar with all the efforts which Napoleon had made to avoid these wars. He honestly records them all. And yet he could allow himself to say, "His real fault, his stupendous fault, was that unbridled policy which, after having carried him to the Niemen, whence he had returned only by dint of miracles, had next carried him to the Ebro and the Tagus, whence he had returned in person, leaving his best armies behind him, now hurried him to the Danube, where he contrived to maintain himself only by other miracles, the series of which might cease at any moment and give place to disasters."—THIERS, Book xxxv. 732. That England and Austria, as one of the artifices of war, should have filled the ears of benighted Europe with this cry, is not strange. But it is, indeed, no trivial offense, thus to trifle with the sacredness of historic truth, and with the memory of the noble dead. Napoleon was struggling heroically in self-defense. He had left no efforts untried for the promotion of peace. The banded foes of revolutionized France gave him no alternative but to fight, or to surrender his country to be trampled down beneath the iron hoofs of their invading squadrons.

on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and by the application of the torch would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Austrians, however, deemed its passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment.* He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double quick-step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-wagons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below. Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of a soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot the French rushed along, till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away. Those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ebersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamor of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air. Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-wagons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire, into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of the conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can any thing," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the feat of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his

* "Massena," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle. It was not till the dead fell around him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself, gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest coolness and judgment. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million francs. But he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from the money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious, and, had not his great parts been soiled by the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have been spared."

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity toward Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard, the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him. Then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said:

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valient than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a Duke of Austria to an Emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion. The last of his court, Blondel alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifices for his deliverance." After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued: "These were barbarous times, which they have the folly to represent to us as so heroic; when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise! How much are times changed now! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honors. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned. And that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy." Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 10th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful reinforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. This city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one-fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees, and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 200,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts, and entered the faubourgs. But as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry this summons.* But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as

* The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defense of the city:

"Monseigneur—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your Highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your Highness. His Majesty, the Emperor and King, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your Highness that by persisting to defend the place, your Highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex, from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your Highness can not but be persuaded that his Majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of all fortified towns, your Highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed not an enemy of your Sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honor to submit to your Highness, that during the whole day the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your Highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his Majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His Majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your Highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city. I beg to be made acquainted with your Highness's final resolution." (Signed) "BERTHIER."

much as possible. There are few conquerors who under such circumstances would not have availed themselves of the shelter of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, and selected a place for the erection of his batteries, where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was arranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon-balls. The terrible cannonade then commenced. For ten hours the storm of destruction fell upon the city. Three thousand shells were thrown into its thronged dwellings. The midnight sky was filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with unintermitted thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of falling buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena, as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky, that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess, Maria Louise, were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution! that a daughter of the Cæsars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction."

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, precipitately retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops.

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the princes of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honor, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perjurers haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adieus to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea they have with their own hands massacred their own offspring. Soldiers! the people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, *abandoned*, *widowed*, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my special protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

General Andreossy was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's embassador to Austria and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napoleon, by this appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to maintain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6000 Austrians, 1500 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labor for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them even in works, to embellish the capital of his per-

fidious enemy, "that their bread," says Thiers, "might not be too bitter."

Napoleon, though thus victorious was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain, were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony, professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand, *congratulating him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French.* Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the queen-mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism, with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendency alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said,

"It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more."

Savary replied, "It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a premeditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous, when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us."

"Therefore," replied Napoleon, calmly but very seriously, "I must rely upon my own strength and not upon their assistance."

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians? What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favor by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject, before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared but very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say, that I am wanting to my engagements and can not remain at peace."

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They consequently were bound together by the sympathies of copartnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Colonel Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He every where proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces was about to join the allies. The national pride was aroused and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Presburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway, as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to abolish all invidious religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissable with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics. And notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favorite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often armed against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was widespread. At the preconcerted signal, when the

Austrians were crossing the Inn, beacon fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley, tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer, and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon. "The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country." The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact that in all these wars no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Romish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack Antwerp the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defense of the extensive works of this important maritime dépôt. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany, by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores; and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the reinforcements destined for the *Grand Army*." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman and brother of William Pitt.*

In Italy the Archduke John with 80,000 Austrians was driving before him Prince Eugene, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon. He wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugene, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote, "You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this, I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art. I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow. And if he has faults they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzig. I think that if circumstances become urgent you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years." Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was most heroically struggling.

While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops that native noblenesss of character which all must recognize and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impertinent letter. She immediately appealed to General Andreossy for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with

* "The exertions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas, on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted, that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England and to secure what was called a British object."

a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced toward the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter toward him, and said in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, Sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed. "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a canoness worthy of respect, and bowed down with the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honor. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is executed. Insult an aged woman! I respect an aged woman as if she were my mother!"

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmuhl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succor to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy Eugene was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last almost in despair he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the viceroy, came rushing over the hills sure of an easy victory. Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugene that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon, that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmuhl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment a courier arrived at the head-quarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna, to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugene and one of his officers rode to a neighboring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military wagons advancing toward the north. Eugene grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, "The Austrians have commenced their retreat." Immediately his own army was put in motion to pursue the retiring foe. Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John, in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe, who had dared to throw himself with such apparent recklessness into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was marching boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assailment of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.*

* Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The *first* coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia to check the progress of the French revolution, Feb. 7, 1792. The *second* coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The *third* coalition was formed at St. Petersburg, between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Toulon; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organized a *fourth* coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28th, 1798. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacificator. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the *fifth* coalition the 18th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon again repelled his assailants, and again compelled them to sheathe the sword. But hardly had the blade entered the scabbard, before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and other minor powers formed a *sixth* coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Auerstadt, at Eylau and Friedland, and disciplined them again into good behavior. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July, 1807. Not two years had passed before England had organized a *seventh* coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal and with Austria. On the blood-stained field of Wagram, Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organizing and heading these coalitions of despotism, she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organized against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age." See Article "Coalition," *Encyclopædia Americana*.

THE DYING HUSBAND.

THOU art getting wan and pale, dearest;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows
Every day—
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part, to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
Oh, could I steal the sting with me
'Twill bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang, or tear, or sigh,
I could depart.

But oh! it rends my bosom deep
To watch thy stifled pain—
To see thy efforts to bear up,
And smile again
While, as thou raisest up my head
And hang'st my pillow o'er,
Thy tearful eye too plainly tells
An aching core.

Ah! little, little did I dream
The grief in store for thee,
When I invited thee to share
My destiny.
My heart, but young and hopeful then,
Before me only viewed
Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
With roses strew'd.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
Thy aching breast must feel—
Torn by affection that might break
A heart of steel.
Had I but known this mournful fate
Ere wedded life began,
No breaking heart should watch to-night
A dying man.

Oh! what a life of misery,
Partner of my distress,
Thy lot has been since linked with mine:
Worst wretchedness.
To watch me laboring for bread,
My brain and hand outworn,
Till prostrated by fell disease,
I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
Did angry word or look
Return my ill-deserved wrath
With one rebuke.
No; always patient, ever fond,
And bending to my will,
Thy gentle spirit murmured not
One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
When I can wrong no more,
And life for me, with all its cares,
Will soon be o'er.

I need not ask *thee* to forget
Each word or thought unkind;
Thy loving heart I know too well—
Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
That smiling little elf,
Dear to my heart because so like
Thy own sweet self.
Ay, bring her near me—let me look
My last in her dear face,
Where all her mother's gentle charms
I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
That I am torn away.
Poor infant, to be fatherless
Ere one short day.
But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
Into a heavenward road,
And lead her from this world of sin,
Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all thy bitter grief
Be stifled and suppressed:
Weep out thy poor afflicted soul
On this fond breast.
'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
We'll meet in world more bright,
And live forever in those realms
Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
Were misery and woe,
Compared to those beyond this scene
We yet shall know.
Then live for that bright world of bliss,
And feed thy drooping heart
On hopes of that blest hour when we
Shall never part.

CELESTE BERTIN.

THE incidents which I am about to relate took place in the year 18—, shortly after I had taken out my diploma in Paris. I had just exchanged the gay *insouciance* of student-life for the forced decorum of the physician.

My resources were far from ample; indeed, I had often great difficulty in scraping together the few francs necessary for my weekly rent, and I have known what it was, occasionally, to take a walk instead of a dinner. I led a dull life: with no amusements, no friends. This year, however, a patient had chanced to give me a season-ticket for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. It was my sole recreation, and I went every night.

A *débutante* was advertised to appear in a new play. Author and actress were alike unknown: report spoke vaguely and variously of their merits: the theatrical world was thrown into a fever of anticipative excitement, and I among the rest.

The Porte St. Martin was *my* theatrical world. The Odéon and the Variétés were become to me as unknown regions: I was an alien to the Ambigus, and sighed in vain for the Opéra Comique. As you may suppose, this announcement was

full of interest for me—I had nothing else to think of for weeks before the event.

The evening came: I was one of the first arrivals, and succeeded in obtaining my usual seat in the centre of the pit. The house was crowded long before the musicians made their appearance; and during the long half-hour before the play commenced, I amused myself with trying to discover the new author, by the anxious expression which must, of course, be visible in his face. I fixed upon one individual, in the nearest stage-box, as the candidate for dramatic fame. He was a pale young man, dressed with faultless taste, and was gazing earnestly round the house—not like a theatrical *habitué*, who stares languidly about him to single out his acquaintances with a nod—but nervously and apprehensively, as one who dreads a critic in every spectator. He was alone, and I observed that every now and then he wiped his forehead, or folded his arms resolutely across his chest, as if to keep down the agitation that possessed him. When the overture began, he retired behind the draperies of the box, and when the curtain rose I forgot him.

The first and second scenes were decidedly dull. Bocage played the hero, a young Spanish *cavaliero;* but he could produce no effect in it—the house was cold and silent—the applause that welcomed Bocage was for the actor, and not the piece. The *débutante*, however, had not yet made her appearance, and the audience began to whisper to each other that if the lady were no better than the play, and the play no better than at present, the whole must be a failure. The third scene began: the stage represented the environs of Granada, in the time of Boabdil el Chico; a party of Moors, ignorant of the near approach of the Spanish invaders, were carousing under some trees. Wine and fancied security rendered them insensible of danger: far away was heard the faint echoing tread of the hostile troops; in front, the song, the wine-cup, and the dance. On a sudden, a wild and beautiful form bounded into the circle of revelers! Her arms extended, her hair floating on the wind, one hand grasping a lance—fire, disdain, inspiration in her eye: so stood Celeste Bertin. A thrill of admiration ran through the audience: Celeste spoke—words of energy and reproach. Her voice filled the theatre, and rang upon the ear like martial music. She pointed to the distant hills, and to the coming foe; she bade them rise and save the city of their fathers; the Spaniard and slavery was at hand; day waned, and night was coming fast; back, back to Granada while yet was time; to arms! to arms! to arms!

One look, one gesture, one word of proud command—and she was gone! The curtain instantly fell: it was the close of the first act.

For a moment there was a pause—and then an overwhelming tempest of applause. All rose simultaneously; the house shook with the sound, and even the band partook of the general enthusiasm.

Her triumph was complete: at the end of every act she was twice called upon the stage; and with every act she rose in power and sublimity. As the Moorish dancing-girl who devotes herself to the defense of her people—who inspires her countrymen with fearlessness—who raises the drooping courage of the indolent Boabdil himself—who sacrifices even her love to her patriotism—and who, at the last, herself leads on the Moors to the last fatal engagement, and dies by the sword of her lover, Bertin carried the hopes and fears of the whole audience along with her. Heroism, nobleness, and devotedness, were painted by her with a truth such as I had never beheld on a stage before. Nine times she was summoned before the curtain at the end of the play; flowers and even jewels were cast to her from the boxes: Paris had never before so rapturously greeted a *débutante!*

For the ninth time she had bowed and retired, when some one called for the author. The cry was taken up; the curtain moved again, and—I had guessed aright!—the occupant of the stage-box stepped forward, and acknowledged, in a few words, the favors of the public. He was sensible, he said, that for his success he was entirely indebted to Mdlle. Bertin; he was proud—glad—grateful—he knew not how to express all that he felt, but he thanked them respectfully and sincerely.

There were a couple of *vaudevilles* to follow, but I left directly, for I could see nothing after Celeste Bertin, and returned home in a rapture of admiration.

Night after night all Paris flocked to the Porte St. Martin to worship the divine actress—I among the throng of her followers. Every glance, every gesture, and tone of the beautiful *artiste* was treasured in my memory, and my chief delight after leaving the theatre was to study the play attentively, and endeavor to recall the enchantment of her voice and eyes in every passage.

She was the subject of every conversation. The strangest stories were afloat respecting her. From the highest gentleman to the poorest *garçon de boutique*, all had some vague report to circulate. But all agreed in one point, that she was betrothed and tenderly attached to M. Victor, the young author in whose play she had made her first appearance.

Six weeks had passed away: the season was at its height, and matters were the same at the Porte St. Martin. Still Celeste Bertin rose in public estimation with every character that she performed. One night, after she had surpassed all her former grandeur, and taken us by storm in the *Phedre* of Racine, I had returned home, as usual, to read the piece, and endeavor to reproduce in my memory the inspired interpretation of the *tragédienne*. I had drawn my chair to the fire; my reading-lamp stood on a table beside me, and I was bending over a volume of the great dramatic poet, when a sudden and violent knocking at the outer door startled me: I listened—it was repeated; and as I opened the window, a voice cried loudly:

"Holà! holà! is there a surgeon in this house?"

"I am a physician," I replied.

"Yes, yes, come down—come instantly, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* quick! there is no time to be lost!"

I seized my hat, ran to the door, and there found a man, who, the moment that I appeared, beckoned to me to follow, and set off running down the street. I had no resource but to run also, and so I chased him down two neighboring streets, till he stopped before the gate of a small house, and there paused for me to come up. Both gate and door were standing open, probably as he had left them in his haste: through these he quickly led me up a flight of stairs and into a small bedchamber. There were three persons in the room: a female on the bed, an old man crouching in a chair by the fireside, weeping bitterly, and a woman-servant, who was bathing the forehead of the sufferer.

"She has been undergoing great excitement," said my guide, pointing hurriedly to the bed; "she had scarcely reached home when she complained of giddiness and exhaustion; about half an hour ago she became suddenly convulsed, and—"

I seized a candle and crossed rapidly to the patient. Heavens! It was Celeste Bertin! pale and motionless; dressed in the gorgeous robes in which I had beheld her a couple of hours since, brilliant with genius and power, on the boards of the theatre. There she lay—her eyes closed—her splended hair, yet glittering with jewels, unbound and scattered in wild disorder—her hands contracted—her whole form rigid and cold. Blood-stains were on her lips, and on the pillow: she had ruptured a vessel on the lungs.

For an instant, consternation almost deprived me of the power of thought: I trembled to think that the very life of this wonderful being depended on my promptitude and skill. I turned to my conductor—it was M. Victor, her lover. The expression of agony and entreaty upon his face restored me to myself: I hastened to apply the proper restoratives, and to release the patient from some of the incumbrances of her theatrical costume. After a time, I had the satisfaction to find warmth and consciousness return—she would have spoken, but I forbade the exertion; I explained to her that she had had a sudden attack of illness, that the utmost quiet was necessary, and that I should remain all night beside her couch, in order that no requisite attention should be wanting.

I did so, and dismissed all but the female attendant for the night. M. Victor pressed my hand gratefully on retiring, and thanked me with intense earnestness. The old man, whom I took to be her father, seemed stupid with grief, and scarcely sensible of what was passing.

During the whole night she slept so stilly and motionless, that many times I bent over her to listen if she really breathed. All seemed to me like a strange dream, as I sat hour after hour watching her pale and lovely face, and contrasting her, as she lay there, with the terrible and thrilling *Phedre* that had, but a few brief hours since, transfixed me with her appalling beauty.

The servant sitting at the other side of the bed fell asleep: the feeble lamplight shed a pallid glare upon the face of my patient; not a sound in the house, save the ticking of my watch; not a whisper in the quiet street without. The silence, the solitude, the mental exertion which I had gone through, all oppressed me; things around me were beginning to yield to the influence of extreme lassitude, and to assume strange and indistinct forms. My eyes closed—my breathing became heavy—I was just falling into a deep, calm sleep, when I felt my wrist grasped tightly, and heard a movement in the bed.

She was sitting upright, turned toward me, and looking at me with a strangely mingled expression of anger and alarm.

"Monsieur, awake!"

For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, be still!" I cried, bewildered and roused: "you may not exert yourself; you know not what you do."

"Exert myself! It is of that I would speak. Hear me. I must play to-morrow night."

"Impossible!" I ejaculated.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous me dites?* Impossible? I must!"

Madame," I said, firmly, "lie down. I will not answer for your life unless you obey me in this."

"I must play."

"You shall not. My reputation is at stake: I value that, if you do not value your life."

"I must! it is necessary—you do not know how necessary. Ah, monsieur," she went on, with a sudden change to gentleness and entreaty—"Ah, monsieur, but this one night; by your art give me strength and power to play this one, only night, and I care not if I never live another."

"Madame, lie down."

She obeyed me. I administered a few drops of cordial, took my seat, and looking steadily in her face, went on:

"Repose and silence are the conditions on which you live. Declamation and excitement would be your death. If I permit you to infringe the slight and fragile tenure on which your existence depends—if I assist you to your destruction, I am, in effect, a murderer. I know of no right by which mademoiselle dares to commit self-murder: it is my duty to prevent her, and I will."

What a fierce gleam was that that shot from her dark eyes as I said these words! Impatience, disdain, almost hatred, flashed upon me in their lustrous glance. But she was silent, if not conquered: she turned her face hastily from me, and we spoke no more.

Day dawned at last—gray, cold, sunless day. Heavy clouds shut in the sky; not a bird sang; not a leaf stirred; not a stray beam made its appearance. She slept. Silently her father and lover came and went; silently the attendant summoned me down to the *salon* for refresh-

ment; silently many times that day we stood around her couch in hope and fear, and still she slept on. It was a fortunate slumber, and during its long continuance we had the unspeakable joy of witnessing the returning bloom—of hearing the calm and regular breath; and from it we hoped and foretold good.

The shades of evening fell. All day she had reposed in that life-giving oblivion, and yet showed no sign of waking. I thought that I might venture to my lodgings for a few moments to read any letters that might have arrived for me. Promising to return in an hour, I went.

A man was pacing up and down my apartment when I entered. His back was turned toward me: he was tall and well-formed: a hat and gloves were thrown upon the table, and a large cloak was cast carelessly upon a chair. I stopped and observed him. I felt sure that he was a stranger; and yet it was somewhat familiar thus to take possession of my rooms. He stopped—looked out of the window—so stood for some minutes—then turned, and seeing me, bowed with perfect self-possession, and addressed me.

"Monsieur H——, I believe?"

I assented.

"Monsieur is the medical adviser of Mdlle. Bertin?"

"I have that honor."

"Will Monsieur favor me with his unreserved opinion of the lady's illness—if it be likely [here his voice altered slightly] to—to have a fatal termination?"

I replied briefly that the symptoms had been highly favorable, and that I believed rest and seclusion might, in a few weeks, effect a perfect cure.

He took a card from his pocket, and wrote some words on it in a small, concise hand. While he was doing this, I had leisure to observe his pale, dark countenance, his firm lip, his easy, aristocratic grace. A brilliant of intense lustre glittered on his finger; the rest of his attire was fastidiously plain.

"Oblige me, monsieur," he said, "by giving this to your patient. Good-evening." He threw his cloak round him, seized his hat, and was gone. In another moment I heard the wheels of a carriage drive to the door, saw him step in, and, ere a second had elapsed, the vehicle had turned the corner of the street, and disappeared. There was a coronet upon the panels. I turned to the table, and took up the card. It bore the name of the Prince de C——. A folded paper was laid beneath it, on which was written a draft for one thousand francs!

Pride and Poverty had a hard struggle that evening, and Poverty conquered. I was poor —very poor. The prince had paid me for my attendance on his friend; I might, on this ground, refuse payment from her, and so balance the obligation. My present need was great, and—I put the draft in my pocket-book. The heroic reader may condemn me for having thus accepted money from an entire stranger—*mais, le pauvreté est dure!* Let him first be in my position, and then pass judgment upon me.

But to my narrative. Time was flying, and I had promised to return to the Rue St. P—— in an hour. Half that time was already past! I had several things to arrange, some change of attire to effect, a note to write, and a consultation to hold with my landlady. With my utmost speed, these occupied me an hour beyond the appointed time: at last I left the house, and hastened with nervous rapidity in the direction of my patient. When I was more than half-way, I remembered the card of the Prince de C——, and was forced to turn back again, for I had left it on the table. I am not superstitious, but this return and my delay seemed ominous to me. I fell into an unusual trepidation, and when within a yard or two of my own door, felt an anxious haste, that appeared to summon me back again without delaying even then to go in.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, to myself, "this is mere childishness!"

And I went in, up-stairs, and taking from the table the prince's card, observed, for the first time, that the writing with which the back was closely lined was in cipher. I was surprised, and, I confess it, somewhat curious; but I thrust it into my pocket, ran down-stairs, and presently was running once more in the direction of the Rue St. P——.

And now, as I approached it, my agitation returned in tenfold power. The nearer I drew, the less I dared to go forward: some horrible influence was upon me—some vague and formless dread that moved my inward soul with apprehension, and seemed to clog my footsteps to the ground.

The door stood open. *I* had not left it so. I went up. The door of her chamber stood open likewise. I paused upon the threshold, and then walked noiselessly in.

I had half-expected the shock. She was gone!

Gone! and not a soul was there to tell me whither! I rang the bell furiously: I cried aloud; I opened every door and closet; I entered every room, from attic to kitchen.

Father, lover, servant, patient—all gone! Every place silent and empty.

She was gone—gone to the theatre—to her death! And the empty house? The rest were gone upon a vain search for her. I alone knew the fatal direction of her steps!

Till this moment I had never known I loved her. All unquestioned, I had suffered my heart to cherish and garner up a hopeless passion. I was paralyzed, body and mind—plunged into a dreamy wilderness of grief, without the power to think or act.

The time-piece in the dressing-room struck seven. In another half-hour she would be again upon the stage delighting all hearers with the last inspiration of her genius. I started up—

"Perhaps even now I may rescue her from

the fatal excitement of performance! perhaps even now prevail upon her to return!"

My foot was already at the threshold, when I fancied, as my glance just rested on the bed, that I saw a paper lying beside her pillow. I stopped, turned back, and drew forth a crumpled letter, all blotted and blistered over with tears. These words were written upon it in a bold, firm hand, and were, in some places, almost illegible.

"Celeste Bertin. You are mistaken in the Prince de C——. He does not mean to wed you. He is engaged to another. The king and the court will be in the theatre to-morrow evening, and *she* will be among them. You will perceive a dark, handsome woman, to whom will be given a seat at the right hand of the queen. That is the Duchessa da G——, an Italian of birth and fortune—your rival. Wretched woman! why were you not content with one faithful lover? Victor *does* love you. The Prince de C—— loves you also—as he would a horse, a hound, or a falcon—for his amusement! Watch them narrowly to-morrow night. Convince yourself of the truth, and break your heart, if you will. Celeste Bertin, how did you dare to forget that you were only an actress?"

Here then was the secret! Hence her agitation, her illness, her frantic determination to perform! An anonymous and cruel letter—a secret love-affair kept hidden from her father and her betrothed husband—a resolute intention to judge for herself and know the worst!

In five minutes I was at the stage-door of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, urging the officials to let me speak with Mdlle. Bertin.

"Impossible—Mademoiselle is in her dressing-room."

"But I must see her—my business is of the utmost importance."

"At the end of the first act I will deliver Monsieur's request."

"It must be now! Go to her—say that it is I—M. H——, her physician. I am sure that she will speak with me."

The man hesitated, and was about to seek her, when a well-dressed person stepped from behind a desk and addressed me:

"M. H——," here he referred to a paper in his hand—"Mdlle. Bertin desired particularly that if a gentleman of that name should ask to see her, he should on no account be admitted. I am very sorry, monsieur, but such were mademoiselle's commands."

"But I tell you that I will enter—she will die without you admit me! nay, she is dying even now!"

They smiled, and closed the door in my face. I know not how I got there, but I next found myself in the theatre. It was crowded: there was scarce room for me to stand: the last notes of the overture were thundering from the orchestra—the curtain rose.

The play was one that had been written for her by M. Victor, and this was but the second or third time of its performance. Strangely appropriate in plot, it painted the career of an actress beloved by a nobleman, whom she, in return, loves with all her heart and her genius! This nobleman is also loved by a princess of the court, and who mortally detests her rival in his affections. The princess is a married woman; and it is the double discovery of her lover's seeming infidelity and the unworthy nature of his attachment that goads the actress to despair. Finally, by a perfidious stratagem, she dies from inhaling the fatal perfume of a poisoned bouquet, at the moment when her lover explains all, and offers her his hand and fortune. During the first act I saw and heard nothing. She did not play in it. The second act commenced, and a welcoming burst of applause told me that she had appeared upon the stage. I did not dare to look upon her. For some moments there was silence: then her voice, in all its depth and melody, fell upon my ear, and I turned my eyes toward her. How beautiful and pale she stood! Robed all in white garments; her black hair parted on her brow; her hand grasping a roll of paper; and a wild, boding illumination in her eyes, which I alone in all that house could interpret!

During the first few scenes she was subdued and calm: several times she pressed her hand to her breast, as if in pain, but still she went on. Then doubt, then jealousy began to possess her. It was fearful to witness the workings of these passions struggling with woman's gentleness, and woman's faith—to hear the low, suppressed cry of agony—to see the quivering lip, the blanched cheek, the slow, unwilling belief of wrong and infidelity.

She confronts her rival—meets her face to face, and the actress and princess read each others' souls. In a recitation which she is requested to give, she pours forth all her wrongs and her reproaches. Under the vail of a fiction, she lays bare the guilty love of the high lady, overwhelms her with hatred and disdain.

Ha! Celeste, thou art no longer acting—thou takest this scene to thyself! Thine eyes dilate and burn; thy voice, gathering in power, withering with scorn, utters sarcasm and defiance; whither is that terrible look directed?

To the royal box, where sit the rulers of the land. There sat the Duchessa da G——, interested, delighted, unsuspicious; and there, too, sat the Prince de C——, pale, guilty, trembling—withdrawn into a corner of the box, conscious and abashed.

It was no acted play: it was a life-drama—a true tragedy!

The last act commenced. Her voice now seemed weaker, and her step faltered; but a hectic color, that defied even the glaring stage-lamps, suffused her cheeks, and fiercer still glowed the dark fires of her eyes. A strange air of exultation and triumph was apparent in her voice and gestures; her tones had a thrilling, a penetrating significance that made itself felt in every breast. The audience were breathless with suspense. I sat spell-bound and trem-

bling. The reconcilement came: with what exquisite tenderness she loved and trusted again—with what grace and delicacy accorded her generous pardon and her gentle love! Where was now the haughty actress, the injured woman? All melted into love and forgiveness!

I looked involuntarily at the prince. He held his handkerchief to his face: perhaps his heart was touched—perhaps he wept.

At last, she inhales the poison, and slowly it begins to take effect. Visible first in the tremulous tones, and the languid postures; then in the failing memory and the ghastly cheek; then in the wandering mind, the extended hands, the seeking glance, and the unseeing eye!

Could this be art?

Hark! she speaks words that are not in the part—broken, wailing words of intense agony.

There is an outcry in the royal box:

"Help! help! she is dying!"

It is the Prince de C——, losing his presence of mind with terror and conviction, stretching forth his hand—pointing wildly to the stage, regardless of king or queen, or any thing but the terrible truth of what he sees before him.

She sprang to her feet. Her face was still beautiful, but convulsed with pain, lit with unnatural excitement, vivid with the dawn of immortality. She turned that face, that look, upon him, and so stood for a few seconds; then the light faded from her eyes, her lips moved, her arms were tossed wildly above her head—she fell.

In an instant the stage was covered; gentlemen from the boxes, stalls, *parterre*, all crowded round her in consternation—and among them, myself. I pushed through the wondering throng, crying loudly that I was a physician. They made way for me: I knelt down beside her: a crimson stream was bubbling from her lips; her hands were firmly clenched, her eyes closed. She uttered no sound—a shudder passed through her frame—her heart beat no longer: all was over!

I never again beheld any of the actors in this tragedy of real life. Her father, I was told, survived his child but a few months. M. Victor entered the church, and is now an abbé and a devotee. The Prince de C—— left Paris instantly for foreign service. For myself, I am an old bachelor, striving humbly to be as useful in the world as wealth and good-will can make me. I go little into society, and never into the theatres. I have not married, and I never shall. Celeste Bertin was my first love and my last.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

THERE are few of you, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of glittering pearls on the points of the grass, and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields, the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you in excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart, and every thing looks smiling around you; for—

> "Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
> Sweet every herb is growing,
> To him whose willing heart inclines
> The way that he is going."

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, you have thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them, imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And doubtless this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We can not wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive of no other way to account for the dew if they did not admit that it had come down from above. Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are, perhaps, few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under-surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper. So, too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the bottom plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterward the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapor which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime; but, though these observations were all

correctly made, it was afterward proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and, in hot weather, would become so burning and pestilential, that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it every where, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increasingly, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, on a warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended in it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; so part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry, will know that very often, when solutions of a salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the day-time: so hot, indeed, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the day-time warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiate its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains, that the air is always much colder high up in the sky than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and leaves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that the moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass we spoke of before first had dew settle upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed—viz., the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in the meadows, and has the appearance of rising out of the ground as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

> "Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,
> O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute

and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air can not be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest cambric handkerchief, spread near the ground, is sufficient to prevent the formation of dew on the ground beneath it; by which you will at once understand how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of night, by covering them with a thin, light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm—

> "When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
> And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene."

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space; and if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then every thing is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work—such as the screws and hinges—than upon the wood-work. There will also be much more on glass than on any metal; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that whatever prevents heat from accumulating serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mould, and the garden mould cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold; and that of wool or swan's-down, laid on the snow, is still colder. These soft, loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold, frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And if your window has a close shutter, there will be the more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold; for nothing is worse than that cold chilling dampness which pervades the air when dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is far less danger; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But at the first touch of the sun's rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

BERTHA'S LOVE.

IT was a pleasant evening, and I ran through the garden and along the narrow path that wound down the cliff to the beach. I held in my hand the flowers he had given me, and the soft breeze that tossed my hair over my face was laden with their perfume. I was so happy—I did not ask myself why, but a new and strange sense of blessedness was throbbing in my heart; and as I stood still and looked at the great sea stretched out before me—at the gorgeous calm of the August sunset—I felt as I had never felt since I was a little child, saying my prayers at my mother's knees.

I wandered along close to where the waves came rippling over the red pebbles. The dark rocks looked glorified in the western radiance, and the feathery clouds floated dreamily in the blue space, as if they were happy too. How strange it was that the beauty of the world had never spoken to my heart till that evening!

I climbed to my favorite seat in the recess of that great black rock which abutted on the sea even at ebb of tide, and where the fantastic peaks of brown stone rise on all sides, save where the incessant beating of the waves have worn them away. All the world was shut out, save ocean and sky; and in the vast mysterious sea heaving in the glow reflected from the heavens, I seemed to find a sympathy with the great happiness that thrilled within me. My hands clasped over the flowers—I raised my head to the still heaven, where a quiet star seemed watching me—and a thanksgiving rose from my very soul to the God who had made the world so fair, and me so happy!

Gentle thoughts arose in my mind:—I thought of my dead mother, and of the great love I had borne her, which, since she died had laid dormant in my heart—*till now!* Ah, how that heart leaped at those little words whispered to

itself. I thought of my olden self—of what I had been but two short weeks before, with a kind of remorse, chastened by pity. If I had had any one to love during all these years, I thought, I should surely never have become the woman I was—whom people called unbending—austere—and cold. Cold! Little they guessed of the passionate yearning for love that had for so long been rudely crushed back into my desolate heart, till all its tenderer feelings were, from their very strength, turning into poison. Little they knew of the fierce impulses subdued—the storms of emotion oftentimes concealed beneath that frigid reserve they deemed want of feeling. But I had always been misunderstood, and harshly judged—I had always been lonely—uncared for—unsympathized with.

Till now!

Now I had some one to love—some one who cared for my love, and who loved me again, as I knew, I felt assured he loved me, though no lover's word or vow had ever passed between us. How holy this new happiness made me! How it sanctified and calmed the troubled heart, so restless, so stormy in its unsatisfied longing heretofore—restoring to it the innocent repose it had not known since it ceased to be a child's heart and became a woman's!

How tenderly I felt to all the world—to my very self, even! I looked down into a deep pool of water formed by a break in the rock: the dark waters gave to my view my face, with its firm, hard outlines, the large, steadfast eyes, and the black hair which I loved, because yesterday Geoffrey had said it was beautiful. I took a curl tenderly into my hand—kissed it—and felt my glad tears fall on it:—what a child I was!

The sunset was fading when I returned home. As I ascended the cliff, I saw a figure that I knew, leaning over the shrubbery gate—a head bent forward with waving hair tossed in his own careless fashion over his brow. His voice reached my ears at the same moment:

"I am watching for you, Bertha; you truant, to stay away so long!"

Who had ever watched for me before? Who had ever taken such note of my absence, or thought the time long when I was away? I felt all this as I quietly pursued my way toward him; keeping my eyes fixed on the rugged pathway, not daring—God help me!—to look up at him when I knew his gaze was on my face.

He opened the gate for me, drew my arm within his, and we slowly walked toward the house.

"We have had visitors this evening," said he; "and one of them remains with Mrs. Warburton to-night. A Miss Lester;—do you know her!"

"I have heard my father speak of her, but I have never seen her."

"Mr. Lester, it seems, knew *my* father in his young days," he resumed, "and claimed acquaintance with me on that ground. He is a courtly, precise, well-expressed elderly gentleman of the old school. I like him;—a real, thorough-bred formalist nowadays is so rare."

He idly switched with his hand the flower-laden branches of the syringa trees we were sauntering among.

"Mrs. Warburton"—in speaking to me he never called my step-mother by any other name—"Mrs. Warburton is going back with Miss Lester to-morrow, to stay two or three days with her at F——. Then, Bertha, we can have the horses and gallop over the downs, as we have often promised ourselves."

I was silent, and he looked at me curiously.

"Ah—you will like that, little Bertha!" he cried, patting my hand which lay on his arm; "your eyes are not so cautious as your tongue, and I can read what they say, quite well. Why are you hurrying on so fast? They are all in the green-house, looking at the miserable specimens of horticultural vegetation that you savages here call *flowers*. As if tender blossoms born under a southern sky could survive when brought to a bleak precipice like this."

He looked at me again, in laughing surprise. "What, Bertha! not a word to say for your Cornish Cliffs? I expected to have been fairly stunned with your indignation at my impertinence. Are you tired of defending the beloved scenes of your childhood, or do you begin to doubt my sincerity in abusing them?"

I murmured something in reply.

"You know very well that I love them too," he pursued—"that every old tor on the down, every rugged rock on the shore is dear to me. I little thought, when your father insisted on bringing me home with him, that I should spend such a happy time in this wild country. Still less that in the quiet, dark-browed child I just remembered years ago, I should find a dear companion—a friend. Ah, Bertha, you yourself don't know how much you have been my friend—what good you have done me. I am a better man than I was a month ago. If I had had a mother or a sister all these years, I should have done more justice to the blessings God has given me. Nay, Bertha, don't go in yet. I tell you they are showing Miss Lester the poor little geraniums and things that Mrs. Warburton is so proud of; they won't be ready for tea this half-hour, and it is so pleasant out here."

We were standing on the terrace which skirted the southern side of the house. It was the highest part of the ground, and commanded a view of the coast for some miles. I shall never forget the sea as it looked that minute; the moon's first faint rays trembling over the waters—the white foam enlightening the broad colorless waste, where the waves were dashing over the rocks near shore. Again, my spirit was strangely softened within me, and hot tears rose to my eyes. *He* saw them, and gently pressed my hand in sympathy. He thought he understood what I felt, but he did not know—he never knew; I scarcely comprehended my-

self, I was so bewildered by the fullness of happiness that was bounding within me.

"Bertha, you are chilled—you are shivering," said Geoffrey, at length; "perhaps it is too late for you to be out. The dew is falling, and your curls have quite drooped; so we will go in. Good-by to the moon—and sea—and stars!—and, ah, Bertha, good-by for to-night to our pleasant talk together;—*now* we must be sociable, and agreeable, and conventional, I suppose. Is it wrong to wish this intruding Miss Lester at—at Calcutta, or Hyderabad, or any other place sufficiently removed from our quiet family circle? No happy evening for us, Bertha, *this* evening! Your father won't go to sleep over his newspaper, and Mrs. Warburton won't doze over her embroidery, and we shan't have the piano to ourselves. Con—— oh, I could swear!"

When I entered the drawing-room, my father called me to him, and presented me to the young lady who stood by his side.

"This is Mary Lester, the daughter of my old schoolfellow, of whom you must often have heard me speak, Bertha. They have come to stay some months at F——, and Mary is anxious to know you."

With a gesture of girlish cordiality, half eager, yet half shy, Miss Lester took my hand (how brown it looked in the clasp of her white fingers!) and gazed up into my face with her own sweet, loving expression, that I afterward learned to know so well. I was always reserved, repellant perhaps, to strangers; but *now*—I wondered at myself—at my softened manner—at the gentle feelings stirred within me, as I bent toward her, and pressed her hand.

My father was as much pleased as he was surprised, I could see.

"That's well—that's well," said he, as he resumed his seat; "you two ought to be friends, as your fathers were before you."

"I hope so," murmured Mary, in a timid voice, clinging to my hand as I moved to my usual seat at the tea-table. She sat close beside me, and I could see Geoffrey watching us from the window where he was standing, with a displeased expression. I understood so well that twitching of his lip. I, who could interpret every change in his face, every flash of his eye, every turn of his haughty head, I knew that he did not approve of my unwonted amiability to my new friend—that he had a jealous dislike of her in consequence. How happy it made me to know it!—how doubly tender I grew toward the unconscious girl beside me;—what an overflowing satisfaction I found in the reserve and coldness which suddenly came over *him!* He remained silent for some time, during which my father was reading his newspaper, and my stepmother counting the stitches in her embroidery, while Mary Lester and I conversed together. At length my father's attention was aroused.

"Why, Geoffrey!" cried he, "what ails you? This is a day of metamorphoses, I believe. Here is our quiet Bertha chattering gayly, while you, our enlivener-general and talker *par excellence*, sit silent and uncompanionable as a mummy."

"Talkers are like clocks, sir, I think," he answered, laughing lightly, "and one is enough for a room. Especially when that one does duty so admirably." This last was accompanied by a quick glance at me, as he rose from his chair, and sauntered to the window again.

"Bertha, come and look at this star," he cried presently, and I left Mary to my step-mother, and joined him.

"Are you going to be fast friends with that pale-faced little thing all in a minute?" said he, in a low tone; "because, if so, I am *de trop*, and I will go back to London to-morrow morning."

"Dear Geoffrey," I remonstrated, "I must be kind to her; she is our guest. Come and talk, and help me to amuse her."

"I can't amuse young ladies. I detest the whole genus. I dare say she will make you as missish as she is, soon; and then, when I have you to myself again, you'll be changed, and I shan't know you. We were so happy till this visitor came," he added, regretfully, "and now she will spoil our pleasant evening, and our music, and our astronomical lecture, and our metaphysical discussions. How can you like her, Bertha?"

I felt quite a pity for the poor girl he thus unjustly regarded.

"She is gentle and lovable," I urged; "you would like her yourself, Geoffrey, if you would talk to her, and be sociable."

"Sociable!—ah, there you are! I hate sociability, and small parties of dear friends. In my plan of Paradise, people walk about in couples, and three is an unknown number."

I could see that he was recovering his wonted spirits, which, indeed, rarely left him for long.

"Do be good," I persisted, "and come with me, and talk to her."

"And ignore Paradise, for once!" He tossed back his hair with a gesture peculiar to him when he was throwing aside some passing irritation, and then smiling at my serious face—his own frank, sunshiny smile—"Ah, Bertha!" said he, "you put all my peevishness to flight. I had so determined to be ill-tempered and disagreeable—but I can't, it seems. It is impossible to resist your persuasive little voice, and those great, earnest, entreating dark eyes. So we will leave Paradise, and be mundane for the nonce."

We went and sat by Miss Lester. I was glad to be relieved of the necessity of talking much, and I leaned back in my chair, and listened to Geoffrey's animated voice, which was occasionally, but not often, interrupted by a few words from Mary. He was very "good." He threw off all his coldness and reserve, and appeared bent on making atonement for his previous ill-behavior, by being quite friendly with the obnoxious visitor. It was now dusk, and I could only see the shadowy outlines of the two figures—Geoffrey, with his head stretched slightly for-

ward, and his hands every now and then uplifted with an emphasizing gesture; and Mary sitting farther in the shadow. I had thought her very lovely; her beauty was of that species that I especially admired in a woman; perhaps because the golden hair, the regular classic features, and the soft eyes, were all so utterly different to my own. I remembered the face I had seen that day reflected in the rocky pool—the face I had, till lately, thought so forbidding, so unlovely. I should never think so again—never! What a blessed thing it was to know that there was one who looked on it with tenderness, as none had done before since my mother died.

As I mused in the quiet twilight, with his voice murmuring in my ears, and the sense of his presence gladdening me, I again thanked God for sending me such happiness—happiness in which, like as a river in the sunshine, the dark and turbid waters of my life grew beautiful and glorified.

The next morning, immediately after the departure of my step-mother with Miss Lester, Geoffrey and I rode out upon the moors.

It was a tempestuous day. The wind blew fiercely; the clouds careered over the sky in heavy, troubled masses, and not a gleam of sunshine lit up the great waste of moorland as we sped over it.

I reveled in the wildness of the weather and the scene—in the blank desolation of the moor—in the vast tumult of the darkened sea, checkered with foam, which stretched far away, till it joined the louring heavens at the horizon. The great gusts of wind, the general agitation which pervaded earth, sea, and air, inspired me with a sense of keen and intense vitality that I had never felt before. There is no mood of nature that comes amiss to a soul overflowing with its own happiness. I was silently thinking thus when Geoffrey's first words smote me with a strange idea of contrast to the thoughts busy in my mind.

"What a dreary day!" said he; "how forlorn this great barren plain looks! And the wind! It cuts and slashes at one with a vindictive howl, as if it were a personal enemy. Is it possible you can stand against it, Bertha? What an Amazon you are! Fighting with these savage sea-breezes of yours requires all my masculine endurance and fortitude."

"Shall we go back?" I asked him, feeling a vague pain. And, somehow, as I looked round again, the moor *did* look drear and monotonous, and the wind had a wailing sound which I had not noted before. "You are not used to the rough weather we have in the west," I added; "perhaps we had better return, and reserve our ride for a more fitting season."

"No, we won't be so cowardly; and, after all, a day like this is perhaps experienced under its least gloomy aspect in the present circumstances. That is to say, mounted on gallant steeds, and galloping over a broad tract of land, which, Bertha, whatever its shortcomings in picturesque beauty, is, I allow you, first-rate riding-ground."

He urged his horse forward as he spoke, and we dashed on at full speed for some time. The clouds above our heads grew denser and darker every moment. At length a large rain-drop fell, then another, and another. Geoffrey reined in his horse with a suddenness that threw the animal on its haunches.

"A new feature this in the delights of the day," said he, laughing, with a slight touch of peevishness; "a down-pour of rain (steady, old boy!) under the energetic direction of this furious gale, will be a fit culmination to the *agrémens* of our ride. There is enough water in that big round cloud there, to drown us three times over, horses and all. And here it comes."

As, indeed, it did, with a steady and gradually increasing violence. Fortunately, I remembered we were near one of those huge masses of stone, which, from their size and eccentric arrangement, form such objects of curiosity on our Cornish downs. To this we hurried, and, dismounting, secured, with some difficulty, our horses under one projection, and sheltered ourselves under another.

"Welcome retreat!" cried Geoffrey. "I do really wish that the long vexed question, as to how these queer heaps of granite got perched here, were satisfactorily decided, if only that we might bestow our gratitude in the right quarter. Heavens! how the wind blows!"

We were now on high ground, and the gusts came with furious force. I had to catch hold by the stone to keep my footing, once or twice.

"Little Bertha, you will be blown away, you are so tiny!" and he drew my arm through his own. "I must take care of you. Why, you look quite pale! You are not frightened?"

"No, oh no!"

"We are quite safe here; and, after all, this is a fine specimen of the wild and grand. How the sea rolls and throbs in the distance, and what a hollow roar the wind makes among these stones! I am half reconciled to this kind of weather and this kind of scene, Bertha; I begin to see grandeur in this great barren waste of land, and the waste of waters beyond, and the broad heavens meeting that again. The infinitude of monotony absolutely becomes sublime. Ah, you look satisfied; I see you approve of my enthusiastic eloquence. I feel rather proud of it myself, in the teeth of this Titanic wind, too, which," he added, as a fresh gust thundered in upon us, "will certainly carry you off, if you don't hold closely to my arm. It's an awful day! Any other girl would be frightened out of her wits."

Frightened!—I had never known such serene contentment, such an ineffable sense of security, as I felt then, when, clinging to Geoffrey's arm, I looked out on the stormy world without.

There was a silence. A certain timid consciousness constrained me to break it, lest he should observe my taciturnity.

"I trust my step-mother and Miss Lester have

reached F—— in safety," said I; "their road was a very unsheltered one, in case the storm overtook them."

"They went in the phaeton," he rejoined, carelessly, "and they are sure to be all right. Fortunately so, for I am sure that delicate little girl would never stand against such a tempest as this. If she wasn't caught up, bodily, in one of the blasts of this hurricane, which seems to have a great fancy for trying to carry away young ladies, she would expire of sheer terror. You know, we inland dwellers are not accustomed to proceedings like these."

A furious burst of wind, which seemed almost to shake the huge mass of stone we were leaning against, interrupted him; and then came a perfect torrent of large hailstones, which the wind drove in upon us, and which effectually stopped all conversation for the time. Suddenly amid the confusion of sounds, I fancied I heard a cry, as of a human voice, at some little distance; but when I told Geoffrey, he only laughed.

"Isn't our position romantic enough as it is, you insatiable person, but you want, in your genius for dramatic construction, to bring in an underplot—an exciting episode—a sharer in our adventure; a young and lovely girl, who mistakes these hailstones for bullets ('faith, she might be forgiven the blunder!) and shrieks for mercy! or, would you prefer a gallant cavalier, who—"

"Nay," I persevered, "it is quite possible for others besides ourselves to seek shelter among these stones. The F—— road across the moor is not so far distant, remember."

"I prefer a supernatural solution of the problem," he answered, still laughing, "and we will, if you please, attribute the sound in question to the ghostly inhabitant of this wilderness, who is distracted and bewildered by human society, and therefore—"

"I hear voices, Geoffrey—I do, indeed," interrupted I. The hail-storm had subsided, and even the wind, within the last few minutes, had lulled slightly. I ventured outside our rude refuge, and looked around. At a little distance, I saw the dejected head of a thoroughly drenched horse, which I recognized at once as our own "Colin," which had that morning conveyed away my step-mother and our guest, in the phaeton. The carriage itself, and those in it, were hid by the quaint granite heap they were sheltering against.

"Colin, by all that's wonderful!" cried Geoffrey, looking with me. "I beg you a thousand pardons—I'll never question your suppositions again. What melodrama ever hit on a more startling coincidence than this! How did they ever get here, I wonder! Shall I go and ask them?"

He went, without waiting my assent, and I watched him fighting his way against the wind to where the little carriage stood. I heard his frank laugh, and the exclamations of surprise from the two ladies and the attendant servant. Then the voices lowered, so that I could not hear. The fury of the storm had now passed, and, in my experience of the weather incident to our western coast, I knew the wind would soon drop, and a calm evening end a turbulent day.

It seemed a long time before Geoffrey returned, running, and with a face expressive of some concern.

"Poor Miss Lester!" he cried; "in jumping from the phaeton, she missed her footing, and has twisted her ancle, in some way. She can't walk, and she is in very great pain. Come to her, Bertha. Your mysterious cry, you see, is thus unluckily accounted for."

I found Mary Lester crouched among chaise-cushions and warm wraps, her cheeks paler than usual, and her eyes closed, as if in exhaustion. She opened them, however, and smiled affectionately on me, as I approached. My step-mother was sighing and regretting, in a perfectly inane and incoherent manner.

"Had not Miss Lester better be lifted into the chaise and conveyed at once to our house?" I suggested; "it is much nearer, and you will not be expected at F—— after this storm."

"Quite right," pronounced Geoffrey, with his usual air of decision; and while Mrs. Warburton was still in a hazy state of incertitude and despondency, he and I proceeded to take measures for carrying my plan into execution.

Miss Lester had to be fairly carried into the phaeton: Geoffrey, with a few half apologetic words, took her in his strong arms as though she had been a child, and carefully deposited her among the cushions. As he did so, I saw a faint crimson dawning over her pale face, and thought how lovely and how lovable she was. That was my only thought.

We waited till they had driven off, and then Geoffrey and I mounted our horses and followed them. We were both very silent; but I did not care to talk, and therefore did not notice his abstraction. The storm had passed off—the wind was dying away minute by minute, with a low wail that sounded as though it were singing its own requiem. We galloped swiftly over the moor, as I was anxious to reach home before the others, that I might prepare for Miss Lester's reception.

I love to dwell on the recollection of that day. I was so happy, and my happiness made every passing vexation seem as nothing, steeping all the ordinary occurrences of the day in its own sweet calm.

I remember how, after I had carefully settled Miss Lester on a sofa in the pleasant little room leading to the greenhouse, Geoffrey came in, sat down, and took a book. After awhile, I asked him to read aloud, and Mary added her entreaties. And he complied, drew near the sofa, and began. The invalid, resting her head on her hand, looked sometimes half shyly at his face, as if liking to watch unobserved its ever-changing expression; and I sat busying my fingers in some light work, on which I kept my eyes fixed; *I* did not need to look up at his face, I saw it always—always!

It was a German story he was reading, about a brother and sister who loved each other so dearly, that when another love came to the girl she renounced it, and clave to the brother, who had but her in the world for his happiness. When the story was finished I saw tears in Mary Lester's eyes, and so did Geoffrey. He tried to laugh away her pensiveness.

"Do you ladies approve of such a wholesale massacre of people's happiness as this principle would involve, carried out to its fullest extent? 'The greatest misery of the greatest number,' seems to me to be the motto of this school of moralists. Poor Hildegunde—poor Karl—poor Ludwig! Poor every body! One is sick with pity after reading such a story. Isn't it so, Miss Lester?"

She smiled, and drooped her head with a childish bashfulness to hide the moistened eyes.

"I like it," she said, presently; "I like stories about brothers and sisters. *I* have a brother whom I love very dearly."

"As dearly as Hildegunde loved Ludwig?" questioned Geoffrey, half sportively; "would your affection go so far—sacrifice so much?"

Innocently she looked up, as if scarcely comprehending his meaning—then the dark lashes fell again over her flushing cheek. I watched her face—in my keen sense of the beautiful, taking delight in her changeful loveliness—in her artless grace and girlishness.

"I love my brother very much," she murmured, without further answering Geoffrey's question, "and he loves me—dearly."

"I could envy you!" I cried, impulsively; "you must be very happy. The tie between a brother and sister that love one another must be so close—so tender! I can imagine it."

"Imagine it!" echoed Geoffrey, reproachfully. "Ah, Bertha! I do not need recourse to my imagination to know what it is to have a sister." He spoke in a low tone. Somehow, the words smote me with a vague pang. Confused and momentary, for it was gone before I could recognize it. Then I was content to blindly bask in the sunshine of his affectionate glance, while the meaning of his words floated from me and only the music of the caressing tone remained to gladden me. Afterward I remembered.

We sat long into the evening beside Miss Lester's sofa. She grew more familiar with us—less shy and reserved. The innocent girlishness of her nature, as it grew more apparent, ineffably interested me, as I saw it did Geoffrey. I did not wonder at the softened manner, and almost tender tone he seemed involuntarily to assume in speaking to her, as he would have done, I thought, with a child. She was like a child, with all a child's winning ways, and, now that her shyness was gone, all a child's easy, unconventional familiarity.

We were completely to ourselves. During the long August twilight we sat talking gayly—always gayly. The themes of conversation which Geoffrey and I chose when we were alone we each seemed tacitly to agree were too deep—perhaps too sad, for the sunshiny spirit of our visitor; his favorite songs seemed too plaintive, and he whispered me to sing my merriest ballads. I—poor fool, as I moved to the piano, felt an inward delight in thinking that he, as well as I, had a repugnance to our usual converse being shared by any one besides ourselves. After I had finished my song, I still sat at the piano, and the feelings that had been leaping up within me all the day found vent, almost unconsciously to myself, in wild, dreamy music, such as it was often my habit to improvise. Suddenly it was interrupted by Geoffrey, who came hastily to my side, and whispered in my ear—

"Don't, Bertha! Your mournful music saddens her. She does not understand it—the innocent child! Sing another of those quaint old ballads."

I obeyed contentedly. He went back to his seat beside the sofa. As I sang, looking on them both—for his face was turned toward her and away from me, so that I *could* gaze on him—I thought how good he was—how kind! How, with all the nobility and loftiness of manhood, he combined those gentler, tenderer qualities so rarely existing in a masculine nature.

I did him no more than justice: I have always known that, and gloried in knowing it.

I finished singing, went to the window, and looked out on the cold, gray evening sky, and the leaden sea. Every thing rested in a heavy, stony calm. No sign remained of the tumult that was past, except in the trees, which had been shaken nearly bare by the fierce wind—the leaves lying thickly on the ground even before they had caught the autumn tint.

"The world seems absolutely stunned after its fit of passion this morning," said Geoffrey, joining me in my survey; "not a breath of air stirring, and the heavens presenting one blank, moveless mass of cloud. Which do you consider the finest specimen of weather, Bertha, storm or calm?"

"I like them both," said I, smiling, "in their season."

"Oh, you are an imperturbable lassie on all these questions. If an earthquake were to visit us, I believe you would defend it as being especially Cornish." He spoke in an absent, abstracted way, very different from his usual manner. Presently he resumed—

"This very hour last night, Bertha, do you remember we were talking together at the drawing-room window, and you were persuading me to be 'good,' and talk to Miss Lester?"

"Yes, I remember. Are you not convinced now of my reasonableness? Don't you feel inclined to take my advice another time?"

"I don't know, Bertha," he said slowly, and with strange seriousness; "I am not sure if—" He paused.

"Surely your unfounded prejudice has fairly vanished! You like her now, do you not, as well as I do? At least I judged you did from your manner. No one can help liking her."

He was still silent—his eyes looking far out into the sky, his lip moving as it had a trick of doing when he was thoughtful. I watched him quietly for a while, then I could not forbear asking what troubled him.

"Troubles me?" he echoed, looking down with his old kind smile. "What made you think I was troubled, Bertha?"

"You looked so serious—so thoughtful."

"Am I such a rattlepate, then, that the appearance of thoughtfulness sits so strangely on my face as to awaken wonder? This is the penalty one pays for having habitually a large fund of animal spirits, and a knack of always speaking and looking gayly. It seems to be considered an impertinence in a fellow like me when he doffs the cap and bells, and presents the graver side of his nature to the world."

I could not comprehend why he spoke thus, with a degree of bitterness which seemed altogether unjustified by the occasion.

"You, at least, should know me better, Bertha," he resumed, before I could again speak. "You have seen—" He stopped suddenly. Mary Lester's voice was heard from her remote corner.

"We must not leave her to herself, poor child," said Geoffrey, turning away from me and hastening to his old seat by the sofa.

When I joined them, he was talking merrily, and appearing to take great pleasure in the silvery laughter his sallies evoked from Miss Lester. I was accustomed to his fitful changes of mood, yet I could not quite account for this. However, all trace of discontent or bitterness had vanished now. Never had I known him more completely himself than he was during that evening, until the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Warburton interrupted us.

Eager inquiries as to Miss Lester's condition then poured in upon her, mingled with scraps of information, from which, at length, we gathered that Mr. and Mrs. Lester would bring their carriage the next day to remove their daughter.

"If she is well enough to go, I suppose?" said Geoffrey, hastily, on hearing this; "that proviso is necessary, is it not?" Then turning to Mary he added, "or are you very anxious to leave your present quarters?"

She returned his smile and shook her head.

"I dare say papa and mamma wish to have me with them," she said; "but I shall be sorry to leave Bertha;—and every body," she continued, after a pause, "who has been so kind to me."

"As for Bertha," said my step-mother, "she can, if you like, accompany you to F—— for a day or two. Mrs. Lester has been good enough to invite her."

I was completely confounded by this. I was always averse to leaving home and going among strangers, and *now* to leave Cliffe—to leave Geoffrey—to lose, even for a time, my new happiness! I scarcely heard Mary's eager entreaties—I took no heed of her caressing hands clasping mine, as she urged me to return with her next day, and stay at F—— for awhile.

"You don't say a word—you won't look at me. You will never be so cruel as to refuse?" She turned to Geoffrey—"*You* ask her," she said, "tell her she *must* come. You see, she is so silent and stern I am afraid to ask for myself any more."

Geoffrey looked dissatisfied. I could see he was not pleased at this new proposition, though he replied laughingly to Mary's appeal.

"I feel flattered that you rate my disinterestedness so highly. You actually, with the fullest confidence, require me to bring about my own bereavement. What is to become of *me* when you are both gone?"

"Polite, that!" muttered my father, in a perfectly audible growl, "very, to your host and hostess."

"When my time is so short, too. I have been here two months already, and I must soon think of returning." His voice grew melancholy, and he stopped abruptly. I stood—my mind alternating confusedly between joy and pain.

"But you know, F—— is not so far off," said Mary, blushing and hesitating, "and if—if—"

"Poor little Mary isn't used to giving invitations to stray young gentlemen," interrupted my father, laughing; "but I'll come to the rescue, in spite of Geoffrey's civility to me just now. In brief, then, Mr. Lester charged me with a very cordial invitation to you, Geoffrey, understanding that you took an interest in such marine exploits, to stay a day or two at F—— during the pilchard fishing. And as I heard some very portentous murmurings as I came through the town to-day, to the effect that "pilchards are up," I doubt not Mr. Lester will press his welcome on you in person, to-morrow."

"I am much obliged; it will give me great pleasure," returned Geoffrey, and the hackneyed expressions bore their full meaning in the earnest sincerity with which he uttered them.

"And *now* will you ask Bertha?" cried Mary in glee. I reddened—I felt conscious of the interpretation the girl had put upon his previous hesitation.

"You have no need to seek such intercession," I said quietly; "your own request would be sufficient. If you really wish me to return with you to-morrow, I will do so. But I am unused to leaving home, and—"

"You sha'n't say any more, since you have consented," broke in Mary; "it is all settled happily, and I shall sleep in peace."

"She is very fond of you, Bertha," whispered Geoffrey; "she loves you already. That is well. And I dare say we shall be quite content staying at F—— for a day or two. I am glad you have agreed to go."

I was glad, too, when I saw he was satisfied. When I saw Mary to her room, she kissed me, and caressingly nestled her head in my bosom.

"Dear Bertha," she said, in her own low,

pleading tone, "do love me! I have never had a friend till now, and—and if you will let me I shall love you dearly. Will you?"

Reserved as was my nature, my heart yearned to the innocent child.

"Ah!" I murmured to myself, as I pressed my lips on her mouth, trembling as it was with girlish eagerness, "*you* will never ask for love, and be denied." There was a kind of sadness, but no bitterness, no thought of envy, in my mind: I felt too proudly secure in my own happiness.

"What do you say, Bertha?" asked the timid voice.

"I say, dear," I replied, as I turned to leave the room, "that you are one of those blessed creatures whom it is impossible to help loving. Thank God for it, child."

And I left her.

The next morning came. It was a bright day, and when Mary and Geoffrey appeared, they seemed in keeping with the day, so full of joyous life were they both. For myself I was unquiet, disturbed, I knew not why. The serenity of the previous day was gone; and without being able to fix on any tangible cause, I felt restless and almost anxious. I thought it accounted for when my father entered the breakfast room, and stated that Mrs. Warburton was so unwell as to be unable to leave her bed, desiring me to go and see her.

I did so, and found my step-mother—always prone to magnify passing disorders in herself or others—languidly settling herself as a thorough invalid, and declaring that she should not attempt to rise that day, she felt herself so ill.

"And so, Bertha," said she, "you have a very good excuse for not going to F—— with Miss Lester, which no doubt you will be glad of. Of course, no one could think of your leaving home while I am in such a state. The giddiness in my head is intolerable. Reach me that smelling-bottle."

As I left the room, and returned down stairs, I wondered within myself whether it was disappointment or relief that I felt fluttering perturbedly in my heart; but I could not determine whether I was glad or sorry that I was not going to leave home. I felt sorry when, directly I re-appeared, Mary called piteously on me to re-assure her.

"Mr. Warburton says you won't be able to go with me to-day. Oh Bertha, say he is wrong."

"I am grieved," I said, "but Mrs. Warburton wishes me to remain, and of course I can not think of leaving her."

Nothing could be said to this. There was a blank silence. I could see Mary's eyes grow lustrous with the tears, which to her came as readily as to a child. And I saw Geoffrey, who had been standing by, turn quickly to the open window, and commence pulling the leaves from the honeysuckle branches that twined about the walls.

I was a strange girl, always. I felt no impulse to draw near Mary, and soothe away her disappointment. Very quietly I passed in and out of the room, superintending various domestic arrangements which, from my step-mother's illness, devolved on me. All the while, Mary lay on her sofa, with drooped head and sorrowful eyes, absently turning over the pages of a book; my father leaned back in his easy chair, utterly absorbed by his newspaper; and Geoffrey still stood by the window, and plucked the honeysuckle branch nearly bare.

I went up again to visit the invalid; when I returned to the breakfast-room, Mr. and Mrs. Lester were there.

Mrs. Lester kindly expressed her regret at my inability to return with them, and of course, her concern at its cause.

I murmured some indefinite reply to her civilities. I was straining my ear to catch the conversation of the three gentlemen.

"The extreme beauty of the weather," Mr. Lester was formally saying, "offers a favorable opportunity for excursions about F——, and the pilchard fishing began yesterday. As your father's son, Mr. Latimer, I was anxious to have you as a guest; and I can not but think, under all the circumstances, this present time is the very best adapted for my having that pleasure."

"You are all kindness, sir," said Geoffrey; and his eyes wandering about the room while he spoke, fixed on me. He came to my side.

"Dear Bertha," he whispered, "I scarcely like leaving you, even for a few days. What do you say? Should you like me to stay?"

"No, no," I returned, in perfect sincerity; "pray go: you can not refuse so cordial an offer."

Yet after all, it was with a pang that I heard him decisively accept Mr. Lester's invitation, and prepare to leave with them. But I thought the pang was natural enough. For a long time the world had seemed darker to me when he was absent. Nay, the very look of a room was altered by his entering or leaving it. It never occured to me to wonder that all his reluctance in leaving was on my account; and, if it had, I should only have seen in it his unselfish tenderness to me, as I do now.

"If I were not a poor, helpless, lame little thing," said Mary, as she clung to me, before entering the carriage, "I would not leave you, Bertha, in the midst of sickness and trouble. No, that I wouldn't."

She glanced, with a kind of indignant reproach, at Geoffrey, who stood at the carriage door waiting to assist her into it. I could not bear that any one should, for a moment, judge hardly of him.

"Supposing I sent you off, and wouldn't let you stay with me," said I, smiling; "then you would be obliged to go. And I assure you I should do so. I am much better without any body."

"Good-by, Mary," cried my father, as he lifted her to her seat in the carriage. "You carry off one visitor with you, at any rate. Make

yourself very agreeable, Geoffrey, to make up for the defalcation of the other."

"I can not hope to do that," said Geoffrey, as he bade me farewell, adding, in a lower tone, "take care of yourself, dear Bertha. I shall think about you. I shall be anxious; but I shall see you again soon."

He pressed my hand, bent his frank, loving gaze on my face, and sprang into the carriage, repeating—"I shall see you again soon."

And I went back into the house, and with the sound of the departing carriage wheels grinding in my ears, I tried to still the disquietude throbbing in my breast, by dreaming over that last look, and the earnest affection of his last words.

Blessed are they that are beloved, for they possess a power almost divine of creating happiness! What else but that little look, those few words, could have sent such a tide of joy thrilling through me, as drowned for the time even the dreary pain of parting, and made the house less desolate—the utter weariness and blankness of the day that was to go by without *him* less insupportable?

It was a strange day. I passed it in reading a novel to my step-mother; attending to the various household duties, the mechanical performance of which is oftentimes such a blessing to a woman; and, toward evening, pacing through the shrubberies, thoughtfully. And then I stood on the brow of the cliff, and with the waves' low music murmuring in my ears, I watched the sun set in a glory of purple and gold, on the first day of Geoffrey's absence.

In the evening of the next day he came. I was sitting alone, listlessly turning over the pages of a book I was not reading. I was lost in reverie, and when he burst in at the door I hastily and confusedly pushed the book aside, as if *that* would betray the subject of my thoughts.

"Dear Bertha, how are you? You look flushed and worried. Tell me, do you feel ill?"

I could only falter out a negative. I had been expecting him all the day, and yet, now he was come, it gave me all the throbbing excitement of a surprise. I was obliged to lean my head on my hand, I felt so dizzy.

"I am sure you are not well. Surely, as Mrs. Warburton's illness is not of a serious nature, you might be spared for a day or two. It would be such a happiness to us all; and I have here a note, pleading the request—from—Mary."

He took from the breast pocket of his coat a tiny epistle, on which he looked for a minute before he gave it out of his hands into mine. I opened it, and read it. With a great effort I succeeded in composing myself sufficiently to comprehend its contents—an earnest and affectionate appeal to me and to my father and step-mother, to let Mary fetch me the next day in the little carriage, and drive me back to F——. There was a postscript, in which she said—"We have planned an excursion to show Mr. Latimer —— Castle, on the day after to-morrow, and no one will enjoy it if you are not with us." When I had finished reading the note, I laid it on the table beside me.

"May I read it?" asked Geoffrey, hesitatingly: and on my assent, he took up the dainty little sheet of paper, and began to decipher the delicate Italian handwriting, bending his head lowly over it. When he came to the postscript he smiled, and seemed to examine very curiously some of the words.

"She was going to write 'Geoffrey,'" cried he, at last, "and altered it into 'Mr. Latimer.' Ah! the child!—the child!"

I thought it strange that he should notice the circumstance. I had not. But I did not at the time observe the strange tone in which he murmured the last words, while he carefully refolded the note, smoothed it, and peered at the device upon the seal; and he still kept it in his hand, I remember, while he went on talking.

"Should not you like to come and stay with her? It would make her so happy; she is thoroughly in love with you, Bertha. She won't be repulsed, even if you could repulse her, which I know you can't. I wish you would come."

"It does not rest with me," I answered.

"She wants you so much," he continued, abstractedly, and without appearing to notice what I said; "and not only that—*I* want you," he cried, suddenly, raising his head, and looking at me. "Oh Bertha, I have so much to say to you—so much—"

"So, so! the bird's flown back to his old nest!" cried my father, entering the room, newspaper in hand. "Do they treat you so ill at F—— that you can't stand another night of it? I protest you look pale and thin! Do they starve you—limit your diet to pilchard soup and potato pasties? Order up something luxuriously edible, Bertha, to revive his sinking energies. Come, have you any thing to say, or is your organ of speech famished to death, and have you infected Bertha with dumbness?"

"If it were so," answered Geoffrey, with a loud laugh that startled me, "I am sure you would infect us both back again into a capability of talking. Dear sir," he added, while he cordially grasped his hand, "I need not ask how *you* are. When you grow loquacious we may be sure all is well. I begin to hope you will accede to the petition I come charged with."

But my father shook his head, and would not listen to the proposed plan. More from habit than affection, for alas! only child of his dead wife though I was, I had never succeeded in endearing myself to him; he was always averse to my leaving home; and hitherto his humor, in this respect, had harmoniously chimed in with my own. But I felt it hard now, and harder yet when Geoffrey, after fruitlessly arguing the point on all sides, and being invariably met by the same quiet but positive shake of the head, rang the bell for his horse, and took leave.

"You outdo the very stones," he said, with a vexed laugh. "Cornish rocks are not so firmly fixed as your Cornish will. *They* move, some of them—but you—! I defy any power to make

your swerve one millionth part of an inch from your equilibrium of stiff, stern opposition and refusal. Good-by, Bertha!"—then, in a subdued tone—"I shall come *again* very soon—*very* soon. I wish much to have a long talk, and—shall I carry any message to Mary?"

My father caught the last words, and prevented my reply—

"My love to little Mary," he cried; "and, I say, Geoffrey, don't you flirt with her. I take a great interest in Mary Lester, and I won't have her peace of mind disturbed for all the gay young fellows in Christendom."

"Flirt—with her!"—muttered Geoffrey, with a rising color, and then he forced a laugh, pressed my hand with nervous vehemence, and was gone.

"He seems to be in a marvelous hurry," remarked my father. "I wonder if the pilchard fishing is the real attraction. Don't go, Bertha; here's a speech I want you to read to me; it's in small print, and the light is failing. Take it to the window, and throw out your voice, that I may hear every word."

Three days passed, and I saw nothing of Geoffrey; nor did we hear any thing from F——. Looking back on those three days, it seems to me that I passed them in a kind of dream, mechanically fulfilling the duties of the time, and willfully blinding myself to all that might have awakened me from my trance. I was a girl—I had never known what love was, till now. I had never known what absence was, till now. And, moreover, I had all my life been wont, not to subdue my feelings, but only to conceal them; and only God, who sees into the hearts that he created, knows how a hidden passion, a hidden anguish, multiplies and dilates in the dark silence of its prison.

On the fourth day, Mrs. Warburton left her room for the first time, and in the afternoon my father drove her out to see some friends who lived some miles away. Left to myself, I took a book, and hurried down the cliff to my favorite haunt among the rocks. Vividly do I remember the sunshiny glory of that September afternoon, the golden transparency of the air, the peculiar clearness of the sea, which, near shore, appeared one mass of liquid emerald, save where the rocks cast their quaint shadows, like frowns upon its still surface. The brown, jagged line of coast, stretching boldly out on either hand, the curved bay of F——, smiling in the distance, with the gray ruin of the castle on its own steep cliff, sternly outlined against the soft blue sky—all is impressed on my mind more keenly than any thing I can see now with bodily vision. I recollect the aromatic odor which rose from the beach, the boughs clustering here and there on the cliffs, and one shining-sailed little fishing-boat, which the lazy breeze scarce caused to move on the quiet sea. I have forgotten nothing.

I sat down on my throne, so high up among the labyrinth of rocks that less accustomed feet than mine would have found it difficult to penetrate thereto. I felt safely alone—and solitude was felicity to me then. I folded my hands on my lap, gazed out into the broad ocean, and floated forth into the yet broader sea of my happy thoughts.

It might have been hours—or only minutes that had elapsed, when the stillness was broken by another sound than the drowsy music of the ebbing tide. A voice, the very echo of which made my heart leap, called on my name.

"Bertha! Bertha! are you here? Answer, if you are."

What was it that choked the answer ere it passed my lips? It may have been fate that held me silent—motionless. Another voice, low, and very sweet, spoke next.

"I am quite tired, climbing these terrible precipices. Let me sit down awhile; may I?"

"May you?"

Something in the tone with which those two little words were repeated smote on my dormant sense, and woke it to keen life. They were very near me now, but the tall peaks of the rocks completely hid them from me. Still they were so near that I could hear every word that passed, though they spoke softly, gently, as lovers, happy lovers should.

"There! That is a proper seat for you, up there, and this is no less fit for me—at your feet. If I raise my eyes I see you—and heaven beyond. Nothing else."

I stood fixed. I listened—I heard all they said; I can hear it *now*.

"Ah, Geoffrey!" it was Mary spoke next: "shall I wake presently? This sunshine, and this emerald sea, and the cloudless sky, it is like what I have seen in dreams—only;" there was a hesitating pause, and then the voice grew trembling and low: "I should never have dreamed you—you loved me."

"Why not? Do you only dream of what you desire?"

She was silent.

"Did you ever dream of loving *me*, Mary?"

"I never thought of it till—till you asked me. And then I asked myself, and—I knew!"

"And did you never guess I loved you?"

"Never, never! I thought you cared for Bertha. If I had discovered my own secret before I knew yours—oh, Geoffrey, what should I have done?"

"Child, child! as if you could ever love in vain!"

"But if I had been right. I thought you loved Bertha."

"What could make you think so? Bertha is my dear friend, my sister. It is so different."

"I am ignorant—inexperienced—I could not detect the difference. And you *do* love her very much; you own it. I could almost be jealous, though I love her myself. I am a foolish little thing. Tell me you love *me* the best!"

"The best! There is no room for positives and comparatives in the world *you* occupy, Mary: you fill it all. It is with another and

distinct being, it seems to me, that I care for the few others I know and love. Rest easy, little jealous heart! You have a realm to yourself—it is your own, and can never belong to any one besides."

"Never, never! Are you quite sure? If I were to die—"

"Hush!"

"It is so strange. I wonder if Bertha knew—"

"Dear Bertha! To think that the first evening you spent at Cliffe she had to coax me into coming to talk with you, Mary! I did not like strangers, and I was cross and cold, and resolved to find you disagreeable. Ah! what an age seems past since then."

"Yes."

"It makes me very happy to know that Bertha and you will love one another. She is so good, so noble! The true, earnest character of a woman I would choose from all others to be the friend of my—my *wife*."

There was a silence. How merrily the waves sang, as they dashed on the rocks, and how the sunshine glared, reflected in the emerald sea! Then chimed in again the soft girlish voice:

"I shall be glad when Bertha knows. I hope she will love me—will be my friend, as you say."

"She will, she will, for my sake, as well as for yours, Mary. I was near telling her all the other evening when I was here. I so yearned to confide in her what I had not then told even to you. But some interruption occurred, and afterward I was glad I had said nothing. For, in case I had found that—you did not love me—I could not have endured that even Bertha should have known—"

"Ah, don't look so stern, Geoffrey! You frighten me."

"Am I so terrible?" he rejoined, with a light laugh. "Well, then, we will think of the happiness it will be *now*, when I tell Bertha, and lead you to her kind arms—"

Somehow, the next words floated from me. It was as if a great tide of roaring waters rushed up into my brain, and drowned all sense for a time. Upon this dull blank, consciousness slowly broke. Piercing the hollow murmur yet resounding in my ears, came a voice, gradually growing more distant. They were going:

"Let me hold your hand, darling. I must guide you over these rocks. Take care, child, take care!"

And then, nothing disturbed the stillness. The waves sang on, the little pebbles glittered in the sunshine, the silver-sailed boat nodded to its shadow in the glassy sea, and I stood gazing in a kind of wonder at my hands, all torn and bleeding, where I had clutched fierce hold of the sharply-pointed rocks beside which I had been standing. . . . . .

At the shrubbery gate stood a servant watching for me. She told me that Miss Lester and Mr. Latimer had been waiting for me all the afternoon—that they were now in the drawing-room at tea. I passed through the garden, crossed the lawn, and stood for a moment at the open window before entering. My father and my step-mother were there with them. Mary was leaning back in a great arm-chair—Geoffrey seated opposite to her—his eyes restlessly wandering about the room, yet ever returning to her face. A pale, fragile face it was, with the drooped eyes, and the long tresses of fair hair floating round it. There was a trembling consciousness in the quivering mouth—in the downcast eyes. I did not dare look longer on her—I stepped into the room.

"Ah, Bertha!" Geoffrey sprang to my side, and clasped my hand; and Mary timidly stole up, and tried to wind her arms round me.

"Go away, all of you!" I cried, releasing myself, with a loud laugh; "don't you see I'm wounded, and must be delicately handled." I held out my hands in testimony. "This comes of climbing rocks in a hurry."

"Did you fall? did you hurt yourself?" anxiously asked Geoffrey.

"Yes; both; I should like some tea," I added, passing to the tea-table, and sitting beside my step-mother.

"Poor thing; I dare say it has shaken you," observed she, ever compassionate to physical ailments.

"Shaken her—Bertha!" repeated my father. "Stuff! I defy any amount of tumble to ruffle Bertha's equanimity. She's a thorough Cornish woman—bred among the cliffs and rocks of our rough coast, till she's almost rock herself. Arn't you, Bertha?"

"Quite, sir."

"Not quite," said Geoffrey, seating himself beside me. "Ah, those poor little hands—how terribly they have been cut by the cruel rocks. Why don't you bind them up, Bertha?"

"Ah, let me—let me!" cried Mary. She knelt down at my feet, and drew forth her delicate little cambric handkerchief, and gently took hold of my hand. I held my breath—I might have borne it only I saw the look of his eyes as they were fixed on her. I snatched the hand away, and drew back my chair from her as she leaned against it. She would have fallen forward, but that Geoffrey's arm was quick to support her, and to raise her to her feet.

"Dear Bertha, did I hurt you?" she inquired—and she *would* persist in hovering round me, looking at me with her affectionate eyes—while *he* watched her, and loved her more, I knew, for her care of me.

"I can not bear to be touched," I answered; "I am afraid I must forfeit my character of being perfect mint after all—for you see this casualty has somewhat disordered my nerves."

"Nerves!" growled my father; "the first time I ever heard the words from *your* lips. Don't *you* take to nerves, for mercy's sake!"

"There is no fear of that," cried I, laughing; "and pray don't let any one alarm themselves about me," I added, looking mockingly on the anxious faces of Geoffrey and Mary. "I am perfectly able to take care of myself, wounded

though I am. I ought to apologize for occupying so much of your time and attention."

"Don't talk like that, Bertha," said Geoffrey, gravely; "you know what concerns you, concerns us!"

Us! The word stung me into fury, and I could not trust myself to speak.

"I so regret," said the polite, equable tones of my step-mother, as she turned to her guests, "that we should all have been out when you came. You must have waited here some hours. Such a pity!"

"We went down to the shore to look for Bertha among the rocks," said Geoffrey; "I wonder we did not see you," he continued, addressing me, "since you were there. We called you—we hunted for you. You must have wandered very far."

"Yes," I replied, briefly, "I had."

"I am afraid you are tired," he pursued, in a lower tone, "and yet I do so wish that we may have one of our happy twilight loiterings up and down the shrubbery walk this evening. Will you, Bertha?"

"No, I can not—I am weary," I said. My own voice smote strangely on my ear, it was so harsh. But he did not notice it—for Mary was speaking to him.

"Mrs. Warburton has no objection—she may come."

"Ah, Bertha, will you come back with us to F—— this evening?" said Geoffrey, with great animation; "that will be better still. Will you come?"

"It is impossible," said I, still quietly; "I can not leave home."

"I had to meet the entreaties of Mary—the anxious remonstrances of Geoffrey. At length they left me, and talked apart together. It was about me, I knew. He was uneasy about me—thought that my confinement to the house during Mrs. Warburton's illness had been too much for me. He said so, when he came up to me again.

"And I have been thinking that you ought to have some one to take care of you, dear Bertha; and if you do not feel well enough to leave home, Mary shall stay here with you, and nurse you. She wishes to do so."

I yet retained enough of reason to keep calm in order to prevent *that* plan's accomplishment. I had half anticipated it—I dreaded that I might presently encourage it—and then! No, I dared not have her left with me. So I whispered to Geoffrey that he must not propose such a scheme—that it would ruffle my step-mother to have an unpremeditated guest in the house that evening—that it could not be.

"Ah, poor Bertha!" he said tenderly; "dear Bertha! Some day she shall be better cared for."

His pity—his tenderness—maddened me. I started from my seat, and went out into the cool evening air. Mary followed me.

"See, the moon is rising!" cried I, merrily. "Did you ever see the moon rise over the sea from our rocks, down there? Our beautiful rocks!"

"No—let us go there and watch it. Papa and mamma won't be here with the carriage for a whole hour yet, and your papa is going to carry off Mr. Latimer to look at some horses. And I love the rocks—don't you?"

"Ay—the happy, beautiful rocks!"

"Come, then, I know the way." She ran on before; I followed slowly, vaguely feeling that the air was pleasant and cool to my brow, and that it was easier to breathe out of the house. Before I reached the wicket, through which Mary had already disappeared, I was joined by Geoffrey.

"You said you were too tired to walk with *me*," he said in smiling reproach; "but you are going with Mary. Well, I forgive you. And, ah! Bertha, let me tell you now—"

"No, no, I can't wait," I cried; "besides—don't you hear my father calling you? He is impatient—you must go to him directly."

"*Soit!*" He turned away shrugging his shoulders with an air of forced resignation. I watched him till a turn in the path hid him, and the sound of his footsteps ceased. I was quite alone in the solemn stillness of the twilight. A faint odor stole from the flowers that nodded on their stems in the evening breeze; the murmur of the waves flowing in on the shore below came hushingly to my ears; and the moon was just breaking from a great white cloud—its beams lay on the sea in a long trembling column of light. The purity, the peace of the time fell on my heart like snow upon a furnace. There was that within me which was fiercely at war with every thing calm or holy. I turned away from the moonlight—from the flowers; and with eyes bent fixedly on the ground, I trod the garden path to and fro—to and fro—*thinking!*—

"Bertha—Bertha! oh, come!"

A voice, strained to its utmost yet still coming faintly, as from a distance, called upon my name. I know I must have heard it many times before it penetrated the chaos of my mind, and spoke to my comprehension. Then I knew it was Mary, who had long ago hastened down among the rocks, and who wondered, doubtless, that I did not join her. I paused and listened again.

"Oh, come! Bertha, Bertha, help me!"

The voice sunk with a despairing cadence. What could it mean—that earnest supplicating cry? I was bewildered, at first; and then I thought it must have been my own fancy that invested the dim sounds with such a wild and imploring tone. But I hurried through the wicket and down the path, when, midway, I was arrested by another cry, more distinct now, because nearer.

"Save me! Bertha, Bertha—help!"

Then I understood all. Her inexperienced steps had wandered into one of those bewildering convolutions of the rocks, and the advancing tide now barred her egress. I stood motionless

as the conviction flashed upon me. Quick, shrill, despairing came the cries, now.

"Come to me, oh, come and save me! I shall be drowned—drowned. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! help me! Don't let me die—come to me, Geoffrey!"

Even in her desperation her voice took a tenderer tone in calling on his name. And I did not move. Shriek upon shriek smote on the stillness; but well I knew that all ears save mine were far away; that the loudest cry that could come from the young, delicate girl, would never be heard, except by me. Soon, exhausted by her own violence, her voice died away into a piteous wailing, amid which I could catch broken words—words that rooted anew my stubborn feet to the ground; words that scorched and seared me, and hardened into a purpose the bad thoughts, that at first only confusedly whirled and throbbed at my heart.

"Geoffrey! come quickly to me. I shall die. Oh, Geoffrey! it is so hard to die *now!* Where are you, that you do not come to save me? Oh, Geoffrey! *my* Geoffrey!"

"He will never hear, he is far away," I said to myself; "there is no help for her, none." I felt myself smiling at the thought.

"I am drowning! Oh, the cruel sea—the dreadful, dreadful rocks!" shrieked the voice.

"The beautiful rocks," I muttered, "you said you loved them, but a little while ago. It was there that you and he— Ay, shriek on!"

The advancing tide was not more cruel, the hard rocks more immovable, than I, as I stood listening, till again the cries subsided into a moaning that blended with the rush of the waves.

"Oh, my mother! my mother! Heaven help me—have mercy on me!"

The voice was suddenly quite hushed. I shivered, and a strange, awful, deadly feeling stole over me. In that minute what an age passed.

I know how murderers feel.

But God is merciful—most merciful. Again the supplicating voice rose to my ears, this time like music. I sprang from the ground where the moment before I had crouched, and dashed down the cliff.

My mind was perfectly clear. It has been a blessed thought to me, since, that it was no delirious impulse turned me on my way to save her. I might have been mad before, I was not now. I had full command of my reason, and as I clambered along, I at once decided on the only plan by which I could rescue her. I knew every turn and twist of the rocks, and very soon I gained a high peak, above where she stood, at the farthest corner of a little creek, into which the tide was driving rapidly. There was no time to lose. I slid down the steep, smooth rock to her side. She was nearly unconscious with terror, yet when she saw me she uttered a glad cry, and wound her arms round my neck in her old caressing way. I let them stay there. I tried to arouse her courage. I told her I would save her, or we would die together. I bade her cling fast to me, and fear nothing; and then, with one arm strongly holding her slender, childish form, and with the other, grasping the rocks for support, I waded with her through the waters.

Before we rounded the chain of steep rocks which had shut her in from the shore, she fainted. I was very strong. I raised her in my arms, and clasped her close. I climbed my way with vigor, I never felt her weight. I felt nothing, except thanksgiving that she was living, breathing, safe!

A sound of voices came confusedly from the cliff. I answered with all the power I could, and I was heard. Ere I gained the foot of the cliff, I saw, in the clear moonlight, a figure rushing toward us—Geoffrey. It yet rings in my ears, the terrible cry which burst from him, as he beheld the figure lying lifeless in my arms.

"She is living, she is safe!" I cried. I saw the change in his face, as he snatched her from me to his heart. Then I fell at his feet, and knew no more.

UNCLE BERNARD'S STORY.

OH! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner, for the winter was howling against the windows, looked up from his large-print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book."

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Yes! yes! Uncle Bernard," chomped the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen.

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, whose name was *Sthenos*. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off and lost himself among the shadows of the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair; his nails were like claws, and he could climb the trees or swim in the water as easily as walk on the ground. Gigantic in height, his shoulders were broad and his limbs sturdy. He could outrun the swiftest deer, hit with a stone the flying bird, and kill with his knotty club the fiercest beasts. He ate only what he won in the chase, with some pleasant herbs or fruits, or honey which he found in hollow trunks and among the rocks; and he drank only water

from springs, or the deep river which flowed through the valley. He slept in caves or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts should catch him unawares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a certain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him as superior to the brutes around him, and made them acknowledge him as their lord. Thus he lived, lonely and unhappy, and, notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day as he was pushing through a thicket to reach the river, he heard singing sweeter than any he had ever heard. He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of all birds, and that this was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wonder, trembling with a new feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant where his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky. While she sung, she looked upward as if some one was hearing her, whom Sthenos could not see, and then she listened as if to a voice he could not hear. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, and said: 'Sthenos, our good God whom you have so long forgotten has not forgotten you; but pitying your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love.'

"As she spoke she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had parted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole being seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inexpressible happiness.

"'And now that I am to dwell with you, dear Sthenos, lead me to your home!'

"'Home!' replied he, 'I know not what you mean!'

"'Where do you rest after the chase, or amid the darkness? Where do you eat your food, and where do you most delight to be? That is home.'

"'I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where weariness or night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have killed the deer then I eat. I have never thought of a home.'

"'Come, then,' said she, sweetly, 'let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;' and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on until they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before which a sunny meadow spread itself toward the southwest, blooming with harebells and daisy-cups, and pansies, and many more wild flowers. 'Is it not charming?' said she; 'the spring shall give us water, and the rock guard us from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows as they float mingled together over the green grass and the flowers that spring up through the verdure.

"Sthenos smiled, and, though he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm of nature he had never before known.

"'Now,' she said, 'the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too hotly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed birches.' This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the mean time she had gathered heaps of dry mosses, and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf-covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved bark, overlapping in successive and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and said: 'This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;' and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, trailing, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

"The simple meal, soon prepared by her skillful hands, he thought more savoury than he had ever had; but before she suffered him to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God the giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless Preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him soft garments out of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skillful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the hut constantly received new conveniences and ornaments from his strong or her cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return bearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a goat with full udders to his home, dear because hers.

"On waking one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender, holy thoughts, and said, 'You called me Sthenos, but have never told me the name by which I am to call you, my dearest.'

"'You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sthenos, whenever you are in trouble, in need, or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and whatever love can do, I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessing of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when you shall have learned to sing and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall leave the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, far more beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago.'

"'O happy hope,' replied Sthenos; 'I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts.'

"'Say not so, Sthenos,' answered she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; 'our highest joy will be to dwell with our good God.'

"From that moment Sthenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; three daughters like their mother, graceful. But one fair morning the father and the mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling): their children went anxiously in to seek them, but they found them not. Sthenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

"The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): 'I pointed out the way to them and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden.'

"'And I,' said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, 'bore them up on my wings.

"'And I,' joyfully exclaimed the third, who had eyes like the first spring violets washed with rain, 'have made them both one forever.'

"Then turning to her sister angels, she said: 'Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united being with immortal happiness.'"

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude, "that is better than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sthenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?"

"I made them out of the Greek," answered the old man: "and by Sthenos, I mean man left to himself, when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to holy wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," adds Robert, "for faith gives pious people courage."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love lives forever," whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child! you look like her," whispers back Uncle Bernard.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"WHEN you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes, for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonizing those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves—and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but, after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours."

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said, sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me."

The frank, joyous husband, was, as he ex-

pressed it, "shut up for the evening." And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the "family kill-joy."

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel's whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit: yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equaled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love, as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth her life was one long weak wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die! What sin had she committed to be so sorely tried?

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifle with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and, even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day; come into my study."

Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in the other her lover's despair.

"He says, Bell, that you have been engaged above a year. We must not be hard on him. He is naturally desirous to have the affair settled. What do you say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage?"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.

"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"

"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma" (her head sorrowfully bent down).

"That is the trial of life, my child," said Mr. Gray, in a low tone; his face full of that quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We can not expect to keep you with us always; and although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell: what answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling, and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half-sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said: "There, go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave, and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me, and meanwhile—go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from this terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but," sighed the lady, "no man ever loved as much as woman loves!"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk? Can you not understand the duty of silence? Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said, "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland." They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble, too—much more than was

necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long, which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold, and her grief, and her weariness made her the most painful companion, especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations, plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savored less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, and who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half-distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once, to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting-fits performed by her mother.

It wanted only a week now to the marriage when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.

"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Doctor Melville if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time: but she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger?" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door, and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly round the room, expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; send for your father." A new nature seemed to be roused in Isabel. Agitated and frightened as she was, a womanly self-possession seemed to give her double power, both of act and vision, and to bury forever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell, and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said, quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face gently; and, without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then, as her father entered, she drew back the curtains, and opened the window, saying, softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that every thing was already done which could be done without professional advice; and, giving his wife's pale cheek a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying, simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man could have done it, was at Doctor Melville's door.

All this self-possession seemed to Mrs. Gray only intense heartlessness; and she lay there brooding over the indifference of her husband and child with such bitterness, that at last she burst into a fit of hysterical tears, and threw herself into such agitation, that she brought back the bleeding from the ruptured vessel to a more alarming extent than before. She would have been more comforted, ten thousand times, if they had both fallen to weeping and wailing, and had rendered themselves useless by indulgence in grief. Love with her meant pity and caresses.

"Oh, child!" gasped Mrs. Gray, "how little you love me!"

Isabel said nothing for a moment. She kissed her mother's hand, and with difficulty repressed her tears; for it was a terrible accusation, and almost destroyed her calmness. But, fearing that any exhibition of emotion would excite and harm her mother, she pressed back the tears into her inmost heart, and only said, "Dearest mother, you know I love you more than my life!"

But Mrs. Gray was resolved to see in all this calmness only apathy. She loosened her daughter's hand pettishly, and sobbed afresh. If Isabel had wept a sea of tears, and had run the risk of killing her with agitation, she would have been better pleased than now. Isabel thought her mind was rather affected, and looked anxiously for her father.

"Don't stay with me, Isabel! Go—go—you want to go!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, at long, long

intervals. "Go to your lover, he is the first consideration now."

"Dear mamma, why do you say such terrible things?" said the girl, soothingly. "What has come to you?"

"If you loved me," sighed Mrs. Gray, "you would act differently!"

At this moment Herbert Gray and Dr. Melville entered. Having examined the patient, the doctor at once said,

"You have done every thing, Miss Isabel, like the most experienced nurse. You deserve great praise. Had you been less capable or less self-possessed, your mother might have lost her life."

He said this to comfort the patient; but she turned away sadly, and murmured,

"My child does not love me; she has done her duty; but duty is not love!"

Mrs. Gray recovered from this phase of her illness only to fall into another more dangerous. In a few weeks she was pronounced in a deep decline, which might last for some years, or be ended in comparatively a few days—one of those lingering and capricious forms of consumption, that keeps every one in a kind of suspense, than which the most painful certainty would be better.

Of course Isabel's marriage was postponed to an indefinite time, and Charles Houghton murmured sadly, as was natural. He proved to Isabel in most conclusive logic, that the kindest thing she could do for her mother, and the most convincing proof of love she could give her, was to marry him at once, and then she would have a great deal more time to attend on her; for now his visits took up so much time, and all that would be saved. His logic failed; and then he got very angry. So that between her mother and her lover, the girl's life was not spent among roses. She went on, however, doing her duty steadily; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but acting as she felt to be right.

Her mother's querulous complaints used always to be most severe after some terrible scene with Charles, when perhaps he had been beseeching Isabel not to kill him with delay.

One day Charles came to the house, looking very pale.

"You are ill!" she said, anxiously.

"I am, Isabel, very ill."

She took his hand and caressed it in both her own, looking fondly into his face. He left his hand quite passive. To say the truth frankly, although he looked ill he looked also sulky.

"Can I do any thing for you?"

"Every thing, Isabel," he said, abruptly: "Marry me."

She tried to smile, but her lover's gravity chilled her.

"You can do all for me, and you do nothing."

"I will do all I can. But if a greater duty—"

"A greater duty!" Charles interrupted. "What greater duty can you have than to the man you love and who loves you, and whose wife you have promised to be!"

"But Charley, if I were your wife, I should then have, indeed, no greater duty than your happiness. As it is, I have more sacred ties—though none dearer," she added, in her gentlest voice.

"I also have superior duties, Isabel."

She started; but after a moment's pause, she said,

"Certainly." The young man watching her face intently.

"And how will you feel, Isabel, when I place those ties far above your love, and all I owe you, and all that we have vowed together?"

"Nothing unkind toward you, Charles," Isabel answered, her heart failing her at the accusing tone of her lover's voice.

"But Isabel, you will not let me go alone!" he cried, passionately. "You can not have the heart to separate from me—perhaps forever!"

He threw his arms round her.

"Go alone—separate—what do you mean? *Are* you going any where? or are you only trying me?"

"Trying you, my dear Isabel? no, I am too sadly in earnest!"

"What do you mean, then?" tears filling her eyes.

"You know that my father's affairs have been rather embarrassed lately?"

"No," she said, speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, his West India property is almost a wreck. He has just lost his agent of yellow fever, and must send out some one immediately to manage the estate. It is all he has to live on, unless he has saved something—and I don't think he has—when he can no longer practice at the bar. It is too important to be lost."

"Well, Charles?"

"I must go."

There was a deep pause. Isabel's slight fingers closed nervously on the hand in hers; she made a movement as if she would have held him nearer to her.

"And now what will you do, my Isabel? will you suffer me to go alone? will you let me leave you, perhaps forever—certainly for years—without the chance of meeting you again, and with many chances of death! Will you virtually break your engagement, and give me back my heart, worn, and dead, and broken? or will you brave the world with me, become my wife, and share my fortunes?"

"Charles; how can I leave my mother, when every day may be her last; yet when, by proper care and management, she may live years longer? What can I do?"

"Come with me. Listen to the voice of your own heart, and become my wife."

Isabel sunk back in deep thought. "No," she whispered, "my mother first of all—before you."

He let her hand fall from his. "Choose, then," he said, coldly.

She clung to him; weeping now and broken. He pressed her to his heart. He believed that he had conquered.

"Choose," he again whispered. "If you have not chosen already;" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Charles! you know how dearly I love you."

At that moment her mother's cough struck her ear. The windows were open, and it sounded fearfully distinct in the still summer air. Isabel shuddered, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, resting it there for many minutes.

"I have chosen," she then said, after a long, long pause. She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes. Although pale as a marble statue, but quiet and resolved, she never looked so lovely, never so loveworthy. There was something about her very beauty that awed her lover, and something in the very holiness of her nature that humbled and subdued him—only for a moment; that passed, and all his man's eagerness and strength of will returned, and he would have given his life to destroy the very virtues he reverenced.

He besought her by every tender word love ever framed, to listen to him and to follow him. He painted scenes of such desolation and of such abject misery without her, that Isabel wept. He spoke of his death as certain, and asked how she would feel when she heard of his dying of a broken heart in Jamaica, and how could she be happy again when she had that on her conscience? And although she besought him to spare her, and once was nearly fainting in his arms from excessive emotion, yet he would not; heaping up her pile of woes high and still higher, and telling her throughout all, "that she did not love him now."

After a fearful scene the girl tore herself away; rushing as if for refuge from a tempting angel, and from herself, into her mother's room; busying herself about that sick bed with even greater care and tenderness than usual.

"You have been a long time away, Isabel," Mrs. Gray said, petulantly.

"Yes: I am very sorry, dearest mamma. I have been detained." Isabel kissed her withered hand.

"Detained—you don't deny it, Isabel."

"I am very sorry."

Tears trembled in her mother's eyes as she murmured, "Sorry! Don't stay with me, child, if you wish to go. I am accustomed to be alone."

"I entreat you not to think that I wish to leave you for a moment."

"Oh, yes, you do, Isabel! I daresay Charles is below stairs—he seems to be always here since I have been ill. You have a great deal to say to him, I am sure."

"I have said all I had to say," answered Isabel, quietly.

She was sitting in the shadow of the window-curtains; and, as she spoke, she bent her head lower over her work. Her mother did not see the tears which poured down fast from her eyes.

"Oh, then it was Charles who kept you! I can easily understand, my love, the burden I must be to you. I am sure you are very good not to wish me dead—perhaps you do wish me dead, often—I am in your way, Isabel. If I had died, you would have been happily married by this time; for you would not have worn mourning very long, perhaps. Why have I been left so long to be a burden to my family?"

All this, broken up by the terrible cough and by sobs and tears, Isabel had to bear and to soothe away, when she herself was tortured with real grief.

Charles departed for Jamaica. The thick shadow of absence fell between their two hearts. Henceforth she must live on duty, and forget love; now almost hopeless. A stern decree this for a girl of nineteen.

For the youth himself, the excitement of the voyage, the novelty of his strange mode of life, and the distractions of business, were all so many healing elements which soon restored peace to his wounded heart. Not that he was disloyal, or forgetful of his love, but he was annoyed and angry. He thought that Isabel might have easily left her mother to go with him, and that she was very wrong not to have done so. Between the excitement of new scenes and new amusements, and the excitement of anger and disappointment, Charles Houghton recovered his serenity, and flourished mightily on Jamaica hospitality.

By the end of that year the invalid grew daily weaker and weaker. She could not leave her bed, now; and then she could not sit up even; and soon she lay without motion or color—and then, on the first day of spring, she died. She died on the very same day that Charles Houghton entered the house of the rich French planter, Girard, and was presented to his heiress, Pauline.

Pauline Girard! a small, dark, gleaming gem—a flitting humming-bird—a floating flower—a firefly through the night—a rainbow through the storm—all that exists in nature most aerial, bright and beautiful; these Charles compared her to and a great deal more; that is—when they first met. Charles, with his great Saxon heart fell in love with her at first sight. It was not love such as he had felt for Isabel. It struck him like a swift disease. It was not the quiet, settled, brother-like affection which had left him nothing to regret and little to desire; but it was a wild fierce fever that preyed on his heart and consumed his life. He would fly; he would escape; he was engaged to Isabel. It must be that she did not love him, else she never could have suffered him to leave her; yet he was bound to her. Honor was not to be lightly sacrificed. Would Pauline, with her large passionate eyes, have given up her lover so coldly? Still he was engaged, and it was a sin and a crime to think of another. He would fly from

the danger while he could; he would fight the battle while he had strength. He was resolved, adamant. One more interview with Pauline and—but Pauline presented herself accidentally in the midst of these indomitable projects. One glance from her deep sapphire eyes put all his resolutions to flight—duty like a pale ghost, passing slowly by in the shade.

When fully awake to the truth of his position, Houghton wrote to Isabel. He wrote to her like a madman, imploring her to come out to him immediately; to lay aside all foolish scruples, to think of him only as her husband, to trust to him implicitly, and to save him from destruction. He wrote to her with a fierce emphasis of despair and entreaty that burned like fire in his words.

This letter found Isabel enfeebled by long attendance on her mother; unable to make much exertion of mind or body, and requiring entire repose. That she should be restored to her lover; that she should be happy as his wife, was, for a moment like a new spring-tide in her life to dream. Then she remembered her father, her dear, patient, noble, self-denying father, to whom she was now every thing in life; and she wrote and told Charles that she could not go out to him; but reminded him that his term of absence had nearly expired; and that, when he returned, they should be married, never to be parted again. Why should they not be married in England rather than in Jamaica?

"Thank God I am free!" Houghton exclaimed when he had read the letter. It dropped from his nerveless hand. He ordered his horse, and rode through the burning tropical sun to Pauline Girard. Not two hours after the receipt of Isabel's letter he was the accepted lover of the young French heiress.

Poor Isabel! at that instant she was praying for him in her own chamber.

News came to England in due time. Charles himself wrote to Isabel, gently and kindly enough; but unmistakably. It stood in plain, distinct words, "I am to be married to Pauline Girard;" and no sophistry could soften the announcement. He tried to soothe her wounded feeling by dealing delicately with her pride. He had been, he urged, only secondary in her heart. She placed others before him, and would make no sacrifice for him. What had happened was her own doing entirely; she had not cared to retain him, and he had only acted as she would have him act, he was sure of that, in releasing her. And then he was "hers very affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less among even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVII.—Esther's Narrative.

I HAD gone to bed and fallen asleep, when my Guardian knocked at the door of my room and begged me to get up directly. On my hurrying to speak to him and learn what had happened, he told me, after a word or two of preparation, that there had been a discovery at Sir Leicester Dedlock's. That my mother had fled; that a person was now at our door who was empowered to convey to her the fullest assurances of affectionate protection and forgiveness if he could possibly find her, and that I was sought for to accompany him, in the hope that my entreaties might prevail upon her, if his failed. Something to this general purpose, I made out; but I was thrown into such a tumult of alarm, and hurry and distress, that in spite of every effort I could make to subdue my agitation, I did not seem, to myself, fully to recover my right mind until hours had passed.

But I dressed and wrapped up expeditiously without waking Charley or any one, and went down to Mr. Bucket, who was the person intrusted with the secret. In taking me to him my Guardian told me this, and also explained how it was that he had come to think of me. Mr. Bucket, in a low voice, by the light of my Guardian's candle, read to me, in the hall, a letter that my mother had left upon her table, and I suppose within ten minutes of my having been aroused, I was sitting beside him, rolling swiftly through the streets.

His manner was very keen and intent, and yet considerate, when he explained to me that a great deal might depend on my being able to answer without confusion a few questions that he wished to ask me. These were, chiefly, whether I had had much communication with my mother (to whom he referred as Lady Dedlock), when and where I had spoken with her last, and how she had become possessed of my handkerchief. When I had satisfied him on these points, he asked me particularly to consider—taking time to think—whether within my knowledge, there was any one, no matter where, in whom she might be at all likely to confide, under circumstances of the last necessity. I could think of no one but my Guardian. But, by-and-by, I mentioned Mr. Boythorn. He came into my mind as connected with his old chivalrous manner of mentioning my mother's name, and with what my Guardian had informed me of his engagement to her sister, and his unconscious connection with her unhappy story.

My companion had stopped the driver while we held this conversation, that we might the better hear each other. He now told him to go on again, and said to me, after considering within himself for a few moments, that he had made up his mind how to proceed. He was quite willing to tell me what his plan was; but I did not feel clear enough to understand it.

* Continued from the August Number.

We had now driven very far from our lodgings, when we stopped in a by-street, at a public-looking place lighted up with gas. Mr. Bucket took me in and sat me in an arm-chair, by a bright fire. It was now past one, as I saw by the clock against the wall. Two police officers, looking in their perfectly neat uniform not at all like people who were up all night, were quietly writing at a desk, and the place seemed very quiet altogether, except for some beating and calling out at distant doors underground, to which nobody paid any attention.

A third man in uniform, whom Mr. Bucket called, and to whom he whispered his instructions, went out, and then the two others advised together, while one wrote from Mr. Bucket's subdued dictation. It was a description of my mother that they were busy with; for Mr. Bucket brought it to me when it was done, and read it in a whisper. It was very accurate indeed.

The second officer, who had attended to it closely, then copied it out, and called in another man in uniform (there were several in an outer room) who took it up and went away with it. All this was done with the greatest dispatch and without the waste of a moment, yet nobody was at all hurried, or made any kind of show. As soon as the paper was sent out upon its travels, the two officers resumed their former quiet work of writing with great neatness and care. Mr. Bucket thoughtfully came and warmed the soles of his boots, first one and then the other, at the fire.

"Are you well wrapped up, Miss Summerson?" he asked me, as his eyes met mine. It's a desperate sharp night for a young lady to be out in."

I told him I cared for no weather, and was warmly clothed.

"It may be a long job," he observed; "but so that it ends well, never mind, miss."

"I pray to heaven it may end well," said I.

He nodded comfortingly. "You see, whatever you do, don't you go and fret yourself. You keep yourself cool and equal for any thing that may happen; and it'll be the better for you, the better for me, the better for Lady Dedlock, and the better for Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

He was really very kind and gentle; and as he stood before the fire warming his boots and rubbing his face with his forefinger, I felt a confidence in his sagacity which re-assured me. It was not yet a quarter to two when I heard horses' feet and wheels outside. "Now Miss Summerson," said he, "we are off, if you please!"

He gave me his arm, and the two officers courteously bowed me out, and we found at the door a phaeton or barouche, with a postillion and post horses. Mr. Bucket handed me in, and took his own seat on the box. The man in uniform, whom he had sent to fetch this equipage, then handed him up a dark lantern at his request; and when he had given a few directions to the driver we rattled away.

I was far from sure that I was not in a dream for we rattled with great rapidity, through such a labyrinth of streets that I soon lost all idea of where we were, except that we had crossed and re-crossed the river, and still seemed to be traversing a low-lying water-side dense neighborhood of narrow thoroughfares, checkered by docks and basins, high piles of warehouses, swing-bridges, and masts of ships. At length we stopped at the corner of a little slimy turning, which the wind from the river—rushing up it—did not purify, and I saw my companion, by the light of his lantern, in conference with several men, who looked like a mixture of police and sailors. Against the mouldering wall by which they stood, there was a bill, on which I could discern the words, "FOUND DROWNED;" and this, and an inscription about Drags, possessed me with the awful suspicion shadowed forth in our visit to that place.

I had nobody to remind myself that I was not there, by the indulgence of any feeling of mine, to increase the difficulties of the search, or to lessen its hopes, or enhance its delays, and I remained quiet; but what I suffered in that dreadful spot I never can forget. And still it was like the horror of a dream. A man, yet dark and muddy, in long, swollen, sodden boots, and a hat like them, was called out of a boat, and whispered with Mr. Bucket, who went away with him down some slippery steps—as if to look at something secret he had to show. They came back, wiping their hands upon their coats, after turning over something wet—but thank God it was not what I feared!

After some further conference, Mr. Bucket (whom every body seemed to know and defer to) went in with all the others at a door, and left me in the carriage, while the driver walked up and down by his horses, to warm himself. The tide was coming in, as I judged from the sound it made, and I could hear it break at the end of the alley with a little rush toward me. It never did so; and I still thought it did so, hundreds of times, in what can have been at the most a quarter of an hour, and probably was less; but the thought shuddered and rushed through me that it would cast my mother at the horses' feet.

Mr. Bucket came out again, exhorting the others to be vigilant, darkened his lantern, and once more took his seat. "Don't you be alarmed, Miss Summerson, on account of our coming here," he said, turning to me. "I only want to have every thing in train, and to know that it is in train by looking after it myself. Get on, my lad!"

We appeared to retrace the way we had come. Not that I had taken note of any particular objects in my perturbed state of mind, but judging from the general character of the streets. We called at another office or station for a minute, and crossed the river again. During the whole of this time, and during the whole search, my companion, wrapped up on the box, never relaxed in his vigilance a single moment; but when we crossed the bridge, he seemed, if possible, to be more on the alert than before. He stood up to

look over the parapet; he alighted, and went back after a shadowy female figure that flitted past us, and he gazed into the profound black pit of water with a face that made my heart die within me. The river had a fearful look, so overcast and secret, creeping away so fast between the low, flat lines of shore, so heavy with indistinct and awful shapes, both of substance and shadow, so deathlike and mysterious. I have seen it many times since then, by sunlight and by moonlight, but never free from the impressions of that journey. In my memory the lights upon the bridge are always burning dim, the cutting wind is eddying round the homeless woman whom we pass, the monotonous wheels are whirling on, and in the light of the carriage lamps reflected back, looks palely in upon me a face rising out of the dreaded water.

Clattering and clattering through the empty streets, we came at length from the pavement on to dark smooth roads, and began to leave the houses behind us. After a while, I recognized the familiar way to St. Albans. At Barnet fresh horses were ready for us, and we changed and went on. It was very cold indeed, and the open country was white with snow, though none was falling then.

"An old acquaintance of yours, this road, Miss Summerson?" said Mr. Bucket, cheerfully.

"Yes," I returned. "Have you gathered any intelligence?"

"None that can be quite depended on as yet," he answered; "but it's early times as yet."

He had gone into every late or early public-house where there was a light (they were not a few at that time, the road being then much frequented by drovers), and had got down to talk to the turnpike-keepers. I had heard him ordering drink, and chinking money, and making himself agreeable and merry every where; but whenever he took his seat upon the box again, his face resumed its watchful, steady look, and he always said to the driver in the same business tone, "Get on, my lad!"

With all these stoppages, it was between five and six o'clock, and we were yet a few miles short of Saint Albans, when he came out of one of those houses and handed me in a cup of tea.

"Drink it, Miss Summerson, it'll do you good. You're beginning to get more yourself now, ain't you?"

I thanked him, and said I hoped so.

"You was what you may call stunned at first, you see," he returned; "and Lord! no wonder. Don't speak loud, my dear. It's all right. She's on ahead."

I don't know what joyful exclamation I made, or was going to make, but he put up his finger and I stopped myself.

"Passed through here on foot, this evening, about eight or nine. I heard of her first at the archway toll, over at Highgate, but couldn't make quite sure. Traced her all along, on and off. Picked her up at one place, and dropped her at another; but she's before us now, safe. Take hold of this cup and saucer, hostler. Now, if you wasn't brought up to the butter trade, look out and see if you can catch half-a-crown in your t'other hand. One, two, three, and there you are. Now, my lad, try a gallop!"

We were soon in Saint Albans, and alighted a little before day, when I was just beginning to arrange and comprehend the occurrences of the night, and really to believe that they were not a dream. Leaving the carriage at the posting-house, and ordering fresh horses to be ready, my companion gave me his arm and we went toward home.

"As this is your regular abode here, Miss Summerson, you see," he observed, "I should like to know whether you've been asked for by any stranger answering the description, or whether Mr. Jarndyce has? I don't much expect it, but it might be."

As we ascended the hill, he looked about him with a sharp eye; the day was now breaking, and reminded me that I had come down it one night, as I had reason for remembering, with my little servant and poor Jo—whom he called Toughey.

I wondered how he knew that.

"When you passed a man upon the road, just yonder, you know," said Mr. Bucket.

Yes, I remembered that too, very well.

"That was me," said Mr. Bucket.

Seeing my surprise he went on.

"I drove down in a gig that afternoon, to look after that boy. You might have heard my wheels when you came out to look after him yourself, for I was aware of you and your maid going up, when I was walking the horse down. Making an inquiry or two about him in the town, I soon heard what company he was in, and was coming among the brick-fields to look for him, when I observed you bringing him home here."

"Had he committed any crime?" I asked.

"None was charged against him," said Mr. Bucket, coolly lifting off his hat, "but I suppose he warn't over-particular. No, what I wanted him for was in connection with keeping this very matter of Lady Dedlock quiet. He had been making his tongue more free than welcome, as to a small accidental service he had been paid for by the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn, and it wouldn't do at any sort of price to have him playing those games. So having warned him out of London, I made an afternoon of it to warn him to keep out of it, now he *was* away, and go farther from it, and maintain a bright look-out that I didn't catch him coming back again."

"Poor creature," said I.

"Poor enough," assented Mr. Bucket, "and trouble enough, and well enough away from London or any where else. I was regularly thrown upon my back when I found him taken up by your establishment, I do assure you."

I asked him why? "Why, my dear?" said Mr. Bucket. "Naturally there was no end to his tongue then. He might as well have been

born within twenty yards of it, and a remnant over."

Although I remember this conversation now, my head was in confusion at the time, and my power of attention hardly did more than enable me to understand that he entered into these particulars to divert and entertain me. With the same kind intention, manifestly, he often spoke to me of indifferent things, while his face was busy with the one object that we had in view. He still pursued this subject as we turned in at the garden gate.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bucket. "Here we are, and a nice retired place it is. Puts a man in mind of the country house in the Woodpecker tapping, that was known by the smoke which so gracefully curled. They're early with the kitchen fire, and that denotes good servants. But what you've always got to be careful of with servants, is, who comes to see 'em; you never know what they're up to, if you don't know that. And another thing, my dear. Whenever you find a young man behind the kitchen door, you give that young man in charge on suspicion of being secreted in a dwelling-house with an unlawful purpose."

We were now in front of the house; he looked attentively and closely at the gravel for footprints, before he raised his eyes to the windows.

"Do you generally put that elderly young gentleman in the same room, when he's on a visit here, Miss Summerson?" he inquired, glancing at Mr. Skimpole's usual chamber.

"You know Mr. Skimpole!" said I.

"What do you call him again?" returned Mr. Bucket, bending down his ear. "Skimpole, is it? I've often wondered what his name might be. Skimpole. Not John, I should say, nor yet Jacob?"

"Harold," I told him.

"Harold. Yes. He's a queer bird is Harold," said Mr. Bucket, eying me with great expression.

"He's a singular character," said I.

"No idea of money," observed Mr. Bucket. "He takes it though!"

I involuntarily returned for answer, that I perceived Mr. Bucket knew him.

"Why, now I'll tell you, Miss Summerson," he rejoined. "Your mind will be all the better for not running on one point too continually, and I'll tell you, for a change. It was him as pointed out to me where Toughey was. I made up my mind, that night, to come to the door and ask for Toughey, if that was all; but, willing to try a move or so first, if any such was on the board, I just pitched up a morsel of gravel at that window where I saw a shadow. As soon as Harold opens it and I have had a look at him, thinks I, you're about the man for me. So I smoothed him down a bit, about not wanting to disturb the family, after they was gone to bed and about its being a thing to be regretted that charitable young ladies should harbor vagrants; and then, when I pretty well understood his rigs, I said, I should consider a fypunnote well bestowed if I could relieve the premises of Toughey without causing any noise or trouble. 'There,' says he, lifting up his eyebrows in the gayest way, 'it's no use mentioning a fypunnote to me, my friend, because I'm a mere child in such matters, and have no idea of money.' Of course I understood what his taking it so easy meant, and being now quite sure he was the man for me, I wrapped the note round a little stone and threw it up to him. Well! He laughs and leans, and looks as innocent as you like, and says, 'But I don't know the value of these things. What am I to *do* with this?' 'Spend it, sir,' says I. 'But I shall be taken in,' he says, 'they won't give me the right change, I shall lose it, it's no use to me.' Lord, you never saw such a face as he carried it with! Of course he told me where to find Toughey, and I found him."

I regarded this as very treacherous on the part of Mr. Skimpole toward my Guardian, and as passing the usual bounds of his looseness of principles.

"Bounds, my dear?" returned Mr. Bucket. "Bounds? Now, Miss Summerson, I'll give you a piece of advice that your husband will find useful when you are happily married, and have got a family about you. Whenever a person says to you that they are as innocent as can be in all concerning money, look well after your own money, for they are dead certain to collar it, if they can. Whenever a person proclaims to you 'In worldly matters I'm a child,' you consider that that person's just a-crying off from being held accountable, and that you have got that person's number, and it's Number One. Now I am not a poetical man myself, except in a vocal way when it goes round a company, but I'm a practical one, and that's my practical experience. So's this rule. Fast and loose in one thing, Fast and loose in every thing. I never knew it fail. No more will you. Nor no one. With which caution to the unwary, my dear, I take the liberty of pulling this here bell, and so go back to our business."

I believe it had not been for a moment out of his mind, any more than it had been out of my mind, or out of his face. The whole household were amazed to see me, without any notice, at that time in the morning, and so accompanied; and their surprise was not diminished by my inquiries. No one, however, had been there. It could not be doubted that this was the truth.

"Then, Miss Summerson," said my companion, "we can't be too soon at the cottage where them brickmakers are to be found. Most inquiries there I leave to you, if you'll be so good as to make 'em. The naturalest is the best way, and the naturalest is your own way."

We set off again immediately. On arriving at the cottage, we found it shut up, and apparently deserted; but one of the neighbors who knew me, and who came out when I was trying to make some one hear, informed me that the two women and their husbands now lived together in another house, made of loose rough bricks, which stood on

the margin of the piece of ground where the kilns were, and where the long rows of bricks were drying. We lost no time in repairing to this place, which was within a few hundred yards, and as the door stood ajar I pushed it open.

There were only three of them sitting at breakfast; the child lying asleep on a bed in the corner. It was Jenny, the mother of the dead child, who was absent. The other woman rose on seeing me; and the men, though they were, as usual, sulky and silent, each gave me a morose nod of recognition. A look passed between them when Mr. Bucket followed me in, and I was surprised to see that they evidently knew him.

I had asked leave to enter, of course. Liz (the only name by which I knew her) rose to give me her own chair, but I sat down on a stool near the fire, and Mr. Bucket took a corner of the bedstead. Now that I had to speak, and was among people with whom I was not familiar, I became conscious of being hurried and giddy. It was very difficult to begin, and I could not help bursting into tears.

"Liz," said I, "I have come a long way in the night and through the snow to inquire after a lady—"

"Who has been here, you know," Mr. Bucket struck in, addressing the whole group, with a composed propitiatory face, "that's the lady the young lady means. The lady that was here last night, you know."

"And who told *you* as there was any body here?" inquired Jenny's husband, who had made a surly stop in his eating, to listen, and now measured him with his eye.

"A person of the name of Michael Jackson, in a blue welveteen waistcoat with a double row of mother of pearl buttons," Mr. Bucket immediately answered.

"He had as good mind his own business, whoever he is," growled the man.

"He's out of employment, I believe," said Mr. Bucket, apologetically for Michael Jackson, "and so gets talking, you see."

The woman had not resumed her chair, but stood faltering with her hand upon its broken back, looking at me. I thought she would have spoken to me privately if she had dared. She was still in this attitude of uncertainty when her husband, who was eating with a lump of bread and fat in one hand, and his clasp-knife in the other, struck the handle of his knife violently upon the table, and told her with an oath to mind *her* business at any rate, and sit down.

"I should like to have seen Jenny very much," said I, "for I am sure she would have told me all she could about this lady, whom I am very anxious indeed—you can not think how anxious—to overtake. Will Jenny be here soon? Where is she?"

The woman had a great desire to answer, but the man, with another oath openly kicked at her with his heavy boot. He left it to Jenny's husband to say what he chose, and after a dogged silence the latter turned his shaggy head toward me.

"I'm not partial to gentlefolks coming into my place as you've heard me say afore now, I think, miss. I let their places be, and it's curious they can't let my place be. There'd be a pretty shine made if I was to go a-wisitin *them*, I think. However, I don't so much complain of you as of some others, and I'm agreeable to make you a civil answer, though I give notice that I'm not a-going to be drawed like a badger. Will Jenny be here soon? No she won't. Where is she? She's gone up to Lunnun."

"Did she go last night?" I asked.

"Did she go last night? Ah! she went last night," he answered, with a sulky jerk of his head.

"But was she here when the lady came? And what did the lady say to her? And where is the lady gone? I beg and pray you to be so kind as to tell me," said I, "for I am in great distress to know."

"If my master would let me speak, and not a word of harm—" the woman timidly began.

"Your master," said her husband, muttering an imprecation with slow emphasis, "will break your neck if you meddle with what don't concern you."

After another silence the husband of the absent woman, turning to me again, answered me with his usual grumbling unwillingness.

"Wos Jenny here when the lady come? Yes she wos here when the lady come. Wot did the lady say to her? Well, I'll tell you wot the lady said to her. She said, 'You remember me as come one time to talk to you about the young lady as had been a-visiting of you? You remember me as give you somethink handsome for a hankecher wot she had left?' Ah, she remembered; so we all did. Well, then, was that young lady up at the house now. No, she warn't up at the house now. Well, then, lookee here. The lady was upon a journey all alone, strange as we might think it, and could she rest herself where you're a-setten for a hour or so. Yes she could, and so she did. Then she went—it might be at twenty minutes past eleven, and it might be at twenty minutes past twelve; we arn't got no watches here to know the time by—nor yet clocks. When did she go? I don't know when she go'd. She went one way, and Jenny went another; one went right to Lunnun, and t'other went right from it. That's all about it. Ask this man. He heerd it all, and see it all. He knows."

The other man repeated, "That's all about it."

"Was the lady crying?" I inquired.

"Devil a bit," returned the first man. "Her shoes was the worse, and her clothes was the worse, but she warn't—not as I see."

The woman sat with her arms crossed, and her eyes upon the ground. Her husband had turned his seat a little so as to face her, and kept his hammer-like hand upon the table, as if it were in readiness to excecute his threat if she disobeyed him.

"I hope you will not object to my asking your wife," said I, "how the lady looked?"

"Come then!" he gruffly cried to her, "You hear wot she says. Cut it short and tell her."

"Bad," replied the woman. "Pale and exhausted. Very bad."

"Did she speak much?"

"Not much, but her voice was hoarse."

She answered looking all the while at her husband for leave.

"Was she faint?" said I. "Did she eat or drink here?"

"Go on!" said the husband, in answer to her look. "Tell her, and cut it short."

"She had a little water, miss, and Jenny fetched her some bread and tea. But she hardly touched it."

"And when she went from here"—I was proceeding, when Jenny's husband impatiently took me up.

"When she went from here, she went right away Nor'ard by the high road. Ask on the road if you doubt me, and see if it warn't so. Now, there's the end. That's all about it."

"I glanced at my companion, and finding that he had already risen and was ready to depart, thanked them for what they had told me, and took my leave. The woman looked full at Mr. Bucket as he went out, and he looked full at her.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me as we walked quickly away. "They've got her ladyship's watch among 'em. That's a positive fact."

"You saw it?" I exclaimed.

"Just as good as saw it," he returned. "For why should he talk about his 'twenty minutes past,' and about his having no watch to tell the time by? Twenty minutes! He don't usually cut his time so fine as that. If he comes wharf hours, it's as much as *he* does. Now, you see, either her ladyship gave him that watch, or he took it. I think she gave it him. Now, what should she give it him for? What should she give it him for?"

He repeated this question to himself several times, as we hurried on; appearing to balance between a variety of answers that arose in his mind.

"If time could be spared," said Mr. Bucket—"which is the only thing that can't be spared in this case—I might get it out of that woman; but it's too doubtful a chance to trust to under present circumstances, for they are up to keeping a close eye upon her; and, besides, any fool knows that a poor creature like her, beaten and kicked and scarred and bruised from head to foot, will stand by the husband that ill uses her, through thick and thin. There's something kept back. It's a pity but what we had seen the other woman."

I regretted it exceedingly, for she was very grateful, and I felt sure would have resisted no entreaty of mine.

"It's possible, Miss Summerson," said Mr. Bucket, pondering on it, "that her ladyship sent her up to London with some words for you, and it's possible that her husband got the watch to let her go. It don't come out altogether so plain as to please me, but it's on the cards. Now I don't take kindly to laying out the money of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, on these Roughs, and I don't see my way to the usefulness of it at present. No! So far, our road, Miss Summerson, is on for'ard—straight ahead—and keeping every thing quiet!"

We called at home once more, that I might send a hasty note to my Guardian, and then we hurried back to where we had left the carriage. The horses were brought as soon as we were seen coming, and we were on the road again in a few minutes.

It had set in snowing at daybreak, and it now snowed hard. The air was so thick with the darkness of the day and the density of the fall, that we could see but a very little way in any direction. Although it was extremely cold, the snow was but partially frozen, and it churned—with a sound as if it were a beach of small shells—under the hoofs of the horses, with mire and water. They sometimes slipped and floundered for a mile together, and we were obliged to come to a standstill to rest them. One horse fell three times in this first stage, and trembled so, and was so shaken, that the driver had to dismount from his saddle and lead him at last.

I could eat nothing, and could not sleep; and I grew so nervous under these delays and the slow pace at which we traveled, that I had an unreasonable desire upon me to get out and walk. Yielding to my companion's better sense, however, I remained where I was. All this time, kept fresh by a certain enjoyment of the work in which he was engaged, he was up and down at every house we came to; addressing people whom he had never beheld before as old acquaintances; running in to warm himself at every fire he saw; talking and drinking and shaking hands at every bar and tap; friendly with every wagoner, wheelwright, blacksmith, and toll-taker; yet never seeming to lose time, and always mounting to the box again with his watchful, steady face, and his business-like "Get on, my lad!"

When we were changing horses the next time, he came from the stable yard, with the wet snow encrusted upon him, and dropping off him—plashing and crashing through it to his wet knees, as he had been doing frequently since we left Saint Albans—and spoke to me at the carriage side.

"Keep up your spirits. It's certainly true that she came on here, Miss Summerson. There's not a doubt of the dress by this time, and the dress has been seen here."

"Still on foot!" said I.

"Still on foot. I think the gentleman you mentioned must be the point she's aiming at; and yet I don't like his living down in her own part of the country neither."

"I know so little," said I. "There may be some one else nearer here, of whom I never heard."

"That's true. But whatever you do, don't you fall a-crying, my dear, and don't you annoy yourself more than you can help. Get on my lad!"

The sleet fell all that day unceasingly, a thick mist came over early, and it never rose or lightened for a moment. Such roads I had never seen. I sometimes feared we had missed the way, and

got into the plowed grounds, or the marshes. If I ever thought of the time I had been out, it presented itself as an indefinite period, of great duration; and I seemed in a strange way never to have been free from the anxiety under which I then labored.

As we advanced, I began to feel misgivings that my companion lost confidence. He was the same as before with all the roadside people, but he looked graver when he sat by himself on the box. I saw his finger uneasily going across and across his mouth, during the whole of our long weary stage. I overheard that he began to ask the drivers of coaches and other vehicles coming toward us, what passengers they had seen in other coaches and vehicles that were in advance. Their replies did not encourage him. He always gave me a re-assuring beck of his finger, and lift of his eyelid as he got upon the box again, but he seemed perplexed now, when he said, "Get on, my lad!"

At last, when we were changing, he told me that he had lost the track of the dress so long that he began to be surprised. It was nothing, he said, to lose such a track for one while, and to take it up for another while, and so on; but it had disappeared here in an unaccountable manner, and we had not come upon it since. This corroborated the apprehensions I had formed, when he began to look at direction-posts, and to leave the carriage at cross roads for a quarter of an hour at a time, while he explored them. But I was not to be down-hearted he told me, for it was as likely as not that the next stage might set us right again.

But the next stage ended as that one ended; we had no new clew. There was a spacious inn here, solitary, but a comfortable substantial building, and as we drove in under a large gateway, before we knew it, where a landlady and her pretty daughters came to the carriage door, entreating me to alight and warm myself while the horses were making ready, I thought it would be uncharitable to refuse. They took me up-stairs to a cheerful room and left me there.

It was at the corner of the house, I remember, looking two ways. On the one side, to a stable-yard open to a by-road, where the hostlers were unharnessing the splashed and tired horses from the muddy carriage; and beyond that, to the by-road itself across which the sign was heavily swinging; on the other side, to a wood of dark fir trees. Their branches were encumbered with snow, and it silently dropped off in wet heaps while I stood at the window. Night was setting in, and its bleakness was enhanced by the contrast of the pictured fire glowing and gleaming in the window-pane. As I looked among the stems of the trees, and followed the discolored masses in the snow where the thaw was sinking into it and undermining it, I thought of the motherly face brightly set off by daughters that had just now welcomed me, and of *my* mother lying down in such a wood to die.

I was frightened when I found them all about me—I sitting on the floor, crying—but I remembered that before I fainted I tried very hard not to do it; and that was some little comfort. They cushioned me up, on a large sofa by the fire; and then the comely landlady told me that I must travel no further to-night, but must go to bed. But this put me into such a tremble lest they should detain me there, that she soon recalled her words and compromised for a rest of half-an-hour.

A good endearing creature she was. She and her three fair girls all so busy about me. I was to take hot soup and boiled fowl, while Mr. Bucket dried himself and dined elsewhere; but I could not do it when a snug round table was presently spread by the fireside, though I was very unwilling to disappoint them. However, I could take some toast and some hot negus, and as I really enjoyed that refreshment it made some recompense.

Punctual to the time, at the half-hour's end the carriage came rumbling under the gateway, and they took me down, warmed, refreshed, comforted by kindness, and safe (I assured them) not to faint any more. After I had got in and had taken a grateful leave of them all, the youngest daughter—a blooming girl of nineteen, who was to be the first married, they had told me—got upon the carriage step, reached in, and kissed me. I have never seen her from that hour, but I think of her to this hour as my friend.

The transparent windows with the fire and light—looking so bright and warm from the cold darkness out of doors—were soon gone, and again we were crushing and churning the loose snow. We went on with toil enough, but the dismal roads were not much worse than they had been, and the stage was only nine miles. My companion smoking on the box—I had thought at the last inn of begging him to do so, when I saw him standing at a great fire in a comfortable cloud of tobacco—was as vigilant as ever, and as quickly down and up again when we came to any human abode or any human creature. He had lighted his little dark lantern, which seemed to be a favorite with him for we had lamps to the carriage; and every now and then he turned it upon me, to see that I was doing well. There was a folding-window to the carriage-head, but I never closed it, for it seemed like shutting out hope.

We came to the end of the stage, and still the lost trace was not recovered. I looked at him anxiously when we stopped to change; but I knew by his yet grave face, as he stood watching the hostlers, that he had heard nothing. Almost in an instant afterward, as I leaned back in my seat, he looked in, with his lighted lantern in his hand, an excited and quite different man.

"What is it?" said I, starting. "Is she here?"

"No, no. Don't deceive yourself, my dear. Nobody's here. But I've got it!"

The crystallized snow was in his eyelashes, in his hair, lying in ridges on his dress. He had to shake it from his face and get his breath before he spoke to me.

"Now, Miss Summerson," said he, beating his finger on the apron, "don't you be disappointed at what I'm a-going to do. You know me. I'm Inspector Bucket, and you can trust me. We've come a long way; never mind. Four horses out there for the next stage up! Quick!"

There was a commotion in the yard, and a man came running out of the stables to know "if he meant up or down?"

"Up, I tell you! up! An't it English? Up!"

"Up," said I, astonished, "to London! Are we going back?"

"Miss Summerson," he answered, "back—straight back as a die. You know me. Don't be afraid. I'll follow the other by G—."

"The other?" I repeated. "Who?"

"You called her Jenny, didn't you? I'll follow her. Bring those two pair out here for a crown a mare. Wake up, some of you!"

"You will not desert this lady we are in search of; you will not abandon her on such a night, and in such a state of mind as I know her to be in!" said I, in an agony, and grasping his hand.

"You are right my dear, I won't. But I'll follow the other. Look alive here with them horses. Send a man for'ard in the saddle to the next stage, and let him send another for'ard again, and order for'ard up, right through. My darling, don't you be afraid!"

These orders, and the way in which he ran about the yard, urging them, caused a general excitement that was scarcely less bewildering to me than this sudden change. But in the height of the confusion, a mounted man galloped away to order the relays, and our horses were put-to with great speed.

"My dear," said Mr. Bucket, jumping to his seat, and looking in again—"you'll excuse me if I'm too familiar—don't you fret and worry yourself no more than you can help. I say no more at present; but you know me, my dear; now, don't you?"

I endeavored to say that I knew he was far more capable than I of deciding what we ought to do; but was he sure that this was right? Could I not go forward by myself in search of—I grasped his hand again in my distress and whispered it to him—of my own mother.

"My dear," he answered, "I know—I know—and would I put you wrong do you think? Inspector Bucket. Now you know me, don't you?"

What could I say but yes!

"Then you keep up as good heart as you can, and you rely upon me for standing by you, no less induced by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. Now are you right there?"

"All right, sir!"

"Off she goes then. And get on, my lads!"

We were again upon the melancholy road by which we had come; tearing up the miry street and thawing snow, as if they were torn up by a water-wheel.

CHAPTER LVIII.—A Wintry Day and Night.

Still impassive, as behooves its breeding, the Dedlock town-house carries itself as usual toward the street of dismal grandeur. There are powdered heads from time to time in the little windows of the hall, looking out at the untaxed powder falling all day from the sky; and in the same conservatory there is peach blossom turning itself exotically to the great hall fire from the nipping weather out of doors. It is given out that my Lady has gone down into Lincolnshire, but is expected to return presently.

Rumor, busy overmuch, however, will not go down into Lincolnshire. It persists in flitting and chattering about town. It knows that that poor unfortunate man Sir Leicester has been sadly used. It hears, my dear child, all sorts of shocking things. It makes the world, five miles round, quite merry. Not to know that there is something wrong at the Dedlocks' is to augur yourself unknown. One of the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throats is already apprised of all the principal circumstances that will come out before the Lords, on Sir Leicester's application for a bill of divorce.

At Blaze and Sparkle's the jewelers, and at Sheen and Gloss's the mercers, it is and will be for several hours the topic of the age, the feature of the century. The patronesses of those establishments, albeit so loftily inscrutible, being as nicely weighed and measured there as any other article of the stock-in-trade, are perfectly understood in this new fashion by the hands behind the counter. "Our people, Mr. Jones," said Blaze and Sparkle, to the hand in question on engaging him, "our people, sir, are sheep—mere sheep. Where two or three marked ones go, all the rest follow. Keep those two or three in your eye, Mr. Jones, and you have the flock." So likewise Sheen and Gloss to *their* Jones, in reference to knowing where to have the fashionable people, and how to bring what they (Sheen and Gloss) choose, into fashion. On similar unerring principles, Mr. Sladderly the librarian, and indeed the great farmer of gorgeous sheep, admits this very day, "Why yes, sir, there certainly *are* reports concerning Lady Dedlock, very current indeed among my high connection, sir. You see my high connection must talk about something, sir, and it's only to get a subject into vogue with one or two ladies I could name, to make it go down with the whole. Just what I should have done with those ladies, sir, in the case of any novelty you had left to me to bring in, they have done of themselves in this case through knowing Lady Dedlock, and being perhaps a little innocently jealous of her too, sir. You'll find, sir, that this topic will be very popular among my high connection. If it had been a speculation, sir, it would have brought money. And when I say so, you may trust to my being right, sir; for I have made it my business to study my high connection, and well able to wind it up like a clock, sir."

Thus rumor thrives in the capital, and will not

go down into Lincolnshire. By half-past five, post meridian, Horse Guards' time, it has even elicited a new remark from the Honorable Mr. Stables, which bids fair to outshine the old one, on which he has so long rested his colloquial reputation. This sparkling sally is to the effect that although he always knew she was the best groomed woman in the stud, he had no idea she was a bolter. It is immensely received in turf-circles.

At feasts and festivals also: in firmaments she has graced, and among constellations she outshone but yesterday, she is still the prevalent subject. What is it? Who is it? When was it? Where was it? How was it? She is discussed by her dear friends with all the genteelest slang in vogue, with the last new word, the last new manner, the last new drawl, and the perfection of polite indifference. A remarkable feature of the theme is, it is found to be so inspiring that several people come out upon it who never came out before, positively say things! William Doodle carries one of these smartnesses from the place where he dines down to the House, where the Whip for his party hands it about with his snuff-box to keep men together who want to be off, with such effect that the Speaker (who has had it privately insinuated into his own ear under the corner of his wig) cries "Order at the bar!" three times without making an impression.

And not the least amazing circumstance connected with her being vaguely the town talk, is, that people hovering on the confines of Mr. Sladderly's high connection, people who know nothing and never did know nothing about her, think it essential to their reputation to pretend that she is their topic too, and to retail her with the last new word and the last new manner, and the last new drawl, and the last new indifference, and all the rest of it, in inferior systems and to fainter stars. If there be any man of letters, art, or science, among these, how noble in him to support the feeble sisters on such majestic crutches!

So goes the wintry day outside the Dedlock mansion. How within it?

Sir Leicester lying in his bed can speak a little, though with difficulty and indistinctness. He is enjoined to silence and to rest, and they have given him some opiate to lull his pain; for his old enemy is very hard with him. He is never asleep, though sometimes he seems to fall into a dull waking doze. He caused his bedstead to be moved out nearer to the window when he heard it was such inclement weather, and his head to be so adjusted that he could see the driving snow and sleet. He watches it as it falls, through the whole wintry day.

Upon the least noise in the house—which is kept hushed—his hand is at the pencil. The old housekeeper, sitting by him, knows what he would write, and whispers, "No, he has not come back yet, Sir Leicester. It was late last night when he went. He has been but a little time gone yet."

He withdraws his hand, and falls to looking at the sleet and snow again, until they seem, by being long looked at, to fall so thick and fast, that he is obliged to close his eyes for a minute on the giddy white flakes and ice blots.

He again looks at them as soon as it is light. The day is not yet far spent when he conceives it to be necessary that her rooms should be prepared for her. It is very cold and wet. Let there be good fires. Let them know that she is expected. Please see to it yourself. He writes to this purpose on his slate, and Mrs. Rouncewell with a heavy heart obeys.

"For I dread, George," the old lady says to her son, who waits below to keep her company when she has a little leisure; "I dread, my dear, that my Lady will never more set foot within these walls."

"That's a bad presentiment, mother."

"Nor yet within the walls of Chesney Wold, my dear."

"That's worse. But why, mother!"

"When I saw my Lady yesterday, George, she looked to me—and I may say at me too—as if the step on the Ghost's Walk had almost walked her down."

"Come, come! You alarm yourself with old-story fears, mother."

"No I don't, dear. No I don't. It's going on for sixty years that I have been in this family, and I never had any fears for it before. But it's breaking up, my dear, the great old Dedlock family is breaking up."

"I hope not, mother."

"I am thankful I have lived long enough to be with Sir Leicester in this illness and trouble, for I know I am not too old nor too uselsss to be a welcomer sight to him than any body else in my place would be! But the step on the Ghost's Walk will walk my lady down, George; it has been many a day behind her, and now it will pass her, and go on."

"Well, mother, dear, I say again, I hope not."

"Ah, so do I, George," the old lady returns, shaking her head, and parting and raising her folded hands. "But if my fears come true, and he has to know it, who will tell him!"

"Are these her rooms?"

"These are my Lady's rooms, just as she left them."

"Why, now," says the trooper, glancing round him, and speaking in a lower voice, "I begin to understand how you come to think as you do think, mother. Rooms get an awful look about them when they are fitted up, like these, for one person you are used to see in them, and that person is away under a shadow—let alone being God knows where."

He is not far out. As all partings foreshadow the great final one, so, empty rooms, bereft of a familiar presence, mournfully whisper what your room and what mine must one day be. My Lady's stall has a hollow look, thus gloomy and abandoned; and in the inner apartment, where Mr. Bucket last night made his secret perquisition, the traces of her dresses and her ornaments—even

the mirrors accustomed to reflect them when they were a portion of herself, have a desolate and vacant air. Dark and cold as the wintry day is, it is darker and colder in these deserted chambers than in many a hut that will barely exclude the weather; and though the servants keep great fires in the grates, and set the couches and the chairs within the warm glass screens, that let their ruddy light shoot through them to the furthest corners, there is a heavy cloud upon the rooms which no light dispels.

The old housekeeper and her son remain until the preparations are complete, and then she returns up-stairs. Volumnia has taken Mrs. Rouncewell's place in the mean time, though pearl necklaces and rouge pots, however calculated to embellish rank, are but indifferent comforts to the invalid under present circumstances. Volumnia not being supposed to know (and indeed not accurately knowing) what is the matter, has found it a trying task to offer appropriate observations, and consequently has supplied their place with distracting smoothings of the bed-linen, elaborate locomotion on tiptoe, vigilant peeping at her kinsman's eyes, and one exasperating whisper to herself of "He is asleep," in despite of which superfluous remark Sir Leicester has indignantly written on the slate, "I am not."

Yielding, therefore, the chair at the bedside to the quaint old housekeeper, Volumnia sits at a table a little removed, sympathetically sighing. Sir Leicester watches the sleet and snow, and listens for the returning steps that he expects. In the ears of his old servant, looking as if she had stepped out of an old picture-frame to attend a summoned Dedlock to another world, the silence is fraught with echoes of her own words, "Who will tell him?"

He has been under his valet's hands this morning to be made presentable; and is as well got up as the circumstances will allow. He is propped with pillows, his gray hair is brushed in its usual manner, his linen is arranged to a nicety, he is wrapped in a responsible dressing-gown, and wears his signet-ring. His eye-glass and his watch are ready to his hand. It is necessary—less to his own dignity now, perhaps, than for her sake—that he should be seen as little disturbed and as much himself as may be. Women will talk, and Volumnia, though a Dedlock, is no exceptional case. He keeps her here, there is little doubt, to prevent her talking somewhere else. He is very ill; but he makes his present stand against distress of mind and body, most courageously.

The fair Volumnia being one of those sprightly girls who can not long continue silent without imminent peril of seizure by the dragon Boredom, soon vindicates the approach of that monster with a series of undisguisable yawns. Finding it impossible to suppress those yawns by any other process than conversation, she abruptly compliments Mrs. Rouncewell on her son; declaring that he positively is one of the finest figures she ever saw, and as soldierly a looking person, she should think, as what's his name, her favorite Life Guardsman—the man she doats on—the dearest of creatures—who was killed at Waterloo.

Sir Leicester hears this tribute with so much surprise, and stares about him in such a confused way, that Mrs. Rouncewell feels it necessary to explain.

"Miss Dedlock don't speak of my eldest son, Sir Leicester, but my youngest. I have found him. He has come home."

Sir Leicester breaks silence with a harsh cry. "George? Your son George come home, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

The old housekeeper wipes her eyes. "Thank God. Yes, Sir Leicester."

Does this discovery of some one lost, this return of some one so long gone, come upon him as a strong confirmation of his hopes? Does he think, "Shall I not, with the aid I have, recall her safely after this; there being fewer hours in her case than there are years in his?"

It is of no use entreating him; he is determined to speak now, and he does—in a thick crowd of sounds, but still intelligibly enough to be understood.

"Why did you not tell me this, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"It happened only yesterday, Sir Leicester, and I doubted your being well enough to be talked to of such things."

Besides, the giddy Volumnia now remembers with her little scream that nobody was to have known of his being Mrs. Rouncewell's son, and that she wasn't to have told. But Mrs. Rouncewell protests with warmth enough to swell the stomacher, that of course she would have told Sir Leicester as soon as he got better.

"Where is your son George, Mrs. Rouncewell?" asks Sir Leicester.

Mrs. Rouncewell, not a little alarmed by his disregard of the doctor's injunctions, replies, in London.

"Where in London?"

Mrs. Rouncewell is constrained to admit that he is in the house.

"Bring him here to my room. Bring him directly."

The old lady can do nothing but go in search of him. Sir Leicester, with such power of movement as he has, arranges himself a little, to receive him. When he has done so, he looks out again at the falling sleet and snow, and listens again for the returning steps. A quantity of straw has been tumbled down in the street to deaden the noises there, and she might be driven to the door, perhaps, without his hearing the wheels.

He is lying thus, apparently forgetful of his newer and minor surprise, when the housekeeper returns, accompanied by her trooper son. Mr. George approaches softly to the bedside, makes his bow, squares himself, and stands, with his face flushed, very heartily ashamed.

"Good Heaven, and it is really George Rouncewell!" exclaims Sir Leicester. "Do you remember me, George?"

The trooper needs to look at him, and to separate this sound from that sound before he knows what he has said; but doing this, and being a little helped by his mother, he replies:

"I must have a very bad memory, indeed, Sir Leicester, if I failed to remember you."

"When I look at you, George Rouncewell," Sir Leicester observes with difficulty, "I see something of a boy at Chesney Wold—I remember him well—very well."

He looks at the trooper until tears come into his eyes, and then he looks at the sleet and snow again.

"I ask your pardon, Sir Leicester," says George, "but would you accept of my arms to raise you up. You would lie easier, Sir Leicester, if you would allow me to move you."

"If you please, George Rouncewell; if you'll be so good."

The trooper takes him in his arms like a child, and lightly raises him, and turns him with his face more toward the window. "Thank you. You have your mother's gentleness," returns Sir Leicester, "and your own strength. Thank you."

He signs to him with his hand not to go away. George quietly remains, at the bedside, waiting to be spoken to.

"Why did you wish for secrecy?" It takes Sir Leicester some time to ask.

"Truly I am not much to boast of, Sir Leicester, and I—I should still, Sir Leicester, if you wasn't indisposed—which I hope you will not be long—I should still hope for the favor of being allowed to remain unknown in general. That involves explanations not very hard to be guessed at, not very well timed here, and not very creditable to myself. But however opinions may differ on a variety of subjects, I should think it would be universally agreed, Sir Leicester, that I am not much to boast of."

"You have been a soldier," observes Sir Leicester, "and a faithful one."

George makes his military bow. "As far as that goes, Sir Leicester, I have done my duty under discipline, and it was the least I could do."

"You find me," says Sir Leicester, whose eyes are much attracted toward him, "far from well, George Rouncewell."

"I am very sorry both to hear it and to see it, Sir Leicester."

"I am sure you are. No. In addition to my older malady, I have had a sudden attack—a bad attack. Something that deadens—" making an endeavor to pass one hand down one side; "and confuses—" touching his lips.

George, with a look of assent and sympathy, makes another bow. The different times when they were both young men (the trooper much the younger of the two), and looked at one another down at Chesney Wold, arise before them both and soften both.

Sir Leicester, evidently with a great determination to say, in his own manner, something that is on his mind before relapsing into silence, tries to raise himself among his pillows a little more. George, observant of the action, takes him in his arms again, and places him as he desires to be.

"Thank you, George. You are another self to me. You have often carried my spare gun at Chesney Wold. George, you are familiar to me in these strange circumstances, very familiar." He has put Sir Leicester's sounder arm over his shoulder in lifting him up, and Sir Leicester is slow in drawing it away again, as he says these words.

"I was about to add," he goes on, "I was about to add, respecting this attack, that it was unfortunately simultaneous with a slight misunderstanding between my Lady and myself. I do not mean that there was any difference between us (for there has been none), but that there was a misunderstanding of certain circumstances important only to ourselves, which deprives me, for a little while, of my Lady's society. She has found it necessary to make a journey—I trust will shortly return. Volumnia, do I make myself intelligible? The words are not quite under my command, in the manner of pronouncing them."

Volumnia understands him perfectly, and in truth he delivers himself with far greater plainness than could have been supposed possible a minute ago. The effort by which he does so, is written in the anxious and laboring expression of his face. Nothing but the strength of his purpose enables him to make it.

"Therefore, Volumnia, I desire to say in your presence—and in the presence of my old retainer and friend, Mrs. Rouncewell, whose truth and fidelity no one can question—and in the presence of her son George, who has come back like a familiar recollection of my youth in the home of my ancestors at Chesney Wold—in case I should relapse, in case I should not recover, in case I should lose both my speech and the power of writing, though I hope for better things—"

The old housekeeper weeping silently; Volumnia in the greatest agitation, with the freshest bloom on her cheeks; the trooper, with his arms folded and his head a little bent, respectfully attentive.

"Therefore I desire to say, and to call you all to witness—beginning, Volumnia, with yourself, most solemnly—that I am on unaltered terms with Lady Dedlock. That I assert no cause whatever of complaint against her. That I have ever had the strongest affection for her, and that I retain it undiminished. Say this to herself and to every one. If ever you say less than this, you will be guilty of deliberate falsehood to me."

Volumnia tremblingly protests that she will observe his injunctions to the letter.

"My Lady is too high in position, too handsome, too accomplished, too superior in most respects to the best of those by whom she is surrounded, not to have her enemies and traducers, I dare say. Let it be known to them as I make it known to you, that being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, I revoke no disposition I have made in her favor. I abridge nothing I

have ever bestowed upon her. I am on unaltered terms with her, and I recall—having the full power to do it if I were so disposed, as you see—no act I have done for her advantage and happiness."

His formal array of words might have at any other time, as it has often had, something ludicrous in it, but at this time it is serious and affecting. His noble earnestness, his fidelity, his gallant shielding of her, his generous conquest of his own wrong and his own pride for her sake, are simply honorable, manly, and true. Nothing less worthy can be seen through the lustre of such qualities in the commonest mechanic, nothing less worthy can be seen in the best-born gentleman. In such a light both aspire alike, both rise alike, both children of the dust shine equally.

Overpowered by his exertions, he lays his head back on his pillows, and closes his eyes for not more than a minute, when he again resumes his watching of the weather and his attention to the muffled sounds. In the rendering of those little services, and in the manner of their acceptance, the trooper has become installed as necessary to him. Nothing has been said, but it is understood. He falls a step or two backward to be out of sight, and mounts guard a little behind his mother's chair.

The day is now beginning to decline. The mist, and the sleet, into which the snow has all resolved itself, are darker, and the blaze begins to tell more vividly upon the room walls and furniture. The gloom augments; the bright gas springs up in the streets, and the pertinacious oil lamps, which yet hold their ground there, with their source of life half frozen and half thawed, twinkle gaspingly, like fiery fish out of water as they are. The world, which has been rumbling over the straw and pulling at the bell "to inquire," begins to go home, begins to dress, to dine, to discuss its dear friend, with all the last new modes, as already mentioned.

Now does Sir Leicester become worse; restless, uneasy, and in great pain. Volumnia lighting a candle (with a predestined aptitude for doing something objectionable) is bidden to put it out again, for it is not yet dark enough. Yet it is very dark too; as dark as it will be all night. By-and-by she tries again. No, put it out. It is not dark enough yet.

His old housekeeper is the first to understand that he is striving to uphold the fiction with himself that it is not growing late.

"George," she whispers, softly, when Volumnia has gone down to dinner, "Sir Leicester don't like the thought of shutting out my Lady for another night. Go away a little while, my dear. I'll speak to him."

The trooper retires, and Mrs. Rouncewell takes her chair at the bedside.

"Sir Leicester."

"That's Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"Surely, yes, Sir Leicester."

"I was afraid you had left me."

His hand is lying close beside her. She kisses it.

"It's the dull one," says Sir Leicester. "But I feel that, Mrs. Rouncewell."

It is too dark to see him; she thinks, however, that he puts his other hand before his eyes.

"Where is your son, George? He is not gone? I want him here. I want only you and him; I would rather have no one else to-night."

"He hoped he might be of some use, and he is not gone, Sir Leicester."

"I thank him!"

"Dear Sir Leicester, my honored master," the old housekeeper pursues, "I must, for your own good, and my duty, take the freedom of begging and praying that you will not lie here in the lone darkness, watching and waiting, and dragging through the time. Let me draw the curtains and light the candles, and make things more comfortable about you. The church-clocks will strike the hours just the same, Sir Leicester, and the night will pass away just the same. My Lady will come back, just the same, too."

"I know it, Mrs. Rouncewell, but I am weak—and he has been so long gone."

"Not so very long, Sir Leicester. Not twenty-four hours yet."

"But that's a long time. Oh, it's a long time!"

He says it with a groan that wrings her heart.

She knows that this is not a period for bringing the rough light upon him; she thinks his tears too sacred to be seen, even by her. Therefore, she sits in the darkness for a while, without a word; then gently begins to move about; now stirring the fire, now standing at the window looking out. Finally he tells her, with recovered self-command, "As you say, Mrs. Rouncewell, it is no worse for being confessed. It is getting late, and they are not come. Light the room!" When it is lighted, and the weather shut out, it is only left to him to listen.

But they find that, however dejected and ill he is, he brightens when a quiet pretense is made of looking at the fires in her rooms, and being sure that every thing is ready to receive her. Many a time, consequently, the old housekeeper trots down stairs to see, as she tells George, with her own eyes, that nothing is neglected. Poor pretense as it is, it is very plain that these allusions to her being expected, keep up hope within him.

Midnight comes, and with it the same blank. The carriages in the streets are few, and other late sounds in that neighborhood there are none, unless a man so very nomadically drunk as to stray into the frigid zone, goes bawling and bellowing along the pavement. Upon this wintry night it is so still that listening to the intense silence is like looking at intense darkness. If any distant sound be audible in this case, it departs through the gloom like a feeble light without, and all is heavier than before.

The corporation of servants are dismissed to bed (not unwilling to go, for they were up all last

night), and only Mrs. Rouncewell and George keep watch in Sir Leicester's room. As the night lags tardily on—or rather when it seems to stop altogether, at between two and three o'clock—they find a restless craving on him to know more about the weather now he can not see it. Hence George, patrolling regularly every half hour to the rooms so carefully looked after, extends his march to the hall-door, looks about him, and brings back the best report he can make of the worst of nights. The mist still brooding, the sleet still falling, and even the stone footways lying ankle-deep in sludge.

Volumnia, in her room up a retired landing on the staircase—the second turning past the end of the carving and gilding—a cousinly room, containing a fearful abortion of a portrait of Sir Leicester, banished for its crimes, and commanding in the day a solemn yard, planted with dried-up shrubs, like antediluvian specimens of black tea—is a prey to horrors of many kinds. Not last nor least among them, possibly, is a horror of what may befall her little income in the event, as she usually expresses it, "of any thing happening" to Sir Leicester. Any thing, in this sense, meaning one thing only, and that the last thing that can happen to the consciousness of any baronet in the known world.

An effect of these horrors is, that Volumnia finds she can not go to bed in her own room, or sit by the fire in her own room, but must come forth with her head tied up in a profusion of shawl, and her fair form enrolled in drapery, and parade the mansion like a ghost, particularly haunting the rooms, warm and luxurious, prepared for one who still does not return. Solitude under such circumstances being not to be thought of, Volumnia is attended by her maid, who, impressed from her own bed for that purpose, extremely cold, very sleepy, and generally an injured maid, as condemned by circumstances to take office with a mere cousin, when she had resolved to be maid to nothing less than ten thousand a year, has not a sweet expression of countenance.

The periodical visits of the trooper to these rooms, however, in the course of his patrolling, is an assurance of protection and company, both to mistress and maid, which renders them very acceptable in the small hours of the night. Whenever he is heard advancing they both make some little decorative preparation to receive him; at other times, they divide their watches into short scraps of oblivion and dialogues, not wholly free from acerbity, as to whether Miss Dedlock, sitting with her feet upon the fender, was or was not falling into the fire when rescued (to her great displeasure) by her guardian genius the maid.

"How is Sir Leicester, now, Mr. George?" inquires Volumnia, adjusting her cowl over her head.

"Why, Sir Leicester is much the same, miss. He is very low and ill, and he even wanders a little sometimes."

"Has he asked for me?" inquires Volumnia tenderly.

"Why no; I can't say he has, miss. Not within my hearing, that is to say."

"This is a truly sad time, Mr. George."

"It is indeed, miss. Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock," quoth the maid, sharply.

But Volumnia answers No! No! She may be asked for, she may be wanted at a moment's notice. She never should forgive herself "if any thing was to happen" and she wasn't on the spot. She declines to enter on the question, how the spot comes to be there, and not in her own room (which is nearer to Sir Leicester's), but stanchly declares that on the spot she will remain. Volumnia further makes a merit of not "having closed an eye"—as if she had twenty or thirty, though it is hard to reconcile this statement with her having most indisputably opened two within five minutes.

But when it comes to four o'clock, and still the same blank, Volumnia's constancy begins to fail her, or rather it begins to strengthen, for she now considers that it is her duty to be ready for the morrow, when much may be expected of her; that, in fact, howsoever anxious to remain upon the spot, it may be required of her, as an act of self-devotion, to desert the spot. So when the trooper reappears with his "Hadn't you better go to bed, miss?" and when the maid protests, more sharply than before, "You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock!" she meekly rises and says, "Do with me what you think best."

Mr. George undoubtedly thinks it best to escort her on his arm to the door of her cousinly chamber, and the maid as undoubtedly thinks it best to hustle her into bed with mighty little ceremony. Accordingly, these steps are taken, and now the trooper, in his rounds, has the house to himself.

There is no improvement in the weather. From the portico, from the eaves, from the parapet, from every door-ledge and post and pillar, drips the thawed snow. It has crept, as if for shelter, into the lintels of the great door under it, into the corners of the windows, into every chink and crevice of retreat, and there wastes and dies. It is falling still; upon the roof, upon the skylight, even through the skylight now, and drip, drip, drip, with the regularity of the Ghost's Walk, on the stone below.

The trooper, his old recollections awakened by the solitary grandeur of a great house—no novelty to him once at Chesney Wold—goes up the stairs and through the chief rooms, holding up his light at arm's length, thinking of his varied fortunes within the last few weeks, and of his rustic boyhood, and of the two so brought together across the wide intermediate space of his life; thinking of the murdered man whose image is so fresh in his mind; thinking of the lady who has disappeared from these very rooms, and the tokens of whose recent presence are all here; thinking of the master of the house up-stairs, and of the foreboding "Who will tell him?" he looks here and looks there, and thinks how he *might* see

something now, which it would tax his boldness to walk up to, lay his hand upon, and prove to be a fancy. But it is all blank; blank as the darkness above and below as he goes up the great staircase again; blank as the oppressive silence.

"All is still in readiness, George Rouncewell?"

"Quite orderly and right, Sir Leicester."

"No word of any kind?"

The trooper shakes his head.

"No letter that can possibly have been overlooked?"

But he knows there is no such hope as that, and lays his head down dejectedly without looking for an answer.

Quite familiar to him, as he said himself some hours ago, George Rouncewell lifts him into easier positions through the long remainder of the blank of a wintry night, and, equally familiar with his unexpressed wish, extinguishes the light, and even draws the curtains at the first late break of day. The day confronts them like a phantom. Cold, colorless, and vague, it sends a warning streak before it of a deathlike hue, as if it cried out, "Look what I am bringing you who watch there! Who will tell him?"

CHAPTER LIX.—Esther's Narrative.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the houses outside London did at last begin to exclude the country, and to close us in with streets. We had made our way along roads in a far worse condition than when we had traversed them by daylight, both the fall and the thaw having lasted ever since; but the energy of my companion had never slackened. It had only been, as I thought, of less assistance than the horses in getting us on, and it had often aided them. They had stopped exhausted halfway up hills, they had been driven through streams of turbulent water, they had slipped down and become entangled with the harness; but he and his little lantern had been always ready, and when the mishap was set right, I had never heard any variation in his cool "Get on, my lads!"

The steadiness and confidence with which he had directed our journey back, I could not account for. Never wavering, he never even stopped to make an inquiry until we were within a few miles of London. A very few words here and there were then enough for him, and thus we came at between three and four o'clock in the morning into Islington.

I will not dwell on the suspense and anxiety with which I reflected all this time, that we were leaving my mother further and further behind every minute. I think I had some strong hope that he must be right, and could not fail to have a satisfactory object in following this woman; but I tormented myself with questioning it, and discussing it, during the whole journey. What was to ensue when we found her, and what could compensate us for this loss of time, were questions also that I could not possibly dismiss; my mind was quite tortured by long dwelling on such eflections when we stopped.

We stopped in a high street where there was a coach-stand. My companion paid our two drivers, who were as completely covered with splashes as if they had been dragged along the roads like the carriage itself, and giving them some brief direction where to take it, lifted me out of it, and into a hackney-coach he had chosen from the rest.

"Why, my dear," he said, as he did this, "how wet you are!"

I had not been conscious of it. But the melted snow had found its way in; and I had got out two or three times when a fallen horse was plunging and had to be got up; and the wet had clung to me. I assured him it was no matter; but the driver who knew him, would not be dissuaded by me from running down the street to his stable, whence he brought an armful of clean dry straw. They shook it out and strewed it well about me, and I found it warm and comfortable.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Bucket, with his head in at the window after I was shut up. "We're a-going to mark this person down. It may take a little time, but you don't mind that. You're pretty sure that I've got a motive, ain't you?"

I little thought what it was—little thought in how short a time I should understand it; but I assured him that I had confidence in him.

"So you may have, my dear," he returned. "Now I tell you what, if you only repose half so much confidence in me as I repose in you, after what I've experienced of you, that'll do. Lord! you're no trouble at all. I never see a young woman in any station of society—and I've seen many elewated ones, too—conduct herself like you have conducted yourself, since you was called out of your bed. You're a pattern, you know, that's what you are," said Mr. Bucket, warmly, "you're a pattern."

I told him that I was very glad, as indeed I was, to have been no hindrance to him; and that I hoped I should be none now.

"My dear," he returned, "when a young lady is as mild as she's game, and as game as she's mild, that's all I ask, and more than I expect. She then becomes a Queen, and that's about what you are yourself."

With these encouraging words—they really were encouraging to me under those lonely and anxious circumstances—he got upon the box, and we once more drove away. Where we drove, I neither knew then nor have ever known since, but we appeared to seek out the narrowest and worst streets in London. Whenever I saw him directing the driver I was prepared for our descending into a deeper complication of such streets, and we never failed to do so.

Sometimes we emerged upon a wider thoroughfare, or came to a larger building than the generality, well-lighted. Then we stopped at offices like those we had visited when we began our journey, and I saw him in consultation with others. Sometimes he would get down by an archway or at a street corner, and mysteriously show the light of his little lantern. This would

attract similar lights from various dark quarters, like so many insects, and a fresh consultation would be held. By degrees we appeared to contract our search within narrower and easier limits. Single police-officers on duty could now tell Mr. Bucket what he wanted to know, and point to him where to go. At last we stopped for a rather long conversation between him and one of these men, which I supposed to be satisfactory from his manner of nodding from time to time. When it was finished he came to me, looking very busy, and very attentive.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me, "you won't be alarmed whatever comes off, *I* know. It's not necessary for me to give you any further caution than to tell you that we have marked this person down, and that you may be of use to me before I know it myself. I don't like to ask such a thing, my dear, but would you walk a little way."

Of course I got out directly, and took his arm.

"It ain't so easy to keep your feet," said Mr. Bucket; "but take time."

Although I looked about me confusedly and hurriedly, as we crossed a street, I thought I knew the place. "Are we in Holborn?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Mr. Bucket. "Do you know this turning?"

"It looks like Chancery Lane."

"And was christened so, my dear," said Mr. Bucket.

We turned down it, and as we went, shuffling through the sleet, I heard the clock strike half-past five. We passed on in silence, and as quickly as we could with such a foothold, when some one coming toward us on the narrow pavement, wrapped in a cloak, stopped and stood aside to give me room. In the same moment I heard an exclamation of wonder, and my own name, from Mr. Woodcourt. I knew his voice very well.

It was so unexpected, and so—I don't know what to call it, whether pleasant or painful—to come upon it after my feverish wandering journey, and in the midst of very night, that I could not keep the tears from my eyes. It was like hearing his voice in a strange country.

"My dear Miss Summerson, that you should be out at this hour, and in such weather."

He had heard from my Guardian of my having been called away on some uncommon business, and said so to dispense with any explanation. I told him that we had but just left a coach, and were going—but then I was obliged to look at my companion.

"Why, you see, Mr. Woodcourt;" he had caught the name from me; "we are a-going at present into the next street—Inspector Bucket."

Mr. Woodcourt, disregarding my remonstrances, had hurriedly taken off his cloak, and was putting it about me. "That's a good move, too," said Mr. Bucket, assisting, "a very good move it is."

"May I go there with you?" said Mr. Woodcourt. I don't know whether to me or my companion.

"Why, lord!" exclaimed Mr. Bucket, taking the answer on himself. "Of course you may."

It was all said in a moment, and they took me between them, wrapped in the cloak.

"I have just left Richard," said Mr. Woodcourt. "I have been sitting with him since ten o'clock last night."

"O dear me, he is ill!"

"No, no, believe me; not ill, but not quite well. He was depressed and faint—you know he gets so worried and so worn sometimes—and Ada sent to me of course; and when I came home I found her note, and came straight here. Well, Richard revived so much after a little while, and Ada was so happy, and so convinced of its being my doing, though God knows I had little enough to do with it, that I remained with him until he had been fast asleep some hours. As fast asleep as she is now, I hope!"

His friendly and familiar way of speaking of them, his unaffected devotion to them, the grateful confidence with which I knew he had inspired my darling, and the comfort he was to her; could I separate all this from his promise to me? How thankless should I have been if it had not recalled the words he said to me when he was so moved by the change in my appearance. "I will accept him as a trust, and it shall be a sacred one!"

We now turned into another narrow street. "Mr. Woodcourt," said Mr. Bucket, who had eyed him closely as we came along, "our little business takes us to a law-stationer's here; a certain Mr. Snagsby's. What, you know him, do you?" He was so quick that he saw it in an instant.

"Yes, I know a little of him, and have called upon him at this place."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mr. Bucket. "Will you be so good as to let me leave Miss Summerson with you for a moment, while I go and have half a word with him?"

The last police officer with whom he had conferred was standing silently behind us. I was not aware of it until he struck in, on my saying I heard some one crying.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he returned. "It's Snagsby's servant."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Bucket, "the girl's subject to fits, and she's got 'em bad upon her to-night. A most contrary circumstance it is, for I want certain information out of that girl, and she must be brought to reason somehow or other."

"At all events, they wouldn't be up yet, if it wasn't for her, Mr. Bucket," said the other man. "She's been at it pretty well all night, sir."

"Well, that's true," he returned. "My light's burnt out. Show yours a moment."

All this passed in a whisper, a door or two from the house in which I could faintly hear crying and moaning. In the little round of light produced for the purpose, Mr. Bucket went up

to the door and knocked. The door was opened, after we had knocked twice, and he went in, leaving us standing in the street.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Woodcourt; "if, without obtruding myself on your confidence, I may remain near you, pray let me do so."

"You are truly kind," I answered. "I need wish to keep no secret of my own from you; if I keep any it is another's."

"I quite understand. Trust me. I will remain near you only so long as I can fully respect it."

"I trust implicitly to you," I said. "I know and deeply feel how sacred you keep your promises."

After a short time the little round of light shone out again, and Mr. Bucket advanced toward us in it with an earnest face. "Please to come in, Miss Summerson," he said, "and sit down by the fire. Mr. Woodcourt, from information I have received I understand you are a medical man. Would you look to this girl and see if any thing can be done to bring her round. She's got a letter somewhere that I particularly want. It's not in her box, and I think it must be somewhere about her, but she is so difficult to handle without hurting, twisted and clenched up."

We all three went into the house together; although it was cold and raw, it smelt close too from being shut up all night. In the passage, behind the door, stood a scared, sorrowful-looking little man in a gray coat, who seemed to have a naturally polite manner, and spoke meekly.

"Down-stairs, if you please, Mr. Bucket," said he. "The lady will excuse the front kitchen; we use it as our work-a-day sitting room. The back is Guster's bedroom, and in it she's a carrying on, poor thing, to a frightful extent!"

We went down stairs, followed by Mr. Snagsby, as I soon found the little man to be. In the front kitchen, sitting by the fire, was Mrs. Snagsby, with very red eyes, and a very severe expression of face.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, entering behind us, "to wave—not to put a fine point upon it, my dear—hostilities, for a single moment, in the course of this prolonged night, here is Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady."

She looked very much astonished, as she had good reason for doing, and looked particularly hard at me.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, sitting down in the remotest corner by the door, as if he were taking a liberty, "it is not unlikely that you may inquire of me why Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady call upon us in Cook's Court, Cursitor-street, at the present hour. I don't know. I have not the least idea. If I was to be informed, I should despair of understanding, and I'd rather not be told."

He appeared so miserable, sitting with his head upon his hand, and I appeared so unwelcome, that I was going to offer an apology, when Mr. Bucket took the matter to himself.

"Now, Mr. Snagsby," said he, "the best thing you can do, is to go along with Mr. Woodcourt, to look after your Guster—"

"My Guster, Mr. Bucket!" cried Mr. Snagsby. "Go on, sir, go on. I shall be charged with that next."

"And to hold the candle," pursued Mr. Bucket without correcting himself, "or hold her, or make yourself useful in any way you're asked. Which there ain't a man alive more ready to do, for you're a man of urbanity and suavity, you know, and you've got the sort of heart that can feel for another. (Mr. Woodcourt, would you be so good as see to her, and if you can get that letter from her, to let me have it as soon as ever you can?)"

As they went out, Mr. Bucket made me sit down in a corner by the fire, and take off my wet shoes, which he turned up to dry upon the fender; talking all the time.

"Don't you be at all put out, miss, by the want of a hospitable look from Mrs. Snagsby, because she's under a mistake altogether. She'll find that out sooner than will be agreeable to a lady of her generally correct manner of framing her thoughts, because I'm a-going to explain it to her." Here, standing on the hearth with his wet hat and shawls in his hand, himself a pile of wet, he turned to Mrs. Snagsby. "Now, the first thing that I say to you as a married woman possessing what you may call charms, you know—'Believe me, if all those endearing, and cetrer'—you're well acquainted with the song, because it's in vain for you to tell me that you and good society are strangers—charms—attractions, mind you, that ought to give you confidence in yourself—is, that you've done it."

Mrs. Snagsby looked rather alarmed, relented a little, and faltered, what did Mr. Bucket mean?

"What does Mr. Bucket mean?" he repeated; and I saw by his face that all the time he talked he was listening for the discovery of the letter, to my own great agitation; for I knew then how important it must be.

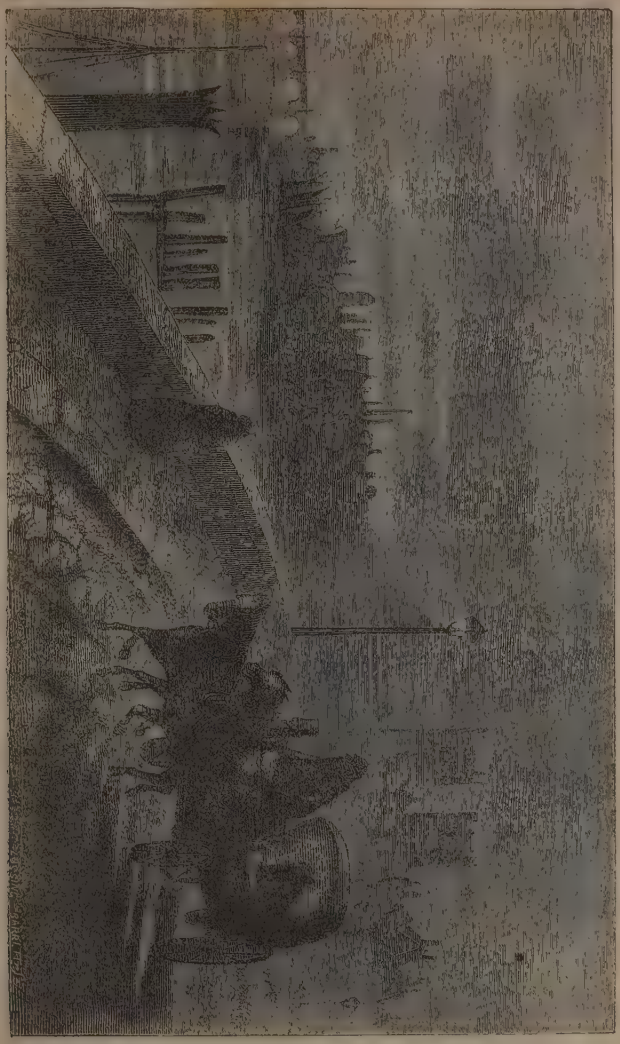
"I'll tell you what he means, ma'am. Go and see Othello acted. That's the tragedy for you."

Mrs. Snagsby consciously asked why.

"Why?" said Mr. Bucket. "Because you'll come to that, if you don't look out. Now at the very moment while I speak, I know what your mind's not wholly free from respecting this young lady. But shall I tell you who this young lady is? Now, come, you're what I call an intellectual woman—with your soul too large for your body, if you come to that, and chafing it—and you know me, and you recollect where you saw me last, and what was talked of in that elevated circle. Don't you. Yes! Very well. This young lady is that young lady."

Mrs. Snagsby appeared to understand the reference better than I did at the time.

"And Toughey—him as you call Jo—was mixed up in the same business and no other; and the law-writer that you know of, was mixed up in the same business and no other; and your



husband, with no more knowledge of it than your great-grandfather, was mixed up (by Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, his best customer) in the same business and no other; and the whole bileing of people was mixed up in the same business and no other; and yet a married woman, possessing your attractions, shuts her eyes (and sparklers too) and goes and runs her delicate-formed head against a wall. Why, I am ashamed of you! (I expected Mr. Woodcourt might have got it by this time.)"

Mrs. Snagsby shook her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Bucket. "No. See what happens. Another person mixed up in that business and no other; a person in a wretched state comes here to-night, and is seen a-speaking to your maid-servant; and between her and your maid-servant there passes a paper that I'd give a hundred pound for, down. What do you do? You hide and you watch 'em, and you pounce upon that maid-servant—knowing what she's

subject to, and what a little thing will bring 'em on—in that surprising manner, and with that severity, that, by the Lord, she goes off and keeps off, when a life may be hanging upon that girl's words!"

He so thoroughly meant what he said now, that I involuntarily clasped my hands, and felt the room turning away from me. But it stopped. Mr. Woodcourt came in, put a paper into his hand, and went away again.

"Now the only amends you can make, Mrs. Snagsby," said Mr. Bucket, rapidly glancing at it, "is to let me speak a word to this young lady in private here. And if you know of any help that you can give to that gentleman in the next kitchen there, or can think of any thing that's likelier than another to bring the girl round, do your swiftest and best!" In an instant she was gone, and he had shut the door. "Now, my dear, you're steady and quite sure of yourself?"

"Quite," said I.

"Whose writing's that?"

It was my mother's. A pencil-writing, on a crushed and torn piece of paper, blotted with wet. Folded roughly like a letter, and directed to me, at my Guardian's.

"You know the hand," he said; "and if you are firm enough to read it to me, do! But be particular to a word."

It had been written in portions at different times. I read what follows:

"I came to the cottage with two objects. First, to see the dear one, if I could, once more; but only to see her—not to speak to her, or let her know that I was near. The other object, to elude pursuit, and to be lost. Do not blame the mother for her share. The assistance that she rendered me she rendered on my strongest assurance that it was for the dear one's good. You remember her dead child. The men's consent I bought, but her help was freely given."

"'I came.' That was written," said my companion, "when she rested there. It bears out what I made of it. I was right."

The next was written at another time:

"I have now wandered a long distance, and for many hours, and I know that I must soon die. These streets! I have no purpose but to die. When I left I had a worse; but I am saved from adding that guilt to the rest. Cold, wet, and fatigue, are sufficient causes for my being found dead; but I shall die of others, though I suffer from these. It was right that all that had sustained me should give way at once, and that I should die of terror and my conscience."

"Take courage," said Mr. Bucket. "There's only a few words more."

These, too, were written at another time. To all appearance, almost in the dark.

"I have done what I could to be lost. I shall be soon forgotten so, and shall disgrace him least. I have nothing about me by which I can be recognized. This paper I part with now. The place where I shall lie down, if I can yet get so far, has been often in my mind. Farewell. Forgive."

Mr. Bucket, supporting me with his arm, carried me gently into my chair. "Cheer up! Don't think me hard with you, my dear, but, as soon as you feel equal to it, get your shoes on and be ready."

I did as he required; but I sat there a long time, praying for my unhappy mother. They were all occupied with the poor girl, and I heard Mr. Woodcourt directing them, and speaking to her often. At length he came in with Mr. Bucket, and said that as it was important to address her gently, he thought it best that I should ask her for whatever information we desired to obtain. There was no doubt that she could now reply to questions, if she were soothed, and not alarmed. The questions, Mr. Bucket said, were, how she came by the letter, what passed between her and the person who gave her the letter, and where the person went. Holding my mind as steadily as I could to these points I went into the next room with them. Mr. Woodcourt would have remained outside, but at my solicitation went in with us.

The poor girl was sitting on the floor where they had laid her down. They stood around her, though at a little distance, that she might have air. She was not pretty, and looked weak and poor; but she had a plaintive and a good face, though it was still a little wild. I kneeled on the ground beside her, and put her poor head on my shoulder; whereupon she drew her arm round my neck and burst into tears.

"My poor girl," said I, laying my face against her forehead; for indeed I was crying too, and trembling; "it seems cruel to trouble you now, but more depends on our knowing something about this letter than I could tell you in an hour."

She began piteously declaring that she didn't mean any harm, she didn't mean any harm, Mrs. Snagsby!

"We are all sure of that now," said I. "But pray tell me how you got it."

"Yes, dear lady, I will, and tell you true. I'll tell true, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

"I am sure of that," said I. "And how was it?"

"I had been out on an errand, dear lady—long after it was dark—quite late; and when I came home I found a common-looking person, all wet and muddy, looking up at our house. When she see me coming in at the door she called me back, and said did I live here? and I said yes; and she said she knew only one or two places about here, but had lost her way, and couldn't find them.—'O what shall I do, what shall I do! They won't believe me!' She didn't say any harm to me, and I didn't say any harm to her, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

It was necessary for her mistress to comfort her, which she did, I must say, with a good deal of contrition, before she could be got beyond this.

"She could not find those places," said I.

"No!" cried the girl, shaking her head. "No! couldn't find them. And she was so faint, and lame, and miserable, O so wretched! that if you had seen her, Mr. Snagsby, you'd have given her half-a-crown, I know!"

"Well, Guster, my girl," said he, at first not knowing what to say. "I hope I should."

"And yet she was so well spoken, dear lady," said the girl, looking at me with wide-open eyes, "that it made a person's heart bleed. And so she said to me did I know the way to the burying-ground? And I asked her which burying-ground? And she said the poor burying-ground. And so I told her I had been a poor child myself, and it was according to parishes. But she said she meant a poor burying-ground not very far from here, where there was an archway, and a step, and an iron gate."

As I watched her face, and soothed her to go on, I saw that Mr. Bucket received this with a look which I could not separate from one of alarm.

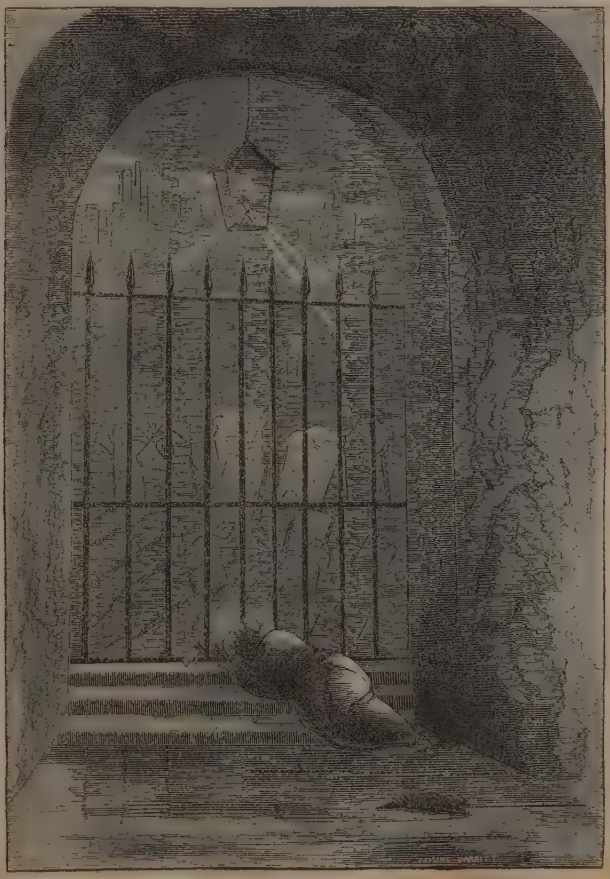
"O dear, dear!" cried the girl, pressing her hair back with her hands, "what shall I do, what shall I do! She meant the burying-ground where the man was buried that took the sleeping-stuff —that you came home and told us of, Mr. Snagsby —that frightened me so, Mrs. Snagsby. O I am frightened now again, dear lady. Hold me!"

"You are so much better now," said I. "But pray, pray tell me more."

"Yes I will, yes I will! But don't be angry with me, that's a dear lady, because I have been so ill."

Angry with her, poor soul!

"There! Now I will, now I will. So she said could I tell her how to find it; and I said yes; and I told her; and she looked at me with eyes like almost as if she was blind, and herself all



THE MORNING.

waving back. And so she took out the letter, and showed it to me, and said if she was to put that in the post-office, it would be rubbed out and not minded and never sent; and would I take it from her, and send it, and the messenger would be paid at the house? And so I said yes, if it was no harm; and she said no—no harm. And so I took it from her, and she said she had nothing to give me; and I said I was poor myself, and consequently wanted nothing. And so she said God bless you! and went."

"And did she go?"

"Yes," cried the girl, anticipating the inquiry, "yes! she went the way I had shown her. Then I came in, and Mrs. Snagsby came behind me from somewhere, and laid hold of me, and I was frightened."

Mr. Woodcourt took her kindly from me. Mr. Bucket wrapped me up, and immediately we were in the street. Mr. Woodcourt hesitated, but I said, "Don't leave me now!" and Mr. Bucket added, "You'll be better with us, we may want you; don't lose time!"

I have the most confused impressions of that walk. I recollect that it was neither night nor day; that morning was dawning, but the street-lamps were not yet put out; that the sleet was still falling, and that all the ways were damp with it. I recollect a few chilled people passing in the streets; I recollect the wet housetops, the clogged and bursting gutters and water-spouts, the mounds of blackened ice and snow over which we passed, the narrowness of the courts by which we went. At the same time I remember that the poor girl seemed to be telling her story audibly and plainly in my hearing; that I could feel her resting on my arm; that the stained house-fronts put on human shapes and looked at me; that great water-gates seemed to be opening and closing in my head, or in the air; and that these unreal things were more substantial than the real.

At last we stood under a dark and miserable arching, where one lamp was burning over an iron gate, and where the morning faintly struggled in. The gate was closed. Beyond it was a burial-ground—a dreadful spot in which the night was very slowly stirring, but where I could dimly see a heap of dishonored graves and stones, hemmed in by filthy houses, where dull lights burnt, and on whose walls a thick humidity broke out like a disease. On the step at the gate, steeped in the fearful wet of such a place, which oozed and splashed down every where, I saw, with a cry of pity and horror, a woman lying—Jenny, the mother of the dead child.

I ran forward, but they stopped me, and Mr. Woodcourt entreated me, with the greatest earnestness, even with tears, before I went up to that figure, to listen for an instant to what Mr. Bucket said. I did so as I thought. I did so, as I am sure.

"Miss Summerson. You'll understand me, if you think a moment. They changed clothes at the cottage."

Well! They changed clothes at the cottage. I could repeat the words in my mind, and I knew what they meant of themselves, but I attached no meaning to them in any other connection.

"And one returned," said Mr. Bucket, "and one went on. And the one that went on only went on a certain way agreed upon to deceive, and then turned across country, and went home. Think a moment."

I could repeat this in my mind too, but I had not the least idea what it meant. I saw before me, lying on the step, the mother of the dead child. She lay there with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it. She lay there who had so lately spoken to my mother. She lay there a distressed, unsheltered, senseless creature. She who had brought my mother's letter, who could give me the only clew to where my mother was; she who was to guide us to rescue and save her, whom we had sought so far, who had come to this condition by some means connected with my mother that I could not follow, and might be passing beyond our reach and help at that moment, she lay there, and they stopped me! I saw, but did not comprehend, the solemn and compassionate look in Mr. Woodcourt's face. I saw, but did not comprehend, his touching the other on the breast to keep him back. I saw him stand uncovered in the bitter air with a reverence for something. But my understanding for all this was gone.

I even heard it said between them—

"Shall she go?"

"She had better go. Her hands should be the first to touch her. They have a higher right than ours."

I passed on to the gate, and stooped down. I lifted the heavy head, put the long dank hair aside, and turned the face. And it was my mother, cold and dead.

FUNERAL RITES IN CEYLON.

[The following article is from Mr. T. S. BURNELL, an American printer, the superintendent of a large printing establishment at Jaffna, Ceylon. The manuscript copy, which is written with perfect accuracy and great neatness, the author informs us was written by "a half naked low-caste native," educated at the Mission Seminary at Batticotta, who is employed by him as accountant, translator, and writer.—EDS. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

ABOUT four months since, I, with my family, spent some days for health and recreation, in a temporary bungalow built upon the sea-shore at Mathagul, distant from Manepy seven miles, and two beyond the missionary station of Panditeripo. Very near the bungalow, and a few feet only from the sea-shore, is a *choordu kardu*, or a burning place for the dead. One afternoon, while at the bungalow, the corpse of an aged *pundarum*, or holy beggar, was brought to this *choordu kardu* and burnt. My attention was first arrested by the approach of a procession and the sound of a hand-bell, which some one in the procession was most industriously ringing. The company soon stopped, and putting down the bier with the corpse upon it, they

commenced their tiresome and foolish ceremonies. I left the bungalow, and going to them, asked permission to stand near by and see their way of managing things on such an occasion. Permission was readily granted, and I stood and looked on for an hour or more, until the fire was at length set to the funeral pile, and nearly all the company had departed, it being then quite dark. Such a sight, and such indifference and carelessness, I never before witnessed on an occasion of the bestowment of the last rites upon the remains of a fellow mortal. There were three sons of the deceased present, all of whom manifested little or no feeling, and one of whom in particular seemed quite as stupid as a beast, notwithstanding that they all were constantly engaged in some part of the many and varied forms and ceremonies. After a large part of the rites had been gone through with, one of the sons left his company and came to me, saying, he knew it must be opposed to my feelings and wishes to see them dispose of their dead in this way; and proposed that if I would give them about £2, they would stop matters at that juncture, and give their father's corpse a burial after the manner of Christians. I declined their offer, telling them if by giving I could change their feelings and desires, and make them good men, I would willingly give, but as it was, their only motive being to get money, I could not consent to their wishes.

Since seeing this burning of the dead, and the preparations for it, I have taken pains to learn from the natives what are the customs of the Hindus in this connection, and also what is done to those in a dying state, &c., and I am now able to give the following account. Many of the ceremonies herein detailed I saw at the time of the burning of this *pundarum's* corpse; and all the rites mentioned are practiced more or less.

When a person is at the point of death, his friends perform a rite called *kōthānum*. To make this ceremony ten kinds of gifts are used, namely, *kō* (a cow), earth, rape-seed, *ghee* (or melted butter), cloth, rice, *koarlai* (a kind of pea), silver, salt, and sugar. The expense of this ceremony may be much or little, according to the will of the parties concerned. Although there are ten different things used, yet the rite is called *kōthānum*, because the cow (*kō*) is the chief or sacred gift among the ten. *Komooheh** is considered to be a still more efficacious and meritorious gift than *kōthānum*. The Brahmin, after having performed the ceremonies peculiar to this occasion, causes the dying person to seize hold of the tail of the cow, or, if too far gone to do it himself, another person clasps the tail and hand within his own, and thus brings them in contact; after which the animal is presented to the Brahmin. The dying person holds the tail of the cow, under the impression that his soul will thus be helped to pass over the river of fire, which, it is believed, all must pass before reaching the other world. After this ceremony of seizing the cow's tail is done, the son or nearest relative of the dying person rubs or rinses the *poodoatterardchum* (sacred beads) in milk with sacred ashes* (called *vepoothe*), and gives the mixture to the dying person to drink. Then the son of the dying man utters some *mantras* or incantations in the ear of his father, having placed his head on his (the son's) right thigh. After life is gone, the corpse is put in a place smeared with cow manure, the head pointing toward the south, with a lighted lamp placed near it. As soon as the person is dead, the friends of the deceased send for their family *guru* or priest, who should repair to the house of sorrow the moment he hears the intelligence. He takes with him another *guru* who can render assistance, and comes to the place bringing a bell, censer, etc., required for the ceremony. The articles that are necessary for the occasion are procured and put before him under a *punthul* or shed prepared for the purpose. The articles referred to are as follows: paddy, rice, mangoe leaves, thread, *tetpy* (a kind of sacred grass), cocoa nuts, plantains, camphor, benzoin, betel leaves, areca nuts, ghee, parched rice, and turmeric powder. The immediate attendant, or as he is termed disciple of the priest, marks out, by strewing rice flour upon the ground under the *punthul*, a six foot square figure. After having done this, the attendant takes thirteen brass or new earthen vessels (called *koompum*) which are bound round with cotton thread, fills them with water, and puts over the mouths of each a cocoa nut and a few mangoe leaves, and then places them all on rice, spread on the ground. The plantains and some of the other articles referred to above, are placed around each of these *koompums*. These thirteen *koompums* are dedicated to as many different deities. The four, placed in the middle of the figure, are severally sacred to Siva, Amman (Siva's wife), Vishnu, and Brahma. The remaining nine are designed for other tutelary or protecting deities, whose names are Indra (the king of the gods), Ukkeny (the god of fire), Eyaman (the god of death), Neroothy (the regent of the southwest quarter), Varoonan (the god of waters), Varyoo (the god of wind), Koopadan (the god of riches), and Esarnan (the guardian of the northeast

* *Komooheh* is the giving of a cow while in the act of parturition, and if there be a head presentation, then the merit of the gift reaches a higher degree. The Rajah of Tanjore, upon the continent of India, it is said, keeps a large number of cows, that in case of his being suddenly taken away by death, he may be able in his last moments to offer the gift *komooheh*.

* The sacred ashes hold a most conspicuous place among the idolatrous observances of the Hindus. They are worn upon the forehead, the arms, and the body, as a distinctive religious mark, and the white appearance they give upon the tawny or black ground of a native's skin is regarded by them as very beautiful. These sacred ashes are made in the time of the rice harvest, and consist of the excrement of the cattle that tread out the grain, which excrement, when dried, is burnt with the chaff of the rice, and becomes white ashes, or a fine, soft, white powder. These ashes are well-nigh ubiquitous in India among the followers of the god Siva, and are the first thing to catch your eye when a Hindu of this sect approaches.

quarter). These eight deities are also guardians for the eight principal points of the compass. The last *koompum* is designed for the inferior deity Vidavan, who presides over graveyards and burning-places. These *koompums* are severally covered with pieces of new cloth.

A hole for receiving the consecrated fire is made in the ground, in the middle of the square figure; and nine kinds of fuel are used to make the fire in the hole, such as the banian, mangoe, and the wood of other Eastern trees. Ghee, parched corn, and other articles are also mingled with the wood. After the fire is built in this manner, a piece of the sandal (a very costly odoriferous wood) is put into the fire, so that the lighted brand may be taken to the burning-place to kindle the funeral pile. The priest also sends for a mortar and pestle, and decorates the mortar with mangoe leaves and cloths; then he puts into the mortar a certain number of kernels of raw and parched rice, with scented powders, and causes one of the sons, or if there be no son, a near relative of the deceased, to pound them, while he, the priest, reads a work which prescribes the rites and ceremonies adapted to the occasion.

While these ceremonies are in progress, the family servants (a class of people of the *Covia* caste, who were formerly, up to 1825, slaves) rub the head of the corpse with rape-seed-oil, the juice of the lime, and the pomace * of the olive (Cassia longifolia) fruit, and also bathe the body with the water in the *koompums*, before referred to. While the body is being bathed, and other preparations are going on, the female friends of the deceased bemoan their loss by singing, in dolorous tones, mourning songs, which describe the worth of the departed. They also beat their breasts with the palms of their hands, and howl and cry in a loud and most pathetic manner.

After the bathing is over, the *Covias* place the corpse on a rough sort of cot, or couch, in front of the consecrated fire before mentioned, and rub sacred ashes all over the body. On the forehead of the corpse a round spot is made with a paste of sandal wood-powder. They put, at the same time, into the mouth of the corpse a mixture of betel, areca nut, a little lime, a piece of tobacco, and some spices, if they can be had.

After all these preliminaries are gone through, the friends of the deceased call the tom-tom beaters, the washerman, barber, and blacksmith, and give them each a piece of new cloth, having a *pice* (a small copper coin) tied in at the corner. These cloths they are required to wear around their heads. After this, the *Covias* place the corpse on a bier, decorated according to their ability and taste—sometimes quite beautifully, with flowers, ornamental papers, &c., and then bear the same to the burning-place on their shoulders, accompanied by the before-mentioned persons, including the carpenter and the friends of the deceased. While thus proceeding to the *choordu kardu*, the washermen spread clean cloths on the ground, so that all who attend the funeral may walk over them, and the barber carries with him the firebrand taken from the consecrated fire; the *Covia* women fan the corpse, while *Nalava* women blow in the mouths of earthen vessels, making a hollow, slightly musical sound. After they all reach the burning-place, the eldest son, or, if there be no son, a near relative, cleanly shaved and newly bathed, approaches the pile, attended by the barber, who carries in his hand a new earthen vessel filled with water. After the body is placed on the pile, with the head toward the south, the nearest relatives and friends put rice into the mouth of the corpse one after the other, according to their respective ages, letting fall at the same time near the face a small copper coin, which is picked up by the tom-tom beaters, and is one of their perquisites. When this is done, the son of the departed takes the vessel from the hand of the barber, and, being accompanied by the same person, who has a knife in his hand, they both walk round the pile three times, when the barber cracks the vessel, and the son lets it fall on the ground. Immediately he kindles the funeral pile, and his friends hurry him home, not allowing him to linger or look at the work of the flames. A few persons only remain to see that the corpse is wholly consumed, while all the others return home and bathe themselves.

After three days, the friends of the deceased call their *guru*, and repair with him to the burning-place, where they gather the ashes of the corpse, and put them in a new earthen vessel, which they throw into the sea or river, thereby hoping that the soul of the departed will be carried to heaven. This is to be done on the morning of the third day, with certain ceremonies; and in the afternoon, the friends invite all the relatives and the servants and their families, and entertain them hospitably. Again, on the eighth day, they procure many kinds of food which the deceased used to eat when alive, and set them in the place where he usually took his food, thinking that the spirit of the departed will come and refresh itself. At the same time the females cry with a loud voice, and make many lamentations for the dead. It is worthy of notice, that when one of these mourning-women stop crying, all immediately stop, from the superstitious notion, that if a part continue wailing after the others have ceased, there will very soon be another death in the family. On the thirtieth day, the last ceremony called *untheyirtle*, is to be performed near the sea or some body of water. Until this is performed, it is supposed that the spirit of the deceased will be in charge of Vidavan, an inferior god, to whom the principal offerings are made on this occasion. The articles re-

* This pomace of the olive-fruit is universally used by the Tamil people; when bathing they rub it upon their bodies to aid in the work of cleansing and purifying. Those in the Western world can hardly understand what a matter is made of bathing by the Orientals; they often take the best part of a whole day for the business.

quired for this last ceremony are fifteen, and the same as those used in the ceremony, before described, of preparing the body for burning; but the fee allotted to the *guru* differs according to the respectability and wealth of the family, and varies from two dollars to one thousand dollars, or even more. The *guru* who performs this ceremony is usually carried in a palanquin to the sea-shore, river, or tank, where *untheyirtle* is to be performed, and the matter is attended with more or less of show and display. A *punthul* or shed is erected for the accommodation of the *guru* and the company while performing this last rite.

The ceremony is very much like the one before described of the six-foot square figure and its accompaniments, only that this is still longer and more wearisome. The Hindus suppose that if the ceremony of the *untheyirtle* is not performed the soul of the departed will be wandering about here and there, and will fail of heaven, or the desired end of transmigration and appearing in a higher degree of being. If the eldest son, whose duty it is to cause the performance of the rites, fails to do it, he is supposed to render himself liable to the certain curse of the gods.

It should be remarked that in connection with nearly all these ceremonies, there is a very great amount of gesticulation and muttering of prayers on the part of the *guru*, and of prostration and various kinds of superstitious movements of the hands, &c., on the part of the relatives. Who, in view of this account of the vain ceremonies and superstitious notions, in bondage to which immense numbers of the human race are held, would not rejoice in the spread of Christianity, civilization, light, and knowledge in the earth? And who would not be willing to use the power of his example, influence, wealth, and prayers, in spreading the knowledge of true religion and salvation through a crucified Savior, which destroys such ignorance, and puts an end to such absurd and ridiculous vanities?

TOILET-TALK.

THERE are certain moralists in the world, who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy—or, being old, fantastic, or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

We can hardly over-estimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the ruder sex. A family of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, a cousin, or a visiter here and there, assemble round the early meal. The ladies have complexions fresh from plentiful morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or floating in silky curls; the plain well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned floating muslin of a warmer season, the delicately embroidered collar and cuffs; the suspicion of black velvet, that, encircling the throat, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some hand of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment: taste is seldom a solitary gift, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet violets on the table, low-lying among moss; or those primroses, almost hidden in their own leaves, not mixed up and dressed with gaudier flowers. The father of that family carries to his dusty counting-house, his toilsome or anxious daily business, a sense of happiness and refinement—not one of those scents is lost. Cheerfully will he labor, that his home may be preserved inviolate, that not one of those bright precious heads may ever know change or privation. And those young men—will they ever dare approach such a sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer? Will they not turn with disgust from persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home?

To a much greater extent than we are at all aware is dress indicative of character. Will Honeycomb says he can tell the humor of a woman by the color of her hood. And not only do we read

"The cap, the whip, the masculine attire"

aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately an attractive exterior is not dependent on wealth, an adequate consideration of place and circumstances being one of the great secrets of dressing well. The portly dame who waddles along the street stiff with satin, crowned with feathers, glaring with ermine; and the strong-minded individual who pays her morning-calls in clamping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, are both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the toilet with ameliorating grace. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say: "Behold me—my eyes, hair, stature, position; dress me!" will, probably, in the end, have a relieved mind as well as pocket.

No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable;—in uniting in one happy union these great principles consists the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING has occurred during the month in the political world to break the usual monotony of the summer season. The most marked event has been perhaps the rapid visit of the President and several members of his Cabinet to the city of New York, to attend the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which took place on the 14th of July. The President was greeted by large popular demonstrations at the various points along the route, and had a public official reception in the city. He made speeches in reply to the addresses which were presented to him. The ceremonies at the opening of the Crystal Palace were interesting. Prayer was read by Bishop Wainwright—an address was made by Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., President of the Association, to which a brief response was made by the President of the United States. On the 16th, a grand entertainment was given by the Directors to their distinguished guests, at which speeches were made by the President and the members of his Cabinet present, as well as by Sir Charles Lyell and others. The Exhibition has continued open to the public since that day; the attendance has been very respectable, the daily receipts averaging about $1500.

An American named Walter M. Gibson has recently returned to the United States, having escaped from the prisons of the Dutch authorities of the island of Java, where he has been confined for nearly a year, upon charges of seeking to excite the natives against the Dutch rule. Mr. Gibson went to the East Indies some two years since, in the schooner *Flirt*, which he had purchased and fitted out for an adventure. Upon his first arrival he was kindly received, and treated with great distinction by the Dutch authorities; but his progress in becoming acquainted with some of the native princes, and in acquiring their confidence, awakened distrust, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was repeatedly acquitted by the local courts, but was always re-arrested by warrant of the supreme authorities, as a person whose presence was considered dangerous to the peace of the country. He at length made his escape in disguise from the prison, got on board an American clipper, and reached New York on the 26th of July.——Arrangements have been made for a semi-monthly line of mail steamers between Bremen and New York.——General Almonte, the new Mexican Minister, has reached Washington, and presented his credentials. In his address to the President, he gave assurances of the earnest desire of Mexico to cultivate the most peaceful relations with the United States, as essential to the proper development of the resources of both countries; and of her determination to omit no exertions which may be deemed compatible with the dignity of a free and independent nation to accomplish that object. The President reciprocated those good wishes, and welcomed the new Minister to the capital.

The State Convention of Massachusetts, assembled to frame a new Constitution for the State, adjourned on the 1st of August. The new Constitution contains many important changes. Senators are hereafter to be chosen in forty single districts by a plurality of votes. The Executive Councilors are to be elected by the people, one member from each of eight districts, each district to be composed of five Senatorial districts. The House of Representatives is to consist of 407 members, elected annually. The principal State officers, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney General are to be elected by the people. Judges of the Supreme, Judicial, and other courts, are to hold office for ten years, instead of during good behavior. The right of suffrage is opened to every male citizen twenty-one years of age and upward, who has been a resident of the State one year, and of the town where he claims the right to vote six months. The sense of the people on the expediency of a Convention for a new revision of the Constitution is to be taken in 1872, and in every twentieth year thereafter. Other propositions were adopted relating to the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, making jurors judges of the law in criminal cases, giving to State creditors the right to recover their claims by suit, abolishing imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud, prohibiting the appropriation of school moneys to any religious sect for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools, prohibiting the creation of corporations by special acts when unnecessary, and requiring the adoption, in all banks to be hereafter established, of the system which has been introduced in New York.

The embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620, was celebrated on the anniversary of that event, August 1st, at Plymouth, Mass., by interesting and appropriate public ceremonies. A very large concourse was in attendance, and over two thousand people sat down to the dinner which had been prepared. Mr. Richard Warren presided, and speeches were made by a number of distinguished guests, among whom were Governor Clifford and Senators Everett, Sumner, and John P. Hale.——A very eloquent eulogy upon Mr. Webster was pronounced at Hanover, N. H., on the 27th of July, by Hon. Rufus Choate, in connection with the exercises of Dartmouth College, at which Mr. Webster was graduated. It gave a general summary of his public and professional life, with an analysis of his character.——The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th of July, and continued for a week. Papers upon scientific subjects were read by a great number of gentlemen, and the discussions were unusually interesting and instructive. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at the city of Washington.

From *California* we have news to the 16th of July. The grain harvests were coming in well, the crops being very abundant. The town of Shasta had been almost wholly destroyed by fire, and the village of Rough-and-Ready had also been swept by a disastrous conflagration. The mines continued to yield abundantly, and operations of all kinds in connection with them were conducted with gratifying success. Political affairs were exciting a good deal of attention. The Democrats have nominated Governor Bigler for re-election. The Whigs have nominated Wm. Waldo. A State Convention has been held, called by the Whigs, but designed primarily to promote reform in the various departments of the State

Government. It is thought that the manifold abuses which have been practiced will give the movement a good deal of strength. The new members of the Land Commission met on the 8th. Disastrous fires had occurred in the towns of Ophir and French Corral. The attempt to establish steam navigation on the Colorado had failed, in consequence of the loss of the steamer employed. It is satisfactorily proved that the river is navigable for forty or fifty miles above its mouth. Anthracite coal has been discovered in the neighborhood of Shasta. The papers abound in reports of murders, thefts, and accidents.

From *Oregon* there is little news. Governor Lane has been elected delegate to Congress by a large majority. Crops promise well throughout the Territory. There are four steamers building, and nine running, on the Columbia and Willamette rivers. New coal discoveries are reported within a few miles of the Columbia River; and gold is said to have been found near the head waters of the Santiano. The mines in Southern Oregon are doing well.

From *Washington* Territory and Puget's Sound we have news to June 18. Emigration to that section was largely increasing, and indications were evident of steady and rapid improvement. The Hudson's Bay Company claim a large extent of territory upon the sea-coast, which gives rise to considerable uneasiness, and calls for the action of our Government.

From the *Sandwich Islands* our intelligence is to June 11th. Drafts drawn by ships belonging to the American whaling fleet, touching at Honolulu and Lahaina during the last season, amounted to $300,000. Reports from the Royal Agricultural Society represent the farming interests as recovering from their depression. There is a steady increase in the culture of sugar, and the crop for the coming year promises to be twice as large as that of last year. The small-pox was raging frightfully at Honolulu. The King had issued a proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer on the 15th of June.——In the *Society Islands* the Empire was proclaimed on the 17th of April, with appropriate ceremonies.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from Mexico to the 22d of July, represents affairs as tending steadily toward arbitrary rule. Santa Anna seems to retain his popularity as yet, and avails himself of it in laws for the more rigorous government of the country. Rumors had been widely circulated of an intention on his part to form a close alliance between Spain and Mexico, restoring the latter country, in fact, to its ancient condition of colonial dependence upon the former. The project is openly advocated by the *Universal*, which is the conservative organ, but is warmly opposed by the liberal papers. Indications daily appear of an alliance between Church and State; a commission has been named for drawing up rules permitting and regulating the return of the Jesuits. The penalty of death has been established against defaulters in the Treasury Department and defrauders of the revenue. An order has been issued abolishing all crosses and decorations conferred for services during civil war, and permitting only such as have been conferred by foreign powers or in service of Mexico during a foreign war. The reason assigned is a desire to efface all recollection of the political struggles that have destroyed the country. ——The ravages of the Indians still continue in the States of Durango and Zacatecas, and the lands were being rapidly deserted. In the latter state a general enlistment of all males between sixteen and fifty years of age has been ordered, as it is said the army is not yet sufficiently organized to undertake the defense of the country. The Count Raousset de Boulbon, whose invasion of Sonora some months since excited a good deal of attention, has reached Mexico, and been introduced to the President.—— An immense army of grasshoppers—three leagues long and half a league broad—has made its appearance on the northern confines of Guatemala, and extended into Mexico as far as Oajaca. It travels at the rate of twelve miles a day, and has already traversed one hundred and fifty leagues of the country. It devours the indigo and corn, not having yet injured the sugar cane.——The Mexican papers generally treat the seizure by the American forces of the Mesilla Valley, as a flagrant insult, perpetrated for the purpose of provoking renewed hostilities. The chief of the Mexican Boundary Commission has published a work upon the subject, urging the perfect and indefeasible right of Mexico to the valley.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Intelligence from *Venezuela* to the 27th of July represents the insurgents as having suffered disastrous defeat in the Baul and Pao. The action took place on the 22d of June, and the government troops under General Silva, completely routed the opposing forces, of whom five hundred were taken prisoners. An official proclamation announcing the result, states that the war is nearly at an end, as vigorous measures have been taken to pursue the rebels in the adjacent provinces. A decree has been issued authorizing the capture and destruction as pirates of any of the insurgents who may escape to sea.—— From *Peru* we learn that affairs are rapidly approaching a state of war with Bolivia. Peru has hitherto mainly confined her operations to the promotion of civil dissensions in Bolivia; but she has now committed sundry overt acts of hostility, which have been retaliated by the other side. The first was the seizure of sundry articles of commerce stored in Africa and belonging to Bolivia, and the decree of Peru levying 40 per cent. transit duty on all merchandise passing through that country for Bolivia. Next came the seizure by Peru of the port of Cobija, thus cutting off all communication between Bolivia and the Pacific coast. The place was vacated by the Bolivian forces as soon as the Peruvian ships appeared in the harbor. General Belzu has issued orders to prepare immediately for war, declaring an absolute interdict on all commercial traffic between the two countries, and ordering all goods *in transitu* to be seized. All citizens of Bolivia are prohibited from passing out of their own territory. The meeting of the Bolivian Congress has been postponed.——From *Chili* there is no news of interest. Schools of industry are being established in various parts of the country, and an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb has been opened at Santiago. It is stated that the Government has acquired the astronomical observatory lately belonging to the United States Scientific Corps in that city.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England during the month has been mainly occupied with the politics of Eastern Europe. The progress of the difficulty between the Russian Czar and the Porte has been watched with great anxiety by the commercial interests, though a very strong feeling exists among the people of England adverse to the pretensions of Russia, which are felt to be indicative of meditated encroachments upon the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The

course of the Government has been marked by excessive prudence, and is clearly governed by a predominant desire for the preservation of peace. The debates in Parliament have had but little interest. Several attempts have been made in both Houses to elicit from Ministers information as to the steps taken by Government to sustain the Porte, but they have not been successful. The Ministry had generally been content with declaring that the negotiations were still in progress, that France and England were acting in close conjunction, and that both powers were determined to maintain the faith of treaties, and to preserve, if possible, the peace of Europe. In the latest discussion of the subject, Lord John Russell stated that so far from having been brought to a close, the negotiations had but just begun at St. Petersburg, and considering the time required for communicating between that city and Constantinople it would not be deemed surprising that they were not in a condition to be laid before Parliament. In the House of Peers, Lord Lyndhurst characterized the circular letter of Count Nesselrode, of which notice is made in another part of this Record, as "one of the most fallacious, one of the most illogical, and one of the most offensive and insulting documents of that description it had ever been his misfortune to read."——The Government bill for amending the constitution of the East India Company has been largely discussed, and Mr. Macaulay has made one of his splendid speeches in its support. It has passed its second reading. The other subjects which have engaged the attention of Parliament have not been of general interest or importance. Several measures relating to the welfare of the poorer classes have been brought forward, one by Mr. Cobbett, who obtained leave to introduce a bill for the purpose of limiting the labor in factories to ten hours. Lord Shaftesbury has brought forward a bill for the prevention of juvenile mendicancy. He estimates the number of children annually turned out by their parents as mendicants and vagrants, at 3000, and the total number in London who obtain a living by thieving as 6000. He proposes to give the children right of education in the Union Schools, adding a claim upon the parents for their support.——The Law Amendment Society, at one of its recent sittings, was addressed very ably by its President, Lord Brougham, upon the history of the legal reform thus far effected, and in earnest advocacy of further progress. Justice Parker, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was present, and being called upon to do so, spoke in high praise of the practical effect of the legal reforms recently introduced in New York, especially of the fusion of law and equity. ——The returns of the Board of Trade indicate a large increase in the commerce of the country; during the first five months of the year, there has been an increase of over seven millions of pounds sterling in the exports over last year. The increase in the imports and in goods taken for home consumption, food, raw materials, luxuries, &c., shows the same activity in trade and prosperity of the people.

CONTINENTAL.

No events of importance have occurred in France. M. de Persigny recently had an interview with the editors of Paris, in which he assured them that it was the desire of Government to enlarge the sphere of their action as rapidly as the public safety would permit.——An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, while attending the opening of the Opera Comique, on the 4th of July. Three persons had stationed themselves near the door at which he would enter, and when ordered to withdraw, refused to do so. Ten or fifteen others came up and rescued them from the police, but were themselves surrounded and captured. It is said that all were found to be armed. The affair was kept as private as possible, but it became generally known, and created a good deal of uneasiness. It is stated that the Emperor has given up his intended visit to the Pyrenees; secret societies are said to exist throughout the south, so that it is feared his life would not be safe on such an excursion.

An incident occurred in the harbor of Smyrna the last of June which excited a good deal of interest, and had important bearings between Austria and the United States. A Hungarian named Kosta had been forcibly seized while in a café, and taken on board an Austrian brig-of-war, and orders had been issued by the Austrian consul to carry him away on the 29th. Captain Ingraham being in port with the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis, learning that Kosta had declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and that he had an American passport, on the 28th sent in his protest against his being carried away until the facts could be ascertained; and on the next day brought the guns of his vessel to bear upon the Austrian brig where he was confined. Letters from Mr. J. P. Brown, U. S. Chargé at Constantinople, arrived, stating that Kosta was entitled to American protection; and Captain Ingraham obtained from the Austrians a delay until the 2d of July, and then went on board the brig with the consul. Kosta then demanded American protection, and Captain Ingraham told him he should have it. The Captain then sent word to the Austrian that Kosta must be released before four o'clock in the evening. Both ships then cleared for action, and every thing indicated that the affair would be decided by force. Fortunately an arrangement was made by the Austrian and American consuls, by which it was agreed that Kosta should be surrendered to the French consul who consented to take charge of him until his claim to protection should be decided by the two Governments. Mr. Brown, Chargé at Constantinople, meantime wrote to Baron Bruck, the Austrian embassador, desiring him to interfere to secure his release; but the Baron rebuked Mr. Brown for interfering in the affair, as Kosta was an Austrian subject, and liable therefore to be seized by the Austrian authorities while on Turkish territory. Kosta had been in the suite of Kossuth, and would doubtless have been at once executed if he had been taken to Vienna. The spirited conduct of Captain Ingraham in interposing for his release, excited great enthusiasm in Smyrna, where the American citizens gave him a splendid dinner on the 4th of July.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The principal interest of the month has turned upon the progress of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey, which still threatens to result in war, though no decisive steps have yet been taken, and the predominant aspect is that of peace. The Danubian provinces have been occupied by the Russian troops, but negotiations are understood to be in progress under the direction of the Western powers, which, it is hoped, may prevent this step from being considered a *casus belli*. Several state papers, indispensable to a correct history of the difficulty, have been published. On the 31st of May, Count Nesselrode addressed a note to Redschid Pasha, stating that the Emperor had been informed of his refusal to enter into the smallest engagement with the Russian Government, of a nature to reassure it of the protecting intentions of the Ottoman Government with regard to the worship and orthodox churches in Tur-

key. He forewarns him of the consequences of persisting in this refusal, urges him to represent to the Sultan the injustice and impolicy of his conduct, and declares that in a few weeks the troops will receive orders to cross the frontiers of the Empire, not to make war, but to obtain material guarantees, until the Ottoman Government will give to Russia the moral securities which she has in vain demanded for the last two years. He closes by exhorting him to sign the note presented by Prince Menschikoff as his ultimatum, without variation, and to transmit it without delay to the Prince at Odessa.——Redschid Pasha replied to this note by declaring the willingness of the Sultan to confirm by a decree all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed by the members of the Greek Church *ab antiquo*, and stating that a firman had just been issued for this purpose. But it was deemed inconsistent with the independence and self-respect of Turkey to enter into engagements with Russia upon the subject, and that, therefore, must be regarded as a simple impossibility. The intention of causing the Russian troops to cross the frontiers was regarded as incompatible with the assurances of peace and of the friendly disposition of the Emperor, and was so much opposed to what might be expected from a friendly power that the Porte knows not how he can accept it. If the Emperor would but appreciate as it deserves the impossibility for Turkey of entering into the stipulations required, the Porte would not hesitate to send an embassador to St. Petersburg to re-open negotiations there, and to make some arrangement satisfactory to both.

Upon the receipt of this reply, on the 14th of June, the Emperor issued at St. Petersburg a proclamation, declaring that the defense of the faith and of the rights and privileges of the orthodox church, had always been his purpose and his duty: that the recent infringements of them by the acts of the Ottoman Porte had threatened the entire overthrow of all ancient discipline; that all efforts to restrain the Porte from such acts had been in vain, and that even the word of the Sultan had been faithlessly broken; and that having exhausted all means of conviction, and tried in vain all the means by which his just claims could be peaceably adjusted, he had deemed it indispensable to move his armies into the provinces on the Danube, in order that the Porte may see to what its stubbornness may lead. He had no intention, however, of commencing war: he only sought a sufficient pledge for the re-establishment of his rights. He was even yet willing to stop the movements of the army, if the Porte would bind itself solemnly to respect the inviolability of the orthodox church.

Count Nesselrode at the same time published in the "St. Petersburg Journal" a circular addressed to the Russian Ministers at Foreign Courts, rehearsing the history of the difficulty, and aiming to show that the Emperor had demanded from the Porte nothing more than a confirmation of the rights he had always possessed, and a guarantee that they should be observed in future. This circular was dated June 11, and was followed by another on the 20th—in which it is stated that the Governments of France and England had complicated the difficulties of the case by sending their fleets to the Dardanelles in advance of the action of Russia, thus placing the Emperor under the weight of a threatening demonstration. The refusal of the Porte to accede to the Emperor's ultimatum, supported thus by the armed demonstrations of the maritime powers, had rendered it more than ever impossible to modify the resolutions already made contingent upon that act. The Emperor had, accordingly, ordered a corps of Russian troops, stationed in Bessarabia, to cross the frontier and occupy the Danubian principalities. They would enter not to make war, but as a material guarantee for the fulfillment of his duties by the Sultan, and because the action of France and England in taking maritime possession of the waters of Constantinople, had created an additional reason for re-establishing the equilibrium of the reciprocal situations by taking a military position. The occupation of the principalities was not designed to be permanent, but would cease whenever the Porte should concede the demands of Russia, which looked not at all toward aggrandizement, but sought only justice. The inhabitants of the principalities, meantime, would suffer no new burdens from the occupation, as all supplies would be paid for out of the military chest at the proper time, and at rates agreed upon beforehand with their Governments. The Government did not conceal from itself the important consequences which might follow this step, if the Turkish Government should compel it to go further: but it had no alternative left. The Turkish Government had taken a position which involved the virtual abrogation of all existing treaties, and which Russia could not concede. All the excitement upon this subject had proceeded from a pure misunderstanding: it seemed to be forgotten that Russia enjoyed, by position and treaty, an ancient right of watching over the effectual protection of its religion in the East, and the maintenance of the right, which it will not abandon, is represented as implying the pretension of a protectorate, at once religious and political, the importance of which, present and future, is greatly exaggerated. The circular closes with an earnest disavowal of all intentions on the part of the Emperor to subvert the Ottoman Empire, or to aggrandize himself at its expense. His fundamental principle was still, as it had always been, to maintain the *status quo* in Turkey as long as possible—because this was the well-understood interest of Russia, already too vast to need territorial extension—because the Ottoman Empire averts the shock of rival powers which, if it fell, would at once encounter each other over its ruins, and because human foresight wearies itself in vain in seeking a combination proper to fill the void which the disappearance of this great body would leave in the political systems.—Accompanying the circular was a proclamation from Prince Gortschakoff, to the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, announcing that he had been ordered to occupy their territories, and exhorting them to remain quiet and obedient to the laws.

Sundry expressions in the circular of Count Nesselrode, especially those in which an attempt is made to justify the proceedings of Russia by pleading the example of France, elicited a reply from M. Drouyn de l' Huys, the French Minister, who enters into an extended historical exposition to prove the utter groundlessness of the attempted analogy, and to demonstrate the moderation which France has always shown in her intercourse with the Porte.—Still another reply, dated July 15th, was issued by the French Government to the second circular of Count Nesselrode, in which the pretensions and complaints of the latter are examined and repelled with great ability. M. de l' Huys asserts that the firmans recently issued by the Sultan have removed every possible ground of complaint on the part of Russia, and declares that the agents of the St. Petersburg cabinet every where, when those firmans were first

issued, congratulated themselves on the amicable adjustment of the difficulty. He declares that the four powers have not advised the Porte what course to take in this matter, feeling it to be a matter too nearly touching his own honor to warrant advice from any quarter. They have only taken such a line of conduct as their treaty stipulations required for the protection of their common interests. The cause of the original misunderstanding between Russia and the Porte had disappeared, and the question which might suddenly arise at Constantinople was that of the very existence of the Ottoman Empire; under such circumstances France and England could not fail to take steps to secure the degree of influence to which they were entitled. The Emperor of Russia, moreover, by threatening to occupy the Danubian principalities had taken the initiative, and acted in direct violation of existing treaties. The Porte has an undoubted right to regard that step as an act of war, and the general interest of the world is opposed to the admission of such a doctrine as the act of the Czar implies.

The Sultan, on the 14th of July, published a protest against the occupation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian troops. It is a temperate document, and still manifests firmness. The Sultan declares his intention to maintain inviolate all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, but says "it is evident the independence of a sovereign state is at an end, if it does not retain among its powers that of refusing without offense a demand not authorized by any existing treaty, the acceptance of which would be superfluous for the object in view, and both humiliating and injurious to the party so declining it." Under these circumstances, the Porte expresses its astonishment and regret at the occupation of the principalities, which are styled an integral part of the Ottoman dominions. It denies the right of interference claimed by Russia, and refuses any further apology in regard to the question of religious privileges. The entrance of Russia into the provinces can only be regarded as an act of war; but the Sultan, anxious not to push his rights to the farthest limits, abstains from the use of force, and confines himself to a formal protest.

The Russian armies under Prince Gortschakoff meantime occupy the provinces. Bucharest is made their head-quarters and 80,000 troops are encamped in its vicinity, seventy-two guns of heavy calibre reached Jassy on the 7th of July, and on the same day the Russians crossed the frontier of Moldavia at Foskary and entered Wallachia. They have also taken possession of Oltenitza and all other fortified places on the Danube. It is reported and generally credited that strenuous efforts have been made by the other powers to prevent a war, and that negotiations have been renewed at St. Petersburg in such a form as promises a peaceful termination of the dispute. Sundry discussions upon the subject have been had in the English Parliament, notice of which will be found under the appropriate head.

CHINA.

Additional intelligence of considerable interest has been received concerning the progress and character of the rebellion in China. Sir G. Bonham in the British ship Hermes has visited Nankin and succeeded in holding interviews with several of the insurgent chiefs. He found Nankin nearly in ruins and the whole district in a state of anarchy and confusion. Both Nankin and Chin-kiang-foo were in possession of the rebels who were awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from the south before advancing to Pekin. He procured some very curious and interesting information concerning the insurgents and their objects. They have a good translation of the Bible, hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and are Christians of the Protestant form of worship. Their chief is called the Prince of Peace, to whom a divine origin is ascribed, but who refuses to receive any of the titles hitherto assumed by the Emperors of China, on the ground that they are due to God alone. Their moral code is comprised in ten rules, which on examination proved to be the ten commandments. They are rigid in their enforcement of morality, and are profoundly influenced by religious feeling. Their leaders are described as earnest practical Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. This intelligence, if it shall prove reliable, will give a new and still more interesting character to this remarkable rebellion.

Editor's Table.

ARE WE PROGRESSING? Who really doubts it? Who would even think of asking such a question in earnest, unless it be the narrow-souled conservative, the stiff-necked doter who can not turn his face from the past, and to whom the world's historical progress gives more trouble than ever the earth's motion caused to the monks in the days of Copernicus? The world is "progressing" in physical knowledge and physical improvement. That no one will have the hardihood to call in question. A journey from Buffalo to New York in fourteen hours, and soon, perhaps, to be accomplished in ten —regular voyages across the Atlantic in nine days— California, the medium of communication with the old Asiatic world—the news of an arrival from Europe sent before breakfast to every city in the Union —legislative portraits, historical pictures, or pictures of men making history, fixed upon the canvas with the speed of thought and the accuracy of light itself —progress of this kind, and in this direction, no one denies. And yet there are some so stupidly stubborn, so immovably fastened in certain moral and theological dogmas, that they will still persist in doubting the fact of a moral and political progress corresponding to this most rapid and remarkable advance of the physical element.

It may be a vain undertaking, but it is to the removal, if possible, of such a darkened state of mind on the part of any of our readers, that we would address ourselves in the present number of our Editor's Table.

And to come at once to the point, let us in all candor ask these unreasonable croakers what they would really regard as the truest signs or tests of a real moral and political advance? They must answer, of course, that such evidence would make itself apparent, first, in the individual character, and then in its effects upon the public mind or sentiment of the age or nation. Private, social, and political virtue will all present an intimate connection. The

statistics of crime will show an evident diminution, or, as an equivalent, there will be a great increase in some kinds of virtue, while the public probity, or the morals of public men, in their public capacity, will furnish a like cheering proof of an onward and upward progress in whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good repute.

And now may we not confidently appeal to such a test? In regard to the diminution of individual crime, a certain kind of statistical proof, we are aware, might be brought forward in seeming contradiction of such a view. There have lately been put forth statements of the kind by which the writers would show, and would even seem to prove, that our city of New York is becoming, in this respect, a perfect Pandemonium—that murders, and burglaries, and arsons, are multiplying beyond all former example. A very little thought, however, must convince any candid and rational mind of the fallacy of reasoning from such evidence as this. Admitting it to possess some degree of truth, still even its statistical value may well be questioned, as presenting only one aspect of society, while it keeps back what might not only give relief to the picture, but also turn the balance strongly to the other side of the account. Is the number of crimes increasing among us? So is our population. Do these crimes present peculiar features? So does the progressive genius of the age. The great advancement of society in other respects has multiplied temptations. It should be remembered, too, that it is a "transition period," during which, for a time, the old vices may run somewhat faster than the new virtues. Moreover, foreigners are pouring in upon us, who have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the genius of our institutions. It may be said, too, that the very virtues of the age contribute somewhat to the same temporary effect, especially when this is viewed in that one-sided aspect which mere statistical tables would present. There is so much more tenderness, so much more conscientiousness than there used to be, that this very cause contributes somewhat to swell that side of the account, when thus statistically stated. The universal spirit of philanthropy has led thoughtless minds to attach less value to those narrow individual privileges which law must protect as long as they exist, although constantly tempting the weak to their violation. A little farther advance in the progress of society, and this will, in a great measure, disappear. It is the great multitude of our restraining laws which occasions the most of crimes. Abolish these, and then, as a very able writer of the progressive school has most convincingly shown, you have taken a great step toward abolishing all transgression.

But taken at the worst, it is only an evidence of the universal movement. When every thing else is progressing, it would really be wonderful if crime should remain stationary. But are not our virtues—our public and private virtues, making a much more rapid advance. That is the real question, and to such a question but one answer can be given. If we may judge from the almost unanimous testimony o our numerous literary publications, our thousands and tens of thousands of newspapers, the discourses, the legislative reports, the public documents of every kind, there never has been an age like this, so distinguished for its light, its truth, its philanthropy, in a word, its devotion to the great cause of human regeneration. The *race*, the good of the *race*, the progress of the *race*, the melioration of society, the elevation of a world—these are the great ends proclaimed from every quarter; and shall it be objected to so noble an aim, and invidiously thrown in the way of its fulfillment, that there may be, what any thinking man would naturally expect, a slight increase of apparent wrong-doing in connection with so great, and, on the whole, so praiseworthy an excitement—this individual crime, too, sometimes springing from the very noblest of motives, or at the worst, from a premature and excusable desire to realize that unrestrained good of which we are as yet deprived by the false and crime-breeding structure of society?

Our croaking conservative may present his dry statistics of individual crime. Let him feast on such garbage if it suits his raven taste. The nobler spirit would rather turn him to the contemplation of that pure abstract benevolence in which this age so much abounds. Let the one spread before the public his disgusting detail of robberies, seductions, and murders. What is all this in comparison with that tender regard for human life which would abolish capital punishment, and turn our prisons into hospitals of mercy, instead of dens of vindictive cruelty. What is all this in comparison with that extreme conscientiousness which would prefer that every individual murderer should escape, rather than the law should exhibit a vindictive spirit? Here is the error of the mere statistical reasoner. The isolated cases of individual crime may, perhaps, present some appearance of numerical increase. But he fails to set against them, as he should, the still greater increase of public abstract virtue. To this aspect of the matter he is utterly blinded by that narrow and unphilosophical prejudice which would lead him to look for the reformation of society in the reformation of individuals, instead of seeing that the latter can be rationally expected only when society has first become what it ought to be through the progress of philanthropy and social reform. He can not see, what is so self-evident to the disciple of a more hopeful and earnest faith, that the elevation of our humanity, once accomplished, will most assuredly lift up the individual to a corresponding height of virtue. In other words, let *man* be regenerated and *men* are reformed as a matter of course.

Again—this statistical estimate of progress is one-sided and unjust, inasmuch as it regards the mere outward act as of more importance in determining the progress, whether of individuals or society, than the inward sentiment. Certainly nothing could be more irrational than this. What is a man aside from his principles? And what else constitutes the true character as well as glory of an age, than those expressed sentiments which may be said to form the spirit of its literature—the very inner life of its morals and politics? The conservative calumniator of his own times goes mousing among the records of criminal courts; he drags to light the dark statistics of our prisons; he keeps a daily register of the gallows; he gloats over the examples that now and then occur of political corruption. Why does he not rather refresh his spirit with the contemplation of that flood of noble sentiment which is daily issuing in so many streams from the press, the newspaper, the public lecture, and the literary discourse. If the cases of crime are rather more numerous than could be wished, can he not see how much virtue there is constantly coming forth in books, what glowing expressions of patriotism and philanthropy are continually proceeding from the mouths of our public men—how the newspapers actually overflow with zeal for the public morals, and with the most decisive condemnation of all individuals and companies who

may in any respect fail in that rigid accountability to which the press feels itself bound to hold them? Can there, indeed, be a greater evidence of a high state of the public morals, and of a most decided progress in public virtue, than the fact that so numerous a body of men should have so disinterestedly appointed themselves its champions, and so faithfully performed the duties of this responsible public guardianship?

And then again, what a proof have we of the same great fact in all our public oratory—in the speeches that ring from our legislative halls, and the eloquence that overflows from the political caucus and the stump? How utterly unselfish are men becoming: how absorbed in devotion to the public good! How dearly, how disinterestedly do our politicians love the people! What heroic sacrifices would they not make for their country and their race! Even their jealousies, their rivalries, their hot political feuds, come from the exuberance of this noble spirit of the age. They love the people so much that they can not bear the idea of having any rivals, or even partners in their affections. Much less can they endure the thought that others should do them wrong. The bare suspicion of such a possibility leads to the most superlative exertions to prevent the success of another combination of political philanthropists whom they may regard as less progressive, or less full of a warm affection for humanity than themselves. It is for this most disinterested purpose that either party, when triumphant, take into their possession all the offices, and assume the control of all political trusts. It is all pure philanthropy; and yet there are men among us who will still deny the reality of a moral progress, in the face of such facts as these—facts as undeniable as they are honorable to our humanity. Such men can see nothing but figures. All this vast amount of public virtue goes for nothing with them, simply because it can not be easily reduced to statistical tables, or because the bilious soul of conservatism must ever suspect the purity of a philanthropy it is utterly unable to comprehend.

But how is it with the body politic at large? Here, if we mistake not, may be found evidences of progress which none but the willfully blind would ever think of calling in question. Let us, then, briefly state some of these facts in the history of a nation that must, beyond all cavil, be viewed as furnishing such proof. All sober men, we think, would agree with us in regarding the following characteristics as presenting undoubted tests of national advance. A nation is making, or has made, a true moral progress, in which the reflective, the prospective,' in a word, the rational, is taking the place of the impulsive, the reckless, the animal nature. A nation is making a moral progress which has acquired, and calls into exercise, whenever there is occasion for it, such a thing as a national conscience. A nation is making a moral progress which has so risen above the influence of cant or cant words, that all things are brought under the control of reason, and the great question is ever, what is right—where the public men, instead of being ever confined to questions of party expediency, or, in other words, living by the day, send forth their views to the future, and test every measure by its remote bearings rather than its immediate effects upon a present political contest. A nation that is making a true moral progress will not tolerate slang of any kind, or as representative of any school or party—such, for example, as the "divine right of kings," or "divine right of the people," "vox populi vox Dei," "manifest destiny," "country, right or wrong," "Young America," &c., &c. It will not tolerate any thing that is unmeaning, and which, just in proportion to its unmeaningness, is hurtful not only to the moral purity, but the intellectual strength and elevation of the public mind. A nation that is making a true moral and political progress will have a strict regard to the rights, and not only to the rights but to the civic welfare, of other nations. It will, in this sense, acquire a true *national honor*, and this will pre-eminently exhibit itself in a tender respect for weaker powers, especially sister republics, and a more scrupulous justice than might be deemed right in other cases of political intercourse. Corresponding characteristics may be noted in respect to internal questions. Here there will be less and less of mere party spirit. In such a nation men will not seek offices, but offices will seek them. Public station will be desired only for the public good, and will ever be cheerfully relinquished for the pursuits of literature, or the more congenial practice of the private and domestic virtues. In short, there will be a manifest approach toward the realization of that golden age of which Plato dreamed, that perfect state in which the characters of the politician and the philosopher, so long divorced, shall be united in one inseparable and harmonious idea.

Such is the picture. What can the most bigoted conservative object to it as a delineation of a true progress—a true moral progress—a rational, a spiritual progress in distinction from a merely physical or material movement? And now, again we ask, can there be a doubt of its applicability to our own present age and country? There may be some few points, perhaps, in which we are not coming quite up to the ideal—but will any candid man deny that such a picture as we have drawn of a true national progress, brings strongly before the mind some of the leading traits of our own moral and political life? Why should the latter be so strikingly suggested? Why, in dwelling on each particular of such a sketch, should our own times, our own men, our own measures, come so vividly up to the thoughts, if there were no real correspondence? Is it not a fact that we are becoming every year more rational, and less animal in our political movements? Are not all public measures—especially those involving such momentous issues as that of war or peace—determined more by pure considerations of right, and less by unreasoning cant and impulse, than in former times of the national history? Are not our national elections becoming, at every successive return, more pure, more elevated, more worthy of rational beings, more and more controlled by questions of high moral bearing, instead of mere party expediency? Does not every Presidential contest thus purify the public mind, and raise it to a higher ideal, by ever bringing out our ablest statesmen, and, in this manner, stimulating all the public virtues by the honors bestowed on the most valuable national services?

Again—is there not every year less and less of political corruption? We mean not simply that petty kind against which some of our statutes are aimed. Every body, of course, condemns the poor wretch who sells the political franchise for a dollar or a glass of whisky; although it might be said, by way of palliation, that the man who buys votes in this manner pays for them in what is strictly his own, instead of something belonging to the people, and only committed to him as a sacred trust. So universal, however, is the abstract condemnation of this, that it is hardly worth mentioning in the scale, even though, from accidental causes, there may have been lately some apparent signs of its increase among us. But

that worse kind of political corruption, which consists in the buying and selling of the people's offices for considerations of party support, or as a reward for party support rendered—in respect to this we may boldly ask the question—Is it not manifestly on the decline, and is there not evidence that in all this *men of all parties* are governed by a lofty patriotism every year becoming more pure and disinterested? We know that there are some who would deny it. They complain of the proscription, as they choose to call it, which each and every political party alike practices toward its opponents; and this they call corruption. They say it is in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and of the oath to maintain it which every officer, the appointed as well as the appointing, are solemnly required to take. They call it gambling—gambling of the worst kind—gambling with what does not belong to the gamblers—gambling with the best interests of twenty-five millions of people. So do these croakers talk; such are their raven notes. But surely this is all an uncharitable judging of other men's consciences—a rash deciding that selfish and party considerations prevail in place of those noble motives of patriotism that are avowed, and which we have so much reason to believe are the true governing influences in such transactions. How blind, too, are those who make these objections, how utterly insensible to the sublime moral spectacle which is a natural consequence of these necessary political transitions. Every four years and oftener, new bands of men, once reckoned by thousands, and now, in the course of progress, by tens of thousands, are called to take the solemn oath of office. They lift their hands to Heaven, and swear to support a Constitution, according to whose spirit, as we all know, offices are for the public good alone, and were never intended for the reward of party services. And, of course, they take the oath in this spirit. Of course the men who thus swear must regard it as no light matter. They doubtless ponder long and deeply upon its meaning. Thus viewed—we repeat it—what a sublime moral spectacle does its frequent repetition present! What a religious aspect must it impart to our national character? What a powerful moral and devotional effect must it have upon the minds of all who take it, and of all who are witnesses of the solemn spectacle. Conservatism sometimes has much to say of the want of the religious element in our political institutions; but how unfounded the complaint in view of these annual and quadrennial exhibitions of official reverence. Thus, too, at each successive change of administration, a larger and still larger body of men are brought under this salutary influence. Here, then, instead of political corruption, we have, in fact, one of the most striking evidences of progress. And it is this view we are bound to take—the view which is most in harmony with a noble charity, most consistent with those large professions of patriotism, of philanthropy, and of all abstract virtue with which the age so much abounds.

Other unmistakable tests of progress are to be found in the increasing purity, dignity, and intellectual elevation of our public bodies. This is certainly a fair criterion, and to it we would appeal with the utmost confidence. It furnishes a conclusive reply to all that conservatism has said, or can say, on this point. If the nation has been "progressing" morally, politically, and intellectually, especially will this show itself in the greater members of the body politic. If the age is before any other age, its Presidents, its legislators, its governors, its judges, its lawyers, will present a corresponding advance. Nothing can be fairer than this, and on it we would cheerfully rest the whole question. A few examples are not enough for a true induction, but take a large range of view, and the general progress becomes most manifest. Let us only look at the list of our Presidents, commencing with the feeble and inexperienced infancy of the republic, and following it down almost to our own times; for any comparison with present incumbents would, of course, be both impolitic and unjust. How does it read—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor. Who would be so hardy as to deny the steady progress presented in that list? Of the late President, as well as of the present respectable incumbent, we say nothing. They are too near our own immediate times to be correctly seen. History is yet to show whether they are to be regarded as having continued or reversed that ascent—as having turned back toward the lower and feebler standard of our first administrations, or as having taken an upward and an onward step in that glorious advance which so strikingly characterizes the latter half of the scale.

Like proofs may be derived from other and similar sources. Let any man compare our Congresses with those that assembled twenty-five or thirty years ago. How much more dignified than the men of those rude days! How much higher, too, the range of intellectuality than was ever exhibited in the times of the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys, the Ames, the Wirts, or even in those later, and therefore more advanced periods, whose light has but recently faded with the memory of a Calhoun, a Clay, and a Webster. So rapid is the march of progress, that even those yet living, and who, only a few years since, were justly regarded as our ablest statesmen, are already thrown in the back-ground and become antiquated. Where is Benton, and Van Buren, and that ripe scholar and "fine old American gentleman," Lewis Cass. In former days, when great men were comparatively rare, a politician might keep himself up and ahead for a quarter of a century; now the best of them are run down and run out in five years. They have hardly entered upon the race before they become "Old Fogies;" such is the railroad speed of Young America.

Now can any man be so foolishly conservative as still to deny progress, with such facts before him as these? If they are not deemed enough, proof cumulative and overflowing might be brought from every department. We might present our present judiciaries as compared with those of whom the croakers are ever croaking—the Kents, the Spencers, the Van Nesses of former times. We might institute a comparison between our present lawyers and the Emmetts, the Hamiltons, the Williams, the Harrisons, the Wells, the Van Vechtens of a past generation. More especially might we point to those illustrious examples of elevated statesmanship which have been lately exhibited on the floor of our State Legislature, and boldly challenge a comparison with any proceedings that ever took place in the times of the Jays and the Clintons. But above all, would we be willing to meet our conservative on the arena of our own city councils. How unexampled has been the physical progress of New York! In fifty years her population has increased from fifty thousand to more than half a million. We might conclude *a priori* that the political progress would be in the same ratio. And is it not so? Those who have in charge the highest earthly welfare of five hundred thousand souls ought to be no common men—and they are no common

men. Will any one deny that there has been a steady yet rapid progress in the character of the Common Council of the city of New York? There has been nothing like them in past times, and now, perhaps, there is not a similar body of men on earth with whom they can be compared.

"None but themselves can be their parallel."

In pursuing this general argument, we are strongly tempted to turn to the departments of literature and theology; but time and space will not permit. He who, in the face of the proofs we have presented, will still rail against progress, is inaccessible to argument. He denies the evidence of his own senses, as well as the most clear and well-attested facts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OF the seven hundred and fifty thousand souls who are wont to sleep within hearing of the great fire-bell on the City Hall, there remain in town during these mid-August days only the odd seven hundred thousand who are kept behind by business, poverty, or a wholesome dread of railroad and steamboat accidents. Our own mid-summer recreations in the country seldom take us more than a two-hours' ride from town; and as our absence does not often exceed two days at a time, there is hardly opportunity to get the hot glare of the red brick brushed from our eyes by the cool freshness of country verdure. The height of our present ambition in this regard is to be able to sandwich a couple of weeks' roaming somewhere between the closing sheet of the present Number and the opening sheet of the succeeding one. For that hoped-for fortnight we have laid out a scheme almost as extensive as the plan of life framed by the famous "Omar the son of Hassan"—(was not that his name?)—of whom we used to read in our schoolboy days. Our scheme embraces, among other things, beholding a sunset and sunrise from Mount Washington; decoying the finny inhabitants of Moosehead Lake; breasting the shaggy sides of Mount Katahdin; besides a sail up the Saguenay and St. Lawrence.

It is very noticeable what a sudden gush of affection these dog-day heats kindle in the breasts of our town ladies for their kindred in the country; for those at least who chance to be blessed with spacious farm-houses or cool village dwellings. If report speaks truly, however, it happens in cases not a few that this affection burns itself out before the arrival of the later autumn months; and is quite extinct by winter time, when their hospitable summer hosts, with their blooming daughters, come to town to return the visit.

Meanwhile, as our ruralizing daughters write us (who manage, by the way, to insinuate quite too many small commissions in the way of gloves, shoes, millinery, and the like, into their gossiping daughterly epistles), the green roadsides and shady lanes within accessible distance of the town are sunflowered over with the broad-brimmed straw flats of our city neighbors' children; and not a tree but there is in its shadow some sentimental young lady trying to get up an extempore love of the country by a diligent perusal of "Lotus Eating," the "Old House by the River," or some such pleasant summer book; and the verandahs are populous with nurses in charge of puny infants sent out for "pure milk and country air," while their lady mothers are dissipating at Saratoga, and Sharon, and Newport.

Newport, and Sharon, and Saratoga aforesaid are swimming on, each in its own delicious amount of cool sherbets, mint juleps, and Congress water. New belles are building up reputations in bowling alley, or in polka; and new heiresses are coming out from the obscure state of French *gouvernantism* and pantalets, into the halcyon light of watering-place admiration. Bachelors hungry for fortunes are writing new names upon their schedules; and the gay damsels who have worn their honors in miserly way these five years past, till the younger sisters are growing up in their path, are turning their gaze with more eagerness upon the bachelor ranks, and hunting up with spirit the beaus of a gone-by day.

THE "Crystal Palace" perhaps more than any one thing else ripples the current of town talk; although it is not altogether the engrossing topic which our out-of-town correspondents seem to fancy that it must be. Our nimble coadjutors of the daily and weekly press have abundantly chronicled the incidents of its inauguration. Much yet remains to be done before the performance will fully come up to the promise of its projectors; but each day renders the approximation nearer. The edifice itself, with its graceful proportions, airy structure, and harmonious decorations, leaves little cause for regretting that in mere point of magnitude it falls so far behind its London prototype. The collection, though still far from complete, already affords matter for study and contemplation, from the ponderous raw material up to the most delicate productions of mechanical and artistic skill. We must, however, enter a special protest against the equestrian statue of Washington—monstrous both in the literal and metaphorical signification of the word—which stands so conspicuously under the dome. In the same protest we would join the feeble statue of Webster. Who that ever beheld the majestic lineaments of our great states man would ever recognize them in that smirking plaster travesty? We wish the projectors of the Exhibition all the success that they deserve, and such accessions to their deservings as shall make their success fully equal to their desires.

To a townful of people tending more and more toward hotel life, few things have a more direct interest than the successive opening of new caravanserais, each apparently eclipsing in splendor all that had preceded it. The latest accession to the number of these bears the name of the "Prescott House," in honor of our great historian. We had an "Irving House" before; and as the project for a monument to our greatest novelist seems to have fallen wholly into abeyance, we suggest that our next great hotel be christened the "Cooper House." And as poetry is of a more ethereal nature than prose, why might not Taylor's gorgeous Ice-Creamery be called the "Bryant Saloon," in honor of the poet foremost beyond all dispute among those now living who use the English tongue? Why, moreover, should not the bill of fare be made a monument to the honor of the author whose name the establishment bears? Let the different dishes be named after the characters and scenes of their respective works. It has been asserted that no man can be a great cook who might not have become a great poet; that as much genius is required for the composition of a Salmi as of an Epic, of a Soup as of a Tragedy. The *chef* at the Prescott might well task his genius, when in his happiest mood, to produce a *Potage à la Isabella*, or a *Vol-au-vent au Columbus* worthy of its name. Ude or Soyer, if transferred to the "Irving," could ask no higher theme than a *Sauce piquante à la Sleepy Hollow*, or a *Cotelette d'Agneau de Pierre Stuyvesant*.

We would recommend the culinary artist of the "Cooper House" that is to be, to meditate deeply upon the fitting composition of a *Venaison à la Leatherstocking*, with *Pommes de terre de Harvey Birch*. A bill of fare artistically elaborated in accordance with these hints could not fail of being gratifying to the taste, in either sense of the word, of the æsthetic gourmand.

ALTOGETHER kindred with these hotel palaces are the ocean palaces—the noble fleet of clippers and steamers which sail from our port. The latest, and therefore presumably the finest, of these clippers which has chanced to come under our personal inspection is the good ship Sweepstakes, bound for our Golden Empire on the Pacific coast. What impressed us most, beyond even her graceful model and trim rigging, beyond her stanch timbers and elegant cabins, was the comfortable and airy quarters provided for the crew, replacing the old forecastle, whose middle-passage horrors have tasked the pens of our nautical writers, from Dana to Melville. We are glad to see our merchant princes acting on the belief, that to secure good sailors, even at some additional expense of wages and accommodations, is better than to have a crew who can be kept to duty only by constant fear of the ropes-end and handspike. "Here's hoping that the ship's all right, with a good captain and crew, and that she may have a fair wind, and no accident," said a visitor on board. "The ship is all right," responded one of the owners, with modest confidence, "and the captain is all right, and the crew shall be all right. It is our business to see to that; and we have done it. You needn't ask for any thing but a fair wind and no accident." Was not this spoken in the very spirit of Cromwell's famous "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry?"

Our ocean steamers have become so identified with our national pride, that no American but acknowledged an emotion of sorrow, when it was announced a few weeks since that a "Cunarder" had at length succeeded, by fifteen minutes, in a course of three thousand miles, in winning the palm for speed so long worn indisputably by the "Collins" vessels. True, one minute upon two hundred miles was but little; yet a defeat is a defeat; and we had made up our minds to bear ours as philosophically as we might, when the worthy American skipper produced an array of figures to prove that there was no defeat at all on our side, but that we were victors by a round and indisputable two minutes. Which statement is correct, we do not venture to decide; but where the contest is so close, it behoves each party to indulge in no inordinate exultation, and to give way to no undue depression; but, equal to either fortune, whether victory or defeat, calmly to await the issue of the next fair trial.

THE stayers in town find no lack of amusements adapted to their several tastes; and a man of moderate perseverance will succeed in finding a church in which to offer up his Sabbath-day devotions, though the magnates of the pulpit have retired to country-quarters. Madame Thillon enchants the ears, and still more the eyes, of Opera-goers at Niblo's, alternating with the ever-fresh Ravels. We know not how many years it is since the Ravels began to make their summer visits among us. It must be a long time, for they are among our boyish recollections, and we have been obliged to order an additional sprinkling of gray hairs to be introduced into our last wig, in order to make it harmonize with our general aspect of staid middle-agedness. Very likely the troupe may not comprise a single member who belonged to it in those old days; but it still retains its identity, like the razor commemorated by the venerable Joseph Miller, which was still the same implement, notwithstanding it had successively received a half-score new handles, and twice as many new blades.

Madame Sontag, too, and the cool sea-breezes attract no scanty audiences so far down-town as Castle Garden. A close observer in such matters may, perhaps, notice fewer white kids and elaborate toilets than were wont to grace the benches up-town; but he will detect no abatement in the hearty enthusiasm which greets the singer.

APROPOS, of Sontag, we chanced, not long since, in a book written by a German actor, upon an anecdote, the telling of which should, by rights, have devolved upon our old favorite Guinot, or some of his brilliant confrères, the Parisian *feuilletonists*. We transfer it to English, in our own loose fashion, abating, by the way, no little from the Teutonic rhapsodies of the water. If the tale be not true, the responsibility of narrating it belongs not to us, but to the worthy Herr Edward Jarmann, whom we hereby give up in advance to justice.

Some fifteen years ago, says he, Madame l'Ambassadrice the Countess Rossi was the idol of the Russian Court. But the applause of the select circle before whom alone etiquette would permit her to exercise her genius, made poor amends to the Countess for the brilliant stage triumphs won by Henrietta Sontag.

She had sent for her former instructress in music, Madame Czecca, to come to St. Petersburg, where she, of course, became quite the rage. The daughters of all the great houses, the 'offs and the 'skys, and of all the other Russian magnates, must be taught music by her who had been the teacher of Sontag.

Charity covers a multitude of sins—even those against etiquette. Czecca gave a public concert, at which Sontag ventured to sing, Countess and Embassadress though she was. Of course the concert was brilliantly successful, netting some 14,000 rubles to the beneficiaire.

The day succeeding the concert Madame Czecca informed the Countess of the cash result.

"Ah, Henrietta!" she exclaimed, falling into the affectionate German "*Du*:" "What hast thou not done for me!"

"For thee? no; but for myself. Once more, after so many years, have I enjoyed happiness. Providence has given me, in rank and in reputation, in husband and in children, all that I could hope or wish. But, dearest Czecca, shall I say it? You will understand me. Something is yet wanting. I am sad at the sight of the theatre. The sound of the organ, which bids others to devotion, drives me away from the sanctuary. I have abandoned Art, and she avenges herself upon her lost priestess;" and she sank weeping upon the sofa.

Her friend endeavored to soothe her; assuring her that an artist she was and must be. If the circle that she charmed was small, it was but the more select; and the admiration of princely saloons made ample amends for the former applause of a thronged theatre.

"No, no," exclaimed the Countess, passionately. "Nothing can compensate the artist who abandons her vocation. Think of the stage with all its celestial illusions—the fervent thrill when the curtain rises—the eager anxiety which impels, the timidity which restrains—the ecstasy, the delight! It must be a kindred emotion which urges the soldier into

battle. And then the audience, whose wild humors we curb, and captivate; whom we sway at will; move to laughter or tears; and by the divine power of harmony, the might of Art, breathe into them the fire which glows within our own breast! That is what elevates above earth, and earthly existence. That is what it is to be an artist."

Just then a servant entered, and announced that a stranger earnestly desired to speak with the Countess. She at first refused; but at the entreaty of Madame Czecca, at last consented to see him.

A tall and stately figure, dressed in flowing Armenian costume, was ushered into the saloon. His beard flowed in silvery waves to his girdle, adding new expression to his large, brilliant Oriental eyes. He was for a moment unable to make known his errand; but, at last, re-assured by the Countess's kind inquiries, succeeded in expressing himself.

He was, he said, a merchant from Charkow. Beyond his business and family, he had but one passion, and that was devotion to music. For years he had nourished a passionate desire to hear Henrietta Sontag. But when she abandoned the stage on becoming Countess Rossi, that hope seemed to be dashed forever. He had, however, heard, by accident, that she was to sing once more in public, at Madame Czecca's concert. He had at once set out for St. Petersburg, and, by the most extraordinary exertions had reached the capital on the very day of the concert. Not a ticket was to be procured. He offered unheard-of sums, but all in vain; and he had been unable to gain admittance. What should he do? He could not return home without hearing her. "Ah, madame, you are so kind! Yesterday you sang in public for love of a friend; will you not now gladden the heart of an old man by singing for him the half of a verse? I shall not then have made the long journey in vain."

The Countess placed an arm-chair for the old man near the piano, at which she took her seat; and sweeping her fingers over the keys, abandoned herself to the inspiration of her genius. As the prelude sounded through the spacious saloon, gone was the Countess—the Embassadress; and in their stead was Henrietta Sontag—was Desdemona. How long she sang no one knew. When she recovered herself from her high illusions, she looked around upon her audience. The old Armenian had sunk at her feet, and was pressing, convulsively, the folds of her dress to his forehead. He raised his eyes, beaming with transport mingled with sadness. He rose to his feet, and would have thanked her, but could find no utterance. He pressed her hand in silence, and disappeared.

The story would of course be incomplete without the addition that when the Armenian released from his grasp the hand of the Countess, she found within it a magnificent diamond ring which was not there before. Is it the same brilliant which flashes upon our eyes in these days? Who knows?

We have so long given our foreign gossip the slip that we propose now to bring up some three months' arrearages on that score, and to put our readers in possession of the chit-chat which is coming to light on the other side of the water.

And first, is it not very surprising how near to our own homes and firesides the every-day talk of the old world is coming, month by month? Is it not a strange mark of progress and of vicinage, when Punch and the Illustrated News are looked for, or even the fashionable intelligence of the Morning Post read with a species of old-lady interest? Are we not drawing closer the family bonds, when we know, in ten days after the event is determined on, that Queen Victoria is going to see the great show of Ireland; or that the gallant new Emperor Napoleon proposes to give a dashing ball? Is it not apology enough for our record of so much of gossip trans-Atlantic as slips hitherward by every mail-boat, and makes staple for the good people who breakfast at the "United States," or the "Ocean House," with an extra edition of the morning paper beside them?"

The World's Exhibition of Dublin is, say the journals, very rich: and certainly, if its shape and effect be nearly equal to the graceful lithographic prints we see, it must surpass infinitely in architectural proportions the old palace of Hyde Park: and make a very risky rival for our iron house by the Reservoir.

But there is a difference between London and Dublin—besides the difference in the size of their respective palaces. Even the Queen's promised visit (which a fit of the measles upon Prince Albert has delayed) can hardly revive the drooping gayety of the once fashionable city of Dublin.

Its bright Sackville-street seems to have caught an irredeemable dullness; and the College Green and Phœnix Park both droop, in contrast with the clean-kept walks of St. James. The English seekers for amusement have no taste for Ireland; and, what is far worse, it is to be feared that they have no charity for Ireland. Its atmosphere has too keen an odor of pikes, and guns, and bog-smoke. The national countenance wears too sulky an air. There is in Ireland little promise of sport. There is far too much earnest, and too little fun. The English do not travel much to find new cares; but chiefly to get rid of those at home. An irksome sense of responsibility is apt to grow up in the sight of Irish poverty and Irish beggars, which all the flourishing of all the constables' staves in the world can not wholly do away.

Hence it is that the journeying to Dublin on account of the Fair, has not been fashionable journeying: and even the promised queenly presence has very little diminished attendance at the Royal Opera, or the masquerades of London.

Strangers, indeed, lured by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and by the fame of Killarney, have, if rumor speaks true, filled the hotels of Dublin, and stocked the cross-channel boats, which ply between Holyhead and Kingston. The famous bridge, moreover, has proved no small inducement, as would seem, for the Irish trip; and the journals tell us of thousands passing weekly over this great tubular wonder which spans the Menai Straits.

Meantime, the usual gayeties of London are approaching (our dates are of mid-July) the end. Her Majesty vibrates from Windsor to the Isle of Wight, and from the German plays in the little theatre of St. James, to the hearing of Grisi and Bosio at the Royal Opera. It is said that the Queen has a not unnatural love for keeping her movements unknown and unheralded. The consequences, for such foreigners as are eager to get a look at her Majesty, are most untoward. The papers tell an amusing story of an adventurous German who was determined to have a sight at the queenly mother, and who, at a very ruinous cost to his pockets, alternated between the theatres for a fortnight; despairing of success in this way, he purchased tickets for three or four places of amusement on a single night; and having visited all ineffectually, was chagrined by finding next morning, in the Court Journal of the Herald, that

her Majesty had attended two of the chosen places, but at hours differing from his own. Being at present reduced in funds, he is represented as passing half his time at the corner of the Green Park, with a very hungry and eager gaze upon the gates of Buckingham Palace.

It is not a little singular how universal is this hankering after a sight of those born to great dignity of station; and could some of our own ingenious showmen negotiate successfully for the American Exhibition of some needy duke of England, we do not doubt that it would prove a happy speculation for all the parties concerned.

Report at present says of the Queen no very flattering things—so far as personal appearance goes; and we have a sad fear that she is growing Germanly fat. Prince Albert is getting a little silvering of gray, and a somewhat tawnier hue to his mustache. It is a sad thing that even kings and queens must grow old, and that the prettiest of royal babies will scream and tussle, and grow red in the face like all creatures of humanity. Howbeit, the Royal Family is fast growing up into comeliness, and the little Prince of Wales, of whom the papers speak in most jaunty terms as a very lithe and frolicksome specimen of a boy, with immense dignity in his character and gait, is making visits on his account nowadays, and is honored with separate and special paragraphs in the columns of the elegant and courtly Herald. Among other princely resorts, he has paid a visit to the camp at Chobham, and eye-witnesses speak of him as shaking hands familiarly with a certain most honored sergeant, and actually sitting down on a camp stool! The soldiers are represented to have cheered him lustily for this beneficence, and to have bought a large quantity of beer with the two sovereigns with which he dowered them from his princely pocket.

The camp at Chobham, by-the-by, has become a standing joke for Punch's caricatures. It is the first grand encampment of British troops that has taken place in many years—brought about, it is hinted, by the recent hints of a possible invasion at the instance of their good cousin Louis Napoleon, and intended to put the salon officers of the Guards upon a war-footing. Unfortunately the show has come off during one of the wettest and coldest summers which has befallen England for a period of half a century. And when one speaks of a peculiarly wet summer in England, it is understood that the dampness is considerable; it is like speaking of a peculiarly cold winter in Sir John Franklin's ships, or a large quantity of coal at Newcastle.

The elegant young gentlemen who are younger brothers of British peers, and who have purchased commissions in the crack regiments, and who have seen most of their service in the purlieus of Covent Garden and of Almack's, are represented to be suffering violently from colds in the head at Chobham; nor can we suppose them nearly so well fitted for camp service as the tight young fellows who come up to West Point from the country towns of New England and of the West, with hard muscles and stout lungs, and who go through a summering of canvas every year of their novitiate.

The camp at Chobham, moreover, has taken away from the town, at an interesting season of balls, the very jauntiest of the town beaus; the consequence has been, the opening up of a new chance for the old-time civilians; and merchants' sons are reported to be rising in the social grade.

THE great palace at Sydenham, of which we have once or twice spoken, is rapidly reaching comeliness, and is even now receiving large influx of visitors, who pay a dollar and more of admission money for a sight of the debris and materials which are to serve in the equipment of the grounds. Sir Joseph Paxton is busy in directing the arrangement of the garden, and in planting the flowers and shrubs, which are to eclipse even the marvelous flora of the gardens of Babylon. Every country and every climate is to be represented, not only by individual specimens, but by groups luxuriating in all the accompaniments of home. Thus a bamboo brake will serve as a lurking place for a royal Bengal tiger and his cubs; and the palm-tree, flaunting its leaves at full height, will shake down dates to roaming lions. At least so say the promising placards; and an approach even to the marvelous things promised, will make the Sydenham palace a new wonder of the world.

It is worth while to remark, in this connection, as proof of the energy of Sir Joseph Paxton's character, as well as of the liberality of his princely patron, the Duke of Devonshire, that he still retains his position as chief gardener of the Duke's estate of Chatsworth, and directs with all his old zeal and care the arrangement of the splendid gardens in Derbyshire, while he superintends the larger splendors of Sydenham.

Of the old World's Fair not a vestige now remains; and the green turf is fast forming over the area where were congregated only a short time ago the fabrics of every nation, and the thousand spectators of every vesture and tongue. The old shows of the metropolis are recovering their lost honors; the Coliseum is showing its miraculous labyrinths of cavern, and painting, and waterfall; and the white-haired Madame Tussaud, in her shilling box, is coining money out of her dead Wellington, and her waxen "honors."

The towers of the new Houses of Parliament are slowly rising from amid the forest of Barry's minarets; and there are hopes now among strong-bodied young men of living to see the completion of this long and gorgeous copy of the still more gorgeous "town-houses" of Louvain and of Ghent. *Apropos* of the palace, there is strong talk now in many quarters of taking away the old and dilapidated bridge of Westminster, and of putting in its place a bridge which shall compare favorably with the best bridges of an earlier date, which shall harmonize in some degree with the contiguous façade of the new Houses of Parliament. A design of this kind appears in some of the public prints, giving the piers in the shape of richly-wrought Gothic towers, of pattern similar to the palace towers, rising some two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and pierced with arches, through which is to be borne a road-way with diamond windows, constructed wholly of iron, upon the plan of Stephenson's famous tubular bridge at Menai. If completed in this wise, it would certainly be the most magnificent bridge in the world. The rivers of America are by-and-by to offer to ambitious architects more glorious opportunities for a bridging-over to immortality of their names and fortunes, than have yet been allowed to any architects of the old world. And the time may not be far distant when something of the kind shall bridge our East River, and make Brooklyn a nearer suburb than can the swiftest of our boats.

THE apprehension of Russian war is not only staple for talk at home, but for talk in all the journals of Europe. And the recent intervention of an American ship and an American officer in behalf of an ex

iled Hungarian, in the harbor of Smyrna, may possibly connect us more nearly with the issue of events than could have been imagined. It is certainly a matter of deep anxiety to learn what part Austria and Prussia are to take in the foreshadowed contest between the East and the West of Europe: and should the two decide to stand by the fortunes of Nicholas the Emperor, it may well be that the Turks must yield; and the "bees" of Punch's caricature prove far less annoying to the "bear" than England would hope. Meantime all the world is listening for "later advices," which may even now have decided the question, and make our topic a "dead letter."

TALKING of climate, it is not a little remarkable that while upon the Continent of Europe the present summer, every one has complained of heat; in England the complaint has been of wet and of cold. With us at the South, there is complaint of dryness, and at the North of wet. Coupled with these two facts, we may mention a very unusual one—that up to the 10th of July, and perhaps later, no ice was observed in the Northern Atlantic. What the meteorologists can make of these facts we do not know. The clairvoyants will very likely couple them with the Russian rumors, the rise in corn, and the late Bible Convention at Hartford—all of them very significant, and threatening enough for a rhetorical flourish to a lecture.

WE throw in here, by the way of relieving our staid record, a bit of a friend's letter, giving some impressions on a first visit to the world of London:

"You asked me to tell you honestly how every thing struck me; but you must know that you asked far more than can be given in a letter, even in one of my proverbially long ones. I came into "town" (as they call it) at night, and so perhaps had an undue impression of its magnitude, since my hotel is not very far from the Euston-square station.

"But what permanence, and solidity, and order! These were the ideas which rushed upon me even before I was well out of the railway-car. The dépôt huge, and its walls of stone, and rods of iron—no jostling of cabmen, no annoying whips thrust in your face, with the everlasting "Carriage, sir!" "Carriage, sir!"—and yet when you are quite ready and your baggage looked after, plenty of civil cabmen near by—not leaving their places, or quarreling with each other, but waiting their turns, and receiving your orders with civility and apparent good-will. I took a one-horse sort of coach, and was driven over smooth pavement and delightfully clean, at rapid pace, for perhaps a mile. For this drive, it may interest you to know that I paid a shilling English, or twenty-two cents, including the transportation of a fair-sized portmanteau. This was cheap enough, to be sure; though I have learned since that a native would have paid for the same eight, or at most tenpence. However, cheapness all ends with the cabmen—who, poor fellows, by a recent Parliamentary bill, have had their fare cut down to a sixpence a mile. What they live upon, heaven only knows! But out-of-door people in London, I find, have all the hardship of life; and the luxury of big fees and good pay goes universally to the well-housed and to the stupid servants in white cravats.

"I went the other day for a look over London from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; and we had the unusual good-luck of getting the view on a clear day, or, rather, upon what is called a clear day, in London: it is a view worth looking upon, even under a vail of smoke and fog. It gives an idea of the vastness of the metropolis, that I tried to shake off vainly in two whole days of riding and driving; and while it impresses thus with an idea of vastness, one is astonished that such a city should have grown up upon the banks of so sluggish and inconsiderable a river. We are used to large, open bays in the neighborhood of our commercial cities; and to find more shipping in the narrow docks of London than can be found, perhaps, in any other one port in the world, excites very much the same kind of surprise which comes over the Americans at finding such a stately city as St. Louis a thousand miles from the sea.

"I can't forbear telling you, after my own matter-of-fact way, what capital pavement these Londoners have contrived out of very meagre materials. The paving-stones are narrow parallelograms; and being laid with the edge surface uppermost, offer very sure footing for the horses, even upon steeper declivities than we know any thing of in a paved street of New York. We boast, very properly, of our Russ pavement, which is certainly excellent; but it is a great mistake to suppose it is the only good pavement in the world; or even that, considering its amazing cost, it is really better economy than the edge-laid paving of London.

"In cleanliness there is, of course, no comparison; and one is immediately struck in the streets of London with the very limited space within which are managed all the materials and machinery for the demolition or construction of buildings. Opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, in one of the most thronged thoroughfares of London, there is just now going up a large, substantial range of stone buildings, some five stories in height, requiring in its construction much heavier stones than are ever used in the ordinary stone buildings of New York, and yet the space occupied for preparing, receiving, and elevating the materials is scarcely more than eight feet wide, including the very narrow sidewalk. This space is carefully inclosed; beside which, a scaffolding is erected as the stories advance in height, with an inclination toward the building, and projecting some eight or nine feet, so as to catch any falling mortar, or fragments of brick.

"This caution may, indeed, interfere with that quick dispatch, which is so characteristic of our American building habits; but yet it is a very comfortable caution, and one which insures a constant feeling of security, which I do not think we are in the way of enjoying very fully in the neighborhood of new erections at home.

"Another thing which strikes me very forcibly is the absence of all street-sweepers and scrapers; notwithstanding the perfect cleanliness, I do not think I have seen a broom or a hoe in service since my arrival: such work is all done before business hours in the morning.

"Yet, again, since I have fallen into this humor of suggesting economic arrangements, why do we not introduce the light single-horse cab, or fly, in New York? And what sort of propriety is there in blockading our steam-boat landings with heavy two-horse coaches, when, in nine cases out of ten, a single-horse affair, of the style of those in service here, would serve equally well? I think it would prove a nice speculation for some enterprising stable-manager of New York, to introduce a few of those very singular, but very comfortable vehicles, known as 'Hansom's patent safety-cabs.' By them you are carried, as it were, in a stout, easy basket-chair between the wheels; with a leather calash over your head: and nothing to obstruct the view in front, since the cabman is posted upon an elevated kind of

stool behind you. They enable a stranger to get the best possible notion of his whereabouts, besides giving him an abiding feeling of security.

"Like every body else, on their first coming to London, I have been down to Greenwich, to see where the 'Longitude begins,' and to eat white-bait at the Trafalgar Tavern. It is a pleasant sail down the river—because it is so strange: the boats are small and dirty, but they shoot about amid the crowd of vessels of all shapes, and of all countries, with such an intelligent kind of alacrity, as makes you think them really endowed with reason. The sail could hardly have been of more than half an hour; and I think, at a moderate estimate, we must have passed seventy or eighty ships, twice as many brigs, and half as many steamers, all 'under way.'

"As for the white-bait, they are a delicious little specimen of fish, not bigger than a minnow, and to be eaten three or four at a 'forking:' they are cooked to a charm—how, I can't tell you, but should think the rule might be worth finding out, to apply to some of the small-fry of New York Bay.

"Among the old pensioners loitering about the Hospital benches, I observed a very hale old negro, with white hair, smoking his pipe with as much *goût* as any of his white brethren, and looking very much as if the Uncle Tom turbitude of the day had made a kind of hero of him. Punch, by-the-by, quotes a fragment from a hustings speech made the other day in Ireland, which shows how widely the Uncle Tom book has been read: 'Let not,' he says, 'these smooth-talking, Legree-like priests reduce us to a state of religious Uncle-Tomitude'—or something to that effect. I do not hear very much just now about the *lionne* Mrs. Stowe; save that she has gone away to Switzerland; and went away, very much to the disappointment of some of her admirers, without having had the honor of a personal interview with the Queen. It was hoped, I have been told, by her more special patrons, that her Majesty would have expressed in some personal way her sense of the authoress's deserts; and stamped the Duchess of Sutherland's action with a sort of court echo. This, however, did not come about.

"I went the other day into Leicester Square to see the great globe of Mr. Wyld, about which you remember the *Athenæum* had some very commendatory paragraphs a year or two ago. It is really a very astonishing affair, and gives one a better knowledge of physical geography than half a year's study of the ordinary maps, and gazetteers. You enter the great globe itself; that is to say you enter a huge hollow sphere upon the interior surface of which are designated, with all their relative distances preserved, as well as the heights of the mountains, all the discovered countries of the world. Entering near the bottom, you see around you the blue, cold looking Southern Ocean, with its icy islands, and the stormy regions around Cape Horn. Ascending a flight of stairs you come upon a circular platform from which you look out upon the latitudes of Rio Janeiro and Australia. Whence mounting still higher you come to the equatorial regions, and from this, successively to the moderate, and frigid zones.

"A man with a long baton, and great glibness of tongue, gives a very intelligible and interesting lecture upon the various countries which he points out with his wand; dwelling more particularly upon the routes of travel, the commercial importance of the points designated, and the parts which inferior countries play in their subordination to the great central power of England! The sturdy patriotism of the man was the most amusing part of his performance.

"In noticing Japan, he was pleased to observe, that the islands forming that kingdom were just now subject of some curiosity, from the fact that the Americans had fitted out a warlike expedition to make an attack upon the islands. Their apology, he said, was based upon two allegations: first, that the Japanese were exclusive in their commercial dealings and would trade with no people but the Dutch; and next, that they were cruel to castaway seamen, putting them to death, or confining them in cages, &c. The first of these allegations, though perhaps well founded, was hardly sufficient, since they were a peaceable people and had a right to trade with whom they pleased. The second allegation was probably untrue, since upon a certain time many years ago, a certain British captain did visit the islands, and did come away without being killed, or indeed, without remarking any special cruelties to foreigners.

"This will give you a pretty idea of the man's style of lecturing, which it is needless to say was eagerly listened to, and apparently strongly confirmed by a large, and attentive crowd of listeners. I had not the pleasure of following the garrulous gentleman's lecture upon British India, and the British possessions in China, but presume it to have been equally instructive, authentic, and amusing."

We may possibly entertain our readers in some future Numbers with further extracts from the letters of our gossiping correspondent.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME idea of the "freedom of speech," which characterizes the American press, when speaking of the qualifications and characters of candidates for public office, may be gathered from the following ludicrous picture, drawn by the editor of a New Hampshire journal, of a candidate for Congress who had formerly, as was alleged, been a preacher:

"We are pretty certain that C—— *did* preach in New Hampshire. He *certainly* did in Massachusetts. He himself won't deny *that*. The evidence we have of his preaching in New Hampshire stands thus:—We remember his old sleigh 'keind o' gin eout' once, in a border-town of Essex, and he borrowed a very ancient craft for the purpose, as he said, to 'meet an appointment' to preach on the following Sunday in New Hampshire.

"He was in great apparent haste to get to P——, to "supply the pulpit" there. He may have lied about it, perhaps; we are bound to believe he did, if he says so now: but he certainly then was 'up' for P——, as they say at the Custom House. His haste might have been caused by a desire to get out of Massachusetts for some reason unknown, and less honorable than *his* preaching. He certainly went in the direction of P——.

"Never shall we forget how he looked when he started. Sam Slick's man, who laughed so immoderately in New York city, that he was heard at Sandy Hook, did not exceed our cachination at the sight of C——'s launch in that sleigh for P——. Such another craft never burst upon mortal eyes before nor since.

"The sleigh had not been used for the matter of twenty-five years. All the hens and turkeys of a large farm had roosted on it during its inactive life. There was plenary evidence of that fact. It was villainously out of repair. It was prodigious in size, and *somewhat* out of fashion! It had no dasher whatever beyond a snub-nosed runner. The craft

was as long as an ordinary ox-sled. The horse was full of salt hay, but lazy even at that. His harness was stitched together with ropes and twine. The horse had several feet of "lee-way" in the thills. When he started he went nearly a rod before the sleigh moved at all. We thought at first he was going alone. The reins were lengthened for the occasion by several feet of rope, so as to reach the reverend Jehu in the rearmost end of the craft. The distance to the horse was measureless. C—— was armed with an immense cart-whip. With this he ever and anon gave his horse a tremendous thwack, and every blow started a small cloud of dust from the long coarse hair of the animal. The sleigh had no furniture—neither blanket nor buffalo-skin. The snow was worn away in numerous places, and as they ground along, 'bound for P——,' a general snicker ran through the village at the sight!"

We call this a very grotesque picture; one that has not been exceeded since Ichabod Crane, mounted on his famous steed "Gunpowder," shambled out of the gate of the choleric Hans Van Riper.

A COUNTRY newspaper, from a far Western county, which has a good word for our "Table," has also the following editorial paragraph:

"A GOOD ARTICLE.—We have been presented with a bottle of *Ginger Pop*. It is said to be an excellent article, and is particularly recommended as a tonic. It certainly deserves a trial."

The "smallest favors" must be "gratefully received" at that office. However, the Ginger Pop might have enabled the editor to write better and more sensible editorials than a bottle of more potent fluid. He certainly didn't rise up *that* morning to "pursue *strong* drink."

PARODIES are seldom so close to their originals as the following upon "*The Last Rose of Summer*," by Thomas Moore:

"'Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue—
They went in mint-juleps,
And this will go too!

"I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Too long in suspense;
Thy brothers were melted,
And melt thou, to pence!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend, and not spare,
Till my old tattered pocket
Hangs centless and bare!

"So soon may I 'foller,'
When friendships decay;
And from beggary's last dollar,
The dimes drop away!
When the Maine law has passed,
And the groggeries sink:
What use would be dollars,
With nothing to drink?"

THE following is recorded as an "actual fact" by a Western editor:

"A gentleman called upon the polite proprietor of a fashionable saloon in our village, a day or two since, and asked:

"'Have you any ice for sale?'

"'Yes,' replied the proprietor, stepping around from behind the counter, to wait upon his customer.

"'Is it in good order?'

"'Yes, perfect order, I believe, sir.'

"'When was it brought from Nashville?'

"'Well—let me see; about a week ago, I think.'

"'Ah! it won't do at all, then. I wanted some *fresh* ice!'"

We believe this story to be true, for we have encountered just such people, for whom nothing was good enough, if there was any thing better.

THERE is a good deal of "human nature," and not a little of "the Yankee" in the following circumstance, which occurred in the history of a successful merchant far "down East:"

He was a "gentleman of quality," and as a successful merchant owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human character, of which he always endeavored to take advantage.

Once upon a time, in connection with another person, he opened a branch-store in a town in the north part of the State, which was mostly filled with the unsalable goods from their principal establishment in the State metropolis. These goods were as "good as new" among the rustics, and as a general thing sold quite as well. There was a large "lot" of *pig-skin caps* for winter wear, however, that could not be got off at *any* price.

The proprietor generally kept himself at his town-establishment, but sometimes he would visit his country-store, or "branch," staying now and then a week or more at a time, and always attending the little country church. As a matter of course, he was looked up to with emulation, if not astonishment, by the "go-to-meeting" young folk of the town. What *he* "wore to meeting" was of necessity the prevailing fashion until he introduced a new style at his next visit.

One day he asked his country-partner about the business and other matters in which they were interested, who said:

"Yes, goods go pretty quick, and at good prices."

"You keep those pig-skin caps, I see, yet? I am afraid I didn't make a great bargain in buying *them*. Can't you get rid of more of that big box-full?"

"No; haven't sold *one* yet; people don't like 'em; and I've had a great notion of throwing them out of the back-window, and getting rid of the trouble of 'em. I don't think they'll *go* here."

Our merchant looked at them a moment; and then quietly remarked:

"You have kept them out of sight, I see. So much the better. Now next Monday morning you get them out, brush them up, and I think we'll find some customers for them before the week is out."

The next Sunday this acute observer of the springs of human action appeared in church with one of those identical pig-skin caps, tipped jauntily on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch-chain dangling from his vest-pocket.

As usual, he was the "observed of all observers:" and it is superfluous to add that in less than a fortnight after, at his metropolitan store, he received a large additional order for these suddenly popular pig-skin caps.

LITTLE *squiblets* of a nature like the following were "rife" in the newspapers some time ago, but were rather over-done, forced, and unnatural. The mistake here chronicled is so natural a one, that we presume it must have happened!

"An absent-minded woman in this township last week washed the face of the clock, and then wound the baby up, and *set it forward* fifteen minutes!"

The small English travelers who sometimes "honor" this country by paying it a visit, often speak of

the "forwardness" of our juveniles. Perhaps they may make, in a second edition, "a noté" of the *cause* of this "effect defective."

In that very entertaining and admirably-written book, the "*Recreations in Zoology*," there is an account given of a trick performed upon a cat belonging to a little tailor, which mischievously scratched up the corn and other seeds planted by the students of a manual-labor college situated in the neighborhood. The wicked wags caught the animal "*in flagrante delictu*;" took him up into their rooms, melted a quantity of sealing-wax, saturated him completely with it, and then let him go.

The next morning, when the students were reciting, the little tailor entered, holding out his vermilion quadruped to the Faculty, and asked, "if they thought *that* was the way a cat ought to be treated?"

The scene was too much, even for the grave dignitaries of the institution, who laughed outright at the ludicrous exhibition.

But of a graver character was the following barbarous act, occurring, we are sorry to say, in our own country. We put it "on record" from the "*Huron Reflector*," and only wish that Hogarth's picture of "Cruelty to Animals," and the consequences of it, could be hung up before the perpetrators, "night and day, waking and sleeping, in reality and in dreams:"

"A most cruel as well as hazardous act was perpetrated in this village on Wednesday evening last, by some person or persons, who, to say the least of it, were very thoughtless. A dog belonging to Miss Sophia Whyler was caught by them near the engine-house, his hair saturated with turpentine, pine-oil, or something of that nature, and then set on fire! The poor animal was enveloped in flames in an instant, and ran suffering and howling through the streets in the most piteous manner. He finally made his way into Mr. Olmstead's store, passed behind the counter, and laid himself down within a few inches of a keg of powder. Fortunately the keg was headed up, or an explosion might have taken place, and terrible would have been the consequence of such an event, as there was a large number of persons congregated in and about the building at the time. Before water could be procured and the fire extinguished, the poor dog was burned to a crisp, and he was relieved from his sufferings by being bled to death."

A good deal has been said, and well said, too, about men's speaking of their wives as their "ladies." It would sound very ridiculous to hear a lady call her husband "my gentleman"—would it not? or, ask another lady "where her gentleman" was? when inquiring concerning her husband. One is just as bad taste as the other: giving up plain "husband," and plain "wife," and a plain way of calling people by their right names.

We shouldn't be at all surprised, if that class of society who hunt for round-about ways to express their ideas, might, in a little while, when inquiring about one's sons and daughters, adopt such modes of expression as these:

"How is your eldest masculine offspring?" or, "How is your little feminine darling, who addresses you as parent?"

We can imagine one of these high-flown, "unnatural" individuals addressing a complaint to a neighbor in the following language:

"My dear 'gentleman:' your specimen of the canine species was, by your youngest masculine offspring, set upon my 'lady's' feline pet, and had it not been for your eldest feminine Ethiopian bondwoman, it would, by compulsion, have been forced to depart this life."

There is a good deal of deserved satire in this. There is nothing in reality that is more "vulgar" than an affectation of high-sounding language in cases where the employment of simple terms would not only be more expressive, but better. One often hears "burst" for bust, forehead changed to "forward," and the like; showing "villainous bad taste" in the man who uses it. "Let it be reformed altogether."

"Dick," said a "Hoosier" one day to a companion in a sleigh-ride, "why don't you turn that buffalo-skin t'other side out? Don't you know that the hair-side is the warmest?"

"Bah! Tom, not a bit of it," was the reply: "do you s'pose that the buffalo didn't know how to wear it *himself?* How did *he* wear his hide? You git out! I follow *his* plan!"

Advertising nowadays, has become reduced to a science. Somebody *alliterizes* in this manner, in an advertisement of a superior article of marking-ink: to wit, that it is remarkable for "requiring no preparation, pre-eminently pre-engages peculiar public predilection; produces palpable, plainly perceptible, perpetual perspicuities; penetrates powerfully, precluding previous pre-requisite preparations; possesses particular prerogatives; protects private property; prevents presumptuous, pilfering persons practicing promiscuous proprietorship; pleasantly performing plain practical penmanship; perfectly precludes puerile panegyrics, preferring proper public patronage."

An author may write by the yard, and think by the inch: or he may write by the inch, and think by the yard. Covering a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter, is a bad fault in a public speaker, but absolutely unpardonable in a writer who has time to deliberate, and opportunity to revise. We laugh at legal voluminousness and tautology, but there is a literary redundancy that is worse, and altogether without excuse.

At the time—now many years since—when that curious book of Southey's, "*The Doctor*," came out, and before his name was known, "for certain," in connection with it—before even the correct authorship had been conjectured—the annexed extract from a review of the work, found its way into the Drawer. "The Doctor" has been "talking of *fleas*," and, thereupon, he tells a story, with which an English lady's name is amusingly connected:

"This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner-party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment—a tolerably large one—could furnish; so, that there might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm-work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from that place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion.

"Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at

the head of the table, behind his mistress; and, for a while, he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords with the English climate or with old English notions: a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downward, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches.

"The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see, what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim, in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party:

"'A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod, I've cautcht 'en!'"

Some wag of an editor, tired of seeing in the papers that such or such a contemporary had "*risen* to a post of honor" from a post, well filled, more honorable than all, speaking of a brother editor, says:

"He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor; a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances!"

The following capital story is told of Mr. J. H. McVickar, an eccentric American humorist, well known at the West. It comes to us marked in the columns of an old Western newspaper, headed, "*King's Evil, or Two in a Bed*:"

"At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen, who were, by the way, nearly all strangers to one another, together, and requested they would take partners. Stage-coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Every body seemed to hesitate. Mr. McVickar, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed to himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed to himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the register, he entered his name, and remarked:

"'I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the *King's Evil*, and it is contagious.'

"'The King's Evil!' said every one; and the landlord, looking thunder-struck, remarked, as he eyed him rather closely:

"'I'll see, sir, what I can do for you by yourself.'

"In a short time he was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who slept on the floor to accommodate the strangers.

"In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveler accosted McVickar with:

"'Pray, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night?'

"'The nature——' drawled out he, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"'Yes, sir; I never heard of such a disease before.'

"'Why,' said McVickar, brightening up, 'I thought every one knew. It is a disease of long standing. Its first appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men our country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans, it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kossuth in this country it has broken out afresh in many places.'

"'Indeed!' said the stranger. 'I confess I have never heard much of it.'

"'Perhaps not,' said McVickar, 'for it generally goes by another name.'

"'And what may that be?'

"'*Republicanism!*' said he, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast."

"We see but in part," in the beautiful language of the Bible, is well and forcibly illustrated in the following:

A traveler, as he passed through a large and thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak, which appeared misshapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery.

"If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree."

But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the whole landscape.

"How erroneously," said he, "I have judged, while I saw only a part!"

"This plain tale," says Dr. Olin, "illustrates the plans of God. We now 'see but in part.' The full view—the harmony and proportion of things—all are necessary to clear up our judgment."

The argument of the subjoined may strike the tippler's sense of self-degradation, if it does not reach his moral sense:

"The man that is in the habit of tippling, *sells* himself most effectually to the crowd. They have him on the hip. He puts a scourge into their hands; and they will use it. He may have the talents of a Crichton, but every ignorant snob that ever saw him 'by the head,' or ever heard of his being so, sets himself up as his better forever afterward. If he rises in a meeting or lyceum and speaks better than usual, it is all because he 'took a snifter' just before he came in, and is wide awake. If he has a cold in his head, and his eyes look leaden, he 'has been drinking,' sure. If he barks his shin over the edge of a wash-tub in a dark cellar, 'oh, that is not it; no, he tumbled over a curb-stone coming home late the other night.' If he writes a good poem, lecture, or what not, why 'he did it over a gin bottle.' If he has not drank a swallow of spirit for a year, no matter; he has it pinned on to him that he is 'a soaker,' and can't shake it off. Thirty grains of malt are *seed* enough to overgrow his reputation with thorns and brambles forever."

There is in the following little sketch an air of sincerity and perfect truth; and there is, moreover, a lesson which, if rightfully regarded, will not be without its beneficial uses, to those "whom it concerns," and who may rightly understand it:

"In my early years I attended the public school in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Dr. Nathaniel Pren-

tice was our respected teacher; but his patience at times would get the better of him, and become nearly exhausted by the infraction of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a 'wrathy' way, he threatened (without much thinking, perhaps, of the rule he was establishing) to punish, with six blows of a very heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some of the scholars as detectors. Not long after, one of these detectors shouted out:

"'Master!—Johnny Zeigler is a-whispering!'

"John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. He was a good boy, by the way, and a favorite both with the master and with the school.

"'Is it true?' asked the teacher; 'did you whisper?'

"'Yes,' answered John, 'I did; but I was not aware what I was about when I did it. I was working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to me to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see.'

"The Doctor regretted his hasty threat; but, at the same time, told John he could not suffer him to escape the stated punishment: and continued:

"'I wish I could avoid it, but I can not, without a forfeiture of my own word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will leave it,' he added, 'to any three of the scholars whom you may choose, to say whether or not I shall omit the punishment.'

"John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which, after a little consultation, they did, as follows:

"'The Master's rule must be observed—must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment, by receiving ourselves two blows each!'

"John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed:

"'Here is my hand: they shan't receive a blow. *I* will take the punishment."

"The Doctor, under pretense of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he 'would think of it.'

"He *did* think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted."

THERE is something very quaint and odd in the "items" rendered in a painter's bill presented to the vestry of a Scottish church, for certain work "done and performed." It is a veritable extract from a Scottish newspaper, published in 1787:

"To filling up Nebuchadnezzar's head.

"To adding new color to Joseph's garment.

"To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

"To painting a new city in the Land of Nod.

"To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.

"To putting a new handle to Moses's basket, and fitting bulrushes.

"Received payment,
"D—— Z——."

IN Patterson's "History of Rhode Island," a work which embodies a great many curious and interesting facts, recorded in a style of great simplicity and naturalness, occurs an anecdote which we are glad to repeat in "The Drawer."

It is perhaps not generally known that the celebrated Admiral Wager, of the British navy, when a boy, was bound apprentice to a Quaker of the name of John Hull, who sailed a vessel between Newport and London, and in whose service he probably learned the rudiments of that nautical skill, as well as that upright honor and integrity for which he is so much lauded by his biographer.

The circumstance of running his master's vessel over a privateer, first recommended him to an advantageous place in the British navy. The facts of that encounter are as follows:

The privateer was a small schooner, full of men, and was about boarding the ship of Captain Hull, whose non-combative, religious scruples prevented him from taking any measures of a hostile nature. After much persuasion from young Wager, the peaceable captain retired to his cabin, and gave the command of his ship to his apprentice. His anxiety, however, induced him to look out of the companion-way, and occasionally give directions to the boy, who, he perceived plainly enough, designed to run over the privateer.

"Charles," said he; "if thee intends to run over that schooner, *thou must* put up the helm a little *more to starboard!*"

The ship passed directly over the schooner, which instantly sunk, with every soul on board.

This incident is not unlike one which occurred in Philadelphia during what was termed the "Hicksite" and "Orthodox" controversy, and which illustrates, although not perhaps to an equal degree, the non-combative principles of our "Friends," the Quakers.

In the course of the controversy the property of the two Societies, especially their public property—as houses of worship, burial-grounds, &c.—became matter of dispute. On one occasion, a prominent member of one Society, on the occasion of a funeral, mounted on the archway over the entrance to the burial-ground, and when the members of the adverse Society endeavored to pass in, he very quietly liberated a few bricks from his "place of vantage," observing, as he did so, to those who were seeking ingress:

"Robert, thee had better take heed, or peradventure this brick may strike thee on thy head;" or, "George, if thee is not careful, thee may get hurt by these stones which are falling from the arch!"

This bitterness of feeling, however, like all bitterness arising from mere differences of opinion, in time lost much of its acerbity, and our "Friends" learned to differ without quarreling.

HERE is a striking illustration of the value of the services rendered by swallows:

"It is estimated that a swallow will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects in a day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air, but for these birds, may be well conceived."

Reading this to a friend, he remarked:

"I grant the usefulness of swallows, and several other birds; but who will defend fleas and horse-flies?"

This was "a puzzler!"

AN incident is recorded of our renowned President, Andrew Jackson, which will be read with interest, as well by the former political opponents as by the past and present admirers of that great general and patriotic statesman. It is from the pen of Mr. N. P. Trist, for a long time his private secretary, both when he was in and when he was out of office.

The scene of the following anecdote is at Old Point Comfort, familiarly known as the "Rip-Raps," an artificial mound of stone, formed in the Chesapeake Bay, the foundation for "*Castle Calhoun*," which was then in the process of erection:

"One evening, after I had parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what his directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early the next morning, I returned to his chamber-door and tapped gently, in order not to awaken him if he had already fallen asleep. My rap was answered.

"'Come in.'

"General Jackson was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I supposed he might be by that time. He was sitting at his little table, with his wife's miniature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books; and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use.

"This book, as I afterward learned, was *her* Prayer Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night, before lying down to his rest, was to read in that book, with that picture under his eyes."

This is a touching sketch of the warm domestic affection of one who, in the midst of the highest honors that his country could bestow, and the harassing cares and duties of office, paid his last devotions, on retiring to rest, to the loved and the departed.

The carriage in which his wife had been accustomed to drive was almost held sacred by him, and any injury happening to it, by the carelessness of his servants, was sure to be strenuously inveighed against. That, next to the Bible, General Jackson should have regarded and habitually perused the "Vicar of Wakefield," is almost a natural corollary from this interesting anecdote.

THE following laughable incident finds its way into the "Drawer" from a Scottish journal, the Edinburgh "*Guardian*:"

"A pretty village on the neighboring coast, frequented by summer visitors, was lately the scene of a very amusing circumstance. Taking advantage of a lovely summer-day, two young ladies betook themselves to a sequestered spot a little way up the coast, where they hoped to indulge in an unmolested bathe.

"After the usual preliminary proceedings, they had just accomplished the first few dips, when, to their chagrin and consternation, they observed a young gentleman of an 'inquiring turn of mind,' seated on a neighboring rock, and evidently intensely enjoying the scene. The impertinence was aggravated by the fact, that a powerful opera-glass was made the instrument of a more minute inspection of their aquatic evolutions.

"The blushing but indignant maidens remained in the water as long as was consistent with comfort and security, in the hope that the stranger would withdraw, and leave them at last to their necessary toilet, when, to their horror, he was observed to descend calmly from his elevation, divest himself of his apparel, and proceed to bathe in close proximity.

"But he had strangely miscalculated the results, for the spirit of the maidens was at last aroused, and they secretly determined on a bold revenge.

"With an appearance of insulted modesty, they timidly withdrew from the sea, and concealing themselves behind a hidden rock, proceeded to don their garments; then, folding up their bathing-gowns, they rushed upon the habiliments of the inquisitorial gentleman, and bore them off in triumph!

"*There* was a 'fix!' The unfortunate man instantly comprehended the nature of his position. A succession of shouts and supplications followed the ladies in their flight, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased; while our 'gentleman,' with considerable modesty, remained in the water, evincing great agitation, and imploring restitution, at first with stentorian lungs, and subsequently in animated and appropriate gestures.

"But in vain; the insulted girls were inexorable! And as the spot was very secluded, some hours elapsed before he could make his situation known. At length a grinning rustic made his appearance, and informed him that the 'two ladies had left his clothes with a woman at the Green, a mile off, but that she wouldn't give them up until she had been paid a pound (five dollars) for taking care of them, together with the penalty of molesting the young ladies while they were bathing!'"

The penalty, adds the editor, was paid on the restitution of the garments, and the unlucky wight quietly left the village where the joke was already known, and the conduct of the damsels publicly applauded.

The last that was heard of this unfortunate "Peeping Tom of Coventry," he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, acquired by his prolonged bath in the water, and his journey "in *puris naturalibus*" overland, on his way home.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER.

WE welcome Mr. TIMMINS; and beg to assure him that we shall always be glad to hear from him. If we shall not be able to find every month a place for his "plain talk about himself and every thing else," it will be simply because our pages have been pre-occupied to such an extent as to preclude his lucubrations; but, judging from his first letter, this, we hope, will occur but seldom:

"*To the Editors of Harper's Magazine.*

"GENTLEMEN—I want to talk to somebody. My name is TIMMINS—WILLIAM TIMMINS. I've lived in New York, man and boy, now going on fifty years, going now and then into the country, and seeing things there. I'm not much of a writer, I suppose; the fact is, I *know* I'm not; but what I *do* know, at least what I *think* I know, is this: I know if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it; not trying to '*write*,' as they call it, scratching your head, and biting away at the end of your quill—or pen-holder, as the case may be (but *I* stick to the quill, for my hand is rather stiff with an iron pen in it)—I say over again, if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it, somebody, if not most folks, will agree with you, and wonder why *they* hadn't thought about 'writing' themselves, when, after all, there's no writing about it.

"Nobody is around me when I set down my thoughts—not a single soul. But when I am putting them on paper, I seem to *think* I'm talking to somebody, and that's just as well as if there were twenty people all listening to you.

"So, if you like this way of doing things for your book, you must let me do it in my own way. I ain't ambitious. I am no 'practiced writer.' Mr. Lang, in the old New York Gazette—(we must have some other name for our beloved city—'Old *New* York!'—think of that!—I wish we could have had '*Manhattan*' or 'NIAGARA!'—that sounding name, as if

pronounced by the voice of the Great Cataract itself) —Mr. Lang once published a short piece of mine in his paper, and it excited a good deal of attention— so Mr. Turner told me. It was about an abuse of the public thoroughfare by a Cedar-street dry-goods man; and Mr. Turner said he called twice to know where I lived, and he couldn't tell him. I knew where *he* lived (the dry-goods man) though, pretty well, as he found out. He had to take the boxes and bales of goods away. Folks had *seen the papers*—and it had to be done.

"Mr. Dwight once published a piece of mine in the old Daily Advertiser; and when I called for a paper about a week after it was printed, I asked the clerk if it had excited any remark, and he said:

"'No, I haven't heard any body say a word about it. I think it must have been generally overlooked. *I* have read it, however, and I think it *too good* for the columns of the Daily Advertiser. Politics, sir, dense, profound politics, and "sound remarks upon great questions of public policy"—*these*, sir, are the themes to which the editors, at this time, devote the columns of the "Daily Advertiser."'

"I was flattered; but as he put a quill-pen sideways in his mouth, and lifted up a big blank-book he had been writing in into a 'rack' before him, I saw him laugh on one side of his face. Perhaps he *didn't*, but I *thought* so for some time.

"I forget what the piece was that I wrote about; but it's no matter. It's a good many years ago now.

"Must have been four or five years before I wrote again, and I took the piece to Colonel Stone, of the Commercial Daily Advertiser, who lived in a nice little house down by Columbia College-green.

"He was in his library, up chamber, and looked rather surprised when I came in. I told him what I had come for, and took out my piece out of the inside of my hat, and put my hat down by the side of my chair, and draw'd up toward the editor.

"'Leave it with *me*,' said he; '*I* can read it as well as you. Don't let me give you that trouble.'

"'No *trouble*,' says I, 'in the world; 'I come *a-purpose* to read it to you.'

"He laughed kind of faintly, and says he, running his hand over his forehead, and pushing back his stiff black hair, says he:

"'Leave it; *I'll* take care of it; I'm engaged now: don't let me detain you. Good-evening. Glad to see you *leave* your manuscript.'

"He was very polite and gentlemanly; but my piece was never printed in his paper.

"I can't remember what it was I wrote about.

"But there's one thing I think, and that is, that I wrote *too much* about *too little*. Any way, when I see now pieces in the papers and the magazines that read a good deal as I remember mine did, I can't help thinking that I've learnt a good deal about knowing what *not* to say, as well as *what* to say.

"People have a great notion, nowadays, that they know more than their fathers and grandfathers did before them. I don't like much to encourage that idea, for *we've* got to be fathers, and grandfathers, too, by-and-by; but I expect *it is so*. Not because any one man *now* is smarter than many a *one* man was *then;* but as the generations go along, the *smart* minds lead *other* smart minds to thinking for themselves, and *they* dig out truth for others that come after *them*. But it isn't for the *stupid* fellows of the present day to take on airs about that. It's not *their* 'thunder,' by a good deal.

"I once heard a vain, conceited chap, standing, with some fifteen or twenty other fellows, round the almost red-hot stove of a country store, one cold winter-night, say, that we were much wiser now, in the present generation, than in generations gone by, in *every* thing; and that *all* of us were wiser than those who had gone before us.

"'Not *all*, I guess!' said some of 'em, 'for there's a good deal of difference in folks.'

"'Well,' said he, 'all that *I* know, is, that my *father* knew more than my *grandfather;* and I know that *I* know more than my father did, for I've had a chance to see a great deal more than he did.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' went all round the store.

"'What are you laughing at?' says he.

"'Nothing,' said a red-haired, loungy-gaited young man; 'I never know'd your father; but your grandfather must have been a natural fool, according to *your* argument!'

"They laughed heartily at first; but he looked so sheepish that they felt sorry for him, and he slipped out pretty soon.

"But I'm running on, and talking, when all I wanted to do, was to introduce myself to you, and then take some other time to have a chat with you and your readers, and have them understand, if they would, that they were not encountering a new friend, or—a new bore.

"I want to tell you a little circumstance that I heard mentioned the other evening, when I was sitting in an ice-cream garden, pretending to lick an ice-spoon, in which there hadn't been a particle of any thing, save the German-silver of which it was composed, for the last half-hour.

"Two gentlemen were sitting together, one of whom I recognized as a man who 'loved a good thing' (of whom, by-the-by, as a class, there are a great many more in the world than we have any idea of). One of them I remembered years ago, 'when we were both younger,' sitting in the little stalls of Contoit's 'New York Garden,' of a warm summer afternoon, eating ice-creams, and indulging, every now and then, in that delicious and gentle compound, which was at the same time food and drink—'Roman-ice punch.'

"He had just got back from Europe, over almost every part of which he had been an observant traveler; and after narrating several curious things he had seen and heard—some of which I couldn't help but remember, and must tell you of hereafter—he spoke of his voyage homeward; of the pleasure it gave him to inhale the land-wind from his native shores; how he could have hugged the old pilot, who, far from land, came on board, with a quid of tobacco in each cheek, spitting 'where he listed,' as free as the north-west gales he had so often swallowed, and which his voice so much resembled; and of the fellow-passengers who had made his passage one continuous, pleasant jaunt; after all this, he told a story of a '*Yankee Trick*,' that I thought was about the 'cutest thing I ever *did* hear.

"'Among our passengers, coming home,' said he, 'was Mr. H——, not long ago a deputy collector in our port, at the Custom House; a most entertaining gentleman, who has no idea that he is telling any thing amusing, until he is reminded of it by the loud laughter of every body about him.'

"'When I was Deputy Collector in New York,' says he, 'I was sitting in my office one hot afternoon, when a long, slab-sided, Yankee-looking fellow came in, with a kind of guilty look, his hat dangling in his hand, his head hanging on one side, and his eyes cast down, but with a curious kind of smile, too, as I thought, sneaking fitfully across his face. He stood by the door, for a minute, twirling his hat, and seeming to be afraid to come forward to where I was sitting.'

"'Well, sir, I asked, what is wanted?

"'Be you Mr. H——? said he.

"'Yes, Mr. H—— is my name.

"'Yaes: but be you the Deputy Collector of New York State?

"'I answered that I was the Deputy Collector of the Customs of the city of New York.

"'Edzactly, says he—yaes; the very man I want to see.

"'He hesitated again, and twirled his hat more rapidly than ever.

"'What is your business with me?—state it, said I, rather sharply. My time is too valuable to be wasted in useless talk or delay.

"'Yaes, said he; 'dzactly so. Well, you see, I've got into a leetle trouble; and I come to see if you couldn't help me out a little.

"'He fingered his hat again, and I grew impatient and nervous.

"'Go on, said I, and get through. *What* is your trouble?—and how can I help you?—or what have *I* got to do with it?

"'Well, he went on, I was down to Havanna the other day, and being fond of smokin' I bought a few cigars for my own use; and when we got back to 'York, *I* did'nt know that there would be any hurt in bringing in a few; but as a man was bringin' on 'em up Broad-street, they was arrested—for "dewties," the man said—"*dewties*;" and he said they must all be forfeited, or "confiscated," and that I could'nt have none on 'em—none on 'em, he said, unless I could git 'em "entered." And he told me I couldn't get none on 'em entered until you had giv permission, and that he rather thought you wouldn't do it—dewty or *no* dewty.

"'I was struck with his simplicity—his *greenness*, I thought at the time—and was disposed to overlook what *might* have been an attempt at smuggling, in consideration of the fact, that after all it was probably pure ignorance.

"'So I said: As you seem to have been ignorant of the revenue-laws, I will enter your cigars, and you can have them upon payment of the duty. How many had you?

"'Twenty thousand on 'em!

"'Twenty thousand cigars for your *own use?* This alters the case entirely.

"'Well, not 'dzactly for my *own* use, but I wanted some for my friends to smoke, tew. That's all.

"'Well, sir—on payment of the duty, the cigars may be taken away.'

"'Dewty!—not arter they're "*entered*," there ain't no *dewty*, is there? That's what the man said that took them off of the cart.

"'I explained to him, that the cigars must pay a duty, and that it was a great favor to himself to be permitted to take them away at all.

"'Well, he said, putting on his hat, and holding the door ajar, I han't got no money to pay dewties; but I'll go up town, up to—— street, to see a friend of mine, and may-be *he'll* take 'em out. Good-a'rternoon!

"'The next day, just as I was about leaving my desk, the Yankee "operator" came in, bringing with him a dark, Spanish-looking person.

"'I've come to get them cigars, said he, that was arrested for dewties. My friend, here, will pay the dewties.

"'The necessary preliminaries were gone through with, and the cigars were taken away.

"'Early on the morning of the next day, as I was sitting at my desk, I felt a faint tap on my shoulder; and looking up, who should I see but my Yankee customer standing over me!

"'How de du *to-day?* said he.

"'I'm quite well, thank you; but what do you want of me *now?*

"'Nothin', said he—nothin'—got done!

"'And he gave a wink and a leer that none but just *such* a Yankee as himself *could* give.

"'We did that thing up handsome, *didn't* we? said he.

"'*What* thing? I asked.

"'Why, them cigars, said he. *They* wasn't *Cuba* cigars; them cigars was made in Connecticut! I got a factory there myself; and I had them "took up" on suspicion. But folks, he added, will like 'em just as well as the choicest Havannas. Fact *is*, there's a good deal of *deception* prac-tized about cigars!

"'I showed the impudent, designing, unscrupulous fellow the door, and he went out winking and laughing. "*We* did that thing up handsome!"—as if *I* myself had been a party to the nefarious transaction.'

"There, now I put that down exactly as I heard it; '*over*-heard it,' perhaps you'll say; but how could *I* help it? Twasn't *my* fault. I wasn't eaves-dropping. They was talking, and I *had* to listen, for I was close by; and I tinkled my spoon against my empty glass four or five times, just to let 'em know it.

WILLIAM TIMMINS."

Literary Notices.

A. Hart has issued a new edition of *Poems*, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, containing several pieces which have not been published before, while a careful revision has been given to those which have already appeared in print. Among the younger poets of this country, Mr. Read is entitled to a high rank—higher, we think, than has yet been accorded to him by the suffrages of the public. We must admit that his verse betrays a passionate admiration of Tennyson and Longfellow, though he can hardly be accused of imitating them, certainly not in any unworthy sense. He has studied the poetry of each of those writers with such profound sympathy, that his mind has become tinctured with their spirit; their melody rings in his ear and finds an echo in his heart; and though he looks at nature with his own eyes, and is fed by personal communion with her loveliness and glory, he has learned many of her choicest secrets under the inspiration of his models. We do not say this in disparagement of Mr. Read's title to originality. His temperament is singularly sensitive, open to powerful magnetic affinities, and not leading to the self-reliance which spurns all influence that does not emanate from interior sources. But his genius is creative at the same time; he detects the elements of poetry in the yellow "primrose by the river's brim," which to others is merely a worthless flower. The faded sign-board swinging on the moss-grown tavern by the deserted roadside—the fountain near the dusty highway—the summer shower, with "its silvery rain falling aslant, like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall"—the stranger on the sill of the

old homestead—present to him a swarm of "thick-coming fancies," bearing the clear and shining impress of his own individualism, and embodied in the fit and expressive words which no imitation can suggest, in the absence of personal feeling and creative power. In his descriptions of nature he reflects the images which he has seen, with which his experience has been inwrought—not those which he has caught at second-hand, or learned from books. He has evidently scanned the face of nature with the eye of a lover. His devotion to natural beauty is the strongest passion revealed in his poetry. This, in combination with a warm flow of the domestic sentiments, is the source of his highest inspiration. He never exhibits the workings of deep and dark passion; there is nothing morbid in his strength; he is usually cheerful, earnest, healthy; although at times a vein of pensive tenderness is carried to the verge of sentimentality. He does not often aim at the sublime—nor ever successfully; he plunges into no profound mysteries—does not harness his Pegasus to the heavy car of metaphysical abstractions—nor seek the destruction of Church or State as the legitimate mission of the poet. But, with a pure and loving heart, he suns himself in the face of nature, gathering brightness and hope from her presence, and clothing the emotions which are thus awakened in his own heart with the simple melody of expression that always touches the heart of his reader. The following stanzas may be taken as a fair average specimen of his style, while they indicate the general character of his poetry:

"Once more into the open air,
Once more beneath the summer skies,
To fields and woods and waters fair,
I come for all which toil denies.

"I loiter down through sun and shade,
And where the waving pastures bloom,
And, near the mower's swinging blade,
Inhale the clover's sweet perfume.

"The brook which late hath drank its fill,
Out-sings the merry birds above;
The river past the neighboring hill
Flows like a quiet dream of love.

"Yon rider in the harvest plain,
The master of these woods and fields,
Knows not how largely his domain
To me its richest fullness yields.

"He garners what he reaps and mows,
But there is that he can not take,
The love which Nature's smile bestows,
The peace which she alone can make."

Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The letters in this interesting volume form an appropriate sequel to the biography of Dr. Chalmers, which has found such numerous readers on both sides of the Atlantic. They consist of selections from his extensive correspondence, for the most part on subjects connected with religion, and unfolding his private feelings and speculations in regard to those sublime themes which he set forth with such wealth of illustration and energy of rhetoric from the pulpit, the lecture-room, and the press. In these breathings of the great heart of Chalmers we find the child-like simplicity, the transparent frankness, and the devout earnestness which were always prominent traits in his character. He makes no concealment of the difficulties he felt in the investigation of truth; he does not withhold the expression of grateful joy at his perception of any new light; and to the last day of his vigorous old age, he exhibits an intellect alert, curious, susceptible, eager for knowledge, and impassioned with the desire for spiritual unity. Many of his finest expositions of theology were thrown off under the excitement of letter-writing. His glowing sympathies gave a fresh impulse to his mental operations. We are thus brought, as it were, into his familiar presence, and seem to be listening to his conversation, instead of attending to a formal, didactic discourse. Several of these letters are to correspondents in America. They show his interest in whatever concerned the cause of religion, though in a distant land, and his cordial appreciation of the friendship and honor which his public services had called forth in this country.

Cranford is the title of a new work by the author of *Ruth* and *Mary Barton*, devoted to the illustration of social and domestic life in an English country village. It is a quiet, unpretending story, without the strongly marked lights and shades of Mrs. Gaskell's former productions, but brimfull of geniality, refined humor, and those admirable touches of nature which betray a master-hand. We are glad to receive this exquisite tale, as a new proof of the versatility of talent which is so richly displayed in the previous works, that have established the reputation of the author as one of the best living writers of fiction. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Ministerial Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. STEPHEN M. VAIL, is the title of a seasonable work, designed to show the importance of a thoroughly educated ministry, especially in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The volume opens with a sketch of the history of education in the sacred profession, from the earliest period in the annals of the Jews to the present time. This presents a highly interesting view of many important features of ecclesiastical antiquity. The author then engages in a thorough survey of the question of ministerial education as related to the Methodist Church, arguing with great vigor and clearness in favor of the position to which his work is devoted. His views are distinguished for their breadth and liberality; they are fruitful in valuable suggestions to the intelligent reader; sustained by extensive learning and powerful logic, they can not fail to command attention; nor can their influence be other than salutary to the cause of education and religion. The volume is introduced by an eloquent and appropriate preface from the pen of the Rev. President TEFFT. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.)

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate, by G. Y. HOLYOAKE, is a reprint of a popular work on practical eloquence, presenting the general principles of rhetoric with great brevity and point, and with a variety of racy illustrations. Although devoted to the scientific exposition of rudiments, it abounds with anecdote, piquant remarks, and epigrammatic expressions, which make it no less attractive than it is informing. (Published by McElrath and Baker.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a valuable contribution to the interests of classical education in Professor ANTHON'S *History of Greek Literature*, comprising a complete survey of the progress of Grecian culture from the earliest period down to the close of the Byzantine era. In addition to copious biographical sketches of the most eminent Greek writers, the volume contains an account of their works, and of the principal editions they have gone through, together with a variety of other interesting bibliographical details. Dr. Anthon has again made the friends of classical learning his debtors by the preparation of this work, which is marked by his accustomed erudition and intimate acquaintance with the best sources of information.

The Metropolitan City of America, by a NEW-YORKER. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) As

a guide-book for the stranger in New York, this work is entitled to high commendation, presenting as it does a distinct programme of the principal institutions, buildings, localities, and other objects of interest in this city. But it is also much more than this. It gives a compact, but complete sketch of the history of New York, relating a number of interesting incidents in its early annals, and showing its wonderful progress from the "day of straw ropes, wooden chimneys, and windmills, when the native tribes were employed in pursuit of game, and the yacht of the Dutch in quest of furs penetrated every bay, and bosom, and inlet, from the Narraganset to the Delaware," to its present metropolitan opulence and splendor. The work is written in a neat and graceful style, and, thanks to its perspicuous method, is eminently readable. The closing chapters, on "The People of New York," and "The Future of New York," are marked by shrewd observation, and exhibit the condition and prospects of our population in a flattering light.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have collected in a neat volume the Essays of Chancellor HARPER, Governor HAMMOND, W. G. SIMMS, and Professor DEW, on the subject of Slavery, under the title of *The Pro-Slavery Argument, as maintained by the most distinguished writers of the Southern States.* These papers can not fail to be read with interest, as an authentic exposition of Southern views on a question of excited controversy. In the names of the writers the public has a guarantee of the ability and zeal with which the discussion is conducted.

The same house have issued a volume of *Summer Stories of the South*, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, describing in a lively manner many scenes of Southern life.

The *Behavior Book*, by Miss LESLIE. A better rubric for the deportment of young ladies in social life is not to be found in the whole range of Chesterfieldian literature. It is minute, explicit, unmistakable, and highly practical in its directions, blending gravity with humor, and an excellent spirit of observation with a piquant vivacity of expression. I any fair aspirant for social distinction believes that good manners, like "reading and writing, come by nature," she has only to read this volume to find out her mistake. It will prove a cheerful and pleasant guide through the intricacies of artificial etiquette, and the observance of its rules would add a fresh charm to the "unbought grace of life." (Published by A. G. Hazard.)

Narrative of a Journey Round the World, by F. GERSTAEKER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A more lively and entertaining book of travels has seldom been issued from the press, than this comprehensive volume. The author is a free-hearted, adventurous, and intelligent German by birth, but a citizen of the world by adoption. He makes himself at home wherever he alights from his wanderings, seizes upon every picturesque or original trait in the character of various nations among whom he sojourns, and records his impressions in a singularly graphic and flowing style. His course was from the European port where he embarked, first to Rio Janeiro; thence to Buenos Ayres, and across the country to Valparaiso; from that city to San Francisco, and the mining districts of California; afterward, by the way of the Sandwich Islands, to the Eastern Archipelago and the Asiatic Continent. Anecdote, description, and reflection combine, in due proportions, and give an interest to his narrative, which abounds no less in exciting incidents than in rare and curious information. No portion of the volume will more strongly command the attention of the majority of readers than the copious details illustrating life in California in 1849. The author worked at the placers with his own hands, which were more familiar with the shovel and pickax than with kid gloves and eau-de Cologne. His pictures of the odd characters with whom he came in contact at the diggings, are in the highest degree amusing, while his delineations of natural scenery are always bold and impressive. But we have no space to enumerate a tithe of the attractions of this racy work.

Several courses of lectures, of more than ordinary interest, have recently been delivered in London. Among them were those of Professor FILOPANTI, of Rome, on the Secret Traditions of that city. The Professor's design was to vindicate the authenticity of the early Roman history against the skeptical attacks of Niebuhr and his disciples. In opening his subject, Signor Filopanti announced, with mysterious gravity, that he was in possession of hitherto unpublished traditions, handed down to living men from the remotest antiquity, preserved by those secret societies which have existed during many ages. According to these traditions, the destinies of the eternal city were from the earliest ages powerfully influenced by a secret society, founded by a man of genius, who was father to Romulus by his lawful, though secret, marriage with Rhea Sylvia. Both the Founder and the Sodality considered themselves as an especial priesthood, appointed by Divine Providence to further, by occult means, the spread of liberty and civilization to the whole human race. Most of the marvelous incidents related in Roman history were neither miracles, as believed by ancient superstition, nor legendary fables, as is assumed by a modern school of criticism, but genuine facts, due to the agency of the secret association. The adepts had it in view, by their hidden proceedings, to cause the new city to appear to the world as constituted under the immediate protection of heaven. In illustration of these views, Professor Filopanti narrated, in highly graphic style, the early stories about Rhea Sylvia and Amulius, with many details hitherto unrecorded either by chroniclers or poets. He proceeded to demonstrate his views by the testimonies of ancient historians, and by reference to monuments and astronomical observations, which he contended gave abundant cause for astonishment that the theories of Niebuhr should still find so many votaries after the grand discoveries of Nineveh. Niebuhr, he maintained, had offered to his country the greatest injury that it could ever be in the power of a literary man to inflict, and feeble as he (Professor Filopanti) was, he would endeavor to combat his doctrines through the medium of truth and reason, which he was quite sure would always prevail with an English audience.

Perhaps the most interesting of the lectures was the series by Mr. FRANCIS PULSZKY, on Archæology and Ancient Art. Mr. Pulszky was the nephew and adopted son of the late Mr. Féjerváry, the celebrated Hungarian antiquary, whose very valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities has lately been placed in the Archæological Institute. Mr. Pulszky entered early and with great success on this branch of study, to which he brought not merely a natural taste for art, but a remarkably keen and penetrating intellect. It was the possession of the latter quality, probably, which, combined with the characteristic enthusiasm of a Hungarian, led Mr. Pulszky to forsake for a time the peaceful pursuits of his youth, and enter as the deputy of a county into the Hungarian Diet. There his brilliant talents soon attracted attention;

his knowledge of modern Europe was scarcely less remarkable than his acquaintance with the treasures of antiquity, and when Ferdinand V. appointed a liberal ministry, M. Pulszky was chosen to direct the department of Foreign Affairs, under the nominal superintendence of Prince Esterhazy, who returned from his long sojourn as embassador at the court of St. James's. After the Austrian government had openly attacked the Hungarian constitution by force of arms, it became a chief object of the Hungarian ministry to enlighten the governments of Europe as to the true position of affairs, which the Cabinet of Vienna and their organs in every country zealously labored to envelop in obscurity. Mr. Pulszky was chosen for this mission in England, and performed his task with consummate ability. After the fall of the constitutional government, he continued to adhere with unshaken fidelity to the fortunes of the ex-Governor. The lecturer displayed great fluency, eloquence, and knowledge of the English language, and—a wise combination—he brought the experience of a statesman to aid the researches of the antiquary. The course was numerously attended, M. Kossuth being among those present, with Mr. Cobden and others.

Dr. ARNOLD RUGE has given three lectures on German Literature, Philosophy, and History, in London, showing us the state of that country in a new light. Beneath the Literature since LESSING was German Philosophy, beneath German Philosophy the system of Humanism; and in German History we find the practical consequences of those ideas. Considering the Literature of the last hundred years, he described the first period, that of LESSING, or of the enlightenment, as that of the struggle for liberty of thought and science; the second, that of KANT, as the period in which a temple of free science and art was erected, the supremacy of science and art being established; the period of FICHTE as that of the licentiousness of the romantic party, which deteriorated Fichte's absolute liberty into absolute frivolity, and opposed the supremacy of reason by the supremacy of their fancy. The fourth period, that of HEGEL, he described as that of the victory of Philosophy over the romantic party. The men of the first period he stated to be LESSING, LICHTENBERG, KLOPSTOCK, WIELAND, F. H. JACOBI; of the second, KANT, HERDER, SCHILLER, GOETHE; of the third, FICHTE, NOVALIS, SCHELLING, TIECK, the SCHLEGELS, and the Teutonic writers since 1815; of the fouth, HEGEL and his school; STRAUSS, FEUERBACH, PLATEN, HEINE, the Political Lyrics and the Humanists. In the course of German Philosophy the *Kantian Philosophy* was explained as a system of restricted liberty, or mere independence of men of nature and of the senses; the *Fichtian Philosophy*, as laying down the principle of absolute liberty of the thinking person; the *Hegelian Philosophy*, as carrying out the principle and the system of absolute liberty; and *Humanism*, as realizing the principle and system of human liberty in religion, society, and state.

An eye-witness describes the appearance of MACAULAY in the House of Commons on the delivery of his late speech on the India Question, as follows:

"After Hume rose Macaulay. The House was not full to even hear him, standing behind Lord John, who seemed in a state of celestial rapture all the while the member for Edinburgh delighted, not convinced, the House for more than an hour. It is said that Macaulay is suffering from softening of the brain. It is to be hoped the rumor is false; yet on Friday, though he spoke on a congenial subject—of a power he once swayed—of a people among whom he once dwelt—on a theme that has given birth to some of the most gorgeous eloquence that ever fell from his lip, or flowed from his pen, there was really little that told, though he spoke to a friendly audience—to an audience that had really worked itself up to applaud and admire. Still, as Macaulay speaks so seldom—as so many brilliant associations cluster round his name—as one thinks of him in the flush and confidence of youth—the delight of the Union—the pet of the Edinburgh—the pride of every individual Whig—it is something to have heard a voice once so full of power. And now and then on Friday there gleamed forth a flash of the old fire. And the light that 'never shone on sea or shore' beamed from his eye, and down dropped rhetorical pearls; but the general feeling was that of disappointment. The House wished to be carried away, and Macaulay would not, or could not, do it."

Mr. HUGH MILLER, the geologist, in a leading article in the *Witness* newspaper, of which he is editor, has written an able and ingenious reply to Mr. MACAULAY's assertion, in his late Indian speech, of the superiority of distinguished university men for the practical affairs of life. The instances adduced by Mr. Miller, if they do not refute Mr. Macaulay's statements, at least show how much may be said on the other side of the question. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John, of Hunter-square, Edinburgh; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, of the Universe." "OLIVER CROMWELL got but indifferently through college; JOHN CHURCHILL spelt but badly, even after he had beaten all the most accomplished soldiers of France; and ARTHUR WELLESLEY was but an uninformed and vacant young lad for some time after acquiring his first commission." In literature, besides SCOTT, the instances of GOLDSMITH, COWPER, DRYDEN, SWIFT, CHALMERS, JOHNSON, and others, are cited, to show that excellence is often attained after the absence of precocity. The converse, indeed, is too often true, and the proverb of "soon ripe, soon rotten," too often verified. The competition scheme, according to Mr. Miller, would have, on the whole, the effect not only of excluding the truly able, but also of admitting the inefficient. The class is large of those who seem to attain to their full development in the contests of the Academy and the College; and, eminent there, are never heard of afterward. Mr. Miller's own case is one in point, where highest scientific and literary eminence has been gained without juvenile scholastic distinctions. Mr. Macaulay's rhetorical paradoxes must, therefore, be received with great mistrust.

Of the *Life of Haydon*, the celebrated historical painter, recently brought out in London, the *Athenæum* says:

"In dealing with this interesting contribution to the history of modern painting in England, the critic's first duty is, to praise the manner in which the editor has executed his laborious and delicate task. Besides the necessity of weeding the autobiographical fragments left by Haydon, Professor Tom Taylor had to condense and arrange the matter contained in twenty-six bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folio volumes of journals, so as to complete the story. It can have been no light matter for an editor—without disguising the personality of their writer, who set

down many things in the rage and malice of the moment, with a view to their vengeful appearance on some future day—to avoid all revelations needlessly damaging to the deceased or offensive to survivors. Further, a large mass of correspondence had to be dealt with. All this seems to have been done in good proportion and with wise discretion, showing that respect for the deceased, that respect for the public, and that self-respect which distinguish the literary artist from the literary jobber for money. Who would have expected that the 'Life of Haydon' should turn out a more sterling and interesting addition to English biography than the 'Life of Moore?' Such, however, proves to be the case.

The same journal has a favorable notice of *Yusef*, by J. Ross Browne. It says:

"This is another noticeable record of American travel in the East—glowing, humorous, and satirical—and illustrated by the author himself with an adroit pencil. There is something hearty and attractive in the account which Mr. Browne gives of the circumstances under which he set out on his travels. It was ten years ago; he had already, as he says, rambled over the United States, partly on foot and partly in steamers, when he started from Washington with fifteen dollars in his pocket to make the tour of the East. At New York the last dollar was gone—and the Atlantic rolled between the West and East. Having no ostrich to carry him through the air—and doubtful of the sailing qualities of a dolphin—his tone of thought being eminently unclassical—he shipped himself before the mast in a whaler, and in the course of a voyage to the Indian Ocean did service in the way of boiling blubber and scrubbing decks. The moral of the story—a useful moral—is, that a man who really wishes to travel, may travel in spite of fortune or misfortune. Mr. Browne is not the only American writer who has shipped himself 'before the mast;' and we confess to a liking for the manly and sturdy character which has led so many young literary Americans to set the old conventions of the world at naught in the earlier and more difficult part of their career."

The *London Leader*, in a genial notice of Thackeray's *Lectures*, remarks: "Charmed (as all but the very churlish were) with these Lectures when Thackeray delivered them, we have been charmed beyond expectation with the reading of them, for they owe less to manner than we thought. They are truly beautiful, suggestive Essays on topics fertile in suggestion. As criticisms, in the narrower sense of the word, they are often questionable, sometimes absurd in their exaggeration of praise. As characteristics they are more picturesque than lifelike. But as Essays, of which the Humorists are merely the texts, they are unaffectedly humorous, pathetic, subtle, pleasant, and thoughtful. Few will accept Thackeray's exaggerated verdicts on Swift's and Addison's genius, an exaggeration rhetorical, and almost ludicrous; but where, in our language, are more charming Essays than the two devoted to these writers?"

One of at once the most gifted and most reputable of the many French literary personages whom Napoleonism has driven into exile, is the well-known Edgar Quinet, once the colleague and fellow-laborer of Michelet. M. Quinet has made his voice once more audible, in the new number, to wit, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where appears an article from his pen on the "Modern Drama" ("Du Drame Moderne.")

In a recent number of the Berlin *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, is an account of a visit to Heinrich Heine, by some German friends, and from it we extract a descriptive passage:

"It was once more a day of wondrous beauty; the clear sky of the wintry afternoon was tinged by the evening-red, when we presented ourselves at Heine's domicile, in the *Rue d'Amsterdam* at Paris. The spectacle of his sufferings was less distressing than we feared it would have been; illness has not distorted his face, but, on the contrary, has spiritualized it; the engraving which represents him on his sick-bed is a faithful likeness, only his face is narrower and more pain-stricken than represented there. His exterior, on the whole, is very little altered. He still resembles what he was in youth, when we saw him about thirty years ago in Berlin; only his hair was then fairer, and his beard did not yet exist. During the interval, he was once, as he assured us, disproportionately strong; but the approach of his melancholy spine-complaint soon enfeebled him. His legs and feet are entirely powerless, and twisted by nervous pains of the most insupportable kind. For five years he has not left his room, and only for a few hours now and then does he exchange his bed for his arm-chair. Opium is his daily nourishment, and the only thing that can make his pains supportable. It is truly astonishing that an illness which has its seat in the finest nervous tissues has not been able to work destructively on the organs of the mind. We were destined to receive the most splendid proof of this in Heine. He had had one of his worst days, and had already taken opium a second time. Weak and querulous, he received us in bed, which a green screen sheltered from the entrance of draughts and light. He assured us that he was quite unfit to talk, and requested us to repeat our visit on the following day. Nevertheless, he put some rapid lively questions, which brought on a conversation that cheered him up. His voice became gradually stronger; he laughed; he spoke with the incomparable combination of jest and earnest which has made him the creator of poetic humor in Germany. Whoever, with closed eyes, had listened to him, would have taken him to be in complete health."

A Hungarian poetess, Theresa Ferenczy by name, has just committed suicide at Pressburg, by—an unusual thing among women—blowing out her brains. She was only twenty-six years of age, and was of wealthy family. Her works are greatly admired by her countrymen, and are more widely read than poetical works often are. Her last publication, called the *Birds*, was brought out only a few months ago. Some lines in it indicated that she would write no more, but no one could have believed that she contemplated self-destruction.

From Athens, it is stated that M. Demetrius Galanos, the most learned linguist that modern Greece has produced, and who for more than twenty years occupied with distinction the chair of Sanscrit at the College of Benares, in Hindostan, has died in the latter city, at the age of sixty-nine. His numerous works on the different idioms of Asia—the fruit of forty years' research, and which are all unpublished—M. Galanos has bequeathed to the University of Athens, on condition of its causing them to be published:—for which purpose the testator has left sufficient funds. The University accepts the gift and the office—and has appointed its rector Dr. Georgio Thypaldos, to conduct the publication. The works will make about ten folio volumes.

APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT.

* &c., &c., Represent Sparks of Divers Beautiful Colors.

DISCERNMENT.

CLEVER CHILD.—Oh! Do look here, Mary! What a funny thing! Mr. Oldboy has got another Forehead on the back of his Head!

[*Mr. Oldboy is delighted.*

YOUNG AMERICA ON HIS DIGNITY.

OLD AMERICA.—Another impertinent word, and I'll box your ears!
YOUNG AMERICA.—Lay your hand upon me, Sir, and I abandon your roof forever!

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Carriage Dress.

THE DRESS is of green taffeta, open in front, as are almost all bodies at present. When this mode is not adopted the body is made high, with three plaits on the side. The number of bodies which do not conform to one or the other of these forms is very small. The skirt is very full, and is ornamented with three deep flounces of velours and guipure. A narrower trimming of the same material is placed down the open sides of the corsage, and upon the lower edge of the sleeves, which are of pagoda form.—For Mantillas, the gossamer fabrics of the summer months begin to give place to heavier and more substantial fabrics. The one which we give in the accompanying illustration is in the *berthe* style, composed of white *poult de soie*, heavily embroidered. The collar is slashed on the shoul-

ders, where it is cross-laced with cord, terminating in neat tassels.—For BONNETS, Leghorns are in high favor; they continue to be worn far back upon the head; but the brim is rather smaller than has heretofore been worn. Feathers and ribbons constitute the ornaments. Ribbons, arranged in bows, in fact, are now worn upon all parts of the dress. Lace galloons, fringes, embroideries, and trimmings of all similar kinds, are now lavishly employed by *modistes* in such a manner as to produce a very charming style of ornamentation.—LACES do not in general vary materially from those furnished by us last month. A style of collars which is now a great favorite, is extremely wide, having a large point upon each shoulder, and one upon the middle of the back.

FIGURE 2.—BRIDE'S TOILET.

BRIDE'S TOILET.—We present a Bridal Dress very similar to that worn by the Empress of France. The hair is arranged in puffed bandeaux rolled one above another, and very finely undulated. A narrow bandeau of white lilac passes over the head, and is lost in each extremity between the origin of the bandeaux of hair. Two tufts of double hyacinths and branches of white lilac inclose the bandeaux behind, and accompany them below. A crown of orange-flowers is laid behind, over the comb. The vail of tulle illusion is thrown back so as to cover the crown and the top of the tufts of flowers; this vail is very large. Dress of terry velvet, ornamented with passementerie and lace. The body high, and very close, is prolonged down to the hips. It is trimmed in front with buttons and guipure, and ears of satin passementerie laid in chevrons. These ears, graduated, are 2½ inches at top, 1½ toward the waist, and rather over three inches at bottom. A narrow *engrelure* borders the bottom of the body, which is terminated by a lace of 6 inches, slightly gathered. The skirt has beautiful lace flounces. A lace collar, gathered, falls over the body. But a frill of tulle illusion *ruché* goes round the neck. The sleeves, of pagoda form, are trimmed with three rows of lace, looped up to a button and sewed under a little passementerie *engrelure*. The two first rows are on the sleeve; the third is sewed to the edge, and falls very full, like an under-sleeve.

We have seen a very pretty toilet for a young lady, from fifteen to eighteen years. The hair in double bandeaux, as represented in the Bride's coiffure above, waved and raised. Dress of plain India muslin. Body high, gathered into a little band trimmed with lace on the fore-arm. Skirt full and plain, with a hem 4 inches deep. Apron with a body fastening behind, and a skirt of pink taffeta. The edge of the body is trimmed with a *ruche chicoré* of pink taffeta. The jockeys are similarly trimmed; the front one laps over the back one. The body has two plaits on each side. The skirt is gathered at the waist; it is shorter than that of the dress by 10 inches, and is trimmed all around the bottom with a pink *chicorée*. Behind it is fastened by 4 taffeta bows, the edges of the opening are plain. The pockets are cut straight across, surrounded with little pink buttons, and ornamented at bottom with a pink bow. Rows of narrow lace on the collar. Lace mittens.

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MEMOIR OF DAMASCUS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CITY.

THE City of Damascus enjoys a grand pre-eminence over all the other ancient cities that are commemorated in the Scripture history, in the fact that its wealth, its populousness, its prosperity, and its splendor continue unimpaired to the present day. Almost all the other ancient Eastern towns, and even the great capitals that for their magnificence and their historical renown were objects of such universal regard two thousand years ago, are now in a state of melancholy dilapidation and decay. Some of them are wholly desolate and in ruins; and in others, where a little life still seems to linger, the feeble vitality is chiefly sustained by the influx of travelers from distant lands, who come to visit the fallen capitals, not for what they are, but from interest in the scenes that transpired in them twenty or thirty centuries ago. Even Jerusalem, at the present day, seems to owe its continued existence almost wholly to the desire of mankind to visit the spot where Jesus Christ was crucified.

The aspect of desolation and ruin which reigns like a lurid and dismal twilight over all the lands which are consecrated in the inspired narratives of our holy religion, gives to the satisfaction with which the Christian pilgrim visits them, in modern times, a very melancholy tinge. The fields, once so luxuriant and fertile, have become waste and barren. The sites of ancient villages, once the abode of industry, happiness and plenty, are now marked by confused and unmeaning ruins, among which the traveler wanders perplexed, or sits in silent dejection, vainly endeavoring by his imagination to reconstruct out of the fallen columns, and broken walls, and grass-covered mounds, that lie before him, the ancient temples, palaces and towers that once stood proudly on the spot. Even those sites which still are tenanted as the abodes of men, present often to the view only groups of den-like dwellings crouching among the grand and imposing ruins around them, and filled by inhabitants so degraded, that the traveler in sojourning among them, carries his own habitation with him, choosing to sleep in exposure in his own tent, pitched without the gates, rather than share the intolerable discomfort and misery that reign within.

The aspect, however, of Damascus and its environs is very different from this. The city stands in the midst of an extended and very beautiful plain, which is fertilized, and was perhaps originally formed, by the waters that descend from the ranges of Mount Lebanon, lying to the westward of it. From one of the southwesternmost peaks of this range—Mount Hermon—the traveler who ascends the summit, obtains a very widely extended view, overlooking the Mediterranean on the west, the Sea of Galilee and the mountainous region around it on the south, and the great plain of Damascus on the east, extending to the borders of the desert. A more near and still more beautiful view of the city and of its environs, is to be obtained from the summit of a hill which lies to the northward of it, a few miles distant from the gates. That portion of the plain on which the city is built, is devoted mainly to the cultivation of fruit, and forms one wide expanse of orchard and gardens—so that the domes and minarets of the Moslem architecture of the city rise from the midst of a sea of

THE TRAVELER AMONG RUINS.

VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

foliage and verdure, the masses of which envelop and conceal all humbler dwellings. The scene as it presents itself to the eye of the traveler who makes an excursion from the city, for the purpose of enjoying it, is inexpressibly beautiful. In fact, the richness and beauty of the orchards of Damascus and its environs, are proverbial throughout the whole eastern world. They have an ancient tradition that Mahomet, the prophet, on surveying the scene when he first approached the city, said that he would not enter it. "Man can enjoy but one Paradise," said he, "and if I enter one on earth, I can not expect to be admitted to one in heaven."

SITUATION OF THE CITY.

Damascus owes the long continued wealth and prosperity which it has enjoyed, to its situation, on the one hand as the agricultural centre of a region of boundless and perpetual fertility, and on the other as the commercial emporium of the traffic of several extended seas. These seas, however, are seas of sand, and the fleets that navigate them are caravans of camels. There are, in fact, two grand commercial systems now in operation among mankind, each of which has its own laws, its own usages, its own ports, its own capitals. The oceans of water are the mediums of transit for the one—for the other the equally trackless and almost equally extended deserts of sand. What London, Liverpool, Canton, and Amsterdam are to the former, Aleppo, Mecca, Damascus, and Bagdad are to the latter. Each system is, in its own way, and according to its own measure, perhaps as thrifty and prosperous as the other, and equally conducive to the wealth, the comfort, and the happiness of the communities that partake of its benefits. Damascus is one of the most important and most wealthy of the ports through which the traffic of the Asiatic deserts enters the fertile and cultivated country which lies on their western shores.

The territories of the Turkish government have for many ages been divided into separate districts or provinces, called Pashalics. The fertile region of the eastern slope of the Lebanon ranges, of which Damascus is the centre and capital, forms the Pashalic of Damascus. It contains a population of about five hundred thousand souls. Damascus itself contains, according to the estimate of a late British consul resident there, considerably over one hundred thousand. The relative wealth and influence of the city, and of the province which it represents, in comparison with the other cities and provinces in that quarter of the world, were probably the same in ancient times as now.

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

The chief interest which attaches to Damascus, in the mind of the readers of sacred history, arises out of the circumstances connected with the conversion of St. Paul, which occurred on his journey to that city. His determination to go to Damascus, and the measures which he proposed to adopt there, in prosecution of the work which he had undertaken of suppressing Christianity, mark the energy and decision of his character. Damascus was remote from Jerusalem. To reach it, required a journey of nearly two hundred miles. A man of less enlarged and comprehensive views would probably not have embraced it within the scope of his vision at all. But Paul, who wished to accomplish what he had undertaken in the most thorough manner, perceived that if the new religion were allowed once to get a footing in such a capital, even if suppressed in Judea, it would still live and spread,

and might become ultimately very formidable. After having therefore adopted the most decisive measures to suppress, what he perhaps honestly considered the pestilent heresy, in Judea, he armed himself with authority from the chief priests, and with a suitable company of attendants to enable him to carry his plans efficiently into execution, and set out on the journey to Damascus, with a view of extinguishing at once the kindling flame which was rising there.

It was in the course of this journey, when the traveler was drawing near to the gates of the city, that he was suddenly arrested in his career, and changed at once, by the interposition of a power supernatural and divine, from a bitter and determined enemy, to a very warm and faithful friend, of the cause of Jesus Christ. The account given us of his conversion in the Scripture history is of such a character as makes it, as it were, a *test case* of testimony to the supernatural origin and divine character of Christianity—one of the most direct and strongest test cases too, which the New Testament contains. Let us pause a little to analyze it.

ANALYSIS OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF PAUL.

In the first place, the general facts in respect to the apostle's previous and subsequent history are well established on the ordinary historical evidence by which the transactions of those times are made known to us, and so far as we are aware have never been called in question. That he was an able and accomplished man, born a Roman citizen at Tarsus, and trained subsequently at Jerusalem to the highest legal and professional attainments known to the Jewish community in those days—that when the Christian faith began at first to be openly professed by the disciples and followers of Christ, after his crucifixion, he cherished an apparently implacable hostility to it, and engaged in a system of measures of the most determined and merciless character for its suppression—that he afterward stopped suddenly in the midst of this course, and from being the worst persecutor of the new faith, became at once, without any natural cause to account for the change, its most devoted champion and friend—and that at the same time his moral cast of character underwent also a total change, so that from being morose, stern and cruel, he became in a most eminent degree gentle, forbearing, submissive in spirit and forgiving—and that he continued to exemplify this new character until at length he gave up his life in attestation of the sincerity of his faith; all these things are established in the convictions of mankind by precisely the same kind of evidence as that which proves to us the leading facts in the history of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon.

The only question is, what was the cause of this most extraordinary moral revolution. We call it a moral revolution, for the nature of the case is such that we see at once very clearly that the change which took place was not a mere change of purpose and plan, but a radical change of character. In all the latter portions of the apostle's life, there beams out from every manifestation of his moral nature the mild radiance of such virtues as patience, gentleness, charity, long-suffering and love—while in the former, we see only the stern and merciless resolution of a despot, in his doings. Men often change their purposes and plans in a very sudden manner, while yet on close examination we find that they act from the same motives afterward as before, though aiming at different ends. But in the case of the apostle, the very motives—the whole frame of mind, as it were, was changed. The only question is, we repeat, what was the cause of this sudden revolution.

We have two accounts of the transaction. One of these is the narrative of the circumstances by Paul himself, given in his celebrated speech to the Jewish populace on the stairs of the castle of St. Antonia, at the time when the soldiers had rescued him from the mob, and were conveying him into the castle for safety.*

The other account, which is the same in substance though varying in form, is given by Luke in his general history of the Acts of the Apostles. The fact that Luke incorporates the story in his history is a very important one, inasmuch as it shows that the statements of Paul were made openly and publicly at the time, and were generally known and believed, by his contemporaries. If Paul had withheld his narrative for a considerable period of time, and then had only related the story in some private way, to persons who had no means of testing its truth, the force of the testimony would have been far less conclusive than it is now. But he did not do this. He took a very early opportunity to state the facts in the most open and public manner possible—to do this too in precisely the place, and before precisely the audience, that would have been chosen if the object had been to put his statements to the test. The audience was an audience of enemies, predisposed not to believe his statements. The place was Jerusalem, where the men lived who had gone with him to Damascus and were witnesses of the miracle. Then the general historian of the Church, writing very soon after these transactions occurred, gives the account in his narrative, with details not mentioned by Paul in his speech, showing that he derived his knowledge of the facts from other and previous communications. In a word, Paul proclaimed the facts in relation to his conversion in the most public and open manner, to all mankind, immediately after they occurred, and under such circumstances as to challenge an easy disproof if the statements were not true.

The occurrence, as Paul describes it, was of such a character that he could not possibly have been deceived in it. The effects of a disordered imagination, upon persons especially of a sanguine and impulsive temperament, are often very great. But the vision which appeared to Paul can not be disposed of on any such supposition as this. The occurrence took place at mid-day.

* Acts xxii. 4–16.

It was in the presence of several witnesses. A permanent physical effect remained too, in the blindness from which Paul suffered for three days after the phenomenon occurred. All the circumstances of the case show that it could not have been a case of mental hallucination. Paul must have known whether the statements that he made were or were not literally true.

There are certain curious evidences to be drawn from the nature and character of the vision itself, and of the dialogue which took place between Paul and the supernatural voice which addressed him in it, which show very conclusively that the vision was no phantom of his own mind. The voice calls out first in a tone of expostulation, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Now we must admit that it is possible that a man engaged in such a work as that to which Paul had devoted himself, feeling perhaps some misgivings about it, might, under certain circumstances, especially if he were a man of excitable imagination, fancy himself appealed to in this way by a vision from the supernatural world, representing the departed spirit whose cause he was opposing. But in the very supposition that this were the case, it is implied that the mind creating the illusion should at once refer the vision which it had thus conjured up to the being which had been the object of its hostility. In other words, to suppose that feelings of misgiving and remorse awakened by his persecutions of the Christians, had conjured up in Paul's mind a phantom to say to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" involves of course, very directly, the supposition that in imagining the words, he should imagine them as coming from the being whose cause he was persecuting. Instead of this, however, the feeling that was awakened by the question was simple astonishment. He did not refer the words at first to *any* origin, real or imaginary. He did not understand what they meant. His rejoinder was, "Who art thou, Lord?"—the word Lord being used doubtless, as was customary in those days, simply as a respectful mode of address proper to be adopted in accosting any superior. It was not until he heard the reply, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," that the preternatural words which he had heard were referred to any origin. This circumstance does not prove the actual reality of the vision—but it seems to show very conclusively that the vision could not have been a mental illusion conjured up by an uneasy conscience, and appearing like a reality only to the excited imagination of the subject of it.

Besides this, the supposition that Paul was deluded in this case by a phantom of the imagination seems to be precluded by the character of the man. He was eminently a man of very cool, calculating, and unimaginative cast of mind. His speeches, his writings, and the whole course of his conduct indicate a temperament exactly the reverse of that which is subject to morbid nervous excitement. He was severe in his judgments, cautious and deliberate in all his actions; and his writings indicate every where a mind in which the reflecting and reasoning powers predominate so decidedly, that it would, perhaps, be difficult to name any historical personage of ancient or modern times less likely to be deceived by images produced by the power of a morbid fancy than he. We are thus constrained to believe that he must have known what the actual facts were in respect to the extraordinary statement that he made. Unless he wholly invented the story, knowing it to be entirely false, it must have been strictly and literally true.

He could not have fabricated the story, for not only was there no possible motive to account for his doing so, but there was every conceivable inducement to prevent it. His position and his prospects before he embraced Christianity were bright and promising in the highest degree. By the change he made himself a fugitive and an outcast, lost forever the good opinion of all those whose friendship and favor he had prized, sacrificed his ambition, deprived himself of every worldly advantage, and subjected himself to a life of toil, privation, danger, and suffering, and in the end to a violent death. It is inconceivable that a man should invent a lie for the sake of procuring for himself such rewards as these.

Then, moreover, if a man under the circumstances in which Paul was placed, had intended to invent a story of this kind, unless he were actually insane, he would have arranged the details of it in a totally different manner. He would have chosen a time when he was alone; some dark hour of the night, perhaps, when no witnesses were near to be appealed to for the falsification of his statements. Or if any witnesses had been supposed to be present, they would not have been such witnesses as were with him on this journey. The men who accompanied Paul on his way to Damascus were all enemies of the new religion. They were his confederates in the persecution of it. They must have been under the strongest possible inducement to declare the story false, if it really were so—especially considering that they were involved in the transaction, as Paul relates it. It was at mid-day when it occurred, while they were all together on the road, and drawing near to Damascus. They saw the bright light, he says, as well as he—a light so vivid as wholly to overpower the brightness of the sun. The men all heard the voice, too, though they did not, like Paul, understand the words that were spoken. They were all overwhelmed with astonishment at the wonderful phenomenon, and yielded themselves, as well as he, to the authority of the vision, by conducting Paul by the hand into Damascus, in obedience to the directions that were given to them by the voice. By stating all these facts so openly and publicly, and so soon after they occurred, the narrator seems to appeal in the most full and decided manner to witnesses predisposed to go against him, and puts himself entirely in their power, on the supposition that his statements were not true.

SUMMARY OF THE CASE.

The summary of the whole case then stands thus.

1. A statement of facts is made by an eye-witness, which, if true, establishes incontestably the supernatural origin, and the divine character of Christianity.

2. The witness is a man of very extraordinary calmness and steadiness of character, and the facts which he declares to have occurred are of such a nature that he could not possibly have been deceived in them.

3. He designates other witnesses who were present when the transactions occurred—and who can not possibly be suspected of collusion with him—and he alleges that they were all convinced of the reality of the phenomena which took place and that they governed their conduct accordingly.

4. He proclaimed the facts, as soon as they occurred, in the most open and public manner to all the world.

5. He attested the sincerity of his belief in the reality of the communication from the spiritual world which he professed to have received, by changing the whole course of his life in consequence of it; relinquishing every possible source of earthly honor and enjoyment, and devoting himself to a life of uninterrupted ignominy, toil, privation, and suffering, which he persevered in, without faltering, to the end of his days.

It would seem as if the force of human testimony, as evidence of fact, could not possibly go farther than in such an instance as this. The circumstances which are combined in the case are so striking and peculiar, as to make it one of the most marked and decided that the New Testament contains. It is in fact a test case, and brings the question of the truth or falsity of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, into a very narrow compass indeed.

PAUL'S ENTRANCE INTO DAMASCUS.

The attendants who accompanied the apostle on his journey, when they found that he had been struck with blindness by the supernatural light, took him by the hand and led him along through the region of gardens and orchards for which the environs of Damascus have been famed in every age, to the gates of the city.

On entering the city Paul was conducted by

PAUL LED INTO DAMASCUS.

his attendants to lodgings in a house kept by a man named Judas, who lived in a street called the Straight Street, and there remained three days, in a state of great suspense and agitation. At length a disciple of Damascus, named Ananias, was sent to him, to recognize him as a Christian brother, and to welcome him to the communion and fellowship of the Church. Paul remained at Damascus for some time, preaching the faith which he had before so bitterly opposed, until at length, plots were formed against his life by the Jews of Damascus, who were incensed against him for having, as they considered it, betrayed the cause which had been intrusted to his charge. The danger at length became so imminent, and he was so closely watched and beset by those who had conspired against him, that the only way by which he could evade them was to be let down by his friends from the wall in a basket by night. In this way he made his escape from the city, and proceeding to Jerusalem he joined himself to the disciples there.*

The street where Paul lodged in Damascus, or rather the one which ancient tradition designates as the same, and even the house of Judas,

* Acts ix.

still exist, and awaken great interest in all Christian travelers who visit the city at the present day. This, however, we shall have occasion to show more fully in the sequel.

EARLIEST NOTICES OF DAMASCUS.

The city of Damascus, and the rich and populous province of which it forms the capital, are frequently alluded to, and in some instances figure as the scenes of very important occurrences and events, in the Old Testament history. These allusions date back from the very earliest periods. The city is spoken of in the book of Genesis as a place even then well known. The chief officer of Abraham's household—the general agent and manager of his affairs—was a Damascene, as appears from the complaint of the patriarch, when lamenting his childless condition, that there was no one to be his heir but his steward, Eliezer of Damascus. (Gen. xv. 2.) During the reign of David, Damascus, including the broad and fruitful territory that pertained to it, figures as a very wealthy and powerful kingdom. It was called *Syria of Damascus*—a phrase reversed in its form from the customary mode of speaking of a country and its capital at the present day, but still very obviously proper to denote the meaning which was intended to be conveyed by it, namely that part of Syria which pertained to and was represented by Damascus. The kingdom of Damascus must have enjoyed at this time a high degree of wealth and prosperity, as appears from the fact that the government of it volunteered to aid some of the Canaanitish nations in resisting the progress of David's conquests, by sending an army so large that more than *twenty thousand* men from it were slain in the battles that followed. The design of the Damascenes in this interposition was to put a check to David's victorious progress, before he should reach their own frontiers. They supposed, doubtless, that after completing the conquest of all the southern territory, he would turn his steps northward, and traversing the mountains of Galilee, begin to make war upon them. Their efforts, however, to avert this danger operated only to bring it more suddenly upon them. David, having defeated the army which they sent against him, advanced into their territory, seized and garrisoned all the principal towns, and annexed the whole country to his own dominions. (2 Sam. vii. 6. 1 Chron. xvii. 6)

STORY OF NAAMAN OF DAMASCUS, THE SYRIAN GENERAL.

In the time of Solomon, the Syrians revolted against the Hebrew government under an adventurer named Rezon, and re-established their independence; and thenceforward there were frequent wars between the Syrians of Damascus and the princes of the Hebrew line. From time to time there were intervals of peace, and it was during one of these periods, when a friendly intercourse was prevailing between the two kingdoms that Naaman, a Syrian general, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Syrian king, went to Elisha, the Hebrew prophet, to be cured of the leprosy. The circumstances connected with this transaction are very curious, and strikingly illustrative of the manners and habits of the times. They were as follows:

Naaman had in his family a captive maiden, who had been taken prisoner from some one of the Hebrew villages, in former wars, and according to the custom of the times, had been made a slave. She served in the family as waiting

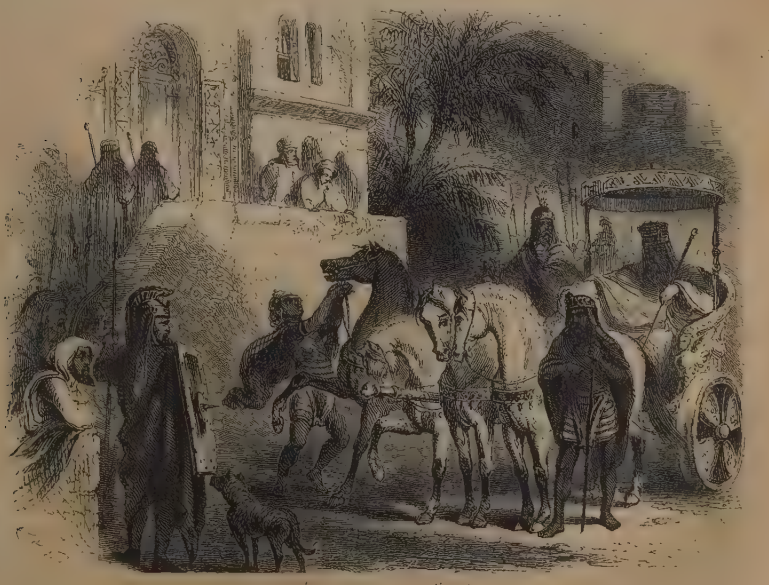
NAAMAN AND THE HEBREW MAIDEN.

maid to Naaman's wife. Although a slave, she seems to have felt a strong interest in the welfare of her master, and having heard, while in her native land, of the wonderful powers which had sometimes been exercised there by the prophet Elisha, she said one day to her mistress, "Would God, my Lord were with the prophet which is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." Some one reported this story of the maiden to Naaman. Naaman was greatly interested in it. At length it came to the knowledge of Benhadad, the king, and the king determined immediately to send the distinguished patient to the land of Israel to be healed.

Kings in making communications with foreign kingdoms, always act through kings, and thus Naaman was sent by the Syrian monarch, not directly to Elisha, but to Joram, who was then the King of Israel. He took with him from Damascus, for presents to the King of Israel, large sums of money both in gold and silver coin, and various other valuable gifts; and bore also a letter to him from Benhadad of the following purport.

"Benhadad, King of Syria, to Joram, King of Israel. With this letter I send my servant Naaman to thee, that thou mayest heal him of his leprosy."

Whether in addressing the king himself, as the one by whom he expected the leper was to be healed, Benhadad meant merely to compliment the monarch by assuming that it was through his power, and not through that of any of his subjects, that so great a boon was to be obtained, or whether he had not taken pains to understand precisely what the captive maiden had said, does not fully appear. However this may be, Joram was greatly alarmed when he read the letter. He uttered loud exclamations of astonishment and indignation. "Am I God," said he, "to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." His apprehensions were, however, soon quieted by a message from the prophet Elisha, who on being informed what had occurred, sent word to the king requesting that the Syrian stranger might come to him. Naaman proceeded accordingly to the house of Elisha with his chariot, his horses, and his retinue, and stood there in great state before the door.



NAAMAN AT ELISHA'S DOOR.

Elisha sent out a message to him, directing him to go and wash seven times in the river Jordan, saying, that by this means he should be healed.

We have already stated that the city of Damascus is situated upon a very rich and fertile plain, which is watered, and was perhaps originally formed, or at least covered with its fertile soil, by streams descending from the Lebanon Mountains. These streams in meandering across the plain form a complicated net-work of channels, irrigating the land in every part as they traverse it, and losing themselves finally in a large lake lying to the eastward of the city. The

lake has no outlet, so that the waters which descend from the mountains are all absorbed by the land on their passage across the plain, or are evaporated from the surface of the lake where they finally repose. Of these streams, the two principal, in the days of Naaman, were called Abana and Pharpar, and the people of Damascus like all other inhabitants of alluvial plains that owe their fertility to the inundations of rivers, entertained very high ideas of the virtues and the dignity of the streams on which they saw that their wealth and prosperity so plainly depended. Naaman was accordingly indignant to find that he had made a journey of hundreds of miles away from such magnificent and salubrious streams as those by which Damascus was encircled and adorned, only to be told at last, to bathe in such a river as the Jordan.

"Behold I thought;" said he, "he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

His anger, however, soon subsided, and on being expostulated with by some of his attendants, he allowed himself to be appeased. Finally, he concluded to follow the prophet's directions and was healed.*

ELISHA'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS.

The history of the kingdom of Damascus, under the name of Syria, during the period of which we are writing, is closely involved with that of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel for several successive reigns, and the international intercourse with these powers—sometimes warlike and sometimes peaceful—gives rise to some of the most dramatic and striking incidents and narratives which occur in the Old Testament history. On one occasion in the course of this period, during an interval of peace, the prophet Elisha made a visit to Damascus, and resided for some time in that city; and the house where he is said to have lived, forms, as we shall see in the sequel, one of the special objects of attraction and interest to modern travelers who visit the city. It seems that Elisha's power and authority as a prophet were fully recognized by the people of Damascus while he remained in the city. This might have been owing, perhaps, in part to the fame of the healing of Naaman, an occurrence which must have been extensively known throughout the whole kingdom of Damascus, and must have awakened among the people a sentiment of wonder and awe. Besides, the pagan nations of the earth were in those days far less exclusive in their religious ideas than they are now. The gods which each man believed in, were national gods, as it were, not divinities of supreme and universal sway; so that the people of one country having one set of deities and one established mode of worship of their own, could still entertain a high veneration and respect for the apostles and prophets of other systems pertaining to other lands. A great many incidents might be adduced from ancient history, both sacred and profane, illustrating this fact. For example, when, on a former occasion, Benhadad the King of Syria had invaded the land of Israel, and had been defeated in a great battle in the hill country of Samaria, by numbers far inferior to his own, his counselors in attempting to account for the fact, alleged that the gods of the Hebrews were gods of *the hills*, and that thus so long as the war was waged among the hills, the cause of the Hebrews was effectually sustained by the Divine protection. They proposed, therefore, that in the next campaign the seat of war should be transferred to the valleys and plains, where, as they maintained, the Hebrew deities would be comparatively powerless. This shows that, notwithstanding that they were pagans, they were in a sense believers in the Hebrew religion, though they conceived the object of the Hebrew worship to be a set of local divinities whose power, though supernatural and real, was confined by physical limits and restrictions, so that it might be circumvented and evaded by the ingenuity and the stratagems of men.

Thus Elisha on his visit to Damascus, although the prophet and the minister of a foreign religion, was looked upon with great respect and veneration. Benhadad the king was sick. He was anxious in respect to the issue of his sickness, and he sent Hazael, one of his ministers of state, to Elisha, to inquire of him what the result of it was to be. The light in which Elisha's character and claims as a divine prophet were regarded in Damascus, is shown by the fact that Hazael took with him, when he came to consult him on the part of the king, *forty camels' burden* of costly presents, products, probably, of the arts and manufactures of Damascus, and commenced the annunciation of his errand in the language, "*Thy son Benhadad*, King of Syria, hath sent me to thee." It was at this interview that Elisha uttered the remarkable prophecy in respect to the subsequent career of Hazael, which was afterward so signally fulfilled.*

The account of the forty camels' loads of presents, and other similar allusions continually occurring in the histories of those times, indicate very clearly the high rank which Damascus had attained in arts and manufactures, even at that distant day. The genius of the people displayed itself too, apparently in the ornamental as well as in the useful arts. It is mentioned on one occasion that a king of Israel when on a visit to Damascus, was so much pleased with the richness and beauty of an altar which he saw there, that he sent a model and pattern of it to Jerusalem, in order that one similar to it might be constructed in that city.† This was a very strong testimonial in favor of the taste and skill of the Damascene designers, especially

* For the full account of these transactions, see 2 Kings, chap. v.

* 2 Kings, viii. 7–15. † 2 Kings, xvi. 7–16.

considering the peculiar circumstances under which the King of Israel was then visiting Damascus. Wearied out with his long and hopeless contests with Hazael, he had sent to Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria, to come to his rescue. Tiglath-Pileser had accordingly advanced at the head of an army, and after defeating Hazael in various battles, had finally made himself master of Damascus, and Ahaz, rejoicing in the subjugation of his enemy, had gone to Damascus to join him in triumphing there over the conquered city. If he had sent the altar itself to Jerusalem, it might, perhaps, be supposed that he regarded it in the light of a trophy of victory. But as he sent only the pattern of it, the act stands simply as a strong and disinterested testimonial to the beauty of the structure as a work of art.

DAMASCUS IN THE TIME OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

After passing through various revolutions and being held in succession by various powers, the Damascene territory became at length a Roman province, and remained in that condition during the time of Christ and his apostles. It was in this condition, at the period of Paul's celebrated expedition to the city, which has already been described. During the interval which elapsed between the era of the ancient Hebrew monarchs and the time of Christ, the country passed through many changes, having been possessed successively by the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, the city becoming, of course, at each change of mastership the scene of an exciting revolution. As it was, however, a city of arts, industry, and commerce, and was devoted wholly to peaceful pursuits, and inasmuch as from the exposed position which it occupied in the midst of a plain, with the sources of its wealth spread very widely over the fertile region which surrounded it, it was almost impossible to hope to defend it against any powerful invading force, it generally made little resistance to these changes, and, accordingly, suffered much less from the devastating influence of wars than such great strongholds as Acre, Tyre, and Jerusalem, which being strongly fortified, garrisoned, and armed, usually resisted their conquerors to the last extremity, and were in consequence besieged, stormed, sacked, burned, and devastated again and again, under an endless succession of calamities. Damascus, however, seldom made any very vigorous resistance to the power of the various conquerors that in turn made themselves masters of Asia; and thus the thrift and prosperity for which it was always so greatly famed was subject to very little interruption or change.

THE SURRENDER OF DARIUS'S TREASURES.

Sometimes, however, these revolutions made the city the scene of very stirring and exciting events. When Alexander, with his small but terrible force of Macedonians and Greeks, commenced his march into Asia, to invade the immense empire of Darius, Damascus was a province of that empire, and was ruled by a governor whom Darius had placed in command there. As soon as Darius was informed of the Macedonian invasion, he assembled an immense army—an army which formed one of the most enormous military organizations which the world has ever seen. Pomp and parade were the characteristics of the Persian monarchy in those days, and Darius, besides fitting out his troops with the most magnificent and costly equipments and trappings, so as to give the immense column more the air of a triumphal procession than of an army of fighting men, determined also to take with him his whole court, and a vast store, likewise, of the treasures of his palaces. Whether it was because he did not dare to leave these riches in his capital, for fear of some insurrectionary or rebellious movement there during his absence, or whether he took them with him purely for the purpose of ostentation and display, is, perhaps, uncertain. However this may be, he determined to leave nothing behind, and the vast cavalcade, when the march commenced, exhibited the spectacle of a court and capital, as it were, as well as an army, in motion.

All the nobles of the Persian court were in the train of the army, with queens, princesses, and ladies of honor without number. Great stores of food were carried too, comprising every possible luxury, together with utensils of every name, and cooks in great numbers, and services of plate both of gold and silver for the tables, and every thing else necessary for the most sumptuous feasts. There were also large companies of men and women connected with the public entertainments of the court—singers, dancers, actors, stage-managers, harlequins, and over three hundred singing-girls, personal companions and favorites of the monarch. The train contained also immense treasures, consisting of costly equipages, vases of gold and silver, rich clothing, and sumptuous trappings and paraphernalia of every description—together with immense sums of gold and silver coin for the pay of the army. The treasures were laden in wagons and upon beasts of burden, and they followed in the train of the army, protected by a powerful guard. When at length this immense host reached the confines of Asia Minor, where the small but compact body of Greeks and Macedonians were advancing to meet it, Darius chose Damascus as the place of rendezvous and deposit for his court and his treasures, while he went forward with his troops to meet the invader. The ladies of the court, accordingly, the young princesses, the dancing-girls, and the whole train of treasures, were sent to Damascus, and intrusted to the charge of the governor of the city there. That they could be in any possible danger by being so placed was an idea that no one for a moment entertained; for so great and overwhelming, as they supposed, was the force that Darius commanded, and so contemptible was the opinion which they had formed of the power of the youthful Alexander, and of the small band of Greeks which he led, that they did not conceive of the possibility even of a battle. Darius

was going forward, they thought, rather to arrest a prisoner than to conquer a foe.

It was not long, however, before the gay and careless throngs that were assembled at Damascus were thunderstruck with the tidings that a general battle had been fought at Issus, that the Persian army had been entirely overthrown, that Darius himself had barely escaped with his life, having fled from the field of battle and made his escape to the mountains, almost alone, and that Alexander was preparing to advance into the heart of Asia, with nothing to oppose his progress. Under these circumstances the governor of Damascus, either knowing that resistance on his part would be hopeless, or else acting on the general principle that the policy of non-resistance was the true policy for a city so exclusively industrial in its pursuits, sent a letter to Alexander, informing him that the treasures of Darius were under his charge at Damascus, and that he was ready to surrender them at any time to whomsoever Alexander might appoint to receive them.

Still, however, the governor of Damascus did not dare to act quite openly in thus betraying the trust which had been committed to his charge: so he stipulated in his letter to Alexander that he should surrender the treasures in a covert manner, as if against his will. He could not be sure that Darius would not regain his lost ascendency, and conquer the invaders after all; in which case he knew full well that any voluntary agency which might be proved against him of having betrayed his trust would have brought

DARIUS'S TREASURES.

upon him all the awful penalties which in those days were the customary reward of treason. So he agreed that Parmenio, one of the chief generals of Alexander's army, should come to Damascus on a designated day, and that in the mean time he would pretend that he was going to remove the treasures to some place of safety, and would accordingly issue with them from the gates, on the day of Parmenio's arrival, so that he might appear to be surprised by the sudden onset of the Greek detachment, and thus seem to lose the treasures by the unavoidable fortune of war, and not by any open and designed betrayal.

This plan was carried into full execution. On the appointed day the governor issued from the gate of the city with all the treasures in his train. The treasures were borne on the backs of men and of beasts of burden, and were accompanied by a guard—all the arrangements being, however, hurried and confused, as if the governor had been induced by some alarming information which he had received, to determine on a sudden flight. The escort had reached but a short distance from the city, when Parmenio and his troop came suddenly upon them. The guard, perceiving at once that resistance would be vain, took to flight. The porters who were bearing the treasures threw down their burdens and followed them. The roads being bordered by gardens and orchards were inclosed with walls, over which the fugitives leaped with disorder and confusion, abandoning every thing that could impede their flight. The roadsides were covered in every direction with the rich spoils thus thrown aside. Bags of gold and silver coin, rich caparisons and trappings, costly and highly ornamented arms and accoutrements, vases, utensils, goblets, embroidered dresses, caskets of jewels, and every other imaginable symbol of wealth and luxury, strewed the ground in every direction, and were overturned and trampled upon by the pressure of horses and men that were rushing hither and thither, regardless of every thing but safety, in the wild precipitancy of their flight. Parmenio and his troop gathered up the spoils, and carried them back to the city. They took captive the princesses, the nobles, the ladies of the court, and all the innumerable members and attendants of the royal household, and placed a garrison in charge of the city. Thus Damascus, with all its wealth and industry, its commerce, its arts, its manufactures, its orchards, and gardens, and its broad and fertile fields and plains, became an integral portion of the great Macedonian empire.

Two or three centuries later, in the year sixty-five before Christ, Damascus fell into the hands of the Romans more easily still, having yielded at once to the summons of a Roman general, whom Pompey, then in command of the Roman forces in that quarter of the world, sent to invest it. It remained a Roman dependency until the time of Paul.

THE SARACENS.

After the period of the Christian era, years and centuries rolled on, and many revolutions both political and social, occurred in the Eastern world, until at length a nominal Christianity prevailed over almost the whole of the vast territory which was comprised within the limits of the Roman Empire. After a considerable period of comparative peace and prosperity, there at length suddenly arose a power that was destined to a long career of conquest, and a very widely extended dominion—that of the Saracens, a dynasty of chieftains, half soldiers and half priests, who, by mingling the most sublime religious enthusiasm with the fiercest military daring in the character of their troops, soon raised up a power which nothing could withstand. The Prophet Mohammed was the founder of the line. Mohammed himself, however, did not commence the career of military conquest. He prepared the way for what was afterward accomplished by his successors. His immediate successor was Abubeker, who at once organized a military force, and after establishing his authority in Arabia by suppressing every appearance of opposition to his power which manifested itself there, and enlarging his dominion in the east by making considerable conquests in Persia, resolved on moving westward, and spreading the Moslem faith and power over the Christian countries of Syria and Palestine. Jesus Christ had strictly enjoined upon his followers the policy of peace. Mohammed, on the other hand, had directed his disciples to spread his religion by force of arms. In obedience to this injunction, therefore, Abubeker, when his government was established and settled at home, sent a proclamation to the various Arabian tribes, summoning all who were disposed to obey the injunction of the Prophet, to come to Medina, and join his standard with a view of entering at once upon the solemn duty of compelling mankind to receive the true religion.

This celebrated proclamation was expressed substantially as follows:

"In the name of the most merciful God, to all true believers.

Health and happiness and the mercy and blessing of God be upon you. I praise the most high God, and pray for the prosperity of the cause of his prophet Mohammed. This is to inform you that I am about to lead the true believers into Syria to wrest that land from the hands of the infidels, and I trust you will remember that fighting for the spread of religion is obedience to the command of God."

This proclamation awakened the utmost enthusiasm and ardor among all the wild tribes to whom it was sent. Men came in great numbers from every quarter, and assembled in a vast concourse, pitching their tents around the gates of Medina. An army was soon organized. It was placed under the command of Kaled, the lieutenant of Abubeker, a soldier of great personal strength and bravery, and of the most exalted devotion. He assumed the command of the army, with the loftiest ideas of the solemnity

and religious grandeur of the work which he was commissioned to perform.

"When the army was ready to commence its march, the Kaliph Abubeker came out to the summit of a hill overlooking the plain where the forces were encamped, to review the troops, the horses, and the arms; and there, in connection with other appropriate religious services, he offered a long and fervent prayer to God for his blessing on the enterprise which they were about to undertake in his name. When at length the order to march was given, Abubeker accompanied the army for the first day, in person, traveling on foot in token of his humility and of his reverence for the holy cause in which the expedition was engaged. Some of the officers of the army who rode on horseback were embarrassed at seeing their supreme ruler on foot, and would have dismounted to accompany him, but he forbade them, saying that in serving the Almighty God they who rode and they who walked were all on the same level. When at length he was about to leave the army and return, he gave the officers who commanded it their parting instructions in the following extraordinary terms:

ABUBEKER GIVING HIS PARTING INSTRUCTIONS.

"Remember soldiers, that whatever you do, and wherever you go, you are always in the presence of God, on the verge of death, in certainty of judgment, and in hope of heaven. Never be guilty of any injustice or oppression. Confer with one another, and agree together in respect to all your measures, and study to deserve and retain the love and confidence of your troops. When you fight the battles of the Lord, acquit yourselves like men, and never turn your backs upon the enemy. Be humane, and never let your victories be stained by the blood of helpless women and children. Destroy no palm-trees nor burn any fields of corn. Cut down no fruit trees, nor do any injury to flocks or herds, except so far as you actually require them for food. When you make any compact or covenant, stand firmly to it, and be as good as your word. If you find religious people living alone in retirement, in hermitages or monasteries, choosing to serve God by thus secluding themselves from the world, do not molest them; but wherever you encounter Christian priests with shaven crowns, cut them down. They are of the synagogue of Satan. Be sure that you give them no quarter unless they will become tributaries or converts to the Mohammedan faith."

The army marched on, governed apparently by the spirit and principles which these instructions enjoined. All profane and frivolous conversation was forbidden. The services and duties of religion, as enjoined by the Prophet, were regularly observed in the camp. The intervals of active duty were employed in prayer, in meditation, and in the study of the Koran. In a word, the vast army went forward to its work with the zeal, the resolution, and the solemn and sublime exaltation of spirit that animated the souls of Joshua, and Gideon and David, in going into battle with the conviction upon their minds that they were commanding the armies and sustaining the cause of Almighty God, against his human foes.

THE SARACENS AT THE SYRIAN FRONTIER.

The Saracen army advanced to the northward by the great caravan route which led to the northward and westward, over the sands of the desert, toward Syria. They at length reached the borders of the cultivated land. The first town was Bostra. Bostra was situated nearly one hun-

dred miles to the southward from Damascus, and being near the borders of the desert toward Arabia, and thus much exposed to the incursions of the Arabs, was strongly fortified. Still the governor of Bostra, whose name was Romanus, was not disposed to resist the invaders. Whether he considered the town not strong enough to resist them, or whether he was secretly inclined to favor the Saracen cause, or whatever other motive may have actuated him, he proposed to surrender. The people of the town, however, refused to accede to this proposal. They were exasperated against their governor for counseling such a course. They deposed him immediately from his office, and appointing another commander in his stead, prepared vigorously for defense. They considered themselves, equally with the Saracens, the champions of the cause of God. They hung out crosses and consecrated banners from the walls, instituted grand religious services to invoke the blessing of heaven upon their cause, and prepared for the onset.

In the course of the several succeeding days, many assaults upon the city from the besiegers without, and sallies from the garrison within, took place, without any very decided advantage on either side; when at length one night as the Saracen sentinels were going their rounds in their camp, they saw a man coming out of the city toward them. His dress indicated that he was a man of distinction, as he wore a camlet coat, embroidered and wrought with gold. The sentinel that first met him challenged him, setting his lance at the same time, and pointing it at the stranger's breast.

"Hold!" said the stranger, "I am Romanus, the governor of Bostra. Bring me before Kaled the general."

ROMANUS AND THE SENTINELS.

The sentinel accordingly conveyed the stranger to the general's tent. Here Romanus informed the Saracen commander that he had been the governor of Bostra; that he had urged the people of the city to surrender, but that they had rejected his counsel and deposed him from office; that in revenge for this injury, he was determined to admit the Saracens to the city at all hazards, and had accordingly caused a passage to be dug under the wall of the city from beneath his house, which he said stood close to the wall, and that if Kaled would send a hundred men with him he would admit them to the city through this subterranean opening. They, once admitted, could easily surprise and overpower the guards, and open the gates to the remainder of the army.

This plot was carried into successful execution. The one hundred men were admitted into the house of Romanus within the city, by the passage beneath the wall. They then issued forth into the streets, and as it was night, and as they were moreover disguised as Christians, by dresses which Romanus had provided for them in his house, they could traverse the city without suspicion. They were divided into four bands of twenty-five men each, and proceeding to the several principal gates, they killed the guards and admitted Kaled and his whole army. Thus Bostra fell into the hands of the Saracens, and a few days afterward, Kaled leaving a garrison in the place, commenced his march northwardly toward Damascus.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

It was four days' journey from Bostra to Damascus. As the Saracen army advanced, the people of all the towns and villages on the plain of Damascus abandoned their houses and fled within the walls of the city for safety. Great preparations were made for defending the place. The army was strongly reinforced; new supplies of arms and ammunition were provided; the citadel, the towers, the battlements, and the gates were all garrisoned by bodies of guards; and military engines, constructed to hurl ponderous missiles upon the invaders' heads, were set up every where along the walls. In a word, the whole population of the city was engaged in the most vigorous preparations for defense.

In the mean time, the Saracen army continued to advance through the fertile country, and at length entered the region of gardens and orchards that surrounded the city. The wild sons of the desert were enchanted with the fertility and beauty of the

scene. They advanced to the city and encamped on the open grounds which surrounded the walls. They invested the place closely on every side, stationing strong detachments of troops near to every gate, so as to hold all the avenues of communication with the city under their control. They then sent in a summons to surrender, giving the people their choice, either to become Mussulmans themselves, or else to submit themselves as subjects and tributaries to the Mussulman power. The Damascenes indignantly rejected those proposals, and the contest began.

For several weeks the struggle continued without leading to any decisive or permanent advantage on either hand. There were furious assaults made upon the walls by the besiegers from without, and equally furious and desperate sallies from the gates, both by day and by night, on the part of the garrison within. Single combats, according to the custom of the times, were fought in the presence of the contending armies on the plain, and on one occasion the Saracen champions, in one of the affrays that occurred, having killed two of the Greek generals, carried their heads on the tips of lances up to the walls, and threw them over into the city as a token of their hatred and defiance. The Saracens proved themselves in general, the strongest in these combats, and thus the Christian troops were soon compelled to confine themselves altogether to the city walls, and were closely hemmed in on every side.

They contrived, however, one night to let down a man from the wall in a basket, at a place less securely guarded than the rest, with orders to proceed to the capital and call for succor. This messenger succeeded in making his way through the Saracen lines, and then, traveling with all speed, delivered his message. The emperor immediately sent forward a powerful army under the command of Werden, to save Damascus if possible from its impending fate. The Saracens, when they heard that this army was drawing near, went to meet it, leaving a small portion of their force to watch and guard the city. They encountered Werden and his force at a place called Ajnadin. A furious combat ensued, in which the Greek troops were entirely routed and driven from the field, and the Saracens then returned to the walls of Damascus, laden with spoils and flushed with victory.

THE TAKING OF THE CITY.

The siege was now prosecuted with new vigor, and after a long and protracted contest, during which the most desperate assaults on the one side were repelled by the most determined and obstinate resistance on the other, it finally fell. The circumstances under which the Saracens at last succeeded in gaining admission to the walls, were, if the tales of the ancient Arabian historians are true, of a very extraordinary character. The people of the city, as they say, became at length wearied out with the contest, and finding that they must finally be overpowered, induced the governor to consent to surrender while it was yet in their power to make some terms with their conquerors. The governor, accordingly, sent a messenger to Kaled to ask for an armistice, that they might have time to prepare proposals for a surrender. Kaled refused to grant this request. He did not wish to make any terms with his enemy, for he now felt sure of his prey, and chose therefore rather to carry the city by assault than to receive it on capitulation, in order that he might be under no restrictions in respect to slaughter and pillage, in the hour of final victory.

Kaled himself had command of the besieging army on one side of the city, while on the other side, there was a force led by another general, named Abu Obeidah, a man of a more mild and humane disposition than Kaled. Kaled himself was of a very rugged, stern, and merciless character. Being baffled in his attempts to negotiate with Kaled, the governor now determined to see what could be done with Obeidah. One night, therefore, he sent out a messenger who understood the Arabic language, through the gate where Obeidah was posted. On issuing from the gate, the messenger called out to the sentinels asking for a safe-conduct for some of the people of Damascus to come out to the tent of Obeidah in order to confer with him on the terms of a capitulation. When the sentinels had communicated this request to Obeidah, he was very much pleased, and immediately sent the safe-conduct desired. Under the protection of the guarantee thus obtained, a commission of about one hundred of the chief citizens of Damascus, including magistrates, officers, and dignitaries of the church, came forth from the gates, and being received by the sentinels at the Saracen lines, were conducted in safety to Obeidah's tent. They asked Obeidah whether his rank and authority among the Saracens was such that he was authorized to make stipulations. He said that he was not—but that still whatever he should agree to, would be sacredly observed by the army, as the solemn fulfillment of all covenants was made the imperious duty of the Mohammedan soldiers, by a fundamental article of their religion. The two parties then entered into a negotiation for the surrender of the city, and it was finally agreed on the part of the Christians, that the gates should be opened to Obeidah, and on Obeidah's part, that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared. Obeidah moreover promised certain other privileges and immunities, among the rest that the churches of Damascus should be allowed to stand, after the capture of the city.

In accordance with this stipulation, the gates on that side of the city were opened, and Obeidah intended, after thus getting possession of the city at night, to send word in the morning to Kaled, informing him what he had done.

He had not proceeded far, however, in his progress through the streets, before he began to hear shouts and outcries, and to see lights gleaming to and fro, on the opposite side of the city. It seems that while the transactions which we have been describing were taking place in Obeidah's quarter, a somewhat similar scene had been

enacting in the tent of Kaled. A Damascene named Josias had come out secretly from the city to Kaled, and had offered to betray one of the gates on that side to the besiegers. He had always been a Christian, he said, but he had been reading the book of the prophet Daniel, and had found there such clear and decided predictions of the rise and future greatness of the Saracenic power, that he was convinced of its heavenly origin. He proposed, therefore, that Kaled should send a body of one hundred men with him, whom he said he could secretly admit to the city, and then with their assistance open the gates to the whole Saracenic army. This plan was immediately carried into effect. The one hundred men, as soon as they found themselves within the walls, opened the gates to admit their comrades, and then ran in every direction through the streets, uttering loud shouts, and outcries of Allah Achbar!—the Saracen cry of triumph—thus awakening the inhabitants from their sleep, and throwing them into a state of the utmost consternation and terror. A strong column of Kaled's troops immediately rushed in, with arms in their hands, and began to massacre all who came in their way. Thus while Obeidah was advancing to take peaceable possession of the town, under articles of stipulation, on one side, Kaled was carrying it by assault on the other. The two bands met in the streets near the centre of the city, and each immediately began to upbraid and remonstrate with the other. Obeidah strongly protested against any violence to the inhabitants, saying that he had given them a solemn guarantee for their safety, and he begged and entreated the soldiers to stop the work of slaughter, and to sheathe their swords. Kaled, on the other hand, denied that Obeidah had any authority to make such a compact, and refused to be governed by it. After a long and earnest altercation between the contending generals, it was finally concluded that the city should be spared, at least until the generals could send a report of the case to Medina and learn the Kaliph's will. Thus Damascus fell into the hands of the Saracens, and although many vigorous efforts were subsequently made by the Christian powers of Europe to recover possession of it, they were all in vain. It remained after the conquest of it by Kaled, for several centuries, in the hands of the Mohammedans, until at length, in 1400, it was taken from them by the great Tartar chieftain Tamerlane.*

CONQUEST OF DAMASCUS BY TAMERLANE.

Tamerlane, after having made many conquests in the central parts of Asia, and established a very extended and powerful dominion there, turned his course toward the west, and invaded Syria, about the year 1400 of the Christian era. He advanced to the gates of Damascus. The people of the city did not dare to resist him, and the municipal officers immediately opened the gates to him, and agreed to pay a tax or ransom as the price of their lives. There was, however, a very strong castle or citadel within the city, the governor of which refused to surrender. This citadel was at that time one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was built of massive stones, firmly compacted together, and was encompassed with a ditch about sixty feet wide. This ditch was filled with water drawn from the rivers which flowed into the neighborhood of Damascus—the water being admitted to the ditches when the rivers were high, and retained there by suitable embankments and gates. At the corners of the citadel were vast bastions and towers, all constructed in the strongest manner. On these bastions there were placed immense military engines constructed for throwing great stones, gigantic darts and javelins, and other ponderous missiles. There were contrivances also, the precise nature of which is not now known, for pouring down upon the assailants below streams of a sort of liquid fire, dreadful and wholly irresistible in its effects. Even water would not extinguish it.

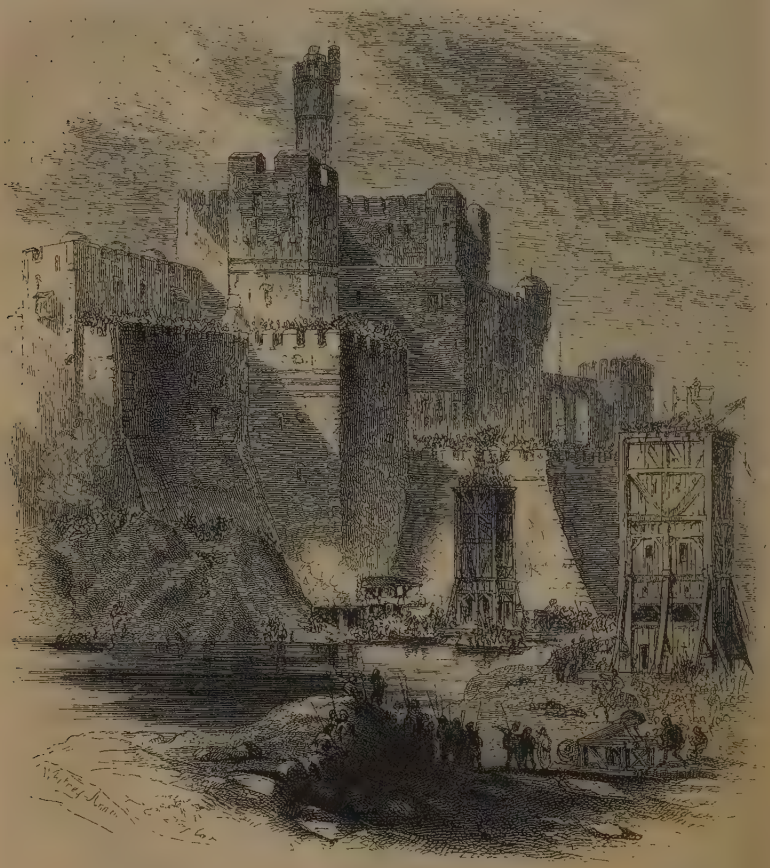
The troops of Tamerlane advanced to attack this citadel. They first drew off the water from the ditch, so as to give access to the foot of the wall. They commenced their operations under one of the principal bastions, by shoring up the wall with immense props, to support the superincumbent mass while they undermined it below. They broke out the lower stones, it is said, by building great fires against them and then pouring vinegar upon them, by which means they were so cracked and opened that they could loosen them with bars. This work was of course carried on in the midst of great danger, and with an enormous destruction of life; for the besieged in the bastion above, hurled down incessant showers of missiles and of fire upon the laborers below. In fact, the resistance which the garison within thus made would have entirely defeated the efforts of the assailants, had it not been in some degree counteracted by the meas-

* This personage is known in history by the various names of Timour Bek, Timour the Tartar, Timour Leuk, Tambourlan, and Tamerlane. The two last named appellations seem to be derived from Timour Leuk, which means Timour the Cripple, or the Lame. His historians say that he was originally a shepherd, and that he commenced his career as a conqueror by robbing the other shepherds in the mountains around him, and was lamed by an arrow which was shot at him by a man whose sheep he was stealing. However this may be, it is known that he was marked through life by a lameness which gave rise to the designation by which he has since been most commonly known throughout the Christian world. His true official title, at the time when he was at the height of his power, was the Sultan Kiamram Cothb-Eddin Timour Kour-Khan Saheb-Keran. The words Cothb-Eddin and Saheb-Keran are honorary titles signifying, as nearly as they can be translated, Defender of the Faith and Master of the World. The word Kiamram means great, powerful, happy, and Kour-Khan, descendant of the Khans or of the royal line of Tartar princes. From these lofty appellations, forming the grand and imposing title by which the conqueror was known to his courtiers and his armies while he lived, the descent is very great to the humble designation of Timour the Cripple, which was destined to be his name on the page of history.

The injury, whatever may have caused it, from which Timour suffered, was quite an extensive one, affecting, as it would seem, the whole side of his body. The arm, as well as the leg, was disabled on that side.

ures adopted by the besiegers to protect the sappers and miners in their work. For this purpose they built, at a short distance from the walls of the bastion which they were attacking, an immense platform, or rather series of platforms, for the structure was three stories high. The several floors of this staging they protected by parapets, and they filled them with armed men, and planted military engines upon them, like those that were mounted on the walls of the bastion. Thus they could attack their enemies on the ramparts of the citaadel, and from nearly the same level with them; and so were enabled in a great measure to keep them back, and thus allow the work of undermining to be continued below.

When an opening was made beneath the walls, sufficient to remove the support of the bastion on the foundation, and cause the whole mass to rest on the wooden props which had been set up to support it, the men piled up a great mass of fuel against the walls and against the wooden



THE CITADEL OF DAMASCUS.

beams which formed the props, and then set the whole on fire. Of course, as soon as the props were burnt away, the whole bastion, with all the towers and engines and other military structures which it sustained, came down with a terrific crash, burying every thing beneath the ruins. The besieged made a last and desperate effort to repair the breach and to resist the ingress of their foes, but they soon found it would be of no avail, and they determined to surrender. The governor accordingly opened the gates and came forth in token of submission, with the keys of the citadel in his hands. Tamerlane ordered him to be beheaded for not having surrendered before.

It might perhaps be supposed that since the inhabitants of the city had made no resistance to the army of Tamerlane, they would escape suffering any serious injury in consequence of his obtaining possession of it. But it was not

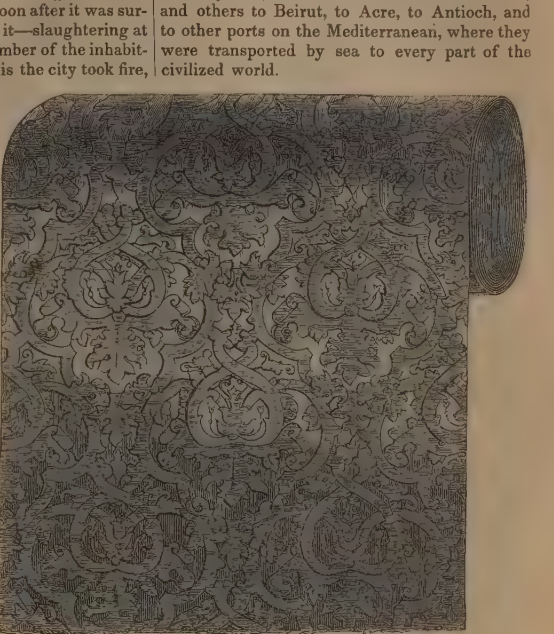
so. The triumph of the Tartar chieftain was the means of overwhelming the city with the most terrible calamities, the greatest probably that Damascus ever suffered during the whole period of its history. In the first place the troops of Tamerlane, without any positive orders from him, though doubtless presuming on his concurrence, broke into the city soon after it was surrendered to him, and pillaged it—slaughtering at the same time an immense number of the inhabitants. The next day after this the city took fire, by accident as was said, and though every effort was made to extinguish the flames, they spread in all directions, until a very large portion of it was consumed. The mode of building which prevailed at that time in the city, was to construct the upper stories of the house of wood, though the lower one was built of stone. The flames consequently spread with great rapidity, and all attempts to arrest the progress of them were unavailing.

When Tamerlane returned to the seat of his empire in the East, he took with him an immense amount of treasure from Damascus, consisting not merely of gold and silver, but of the rich manufactures of Damascus, the fabrics of linen and of silk, and the costly arms and implements which were produced so abundantly there. He took with him moreover, as was said, many of the most skillful artisans, with a view of transplanting the skill itself which produced such treasures to his own dominions. The consequence was that some of the arts which had flourished in Damascus up to that time, were lost to the city, by this transaction, and were never recovered.

In 1516, a little more than a hundred years after the capture of Damascus by Tamerlane, the city was taken by the Turks, and it has continued to form a part of the Turkish dominion—excepting that it was a few years since for a short period in the hands of Ibrahim Pasha—to the present day.

MANUFACTURES AND ARTS OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus has been greatly celebrated, during the whole period of its history, for the beautiful products of industry and art, which have in all ages issued from the workshops and manufactories of the city. In the middle ages, the silks, the dyes, the arms, and the ornaments which came from Damascus were renowned throughout the world. These fabrics, together with the endless varieties of fruit for which the gardens and orchards that surround the place were so famed, were conveyed away from the city in all directions by the long caravans, which, at stated periods, were sent out across the sandy deserts on every side, some to the interior cities of Asia, and others to Beirut, to Acre, to Antioch, and to other ports on the Mediterranean, where they were transported by sea to every part of the civilized world.



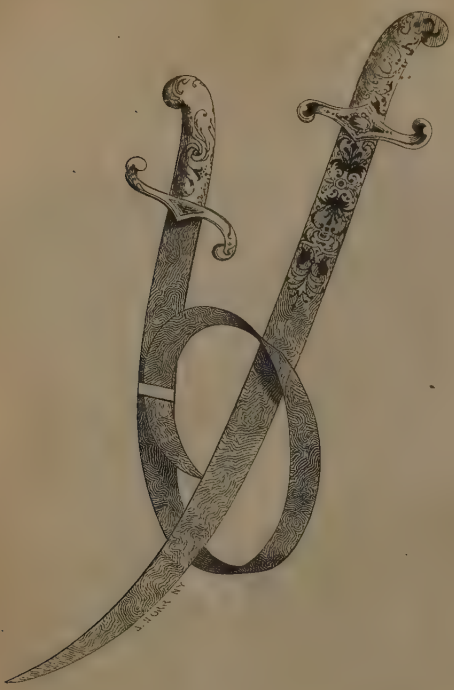
DAMASK.

One of the most celebrated of the arts of the ancient Damascenes, was that of weaving silk and linen with ornamental figures, formed in the substance of the web, by means of a peculiar mode of manufacture. The art was for a long time confined to the weavers of Damascus, and the texture was accordingly known by the name of *damask;* and although similar textures are now produced by the artisans of various manufacturing countries, they still retain the name derived from the city in which the art of weaving them first had its origin.

THE SWORD-BLADES OF DAMASCUS.

Perhaps the most famous of all the manufactures for which the city of Damascus has been in every age so renowned, were the sword-blades and sabres which were produced there in the early centuries of the Christian era, and which became celebrated throughout the world for their beauty, the hardness and keenness of their edge, and the very extraordinary strength and elasticity of their temper. A Damascene blade became, in fact, a proverbial expression. The praises of these weapons were sung by bards, celebrated

by princes and warriors, and were immortalized in history. In the romantic accounts given in



DAMASCENE SWORD-BLADES.

those days, of the deeds of knights and crusaders, most extraordinary tales were told of the feats performed with these magical blades; of the cutting off of heads and limbs, and the cleaving down of skulls, and even of the sundering of bars of iron. They could be bent into a circle and retained in that condition at pleasure, and then, on being released, they would restore themselves by their elasticity to perfect straightness as before. They would stand the roughest usage, moreover, without becoming blunted, or indented, or otherwise in any way marred. The art of manufacturing this famous steel was supposed to be lost from Damascus when Tamerlane carried the captive artisans away with him to the East; and though the fabrication of swords was afterward continued there, and is carried on still, the modern weapons do not at all enjoy the fame which tradition assigns to those of ancient manufacture. The most extravagant value was attached to the possession of one of these ancient swords by the soldiers of the middle ages. They were sometimes sold at a price nearly equal to a thousand dollars of our currency.

The interest which was attached to these famous weapons, was increased by a peculiar appearance which characterized the steel of which the blades were composed. The surface of the steel was marked by waving lines, extending parallel to each other in curious spiral convolutions, from the hilt to the point of the sword. These mysterious lines were objects of great curiosity and wonder to all who examined them, and many fruitless attempts were made to discover by what means they were produced. Grinding the blade would remove them, for the time being; but on applying an acid to the fresh surface thus produced, the variegation would immediately re-appear—showing that the effect was not superficial, but that it depended upon some cause pervading the substance of the steel.

A great many attempts were made, from time to time, in different parts of Europe, to discover by what means this peculiar metal was formed, and to manufacture sword-blades in other places in imitation of it; but these attempts were never entirely successful. Some supposed that the effect was due to original peculiarities in the grain of the steel used at Damascus, while others imagined that it was produced by combining alternate plates or bars of iron and steel, and welding them together, and then *twisting* the compound bar when hot. Some imitations of the Damascene blades were made in a tolerably successful manner during the last century, by French armorers, under the direction of an officer of artillery in that country. His method was to take a number of bars of steel of two kinds, differing from each other in color and lustre, and laying them, side by side in alternation, to weld them all together, so as to form one compound rod or bar. This bar was then heated to a red heat and twisted into a spiral form, by fixing one end into a vice and then turning the other by means of strong pincers. Three of these twisted rods were then laid side by side and welded together, and the sword-blade was then forged out of the doubly-compounded bar thus formed. On grinding and polishing the weapon thus produced, the surface was found to be marked by waving variegations similar to those of the Damascus blades; but the manufacture never attained any great celebrity. The Damascus steel thus retains, and will probably always retain, its traditional preeminence; though it is doubtful, after all, whether the very lofty reputation which it has enjoyed, is not due more to the spirit of exaggeration and extravagance in respect to every thing connected with feats of arms, which prevailed in the age in

which it was fabricated, than to any real superiority of the metal over that produced by the artisans of modern times.

PRESENT CONDITION OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus continues to enjoy to the present day a condition of great prosperity. The gardens and orchards that environ it, and the immense expanse of fertile land which extends on every side around, in broad plains and green and fertile valleys, are as rich, as beautiful, and as populous as they were in ancient days. The traveler in traversing this region, is struck with wonder at the luxuriant verdure of the landscape, the density of the population, and the general aspect of thrift and prosperity which reigns on every side, as he journeys toward the city.

On entering within the gates he finds the same air of wealth and prosperity reigning within; although the style of architecture adopted, as in all the ancient Oriental cities, is of an entirely different character from that which prevails in the West. The houses of the wealthy classes are very spacious and magnificent. They cover a great extent of ground, being built so as to inclose open spaces, called courts, within. The wall toward the street is plain and unpretending. Through this wall a broad portal opens, leading to the courts and apartments

EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

within. It is only on entering these courts that the visitor sees the true frontings of the edifice, which face the open spaces in the interior, and are enriched with porticoes, piazzas, balconies, columns, and all the other adornments of the most imposing and costly architecture. The court itself is a sort of garden, having a fountain in the centre, with groups of fig trees, orange trees, and the rich flowering shrubs of tropical climes, blooming near it, and with walks and porticoes, paved with rich mosaics, all around. There are sometimes two courts, an outer and an inner one, and from both of them richly ornamented alcoves open, leading to the apartments of the house. These apartments are adorned in the most sumptuous manner with carvings and gildings, and are furnished with rich carpets, sumptuous divans, and other household appliances of Oriental life, all together forming a scene of romantic enchantment which excites the astonishment and quite bewilders the mind of the beholders. In fact every scene and every

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.

object which strikes the eye of the European traveler in the city, fills him with wonder, and makes him fancy that he is looking upon the visions of a dream. The streets, with the strange figures and costumes witnessed there, the bazaars, the coffee-rooms, the bathing-houses —the arrivals and departures of the immense caravans, consisting sometimes of several thousand camels—these and other similar scenes which meet his eye on every side, have the effect upon his mind of a bright and romantic vision. All that his youthful fancy pictured to him on reading the tales of the Arabian Nights, as baseless but fascinating illusions, he now finds full before him in living and acting reality.

And yet, notwithstanding the elegance and grandeur that reign in the interior compartments of the palaces of Damascus, nothing can be less attractive than the view which is presented by the exterior of them, to the passing traveler, as he walks through the streets of the city. The streets themselves, it is true, are tolerably well paved, and they have raised sidewalks on either hand, according to the European fashion; while the caravanseries, the shops, and the bazaars, present an open and in some respects an inviting appearance. But the exterior aspect of the dwellings, as has already been intimated, is gloomy and repulsive in the highest degree. In the first place, it is the true and habitual policy of men of wealth, in all despotic countries, to conceal the amount of their riches, in order to avoid the exactions of the government. This leads to a style and fashion of building which avoids all outward display, and reserves its resources for decorations which can be in some measure concealed. Then the Mohammedan custom of secluding the inmates of a family, and especially females, as much as possible, from the public view, forbids entirely the placing of domestic apartments upon a public street. Finally, the material used in building in these Eastern cities consists of bricks indurated only by being dried in the sun. Such bricks are far more durable, it is true, than would be at first supposed possible. In fact, many such bricks remain perfectly preserved among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, to the present day, with the written characters originally impressed upon them, all distinct and well defined. Still the bricks used in Damascus for the construction of ordinary dwellings are soon disintegrated and worn away by exposure to the weather, and the inferior houses require constant watchfulness and many repairs to keep them inhabitable. At one time, about twenty years ago, on the occasion of a great rain, three thousand houses were very seriously damaged by the water, and three hundred, it is said, actually fell.

From all these causes the result is, that the dwellings of the wealthy classes in Damascus present to the street a dark and repulsive aspect. There are but few windows opening upon the street, and those are placed very high; so that the front of the edifice is in the main a dead wall, with a plain and unpretending portal in the centre of it—a façade which conveys to the spectator no idea whatever of the wealth and splendor that reign within.

The bazaars and khans are more open and more attractive. In passing through them the interest and curiosity of the Western traveler is strongly excited by the strange scenes that he witnesses, and the unwonted phases of social life which are presented to his view on every hand. Here is a blacksmith's shop—the workman *seated* at his forge, and his bellows-man blowing a bellows of a form and structure never seen before. There a carpenter is at work on an Oriental bench and with Oriental tools. In another place are stalls filled with every variety of Eastern merchandise, while the articles themselves that are offered for sale, in their style and fashion, and the groups of buyers and sellers, in their attitudes, their costume, and their whole demeanor, present the most striking contrasts to their several representatives on the hither side of the Ægean. The traveler, as he walks along among these scenes, gazes at the ever-shifting pictures which present themselves to view with continual curiosity and wonder.

Among the most striking of the establishments which attract the visitor's attention in walking through Damascus are the Khans. The Khan is a neat edifice which answers the double purpose of a warehouse and a hotel. The visitor enters by a portal, and finds himself in the interior of a spacious court, surrounded by a splendid range of buildings. The lower story of these buildings is finished in arcades, in each of which are piled up boxes and bales of merchandise, with the salesman who has charge of them at hand, on a raised platform, to attend to the customers. The upper stories are occupied as lodging rooms. Here the merchants and travelers visiting the city lodge—their meals being brought to them from the coffee-houses and restaurants in the neighboring bazaars. The access to these rooms is by staircases from the court, which land upon a gallery that extends all around the buildings on the second story. This gallery forms not only the vestibule or corridor from which the lodging rooms are entered, but serves likewise the purpose of a promenade. Here, too, the merchants, when their day's work is done, come out and sit, to smoke their pipes and drink their coffee—conversing the while with one another about the business and the news of the day, or looking down upon the scenes that are passing in the court below.

The interior of the Khan below, on the floor of the court, presents always a very animated scene. Mules and camels loaded with goods are coming and going, or are standing in groups in the centre, waiting for their turns to drink at the fountain.

The only strictly *public* buildings in Damascus, are the mosques. Of these there are several hundreds scattered throughout the city, some larger than the rest for public worship, others smaller, for prayer. These, however, no Christian, known to be such, is under any circumstances ever allowed to enter, under penalty of death.

SACRED LOCALITIES OF DAMASCUS.

The *Via Recta*, as it is called in modern times —which, as is supposed, is the "street called Straight," of the Scripture history, is an imposing and busy street which extends in a direct line through the heart of the city, from west to east. It is lined with bazaars, caravanserais, coffee-houses and other similar edifices pertaining to Oriental commerce, and is filled with merchandise, comprising all the products and manufactures of Europe and Asia. The house of Judas, or rather the building which tradition designates as the house of Judas, is still shown. All that remains of it is a sort of vault below the ground, which has been converted, by the Latin convent that now has possession of it, into a small chapel or oratory. A short distance beyond the house of Judas, is the place where Ananias lived, but the spot is now covered by a mosque—which of course no Christian can enter. Passing along the street still farther toward the east, we come at length to the gate of the city, and here in the parapet of a lofty wall, near the gate, has long been shown an opening, said to be the one through which Paul was let down in the basket. A little beyond the gate, outside the wall, is a spring where tradition says that Paul was baptized. The Christian pilgrims and travelers who visit Damascus approach this spring with a sentiment of solemn awe, and drink a portion of the water in a very reverent manner in honor of the memory of the great apostle.

The place where Paul was arrested by the vision on his approach to Damascus is likewise shown, and this spot, as well as the fountain where he was baptized, lies on the eastern side of the city. The ancient road from Jerusalem approaches the city on this side. The spot is about half a mile from the gate. There is also a small cave in this part of the environs of the city, where it is said that the apostle lay concealed for a short period, at the time when he made his escape from his enemies by being let down from the wall. There is also in a cemetery near by, a tomb, which is shown to visitors as the tomb of Gorgias, a soldier who connived at Paul's escape, and was afterward executed for it by the military authorities of the place. In addition to these localities, there are many others, in and near the city, of great celebrity in ancient tradition. In one place are the ruins of the tomb of Nimrod, in another the spot where Abel was murdered; and in a certain meadow, a place where the soil is of a peculiar reddish hue is pointed out as the spot from which the earth was taken to form the body of Adam! In the immediate environs of the city there are the remains of a sort of cave or grotto, where Elijah was fed by ravens. The place where Elisha anointed Hazael king of Syria, and the house where Naaman the leper lived, are still shown. This last, however, is now a hospital for lepers, and visitors, in fear of the contagion, generally decline to pay it a visit.

It might seem, from what has been said of the extreme luxuriance and beauty of the fruitful groves among which Damascus reposes, and of the brilliancy and splendor, and the Oriental novelty of the scenes which present themselves to view within the walls, that the Syrian capital would possess the strongest attractions for every Eastern traveler, and that like Paris, Vienna, and Rome, it would become a place of resort and of residence for those rambling and restless spirits of the Western world, who roam about the earth, thinking that by incessantly changing the scene of existence, they vary and heighten its pleasures. But this is very far from being the case. It is only here and there that a solitary traveler from the West enters within the precincts of this paradise, and they who do so find their paths beset by so many intolerable restrictions, and themselves the objects of such universal hatred and contempt, that they are soon glad to retrace their footsteps, and return within the confines of Christendom. The fact is, that Damascus seems to be the spot where, above almost all places upon the earth, that most extraordinary instinct of man, the only one as it would seem of all human instincts which is wholly and only evil—the insane and unaccountable propensity which impels him to hate those who differ from him in opinion—is most developed, and bears the fullest and most universal sway. There are, it is true, about ten thousand nominal Christians among the permanent inhabitants of Damascus —members chiefly of the Greek and Maronite Churches. This class of the population is *tolerated* by the Mohammedan majority, but is still regarded with feelings of great contempt and scorn; while foreign Christians, who come from the European countries of the West, clothed in Frank costume, and *wearing hats*, are the objects of universal detestation. Until within a very recent period, no Frank dared to enter Damascus except in the disguise of a Mussulman. A traveler entering the city dressed in the English costume, and wearing a hat, would be hooted at, pelted with stones, and assaulted with every other conceivable indignity, and would scarcely be able to reach the caravanserai alive. Since the conquest of the city by Ibraham Pacha, this has been changed, so far as outward acts of molestation are concerned. The feeling, however, remains. It is only to a very small portion of the city that the traveler can by any possibility gain access, and in traversing this small portion, he carries with him wherever he goes, the feeling that of the whole hundred thousand inhabitants of the city, almost every one who looks upon him, hates and despises him.

Before we condemn too strongly the intolerance of these secluded and unenlightened Mohammedans, let us look carefully into our own hearts and see whether we are not ourselves actuated in some degree by a spirit analogous to it, in the feelings which we cherish toward those who, through an education different from ours, have been led to differ from us in theological opinion.

THE PRISONS AND PRISONERS OF PARIS.

NO one fails to visit the palaces of France. The pyramids of Egypt are not more identified with the history of the world, than are the Louvre, Versailles, Tuileries, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud. Each has played an important part in the annals of this empire, and they now embody its long series of triumphs of art and civilization. To comprehend its history, it is necessary to explore its palaces. The associations of long and troublesome centuries cluster densely about them. To enter their halls is to lose sight of the present in the resurrection of the past. It is like retracing the track of time, step by step; recalling generation after generation of kings, courtiers, and subjects, until we see once more the legions of Gaul forcing the imperial sway upon the gifted but apostate Julian. But were we, as is usual, to confine our researches only to the palaces, we should obtain but an imperfect view of the glory and shame of France. To complete the picture it is requisite to visit its prisons. They have played an equally interesting rôle in its annals; and rich as the palaces undoubtedly are in all that makes history attractive and instructive, the prisons are no less rife in warnings and example. Indeed they are inseparably connected, for, as times were, no palace could exist without its prison, and there have been but few of the builders of the former that have not, at some interval or other of their career, tasted themselves of the bitterness of the chains and confinement they prepared for others. Louis XVI., as if embued with the presentiment that he one day would become the most wretched of prisoners, was the first monarch who deigned seriously to interest himself in the improvement of the prisons. At that time Paris alone contained thirty-two prisons of State. Its historians have represented it as being a nest of jails, a truth unfortunately but too evident, arising from the despotic nature of its feudal institutions, with their numerous civil and religious communities, each possessing distinct jurisdictions and rights of high and low justice, with edifices destined to receive into their gloomy cells alike the innocent and guilty, so that aristocratic interest or priestly intolerance justified their captivity.

The excesses of the Revolution of 1789 have well-nigh obliterated the remembrance of its benefits. Humanity, however, is indebted to it for many reforms and concessions to natural right and justice. The *right to labor* was formerly a manorial right, granted by the king to those who *purchased* it. A decree of 1791, for the first time since France was a kingdom, restored to Frenchmen the privileges of the primeval curse, and they now all possess the general right to wring the sweat from their brows, though each species of labor is still girt about with a net-work of restrictions.

I know not how others may feel, but as for myself, in visiting the nucleus of a nation's civilization, I am not content with noting only its external glitter. Palaces, parks, galleries, and all the outer show of luxury and refinement, form a pleasing exhibition, but—if the view extend no further—a delusive picture of the actual condition of the people. We study history to ascertain the true progress of man, and our hopes of the future are modified by the lessons of the past. It is not enough that we see history only in the garb of rank, or splendor of its palaces. We must equally seek it under the humble raiment of the laborer, in his hut or home; and in the prisons, which, from being mere citadels of private revenge, have at last become places of detention of criminals of every rank.

The prisons of Paris are now reduced to eight, under humane and enlightened supervision. These, with the military jails, are the sole survivors of the numerous array of prisons that were at once the disgrace of Paris and the scourge of humanity. To walk its streets with history in hand, is to stumble momentarily over rings of iron, chains, instruments of torture, and tumulary stones, the cruel *débris* of cells and prisons. All who ruled—whether kings, lords, bishops, prevosts, or corporations, even the holy church, bishops and monks; all who in any way had by fraud, violence, or even talent, raised themselves above the then low standard of humanity—built dungeons, and stored them with instruments of torture, ostensibly to repress crime, but in reality to conserve power or inflict revenge.

The predecessor of the present chateau of the Louvre was a political dungeon. Its tower was called by Louis XI., "Le plus beau fleuron de la couronne de France;" Le Cloître Nôtre Dame of the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois has succeeded to the prisons of the "Bishop" and "Officialité." The Place du Châtelet echoed often to the groans and complaints of the prisoners of the prevosts of Paris and of the merchants; while there is scarcely a religious edifice raised upon the ruins of a monastery that has not its foundations in an ecclesiastical dungeon. Saint Martin des Champs was a prison; the Sainte Chapelle, a prison—Sainte Geneviève, a prison—Saint Germain des Près, a prison—Saint Bénoît, a prison—The Temple, a prison—Saint Gervais, a prison—Saint Méry, a prison; indeed, wander where you will in old Paris, and your footsteps are upon the remains of civil or religious tyranny, the catacombs of sectarian or political hate, but now exhibiting only temples of the Prince of Peace. The *prison* has disappeared, the *church* remains. Humanity has made such an advance, that we can now scarcely credit the fact that in the fourteenth century every convent and monastery had a subterranean stone cell, ironically called "*vade in pace*," into which the victim was let down, never to reappear alive. Sometimes they were immediately starved to death, but generally they were supplied with coarse food, by means of a basket and rope. An abbé of Tulle was accustomed to mutilate his prisoners. He cut off the

left hand of a man who had appealed to the parliament against him for having cut off his right hand. Such was the justice and humanity of the church of that age.

Vincennes, from a palace, was converted by Louis XI. into a prison of State, and has continued ever since to retain its mongrel character of fortress and dungeon. It is the legitimate successor of the Bastile, and far more formidable as a means of offense to the citizens of Paris than ever was that fortification; yet under the superior moral power of modern civilization, reduced to an innocent dépôt of munitions of war. In its "donjon" Charles IX. expired in torments of conscience far more terrible than those of the rack. Gladly would he have exchanged his downy bed for the hole in the stone-wall—in the "Salle de la Question"—with the heavy iron chains that confined the limbs of the prisoner while he was subjected to the agonies of the "Question," could he by so doing have expiated by suffering of body the sins of his soul. But no. The night of St. Barthelémi was vividly before him. He wept, he shrieked, he tore himself, he groaned and sweated in his agony, but no relief came. He knelt humbly at the feet of the queen-mother, the partner and stimulater of his crimes. He asked pardon of the King of Navarre, and, with clasped hands, exclaimed, "O! my nurse, my nurse! how much blood, how many murders! Ah! I have followed bad counsel. O! my God, pardon me—forgive—grant me mercy, if it please Thee! O! nurse—help—draw me from this. I do not know where I am, I am so agitated, so confused—what will become of all this? What shall I do? I am lost—I know it well. O! nurse, nurse—I strangle—I strangle!" It was the blood of Coligny and forty thousand of his murdered subjects that suffocated him.

His ancestor, Louis XI., the friend of the bourgeoisie, but the tyrant of the nobles, took a peculiar pleasure in torturing his victims of rank. He shut them up in iron cages, and came often to interrogate, accuse, or insult them. But with all his ingenuity of cruelty, he never arrived at that refinement of inhumanity which in the eighteenth century doomed the prisoner of State, who had become dangerous by his courage, patience, or resignation, to the treatment of a maniac. Such were conducted to the hospitals, thrown into close cells, clad in strait jackets, or the "camisole de force," bled, and subjected to the regimen of the insane, until their minds were extinguished in raging despair or pitiful imbecility.

LOUIS XI. VISITING HIS PRISONERS AT VINCENNES.

The chapel windows of Vincennes contain a full-length portrait of Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful mistress of Henry II., painted by his order, entirely *naked*, amid a crowd of celestial beings. The royal ciphers are interlaced with her silver crescent. It is called a good likeness, and is readily known by the blue ribbons with which her hair is bound.

Sainte Pelagie still exists as a prison, the most ancient of Paris, and, singularly enough, retains upon its front the same appellation by which it was formerly known as an asylum for pious women—the spouses of Christ. It was here that Madame Roland expiated her vain theories of political liberty, that led both herself and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Here Madame du Barry shriekingly resisted her executioners, having incessantly besought heaven, during her imprisonment of two months, to prolong a life still covetous of the pleasures of the world. Within its walls the Empress Josephine received her first lesson in the vicissitudes of fortune, sustained by the prediction that promised her a throne; consoling her companions in misfortune with the same grace that won for her in power the homage of all hearts. Later it became a prison for debtors. An American of the name of Swan has attached a souvenir to its dreary wall worthy of perpetual remembrance. He was a colonel in the revolutionary army, the friend and compatriot of Washington, and had served with Lafayette in our War of Independence. Frequently did the latter bow his white hairs beneath the wicket of the jail as he passed through to visit his old brother-in-arms. But it

MADAME DU BARRY LED TO EXECUTION.

was in vain that he or rich friends sought to prevail upon him to escape from this retreat. He had had a long lawsuit with a Frenchman, and having lost his cause, preferred to give his body as a hostage to paying a sum which he believed not to be justly due. He was arrested, and remained twenty years in confinement, lodging in a little cell, modestly furnished, upon the second floor. He was a fine-looking old gentleman, said to resemble in his countenance Benjamin Franklin. The prisoners treated him with great respect, yielding him as much space as possible for air and exercise, clearing a path for him, and even putting aside their little furnaces upon which they cooked their meals, at his approach, for fear that the smell of charcoal should be unpleasant to him.

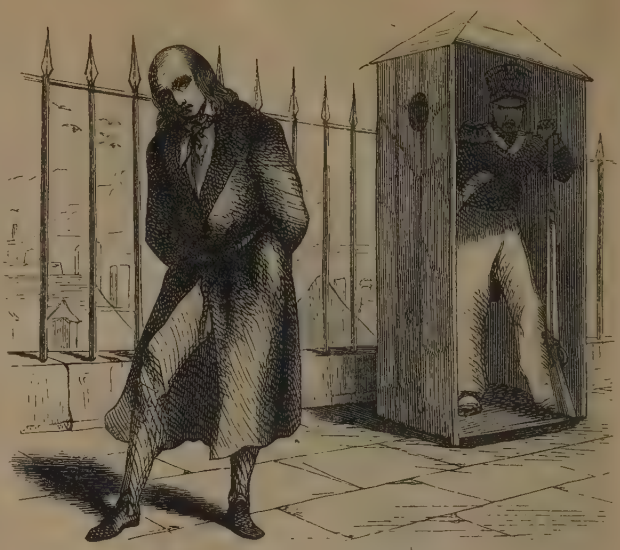
He had won their love by his considerate and uniform benevolence. Not a day passed without some kind act on his part, often mysterious and unknown in its source to the recipient. Frequently a poor debtor knocked at his door for bread, and in addition obtained his liberty. Colonel Swan had means, but he applied them to the release of others and not of himself. Once a fellow-prisoner, the father of a numerous family, imprisoned for a debt of a few hundred francs, applied to be received into his service, at six francs a month. Colonel Swan had lost his servant, and inquired into the history of the new candidate. Upon learning it, he replied, "I consent;" and, opening his trunk, counted out a pile of crowns, saying, "Here are your wages for five years in advance; should your work prevent you from coming to see me, you can send your wife." Such deeds were often renewed.

One creditor only retained the venerable captive, hoping each year to see his resolution give way, and each year calling upon him with a proposal for an accommodation. The director of the prison, the friends of Colonel Swan, even the jailers urged him to accept the proposed terms, and be restored to his country and family. Politely saluting his creditor, he would turn toward the jailer, and simply say, "My friend, return me to my chamber." Toward the end of the year 1829, his physician had obtained for him the privilege of a daily promenade in one of the galleries of the prison, where he could breathe a purer atmosphere than that to which he had long been subjected. At first he was grateful for the favor, but soon said to the doctor, "The inspiriting air of liberty will kill my body, so long accustomed to the heavy atmosphere of the prison."

The revolution of July, 1830, threw open his prison doors, in the very last hour of his twentieth year of captivity. After the triumph of the people, he desired to embrace once more his old friend Lafayette. He had that satisfation, upon the steps of the Hotel de Ville. The next morning he was dead.

Clichy has succeeded Sainte Pelagie as a debtors' prison. To the rich debtor it has but few terrors, though the law of France places his personal freedom at the disposition of his creditors. Some may, like Colonel Swan, refuse to pay from principle, others from whim or obstinacy. Of the latter was a noble Persian, Nadir Mirza Shah. Rich, young, and dissipated, he plunged into every species of folly, and finally flogged his coachman, who summoned him before the civil tribunal, which sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and damages. Re-

fusing to pay, he was confined in the debtors' jail, where he passed some time carousing with his friends and voluntary companions in captivity and surrounding himself with Oriental luxury. Mattresses served for tables and divans; they sat *à la Turque*, ate with their fingers, and, forgetting the Koran, drank wine like Christians.—Nadir Mirza Shah was as intractable in requiring of his companions the rigid observance of Persian etiquette, as he was in refusing to pay the damages due the unlucky coachman, who in his eyes was simply a dog of an infidel.



COLONEL SWAN AT THE SAINTE PELAGIE.

Clichy possesses a rich fund of individual eccentricities, and curious anecdotes, such as only Parisian life can develop. In 1838, a tailor of the Rue de Helder caused the Count de B——, a noble Dalmatian, to be confined for a debt of six thousand francs. He remained five years in prison, passing the entire time in his chamber. Not once did he descend into the garden, nor did he ever walk in the corridors. Whenever spoken to he replied with great court-

NADIR MIRZA SHAH IN THE DEBTORS' PRISON.

esy, but he never entered the cells of his companions, or invited them to visit him. During the five years of his imprisonment he was not once seen to open a book, to read a newspaper, or to do any work whatever. He passed entire days standing before his window, in full dress, with his coat buttoned to his throat. His linen had given out, but his boots were scrupulously polished each morning by a fellow-prisoner. He never bathed, but his handsome black beard was always as carefully combed and perfumed as if he was going to a ball. Two letters only reached him, and two visitors only called during these five years.

The first time, about two years after his incarceration, his creditor appeared at the wicket, and the following conversation ensued:

"Monsieur Count, you have done me the honor to send for me; what can I do for you?"

"Sir, I have exhausted my personal resources; a gentleman like myself can not live on the prison allowance of sixteen sous per day. Since you believe me good for six thousand francs, I will pay you a greater sum when I have sold my estates in Dalmatia."

"That appears just, Monsieur Count: how much do you desire?"

"I wish fifty francs a month."

"You shall have them. I am too happy to be useful to you. Is that all you desire?"

"Absolutely all; and I am very grateful to you."

"Do not speak of that, I beg of you; I am your servant, my dear Monsieur Count."

During three years the fifty francs a month were regularly supplied by the tailor.

In 1843 the tailor reappeared, followed by two porters carrying a heavy trunk.

"Monsieur Count," said he, "I have received the letter with which you honored me, and I accept your propositions. I place you at liberty, and I have brought you effects suitable to your rank. You will find, also, a watch, chain, pins, rings, eye-glass—every thing of the best description. Here is a purse of five hundred francs in gold for the fifteen days that you desire to pass in Paris for relaxation. These five hundred francs are for your petty expenses, for I have taken the liberty to pay in advance for an apartment and domestic at your orders in the Hôtel des Princes. My notary is coming, and we will arrange the security for all my advances, now amounting to eighteen thousand francs, to which it will be necessary to add three thousand francs that I shall give my clerk, who, at the expiration of the fortnight, will post to Dalmatia with you, paying your joint expenses, and bringing me back my money."

The contract was duly signed, and the release given. The Count faithfully amused himself during his carnival of fifteen days, according to his stipulation. On the sixteenth he left with the clerk, who never had made a more agreeable journey. But on his return, he was obliged to announce to the munificent tailor, that owing to previous incumbrances on the estates of the Count, it was extremely doubtful whether he would ever receive a hundred crowns for his twenty-one thousand francs.

Imprisonment for debt, like most cruel remedies for social misfortunes, seldom attains the desired end. An honest man will pay if he can; a dishonest one can evade justice even within prison walls; and for the unfortunate it becomes a double evil. It was powerless to open Colonel Swan's purse, because its strings were tied by principle. It was equally futile in contact with the obstinacy of Nadir Mirza Shah, who preferred his prejudices to his freedom, and chose rather to carouse in the cell of a jail, than to wound his pride by paying a fine which would have transferred his festivity to a palace. The tailor shut up the count in close confinement for five years for six thousand francs; and at the end of the time was swindled by him out of twenty-one thousand. These cases are characteristic of a large class. But the pains and penalties of incarceration fall heaviest on the poor debtors whom misfortune has pursued with a heavy hand until they are left powerless for exertion in the grasp of avarice, or withered in heart and mind by the exactions of inflexible severity. The race of Shylocks will never expire except with the razing of dungeons for debtors. The thoroughly vicious are seldom caught. To the unfortunate it becomes a living tomb. Respectability is blighted, enterprise chained, the mind paralyzed, and the poor debtor is reduced to a chrysalis state. He is fortunate if his better qualities and intelligence are not extinguished in the heavy atmosphere of his cell, or transformed into mischievous tendencies or reckless desires, while his destitute family are left a prey to vice or want. Clichy from its first days has been stained with the blood of suicides, and haunted with the ravings of maniacs. One poor workman, who had seen sold for a debt of three hundred francs his humble furniture, and even the clothes of himself and his wife and infants, was here confined, after being divested of every thing but his naked arms wherewith he could gain a subsistence for his family. By what process these were to supply them with food, and to pay his debt when confined between the stone-walls of a cell, none but a bowelless creditor could conceive. Despair overcame his reason. He was found the next morning covered with gore, and the name of his creditor traced with a bloody hand on the walls of his cell.

Confinement for debt is bad enough of itself, but in France it is aggravated by unnecessary restrictions and a penurious aliment. The law allows eighteen cents a day for the debtor's subsistence, or thirty francs a month, which he is obliged to divide daily as follows:

	Cents.
Hire of furniture	5
The right to warm his feet at a common fire	1
Barber	1
Washing	2
Light	1
Food	8
	18

Such are the resources of the *poor* debtors. What proportion of these can be withdrawn for families it would puzzle the wants of even a Lilliputian to decide. The number annually confined in Clichy is 580 to 600; of whom about one-fourth are single persons, and over two-thirds have children. Wives are separated from husbands by being confined in a separate building. They are allowed no intercourse, except in a common parlor, in the presence of a guardian.

Another anomalous feature of this system is, that the director of the prison becomes pecuniarily responsible in case of the escape of one of his prisoners. This is rarely attempted, as the chances of final escape are very limited in a city like Paris. Mr. G., one of the directors, said to the Prefect of the Police, who had reminded him of his pecuniary responsibility: "I am able to respond for a few thousand francs, and I should satisfy the obligation if the debt was small. But if, notwithstanding my vigilance, a debtor of an hundred thousand francs should escape, I should open immediately the gates to all others. It is as well to be responsible for several millions as for a hundred thousand francs, if one can no more pay the lesser sum than the greater."

It is a significant fact in the annals of imprisonment for debt in the Department of the Seine, that of 2566 debtors discharged during six years, 307 only owe their enlargement to the payment of their debts.

The souvenirs of the prisons of Paris include the history of France. It were well if, with the disappearance of the walls of La Force, all its deplorable associations could have been as readily erased. Not one stone of the Bastile has been left upon another. A column of liberty announces the site of that fortress of tyranny; yet no existing prison of stone and mortar, with its iron gates and gloomy cells in all their dreadful reality, stands half so conspicuous to the eye as that which is palpable to the imagination. It will exist as the emblem of tyranny through all ages, and yet its history is not worse than that of numerous others. Indeed democracy owes it some gratitude as the instrument by which aristocracy, in accomplishing its selfish designs, often avenged upon kindred blood the wrongs of the people.

The dungeons of the Abbaye were the handicraft of monks. The architect, Gomard, in 1635, completed the abbey, but refused to build the prison. He carried his opposition so far as to prevent any laborers from engaging in the work. "My brothers," cried the Superior, "it is necessary to finish what the obstinacy of the architect refuses to achieve. Let us put our own hands to the work, build the jail, and complete our *sacred* edifice." The brothers obeyed.

In those days every spiritual and temporal power had the privilege of placing in the pillory those declared culpable by its special laws. There was not a corporation but had its distinct code, judges, executioners, racks, and

THE MONKS BUILDING THE ABBAYE PRISON.

MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL SAVING HER FATHER.

prisons. The old historian, Sauval, has left a list of twenty-four distinct jurisdictions which possessed the right to condemn men to the gallows, and the city of Paris to-day, divided into numerous municipal divisions, had then for the limits of its sub-divisions as many gibbets. The discipline of the Holy Catholic Church of that century required a dungeon, or a "*vade in pace*," no less than its faith the emblem of the cross. If they ever abused their power by the persecution of the innocent, fearfully did they expiate their want of charity in the slaughter of their brethren on this very spot, on the 2d of September, 1792. Externally and internally, it is the most gloomy of all the prisons of Paris. It contains several subterranean dungeons, the same, perhaps, on which the old monks worked.

It was here that Mademoiselle de Sombreuil won from the murderers of September the life of her father, at the price of drinking a glass of warm blood fresh from their still writhing victims.

The most touching souvenir of this prison is that of the venerable Cazotte, who was also saved by his daughter under circumstances more grateful to humanity on either side. The evening before, she had obtained leave to remain with him, and had, by her beauty and eloquence, interested several of his guards in his fate. Condemned, at the expiration of thirty hours of unremitting slaughter, he stepped forth to meet his fate. As he appeared in the midst of his assassins, his daughter, pale and disheveled, threw her arms about him, exclaiming, "You shall not reach my father, except through my heart!" A cry of pardon was heard, and repeated by a hundred voices. The murderers allowed her to lead away her father, and then coolly turned to recommence their work of slaughter on less fortunate prisoners.

A little later, Cazotte separated from his daughter, became the victim of the revolution, whose excesses he had so faithfully predicted. The sketch by La Harpe of the dinner scene, in which his prophecy is made to appear, is one of the most remarkable and graphic scenes in French literature.

"It seems to me but yesterday," says La Harpe, "and notwithstanding, it was the commencement of 1788. We were at dinner at one of our fellow-members of the Academy, a great lord and wit. The company was numerous, and of every class—courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, academicians, &c. The fare was rich, according to custom. At the dessert, the wines of Malvoisie and Constance added to the gayety of the company that sort of freedom in which one does not always guard a perfectly correct tone; for it was then allowable to do or say any thing that would call forth a laugh. Chamfort had read to us his impious and libertine tales, and the grand ladies had listened, without even having recourse to a fan. Then there arose a deluge of pleasantries and jokes upon religion.

one cited a tirade of the Pucelle; another recalled the philosophic verses of Diderot. The conversation became more serious. They spoke with admiration of the revolution which Voltaire had made, and all agreed that it was his first title to glory. 'He has given a book to his century, which is read as well in the antechamber as the salon.' One of the company related to us, choking with laughter, that his barber had said to him, as he was powdering him, 'Do you see, sir, although I am only a miserable hair-dresser, I have no more religion than any one else.' They all concluded that the revolution would not be slow to perfect its work; that it was absolutely necessary that superstition and fanaticism should yield to philosophy, and that all they had to do was to calculate the epoch when they would see the *reign of reason.*

"One only of the company had not taken part in the levity of the conversation, and had even let drop quietly some pleasantries upon our fine enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but, unhappily, infatuated with reveries of the future. He took up the conversation in a serious tone. 'Messieurs,' said he, 'be content; you will all see *this grand and sublime revolution that you desire so much!* You know that I am somewhat of a prophet: I repeat it to you, you will all see it!'

"Here the company shouted; they joked Cazotte; they teased him; they forced him to foretell of each what he knew in this coming Revolution. Condorcet was the first that provoked him; he received this mortal answer.

'"Ah! we will see,' said Condorcet, with his saturnine, mocking air; 'a philosopher is not sorry to encounter a prophet.'—'You, Monsieur de Condorcet,' replied Cazotte, 'you will expire extended upon the pavement of a cell; you will die by poison, which you have taken to cheat the executioner; the poison which the *happiness* of that time will force you always to carry about you.'"

They were somewhat astonished at this species of pleasantry, spoken in so serious a tone, but soon began to reassure themselves, knowing that the good man Cazotte was subject to dreams. This time it was Chamfort that returned to the charge with a laugh of sarcasm. He received an answer in his turn.

"You, Monsieur Chamfort, you will cut your veins with twenty-two strokes of the razor, and notwithstanding you will not die until some months after."

Then it was the turn of Vicq d'Azir, M. de Nicolai, de Bailly, de Malesherbes, de Roucher, all of whom were present. Each who touched Cazotte received a shock in return, and each shock was a thunder-stroke that killed him. The word scaffold was the perpetual refrain.

"Oh! it's a wager," cried they on all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all."—"No, it is not I that have sworn it."—"But shall we then be subjected by the Turks or Tartars?"—"Not at all, I have already told you. You will then be governed by the only *philosophy*, by the only *reason.*"

The turn of La Harpe arrived, although he had purposely kept himself somewhat apart.

"Plenty of miracles," said he, at length, "and you put nothing down to me."—"You will see there" (replied Cazotte to him) "a miracle, not the least extraordinary: you will then become a *Christian.*"

At this word Christian, in such an assembly of scoffers, one can imagine the exclamations of laughter, mockery, and derision.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am reassured; if we are not to perish until La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

Then came the turn of the ladies. The Duchess of Grammont took up the conversation.

"As for that," said she, "we are very happy, we women, to pass for nothing in the revolutions. When I say nothing, it is not that we do not mix a little in them; but it is understood that they do not take notice of us and our sex."—"Your sex, Madame" (it was Cazotte who spoke), "will be no defense this time. It will be in vain that you do not mingle in them, you will be treated as men, without any distinction whatever."

One can readily conceive the finale of this dialogue. Here it became more and more dramatic and terrible. Cazotte arrived by steps to cause greater ladies than duchesses to feel that they would go to the scaffold,—princesses of the blood, and even more exalted rank than the princesses themselves. This passed being a play. All pleasantry ceased.

"You will see"—another essay of irony by the Duchess of Grammont—"that he will not leave me even a confessor."—"No, Madame, you will not have one; neither you nor any person. The last victim who, by an act of grace, will have one, will be—"

He stopped a moment. "Indeed! who then is the happy mortal that will enjoy this prerogative?" Cazotte slowly replied, "It is the last that will remain to him, and this person will be the *King of France.*"

The master of the house arose brusquely, and every one with him; but not before Cazotte had predicted his own death by the executioner.

What a subject for a painter! The assemblage of these master-wits of France at the festive board, unconsciously scoffing at the fate then ripe to swallow them in its inexorable jaws; a modern Belshazzar-feast, mocking at the Daniel that foretold the coming tempest, and awakening only from their dream of philosophy and reign of reason to find themselves in prison or on a scaffold. The prophecy was true. La Harpe has, in his narrative, given it strength and effect; but, as he justly remarks, their several destinies were more marvelous than the prophecy. La Harpe became a Christian, and survived the reign of terror and the dynasty of reason.

Of all the prisons of Paris, the Conciergerie is the most interesting, from its antiquity, asso-

ciations, and mixed style of architecture, uniting as it were the horrors of the dungeons of the Middle Ages with the more humane system of confinement of the present century. It exhibits in its mongrel outline the progressive ameliorations of humanity toward criminals and offenders, forming as it were a connecting link between feudal barbarity and modern civilization. As a historical monument it is unsurpassed in interest by any other of this capital. Situated in the heart of old Paris, upon the Ile de la Cité, separated from the Seine by the Quai de l'Horologe, it is one of a cluster of edifices pregnant with souvenirs of sufficient importance in the annals of France, for each to supply a volume. These buildings are the "Sainte Chapelle," the Préfecture de Police, and the Palais de Justice, formerly the residence of the French monarchs. The Conciergerie, which derives its name from *concierge*, or keeper, was anciently the prison of the palace. It is now used chiefly as a place of detention for persons during their trial. The recent alterations have greatly diminished the gloomy and forbidding effect of its exterior, but sufficient of its old character remains to perpetuate the associations connected with its former uses, and to preserve for it its interest as a relic of feudalism. The names of the two turrets flanking the gateway, Tour de César and Tour Boubec, smack of antiquity. Compared with Cæsar, however, its age is quite juvenile, being under nine hundred years. At the east corner, there is a tall square tower, containing a remarkable clock, the first seen in Paris, the movements of which were made in 1370, by Henry de Vic, a German. It has been recently restored, and is one of the most curious bijoux of sculpture which have been bequeathed to us by the revival of the arts.

In this same tower hung the bell, known as the "tocsin du Palais," which repeated the signal for the massacre of St. Barthelémi, given

THE CONCIERGERIE.

from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The low grated gateway through which passed those condemned to die upon the Place de Grève still exists. The Bridge of Sighs has not been witness to more anguish of mind and physical torture than this same ominous dungeon door. The aspect of this portion of this ancient prison, its dark corridors, with their low ponderous vaulted roofs and arched staircases, is peculiarly sinister, suggesting the mysterious horrors of a political inquisition, unexcelled in this respect by the entrances to the subterranean dungeons of the Doges of Venice.

The *people* of Paris, through all time, will bear the reproach of the massacres of September, 1792, the horrors of which are indelibly affixed to this jail. But impartial justice will recall the fact that five centuries previous a Duke of Burgundy perpetrated within its walls a still more fearful slaughter of his unarmed and unresisting countrymen, destroying by smoke and fire those that he could not reach by the sword.

There is a retributive justice to be traced in the history of every institution resulting from the inhumanity of man to his fellow man that carries with it a warning as legible as the "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*," on the palace walls of Babylon. The Conciergerie was for centuries the stronghold and prison of feudalism, and the repository of its *criminal* justice. It was stored with its diabolical inventions to rack human nerves and to excruciate human flesh, agonizing the body so that the soul should disown truth, or that shrinking humanity should be forced to confess crimes which otherwise would have slumbered unrevealed until the day when all secrets will be disclosed. It faithfully served its aristocratic builders, but when Louis XI. and later, the Cardinal Richelieu, succeeded in erecting a Kingdom of France upon the ruins of feudal power, the Conciergerie received into its cells its late lords, and avenged in their fall the blood that they had so often spilt.

A description of the various instruments of torture which were employed even as late as the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., scarcely sixty years since, by the judiciary of France, would now be received with incredulity. Yet this species of human butchery is so recent and was so long sanctioned by the highest civil and religious authorities, that one may readily be pardoned for a shudder at its recollection, not without a fear that human nature might in one of its avenging paroxysms recall so terrible an auxiliary of hate.

By a singular freak of time, the oldest legible entry in the archives of the Conciergerie is that of the incarceration of the regicide Ravaillac, dated 16th May, 1610. His sentence, pronounced by Parliament, on the 27th of May, was as follows: "To be conducted to the Place de Grève, and there upon a scaffold to have his breasts, arms, thighs, and calves of his legs lacerated with red hot pincers, his right hand, which had held the knife with which he committed the said 'parricide,' to be burned off in a fire of sulphur, and into all his wounds to be thrown melted lead, boiling oil, burning pitch, and wax and sulphur mingled. This done, his body to be drawn and dismembered by four horses, and afterward consumed by fire, and his ashes thrown to the winds." Such were the tender mercies of the Parliament of France in 1610, repeated with aggravated horrors more than a century later upon Damiens, by the Bourbon "*Bien Aimé*." It is necessary to recall to mind the judicial barbarities perpetrated in the name of justice in this country, that we may rightly appreciate the services rendered humanity in their abolition by the philosophy that gave birth to the revolution; in this instance the more conspicuous, when we reflect that religion had long lent to them additional terror by its perverted sanction. The iron collar of Ravaillac and the tower of Damiens, at present the warming-room of the prison, still serve to transmit to posterity the double recollection of their crimes and the appalling tortures to which they were subjected previous to their final execution. Their diabolical ingenuity has failed to stay a single attempt on "sacred majesty," as almost every ruler of France has since repeatedly borne witness; so that now the inheritors of the "divine right" content themselves by simply bestowing upon their assassins the sudden death which is the just penalty of their crime.

The Conciergerie has repeatedly borne witness to the lofty resolution and unshaken firmness of woman; the result, it must in sorrow be confessed, as often of hardened guilt as of conscious innocence. It is strange that virtue and vice in the extremity of death, should so nearly resemble each other. I am tempted to give a few examples, leaving to the reader his own inferences upon the strange problem of human nature.

In 1617, Eléonore Galigaï, the wily and ambitious confidante of Marie de Médicis, fell a victim to stronger arts than her own. Corruption, treachery, prostitution of honors, treasure, and employments, were all practices too common with the accusing courtiers and great lords, for them to venture to condemn her upon such grounds. Not one was to be found to cast the first stone of a just condemnation. The parliament accused her of Judaism and sorcery. In the chamber of torture they asked her if she were really possessed. She replied, that she had never been possessed, except with the desire to do good. She was then asked if she had sorcery in her eyes. "The only sorcery," said she, laughing, "that I am guilty of, is the sorcery of wit and intelligence."

Certain books having been found at her hotel, they questioned her in regard to their character. "They serve to teach me that I know nothing." Next they sought to discover by what sacrilegious means she had acquired her influence over the queen. She replied, "That she had subdued a weak soul by the strength of her own."

Such replies being little edifying to her successors in intrigue and chicanery, they destroy-

EXECUTION OF ELEONORE GALIGAÏ.

ed the tongue they could not subdue, by giving her head to the ax.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, political hate, or private interest and revenge, had taken the more subtle and less conspicuous shape of impoisonment. The crime was aristocratic, and so were its victims. The person who affrighted Paris with the first pinch of the "*poudre de succession*," was a lady and a "marquise." In 1680, the common talk of Paris and Versailles was of poisons and their effects. Deaths were frequent and mysterious; the causes so subtle as to elude detection. It was finally discovered that the vender of the poison was a woman known by the name of La Voisine. She had succeeded to the fatal secrets of the laboratory of Madame de Brinvilliers, the "marquise," who four years before, after being subjected to torture, had expiated her crimes on the scaffold. It was now the turn of La Voisine. Unlike the marquise, who was beautiful, spirituelle, and accomplished, she was gross, ugly, and brutal. The marquise feared the torture, and confessed all and perhaps more crimes than she had committed. La Voisine, on the contrary, scoffed at the instruments of torture, and mocked alike the judges and executioners. She seemed exalted above fear or suffering, by the very enthusiasm of wickedness. No martyr to religion ever showed more firmness, and indifference to all that is most appalling to human nerves. She even accused herself of impossible crimes, in the excitement of her depraved pride, glorifying herself by the intensity of her abominable passions. She joked with the lieutenant of police; she laughed at her keepers; she drank with the soldiers that watched her; she spat in contempt upon the engines of torment; she parodied modesty by an indecent arrangement of her dress; she sang, for fear that they would pity her; she insulted the tribunal when interrogated; she blasphemed if they spoke of God; she cursed when she feared that she should faint under the torture; she did all that it was possible for human depravity to do, exhausting in its folly and crime the very dregs of sin.

When the officers entered the chamber of torture of the Conciergerie to read her sentence, she bowed herself as indecently as possible, almost touching the earth, and coolly said, "Gentlemen, I salute you;" and then proceeded to interrupt the recital with songs, blasphemies, and insults.

"You are condemned," said the president—"for impieties, poisonings, artifices, misdeeds, thefts, and complots against the lives of persons, for sacrilege, and other crimes without number, such as homicide in fact and intention, as culpable of diabolical practices and treason—to make honorable amends at the door of Nôtre Dame—"

"A wonder!" cried La Voisine; "we shall see the devil in the holy water—"

"And to be conducted to the Place de Grève, to be burned, and your ashes thrown to the wind."

"Which will waft them to hell, I hope," exclaimed the incorrigible woman.

"You are also condemned to submit to renewed torture, to extract from you the names of accomplices not yet given."

"You have only to choose them among your great lords and noble ladies. Have they not prevented me by their folly from continuing my own profession of an accoucheur. They commenced by asking of me secrets of the future, and I have drawn their cards and given them the most brilliant horoscopes; they then demanded of me "*folies de jeunesse*," and I have sold them pure water under the guise of water of youth. They have asked of me some grains of that powder of succession which succeeded so well with Madame de Brinvilliers, and I have given them my strongest poisons. You now know all my accomplices."

"And, finally," continued the judge, "you are condemned to submit to the torture extraordinary."

"I shall answer the best I can, Monsieur Judge. Bind me, with my hands behind my back, lash my legs with cords, lay me down upon the wooden horse" (an instrument of torture); "torture me at your leisure; I will continue to laugh, to blaspheme, to sing, regretting all the while that you do not put a little wine in your water." (The species of torture was to cause the prisoner to swallow several quarts of water by means of a little stream trickling slowly into the mouth.) "Go on! courage! Judge and executioner, I am ready!"

"First pot of water for the torture ordinary," said the judge, making a sign to the executioner.

"To your health!" replied La Voisine.

The "question" was begun by two large pints of cold water turned, drop by drop, into the mouth of the criminal. When the jug was emptied they turned three spokes of the wooden horse, elongating the limbs until the tendons were ready to snap.

"You are right, my friends; one should grow at all ages. I always grumbled at being too small. I wish to be as large as my sister Brinvilliers."

"Second pot of the ordinary," ordered the judge.

"May God render it back to you," exclaimed the poisoner.

They emptied the second jug. The horse was stretched anew. The bones of the old woman cracked and snapped under the torture. Seven jugs of water were successively emptied down her throat, drop by drop—one continuous strangulation—a hundred deaths condensed into a few hours. Upon the advice of the physician La Voisine was resuscitated. They placed her upon a mattress near the fire. If the gradual insensibility of the criminal had been protracted torture, the slow revival was a greater agony.

Returned to her cell at midnight, La Voisine sought daily to pass her time in riotous indulgences. She had swallowed fourteen pints of water: she demanded to drink fourteen bottles of wine.

It is to Madame de Sévigné that we are indebted for a narrative of her last moments. True to her fanaticism of wickedness, she feasted with her guards, sang drinking songs, and mangled as she was in every limb, spared not herself from the most scandalous excesses of debauchery. It was in vain that they attempted to recall her to serious thoughts, and recommended that she should chant an *Ave* or a *Salve*; she chanted both in derision, and then slept. Neither force nor torture could wring from her the required confession; even when chained to the fatal pile, she swore constantly, and contrived five or six times to throw off from her the burning straw with which she was enveloped; but, at last, the fire prevailed; she was lost to sight, and her cinders borne aloft by the eddying current of air, where Madame de Sévigné, with a levity that does no credit to her heart, says they still are.

The life of Cartouche, the grand robber, *par excellence*, suggests many a striking parallel with that of the "Grand Monarch." It would be a curious and instructive history, if my space permitted, to show the congeniality of principles and actions between Louis XIV. and the most dexterous and munificent of bandits. Versailles lodged the one, and the Conciergerie the other. Which was the greater criminal, when weighed in the balance of the King of kings, it is not for a fellow-sinner to decide. Each admirably acted his part in the estimation of the world. The evil done by the one perished with him; the vanity, lust, pride, and bigotry of the other still weighs upon the energies and industry of France. The king died peacefully in his bed, in the comfortable belief of passing from his temporal kingdom to a brighter inheritance above. The robber perished on the wheel, amid the jeers of the populace and the curiosity of fine ladies. It is devoutly to be hoped that the breed of each is extinguished.

To visit the Conciergerie and not recall the image of the most illustrious and innocent sufferer of all that have hallowed its walls by examples of piety and resignation, would be to refuse a tribute to those sentiments which most dignify human nature, and reconcile us to its mingled weakness and grandeur. The dungeon of Marie Antoinette is now an expiatory chapel, with nothing to recall its original condition except the souvenirs connected with the sufferings by which she so dearly expiated the frivolties and thoughtlessness of her early career. To add the bitterness of contrast, and the contact of vice with virtue, to her end, she was dragged to the scaffold in an open cart, in company with a prostitute, guilty of having cried in a cabaret, "*Vive la reine.*" The poor girl, still capable in her abasement of appreciating the intended insult to the Queen of France, knelt at her feet, and humbly said to her, as they drove to their joint death, "Madame, madame, forgive me for dying with your Majesty."

MARIE ANTOINETTE BORNE TO EXECUTION.

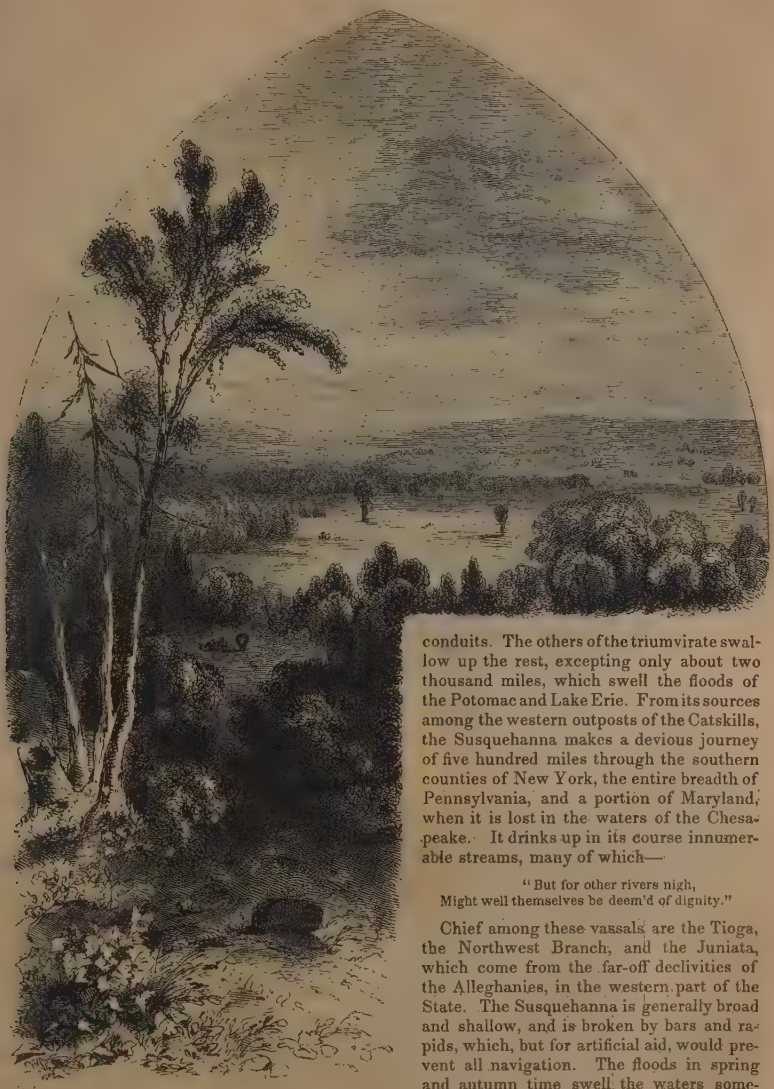
I believe there is but one species of natural or artificial violence to which mankind do not in time become, if not reconciled, at least reckless or indifferent. Famine, pestilence, war, and civil calamities in time cease to affright or warn. Human nature with its versatility of powers, for good or evil, soon reconciles itself under one aspect or the other to any inevitable condition, however terrible its first appearance. The exception is the earthquake. The first shock is the least fearful; every succeeding one increases trepidation and destroys self-possession. The prisoners of the Conciergerie were almost daily decimated by the guillotine during the reign of terror; yet their daily *amusement* was to play at charades and the—*guillotine*. Both sexes and all ranks assembled in one of the halls. They formed a revolutionary tribunal—choosing accusers and judges, and parodizing the gestures and voice of Fouquier Tinville and his coadjutors. Defenders were named; the accused were taken at hazard. The sentence of death followed close on the heels of the accusation. They simulated the toilet of the condemned, preparing the neck for the knife, by feigning to cut the hair and collar. The sentenced were attached to a chair reversed, to represent the guillotine. The knife was of wood, and as it fell, the individual, male or female, thus sporting with their approaching fate, tumbled down as if actually struck by the iron blade. Often, while engaged in this *play*, they were interrupted by the terrible voice of the public crier, calling over the "names of the brigands who to-day have gained the lottery of the holy guillotine."

Imperfect as are these souvenirs of this celebrated jail, I should be doing injustice to the most interesting of all, were I to omit the last night of the Girondists, that antique festivity, the greatest triumph of philosophy ever witnessed by palace or prison walls. Those fierce, theoretical deputies who had so recently sent to the scaffold the King and Queen of France, were now on their way thither. Christianity teaches men to live in peaceful humility, and to die with

hopeful resignation. The last hour of a true believer is calmly joyous. Here was an opportunity for infidelity to assert its superiority in death, as it had claimed for itself the greatest good in life. Let us be just to even these deluded men. They had played a terrible rôle in the history of their country, and they resigned themselves to die with the same intrepidity with which they had staked their existence upon the success of their policy. They made it a death fête, each smiling, as he awaited the dread message, and devoting his latest moments to those displays of intellectual rivalry, which had so long united them in life. Mainvielle, Ducos, Gensonné, and Boyer Fonfréde, abandoned themselves to gayety, wit, and revelry, repeating their own verses with friendly rivalry, stimulating their companions to every species of infidel folly. Viger sang amorous songs; Duprat related a tale; Gensonné repeated the Marsellaise; while Vergniaud alternately electrified them with his eloquence, or discoursed philosophically of their past history and the unknown future upon which they were about to enter. The discussion on poetry, literature, and general topics was animated and brilliant: on God, religion, the immortality of the soul, grave, eloquent, calm, and poetic. The walls of their prison echoed to a late hour in the morning to their patriotic cries, and were witness to their paternal embraces. The corpse of Valazé, the only one of their number who by a voluntary death eluded the scaffold, remained in the cell with them.

The whole scene was certainly the greatest, wildest, and most dramatic ever born of courage and reason. Yet throughout their enthusiasms their appears a chill of uncertainty, and an intellectual coldness that appalls the conscience. We feel that for the Girondists it was a consistent sacrifice to their theories and lives; but for a Christian and patriot, a sad and unedifying spectacle. While history can not refuse her tribute of admiration to high qualities, even when misdirected, she is equally bound to record the errors and repeat the warnings to be derived from those who claim for themselves a space in her pages. The lives of the Girondists as well as their deaths, were a confused drama of lofty aspirations, generous sentiments, and noble sacrifices, mingled with error, passion, and folly. Their character possesses all the cold brilliancy of fireworks, which excite our admiration but to be chilled with disappointment at their speedy eclipse. Their death scene was emphatically a *spectacle*. It possessed neither the simple grandeur of the death of Socrates, nor the calm and trustful spirit that characterized the dying moments of Washington; the one yielding up his spirit as a heathen philosopher; the other dying as a Christian statesman.

LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTS.



WYOMING, FROM THE SOUTH.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE great State of Pennsylvania is drained by the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and the Ohio rivers. More than one-half of its wide area of forty-seven thousand square miles is tributary to the first and noblest of these grand conduits. The others of the triumvirate swallow up the rest, excepting only about two thousand miles, which swell the floods of the Potomac and Lake Erie. From its sources among the western outposts of the Catskills, the Susquehanna makes a devious journey of five hundred miles through the southern counties of New York, the entire breadth of Pennsylvania, and a portion of Maryland, when it is lost in the waters of the Chesapeake. It drinks up in its course innumerable streams, many of which—

> "But for other rivers nigh,
> Might well themselves be deem'd of dignity."

Chief among these vassals are the Tioga, the Northwest Branch, and the Juniata, which come from the far-off declivities of the Alleghanies, in the western part of the State. The Susquehanna is generally broad and shallow, and is broken by bars and rapids, which, but for artificial aid, would prevent all navigation. The floods in spring and autumn time swell the waters sometimes to an extra elevation of twenty feet or more. It is at these seasons that the great rafts of lumber which the intervals have accumulated, are floated off to market.

The passage of these rafts down the angry stream, and their brave battles with the opposing shoals is a gallant and stirring sight. The lifting of the waters is a gala event with the hardy dwellers "on Susquehanna's side;" but the joke is sometimes—as the best of jokes may

IN THE VALLEY OF WYOMING.

be—carried too far. Now and then, not the rafts only, but the unfelled forests, the inhabitants, houses, farms, and shores, are swept away. In the spring of 1784, a terrible disaster of this kind nearly filled the adventurous settlers' cup of misfortune, already deeply mixed with the miseries of civil and foreign war. The horrors of these scenes are not unfrequently relieved by the most ludicrous incidents and positions. On one such occasion, an entire family of several generations, with the whole stock of cattle, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and rats were found huddled together on the extreme point of a small island elevation.

From the top of yonder tall tree, a curious voyager is gazing in wonderment upon the nautical achievements of astonished chairs and tables, bedsteads and beds, whose occupants have, like the sluggard in the song, been awakened too soon, but not to "slumber again." So summary and arbitrary are the freshet's writs of ejectment, that the laziest must, perforce, obey; and that, too, right speedily.

But to return to our topography. Pennsylvania, though much inferior to many other States in landscape charms, yet offers rich rewards for the labors of the tourist. The rivers and the mountain-passes which they traverse, are the chief dispensers of these rewards. The Delaware and its tributaries, the Lackawaxan, the Lehigh, and the Schuylkill, unfold fresh pages of interest at every turn. The West-Branch and the Juniata are richly-laden portfolios, crowded with novel and varied pictures; but above all, the Susquehanna is the Alpha and the Omega of Nature's gifts to the Keystone State—the first and noblest in beauty, as it is in extent and position. Hither the artist, who scents the beautiful by instinct, as infallibly as the bee detects the fragrant flower, flies and settles, and is content. From its rippling mountain-springs to its vast and swelling *débouche*, every step of this noble river is amidst the picturesque, whether flowing in broad and placid expanse through the great sun-lit valleys, or gliding in ghostly shade at the base of lofty hills, or wildly disputing the way with obstructing rock and precipice.

Upon the banks of the Susquehanna may be found an epitome of the scenery of the State; and in like manner the Susquehanna may be justly studied in the region of Wyoming. At

least this famous valley is, for many reasons, a capital point at which to rendezvous for the lovers of the river; and thither, therefore, we will hasten without longer delay.

Wyoming is a classic and a household name. At our earliest intelligence, it takes its place in our hearts as the label of a treasured packet of absorbing history and winning romance. It is the key which unlocks the thrilling recollection of some of the most tragical scenes in our national history, and some of the sweetest imaginations of the poet. Every fancy makes a Mecca of Wyoming.

Thus sings Halleck:

"When life was in its bud and blosoming,
And waters gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimm'd my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies."

The pen of Campbell and the pencil of Turner have taken their loftiest and most unbridled flights in praise of Wyoming, and though they have changed, they have not flattered its beauties.

"Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured—"

Again, Halleck says of the mythical Gertrude, the fair spirit of Wyoming, and of the real maidens of the land:

"But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised, even by her worshiper—Poesy."

Such a "heart-spell" unreachable, has the smile and gladness of Nature; the sunny sky, the rustling trees, the dancing waters, and the frowning hills—a heart-spell which the feebleness of Art is powerless to approach, and for which its most boasted tricks of form and light, shade, effect, and color, are but wretched substitutes. Who indeed can paint like Nature!

The Valley of Wyoming (Large Plains) covers a magnificent stretch of twenty miles, and spreads out on either side of the river, in flats and bottoms of unsurpassed richness and fertility. Mr. Minor, a resident, and the author of a valuable history of Wyoming, says of the *physique* of the valley: "Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river—the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut; while here and there scattered through the fields, a huge shell-bark yields its summer shade to the weary laborers, and its autumn fruit to the black and gray squirrel, or the rival plow-boys. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course, all of them abounding with the delicious trout. Along these brooks, and in the swales scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum and the butternut; while, wherever the hand of the white man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion."

The valley of Wyoming, with its accumulated attractions of luxuriant soil, delicious climate, and picturesque scenery, is of course thickly and happily settled. Homestead and cot send up their curling smoke from every bosquet and dell; and numerous thriving villages within

RIVER WALK ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.

its borders afford all the material comforts of life, and all desired social advantages to the people.

Wilkesbarre, the principal town, is a populous and busy place, near the centre of the valley, and in the immediate vicinage of the sites of the most memorable scenes in the early history of Wyoming. Wilkesbarre is the portal through which all tourists enter upon the delights of this region. It is speedily, cheaply, and agreeably reached from all points: whether from below, *via* Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and the canal, which follows the whole course of the Susquehanna; from the eastward, through New Jersey; or from the north, by the Erie Railway. Three miles east of Wilkesbarre, Prospect Rock commands a fine panorama of the entire area of Wyoming, with its cottages, towns, and its grand western amphitheatre of hills. Near the little village of Troy in the distance is detected the tall granite shafts erected by the ladies of the valley, to the memory of the victims of the terrible conflict fitly known in history as the Massacre of Wyoming.

We are reminded here that it is time we made some brief reference to the deeply interesting historic associations of our theme. From the first settlement of the valley, in 1762, through a long period of twenty years, the afflicted people were everlastingly in hot water. Wars, or rumors of wars, clung to them inexorably. Internal or external trouble and quarrel, was the never ending fear of one day, and the realization of the next. Their daily bread was concocted of forts and barricades and redoubts, negotiations, truces, stratagems, besiegings, and capitulations. First came a long-protracted civil contest, famous in the ancient chronicle as the Pennymite and Yankee war. This struggle, which endured twice the length of the siege of Troy, was made up of the alternate successes and defeats of the original Yankee settlers, under the claims and auspices of Connecticut, and the opposing Pennsylvanians, who sought to dislodge and oust them. Battles, negotiations, and commissions, failed to restore peace, until the greater struggle of the Revolution smoothed the way for the burial of lesser animosities. The Pennymite war, distressing enough as it doubtless was at the time, and to the unhappy parties concerned, comes to us now, in all its ups and downs, in rather a droll light.

In 1763, one year after the first settlement, the Pennymite contest, and the colony itself, were stunned, and for a season prostrated, by an incursion of the Indian neighbors, who killed or scattered all the inhabitants.

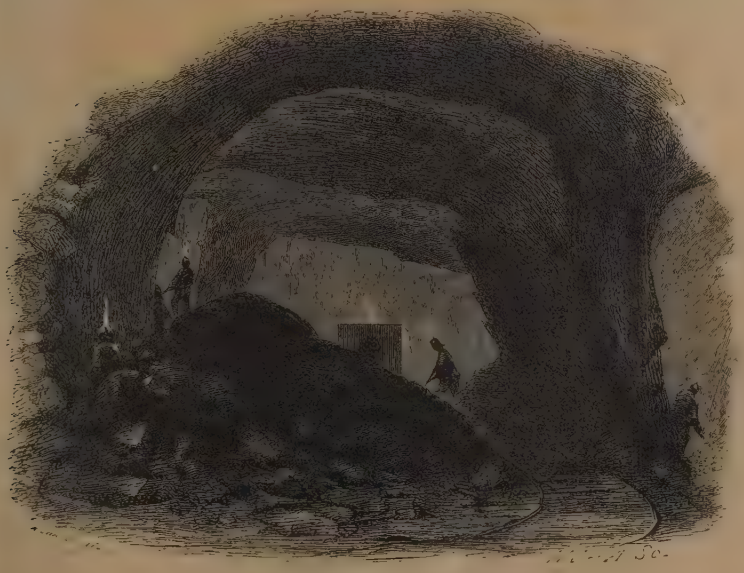
The vicissitudes of the Pennymite war may well be forgotten in the fearful memory of that one great event which will make Wyoming ever memorable in history—the fated battle of 1778, "in which," to use the words of the inscription upon the monument which commemorates the misfortunes of the day, "a small band of patriot Americans, chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged, spared by inefficiency from distant ranks of the Republic, led by Colonel Zebulon Butler and Colonel Nathan Denison, with a courage that deserved success, boldly met and bravely fought a combined British, Tory, and Indian force, of thrice their number." This

memorable battle was fearfully disastrous to the colony. The patriots were slain without mercy, and with revolting cruelty. Friends and brothers, in the bestial temper of the hour, fiendishly betrayed and slew each other. Large circles of prisoners were gathered around isolated stones, pinioned and held fast, while some murderous hand deliberately dispatched them one by one, in rotation. One of these stones, called Queen Esther's Rock, on the old battle-field, and within sight of the monument, is still an object of interest to the curious visitor. Sixteen captives were circled around it, while Queen Esther, the famous Catharine Montour, brandishing her tomahawk, and chanting the death-song, murderously destroyed them one after the other, in the order in which they were placed. Neither youth, age, nor sex was protection against the horrid fury of the Indians on this awful day. All were slain but the few who escaped to the mountains, and of these many died a scarcely less fearful death from fatigue, or cold, or famine.

Before continuing our voyage down the river, let us take a hasty peep at the Coal Mines, which form a prominent feature in the *physique* of the valley. All the world is familiar with the vast mineral resources of Pennsylvania, and particularly the abundance and richness of its coal beds. "Lehigh" and "Schuylkill" are grateful names to us as we gather round our winter fires. The black Cyclopean mouths of the coal pits, in the mountain sides of Wyoming, continually arrest the eye, and the ear is ever and anon assailed, on the hill-tops, by the stifled thunders of the blasts in the bowels of the earth beneath. The even and moderate temperature of the mines makes them an agreeable resort on a sweltering summer's day. The mines here, for the most part, ascend into the flanks of the hills, instead of being reached by shafts, deep down, as in other parts of the State. The coal is excavated by blasting, and is drawn out by mules or horses on narrow wooden railways. They are lighted only by small lamps attached to the caps of the miners. On the occasion of our first visit, our guide left us for a moment, lightless, in the narrow ghostly passage. We quickly detected the rumbling sound of an approaching car, and vainly cast about us for a side nook in which to shelter us. To deepen our alarm, there came at this critical moment the many echoes of a mighty blast, the thunders of which were heightened by the quickly following flash of sulphurous light, revealing the whole sweep of the mystic cave in dreadful distinctness. Altogether, we experienced a singularly unpleasant sensation, which made us feel that we were a long way from home, and without a friend in the world. Happily we escaped the accumulated dangers, and subsequently learned to look upon the mines as very comfortable nooks, and upon the miners, despite their terrible visages, as very clever and Christian people.

Entering our inn one evening after a hard day's work, we sat us down for a moment, with our sketch-box over our shoulder. Our travel-stained and generally forlorn aspect attracted the inquisitive notice of a gaunt native.

"What are yer peddling?" he at length ventured, after most wistful scrutiny.



INTERIOR OF A COAL MINE, SUSQUEHANNA.

THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NANTICOKE.

"Peddling?" we echoed, half-awakened from our reverie.

"Yes; what have yer got to sell?"

"O! ah! yes! we are peddling—coal mines!"

"Coal mines! where is they!"

"In the Rocky Mountains," we answered; and thereupon displayed the pages of our sketch-book, showing him the two views, which we have included in the illustrations of this paper. "This," said we, "is the outside, and that is the inside of the beds; that is the way they are to look—when we find them!"

"O, ye-es! I see!" said our friend, with a chuckle of dawning comprehension. "He, he, he! I guess you're one of them chaps what's going 'round making picters! I've seen three or four on 'em 'bout here lately. Didn't mean no offense—"

"Oh, no, not at—"

"Only I seed yer have a box, and I thought yer might have something to sell: and I guess yer *did* sell *me*—didn't yer?"

We acquiesced; and by way of making the amende to our wounded dignity, were requested to "step up and take something." As we were at length departing, our new friend called out:

"I say you there, mister! Guess if you don't sell all them coal mines afore you get back, I'd like to take a few on 'em! he, he, he!"

The humbler and less educated dwellers on the Susquehanna, as in the ruder portions of all our new and matter-of-fact land, look upon the earnest labors of the artist with wondering curiosity; and when made fully aware of their nature, they still think some ulterior purpose must be involved—being quite incompetent to understand how sturdy young men, and grave old men can so devotedly pursue a toil, which to them seems so idle. Of the vast moral effect, and of the great intellectual blessings of art, they have never dreamed; and scarcely less could they be made to comprehend their indebtedness to its lesser results, in the world of comforts and conveniences, which make up the sunshine of their simple lives. They pay all proper reverence to the ingenious implements by which their daily labors are so simplified and accelerated; to the grace of design and charm of color displayed in the fabrics with which they deck their persons; to the elegance and convenience of the furniture and ornaments which endear their homes to their hearts; even to the rude pictures of "Martha Jane," the "Belle of the Village;" the "Soldier's Farewell," and other affecting or inspiriting subjects which cover their simple walls; but of the connection between all this and art—the great source of all the comforts, and refinements, and delights of life—of the progression and perfection of life, they have no conception whatever. It is related of the immortal Audubon, that in his devoted forest wanderings, he was sagely regarded with suspicion or pity. An eminent painter once amused us with a narrative of the summary manner in which the burly lord of a little brook-side ordered him away, as a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond! Another artist, after explaining to a curious observer that he was

sketching his homestead, that yonder was his house and his barn, and the fence and the poplar-tree, and the old white horse down there in the meadow, thought he had let a little ray of the divine light of art into the benighted mind of his audience—when the audience turned abruptly away, with only a contemptuous "pshaw!" They will scarcely believe that man can have no loftier end than merely to "make pictures." They raise you, *nolens volens*, at least, to the eminence of a peddler; and express their respect for, and interest in ouncepins, combs, needles, and kindred solemnities. In a region where gold veins have been newly found, a strolling sketcher was eagerly besought to reveal some little knowledge of the valuable secrets of old Mother Earth: and failed utterly to convince the good people that his mysterious note-book was *bonâ fide* nothing more than a budget of sketches of trees and rocks, and water-falls. On the Susquehanna, the inhabitants were greatly interested during the visit of our party in the various surveys then going on for new railroad routes: consequently, we were universally mistaken for engineers; and much were we amused at the efforts, adroit or awkward, made to "pump" us respecting the direction of "the road" at this and that point. Of course we humored the determined error, by occasionally alarming a worthy farmer with the intimation of an incursion into his garden, or of a whistle and dash through his parlor-windows. An amusing chapter might be made of the various characters assigned to artists, while professionally engaged in the country; but perhaps we have exceeded the scope of our theme in venturing even thus far upon the ground.

Our particular business in this paper is to explore that portion of the Susquehanna, or "Crooked River," according to the Indian signification of the name, extending from the Valley of Wyoming, one hundred miles south to the mouth of the Juniata. Within these limits lie the main points of attraction, and a just example of the general character of the whole river. North of Wyoming, the mountainous feature is preserved for some considerable distance; then comes a fine pastoral country of great fertility of soil and luxuriance of vegetation. Below the Juniata, the broken and rugged character of the shores, continues at intervals and in degrees almost to the Chesapeake. Leaving the valley at the south end, we now come again into the mountain-passes, and for several miles traverse the most beautiful portion of the river: a succession of noble scenes, which bear the same relation to the Susquehanna that the famous Highlands do to the great Hudson. The general voyager may not tarry long here for want of sufficient hotel privileges; but the artist, with whom material comforts are the smallest consideration, will pitch his tent intuitively, and in matter of bed and board, thankfully accept the smallest favors. This southern exit of the great valley is known as Nanticoke. One of the finest series of the rapids of the Susquehanna, is found here at the Nanticoke Dam. Hard by is Nanticoke Mountain and the hamlet of West Nanticoke; and across the river on the eastern side is East Nanticoke, or "Nanticoke,"

SUSQUEHANNA BELOW NANTICOKE.

SUSQUEHANNA AT SHICKSHINNEY.

briefly, and *par excellence*—as we say, "Napoleon," and "Napoleon III."

From all the high grounds around Nanticoke, delicious vistas of the plains of Wyoming feast the eye. Hereabouts we selected our frontispiece. Mining and boating make up the sum of human avocation at Nanticoke—as indeed they do to a greater or less extent through all the course of the river. Beautifully-formed and densely-wooded islands contribute greatly to the charms of this part of the Susquehanna. Harvey's Creek and other little mountain-streams, full of picturesque falls and fine rocks, drop into the river here.

A beautiful mountain-picture, near the mouth of Harvey's Creek, has the unusual foreground, in American views, of a ruined bridge, whose venerable stone arches would grace the landscape of the olden time of any country. When the afternoon shades cool the river-walks on the eastern shore at Nanticoke, it is delightful to ramble on the richly-wooded and rock-dotted lawns; and to gaze far out upon the quiet river indolent in the sunshine. Our "view at Nanticoke" is from the beach, looking down the river, which here spreads out into noble lake-like expanse. The canal winds along under the hills on the right. The next picture is found some mile or two below, looking back upon the broad face of the Nanticoke Mountain. The tow-path lying between the canal and the river affords a noble walk for many miles; and is of especial interest in the neighborhood of Nanticoke. It affords exquisite glimpses both of river and canal scenery. The post-road on the other side of the canal reveals in its progress yet another set of charming views.

The frequent recurrence of shoals here affords abundant facilities for the vigorous prosecution of trade in that great Susquehanna staple—eels.

By the compelling aid of slight stone inclosures, the descending current and its finny freight are drawn into an apex, where the slippery gentry are easily secured.

The angular architecture of these weirs, or traps, adds nothing to the beauty of the waters, though we never introduced them into our sketches without exciting the highest admiration of the rural populations bending over our easel. Submitting our portfolio, "by particular request," to the inspection of a native amateur in Nanticoke, he expressed his gratification at the opportunity of seeing pictures "in the rough." We said something about the "stuff that dreams are made of;" but our classicism was not appreciated.

Living over again our hours at Nanticoke, we are reminded mournfully of the fate of one* of the merriest of our merry party there, in the summer of 1852, whom we left ardently pursuing his happy studies by the mountain and brook side—only to hear of him again when we returned soon after to our city home, as having gone to that brighter land, where art is perfected. He was a true, humble, and devoted worshiper of nature—never wearied in watching

* John Irvine Glasgow—a young landscape painter of bright promise and earnest effort.

the changeful expression of her lovely face; in scaling the mountain-paths, or in exploring the tortuous brooks; he was always the hopeful and eager pioneer; his pleasant companionship lighted up for us the dark chambers of the coal-beds, or guided our skiff gayly over the threatening rapids. In our hours of rest, or in our evening strolls, he scented out the most luscious peach-tree, as by instinct, and he alighted upon melon-patches with the celerity and certainty of genius. Alas! that his facile hand will never more express the imaginings and emotions of his bright fancy and his truthful heart!

Four miles below the Nanticoke rapids is a way-side station, known to boatmen as "Jessup's." Mr. Jessup is a kind and courteous host, well becoming the best inn of all the region round. A noble glimpse up the river is commanded by the site of Mr. Jessup's house; and from the hills near by, you follow its graceful windings for miles below, through a landscape of gratefully alternating hill and vale.

At the terminus of the next four miles' travel, in the whole extent of which the highland beauties of the Susquehanna continue in the finest and most varied development, we reach the village of Shickshinny—a small hamlet of no very winsome features, apart from the natural beauties around it. Here, as above, the eye will delightedly follow the river both up and down in its windings amidst the green isles, and reflecting the wooded or rocky banks and walls.

The imposing mountain-ridge which continually terminates this view in our passage down the river after leaving Shickshinney, is the great Wapwallopen hill, protecting the village which bears its name, and which lies hidden at its base. This noble peak is best seen on the southern approach, where its summit presents a vigorous and grand rocky front.

The Wapwallopen Creek comes in here, contributing a new chapter of rugged charms to the riches of the Susquehanna. A double bend in the "Crooked" river places the Wapwallopen ferry in the centre of a charmingly framed and quiet little lakelet.

For some miles hence, old Susquehanna may be said (in contrast with his late wakeful mood) to nod a little: doubtless, however, only in wise preparation for the watch and vigil he always keeps down among the mountains and cliffs of Cattawissa.

Cattawissa unfolds well at all points. The white spires of the little town, buried in the hills, seem to give you a hospitable beckon onward, as on your departure they suggest moistened cambrics, waving a last, distant, and loving adieu. The evening occupation which we found in the society of the few dainty books, which female taste had collected in the parlor of our inn at Cattawissa, no doubt heightened the pleasure of our strolls on the river banks; and of our long days in the woods and on the hill tops. A genial book, with your evening cigar, is a piquant sauce to a rough day's adventures. We usually endeavor to insure ourself this *sine quâ non* of comfort, by carrying plentiful stores with us; but though our trunks are ponderous enough to be had in everlasting remembrance by all porters, we often, on extended tours, find

CATTAWISSA.

THE SUSQUEHANNA ABOVE THE JUNIATA.

our supply inadequate. In such dilemmas it is pleasant to be greeted in strange lands by the welcoming pages either of old favorites, or to meet the proffered friendship of new volumes. You get wearied, in time, of antique almanacs, Domestic Medicines, or even the Life of Washington, and the History of the Mexican War. Why do not our country hotels provide their guests with the luxury of a moderate library of books suitable for after dinner and evening hours—books of travel, poetry, and romance? A pleasant book would often detain the traveler as long as will a good table.

Some admirable rocky bluffs and well-wooded hill-sides, and much good material for the study of the artist in the nature of loose, moss-grown stone and tree-trunks, is to be found about Cattawissa. On the road and on the tow-path, above and below the village, many nicely composed pictures may be got, as also from all the panoramic sites. In our sketch down the river, overlooking the village, the waters sweep away in exceedingly graceful outlines.

From Cattawissa down to Northumberland, we meet with no points claiming extraordinary attention. The road here drops off from the water; occasionally, however, touching or nearly approaching it, and every where traversing an agreeably diversified country of intermingled forest and meadow land—well besprinkled throughout with villages and farms. The canal still accompanies the river; and the tow-path—as also the shores—often present graceful scenes, with an occasional vista of marked beauty. Fine groups of trees abound every where.

Northumberland, if it had fulfilled its ancient promise, and made good use of its eligible business position, and whilome prestige of success, would now be one of the most thriving towns in the State. But when called to account for its "time misspent and its fair occasions gone forever by," like the idle steward, it brings back only its one buried talent. Here the great west branch of the Susquehanna joins the parent river; and here, too, the western division of the canal unites with the main route. Eighty miles up the west branch, the scenery is scarcely less attractive than that which we have passed in the vicinage of Nanticoke; yet being more out of the way of general travel, is much less visited by the hunter of the picturesque.

Northumberland is as much favored pictorially as geographically. Its position, in the apex formed by the two great arms of the Susquehanna, is admirably seen in the noble view up the river from the bold hills on the opposite side. Upon the summit of these bluffs a grotesque fancy has perched certain ungainly looking wooden summer-houses, which lean over the precipice, *à la* Pisa and Saragossa.

Several immense bridges connect the cape of Northumberland with the opposite shores. The Susquehanna bridges are, from the usual great width of the river, always of such leviathan length, as to compel especial notice. It is a journey for a lazy man to traverse one of them: *par exemple*, the Columbia bridge, which is a mile and a half from one extremity to the other. These bridges, being made of wood, and generally roofed, are more useful than ornamental. They not unfrequently hide charming stretches of hill and river with their uncouth bulk.

In the present culinary condition of the land, we can not conscientiously advise our dainty readers to tarry long any where in the next forty miles, between Northumberland and the meeting of the river with the Juniata. The artist, however, and all others who look up to the bright sky and abroad upon the smiling face of Nature, before they poke their noses into the kitchens, may halt here and there with advantage.

The lake form of the river, seen below from Liverpool, with its far-off distance of interlacing hills, broken by nearer headlands and varied island groups, makes, if not a very striking, at least a most pleasing picture. The canal, from this point onward, winds through a particularly interesting region. At one moment it is buried in the dense shadow of over-arching leafage; and anon, huge rocky cliffs tower up in the foreground —a narrow ravine lets in a dash of sunshine across the balustrade of the little bridge at the bend of the water in the middle-distance; while far off, on the opposite side, sweep the gallant floods and the smiling islands of the great river.

The last picture of this series is a peep up the Susquehanna, from the tow-path near the mouth of the Juniata. The great width of the waters here and onwards, produces that high delight in the contemplation of Nature—the grateful sensation of distance and space—the secret of the universal pleasure afforded in the wide-reaching views commanded by mountain-tops. To many hearts the thousand variations in the picturesque, yet more confined, defiles and passes presented in the upper waters of the river, offer no compensation for the absence of this quality of expanse and freedom. The waters here are so shallow as to expose long capes of sand bar, often covered with cattle; and indeed the cows, in their search for relief from the summer heat, wander far out into the river, where they seem like little groups of islands; a singular appearance, which would be odd enough in a picture, which is never received with that unquestioning faith given to Nature herself, however surprising her eccentricities.

We ought not, perhaps, to omit cautioning the tourist against certain dregs which may lie at the bottom of the cup of pleasure he may dip from the waters of the Susquehanna. While inhaling the soft airs of brightening morn, or the zephyrs of gloaming eve, he must have a care of the miasmas with which they are mingled—the dews and fogs, so productive of the much-feared agues and fevers. This ill is one to which all the river shores of Pennsylvania are more or less exposed. Few of the inhabitants but have experiences to relate thereof, and the stranger must maintain a proper vigilance, or he will certainly come away a wiser if not a better man.

At the junction of the Juniata with the Susquehanna, we touch the grand lines of railway and canal from the Atlantic to the far West. One hour's journey will transport us, if we please, to the State capital, from whence we may readily plunge again into the stream of busy life.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WAGRAM.

NAPOLEON had now, in Vienna, nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was entrenched opposite the metropolis, with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria, powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous enginery of war to dispute the passage! This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna, the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long, and three miles wide. The two channels, which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in times of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island. To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about twelve hundred yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to the left bank of the river, was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians. For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking

heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon balls. These were all carefully arranged so that, at the last moment there should be nothing to do, but to throw them into the river.

At ten o'clock at night on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Concealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place, to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel. Along this single pass the French army began to defile. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge traversed the island, and promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shore. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed that by noon of the next day the bridges were completed, and a road cut across the island. During the afternoon, and the whole of the succeeding night, the troops defiled without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining every thing, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

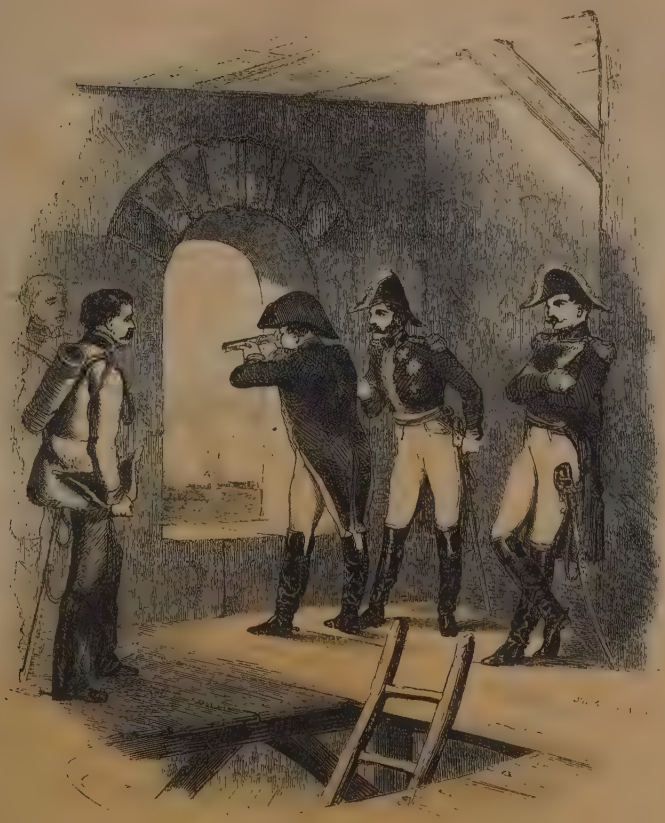
For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition-wagons, and baggage-wagons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st, found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still not one half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon several of the boats, composing the great bridge, were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marchfield. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoitre. The whole northern horizon was illumined by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon from the steeple of Essling discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the archduke, marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marchfield. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-wagons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marchfield.

Napoleon was confident that could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was every where present, entirely exposed to



THE CHURCH-TOWER AT ESSLING.

the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures the Austrians set adrift large boats loaded with stones; and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridges, making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery-wagons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot, which swept the water.

Darkness, at length, put an end to the bloody conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illumined the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw cutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the blood-stained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river. Notwithstanding the Herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were

made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Still, during the night, nearly thirty thousand men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about sixty thousand men in order of battle. With these and with the fresh troops still continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6000 horse, and with resistless vigor charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The central charge swept every thing before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and in refluent waves rolled back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" rang like thunder peals above the clangor of the battle.

At that critical moment the disastrous intelligence was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time, were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition-wagons which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor,

MASSENA HOLDING THE POSITION

NAPOLEON AND LANNES.

with but one half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100.000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors, they interpreted the defenseless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy, the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marchfield. Two hundred pieces of artillery plowed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke upon their serried squares. The ranks continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and reserving their fire that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heart-rending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting every thing in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed:

"Lannes! do you not know me? It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes! you will yet be preserved to us."

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and pressing his hand said, "I wish to live to serve you and my country. But in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms, and your best friend. May you live and save the army."

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, "Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army." But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the unintermitted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.*

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days, and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon when at St. Helena, "of none but me." Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better; yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a Providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicity rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition, he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape from him; but he would have blown out the brains of any one who had ventured to repeat it. Originally his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and at the period of his death he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honor; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The Archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood, smoke, and flame, the fusiliers of his Guard, as perfect a body of soldiers as military discipline could create. To their commander Napoleon said, "Brave Mouton, make one more effort to save the army. Let it be decisive; for after these fusiliers, I have

* To Josephine he wrote: "The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply afflicts me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it." Subsequently Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honor to the Empress.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

NAPOLEON AT WAGRAM.

nothing left but the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, a last resource to be expended only in case of disaster."

Five times had the Austrian columns been hurled upon Essling. Five times had they been driven back by the indomitable defenders. The French were fighting one against four, and were rapidly falling before their assailants, when General Rapp and General Mouton, heading two divisions of the fusiliers, came to their rescue. They saw the desperate state of affairs, and grasping each other's hands, in token of a death-defying support, rushed headlong, with fixed bayonets, through a tempest of balls and shells, and grape and bullets, upon the Austrians, and swept them from the village. A battery from the isle of Lobau poured a raking fire of grape on the repulsed masses, and Essling was again saved.

The conflict had now raged almost without interruption for thirty hours. Fifty thousand mangled bodies, the dead and the dying, were spread over the plain. During the whole day Napoleon had been exposed to every peril, and had been deaf to all entreaties to shelter a life on which the safety of all depended. In the midst of the action, General Walther, appalled by the danger which threatened the Emperor, as bullets swept away the officers and the privates who were near him, exclaimed, "Retire, Sire, or I will order my grenadiers forcibly to remove you."

The evening twilight was now approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat during the night into the island of Lobau. So long as the two posts of Aspern and Essling were secure, the retreat of the army was insured. The Austrians still kept up a tremendous cannonading, to which the French could make no reply. Napoleon sent to Massena to inquire if he could still hold Aspern. The staff-officer found the indomitable general, harassed with fatigue, blackened with smoke, and with blood-shot eyes, seated upon a heap of smoking ruins, with the mutilated bodies of the dead strewn all around him. In emphatic tones, characteristic of his iron will, he replied, "Go tell the Emperor that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Satisfied upon this point, Napoleon crossed the bridge to the island, to select a site for the encampment of his troops. The spectacle which the banks of the river presented was indeed heart-rending. He pressed along through the wounded and the dying, painfully affected by their piteous moans, which filled his ear. After exploring the island on horseback, in all directions, he satisfied himself that the army could find in it an entrenched camp which would be unassailable, and where it might take shelter for a few days, until the great bridge could be repaired.

It was now night. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and a cold and dismal rain drenched the exhausted armies. Napoleon crossed the island and looked out upon the wild and surging flood which had swept away his bridge, and which seemed hopelessly to separate him from one half of his troops. He immediately con-

vened his general officers in a council of war. It was not, however, his object to ask advice, but to give it, and thus to infuse his own undying energy into the spirit of the desponding. He sat down, in the darkness and the rain, under a tree, upon the banks of the black and rushing flood, and waited for Massena, Davoust, Bessieres, and Berthier to join him. The flame of a camp fire illumined the sombre scene. "Let the reader," says Savary, who was present on this occasion, "picture to himself the Emperor, sitting between Massena and Berthier, on the banks of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained a vestige, Marshal Davoust's corps on the other side of the broad river, and behind, in the island of Lobau, the whole army, separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, and deprived of all means of extricating itself from this position—and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."

The Emperor was perfectly calm and confident, displaying as much of fortitude in the endurance of disaster as he had exhibited of heroism in braving death. Some of his generals were entirely disheartened, and proposed an immediate retreat across the island of Lobau, and then, by means of boats, across the broad arm of the Danube to the opposite shore, where they

NAPOLEON AND THE DYING OFFICER.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUTHFUL ASSASSIN.

could be joined by the rest of the army, and could defend themselves in Vienna. Napoleon listened patiently to all the arguments, and then said:

"The day has been a severe one. But it can not be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a huge river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss, in killed and wounded, is great. But that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army in Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three-fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous reinforcements which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary's. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed in what has happened we must consider ourselves as very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which was no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause for discouragement. It is necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night, without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all, without losing honor."

"But there is another retrograde movement both dishonoring and disastrous. It is to repass not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can, with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon, one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000 men, which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us ten thousand of the wounded, who in a month might be capable of service. Under such circumstances we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case it is not a retreat to Vienna but to Strasbourg for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugene, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the

empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davoust," said he, turning to them, "you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done."

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardor of the moment the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, "You are a man of courage, Sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us not lose our victorious attitude. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavor to cross in pursuit of us." Davoust, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack, during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night Napoleon with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected, and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors, whom his foresight had provided, were found invaluable in this trying hour.

At midnight Massena commenced the retreat, aided by the darkness, the rush of the tempest, and the utter exhaustion of the enemy. Division after division defiled by the small bridge, carrying with them all the wounded, and all the material of war. It was not till the lurid morning dawned that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement of the French. They immediately commenced the pursuit, and opened a brisk fire upon the crowded bridge. Massena remained upon the left bank amidst the storm of balls, resolved to be the last man to cross. Defiantly he looked about in all directions, to satisfy himself that not one wounded man, one cannon, or any object of value, was left behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the straggling horses he caused to be driven into the river, and forced them to swim across it. At last, when every duty was performed, and the bullets of the Austrian sharp-shooters were whistling around him, he stepped upon the bridge. The cables were then cut, and the floating mass was swept to the island shore, to which the other end of the bridge was attached. Thus terminated this horrid conflict of two days. It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the numbers of the slain. As the French, behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, and by the configuration of the ground, fought much of the time under cover, while their foes were in the open field, the loss of the Austrians was much the most severe. It is generally stated that 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 Frenchmen perished on that bloody field. Of the wounded, also, multitudes lingered through joyless years, in the military hospitals of Austria and of France. "It was the height of insanity," say the critics who write by the peaceful fireside, "for Napoleon, under such circumstances, to attempt to cross the river in the face of so powerful a foe." "And it would have been still more insane," Napoleon calmly replied, "for me to have remained in Vienna, while five hundred thousand men were rushing from all quarters to cut off my communications, and to envelop my comparatively feeble army in ruin."

Napoleon in the mean time threw himself upon a bundle of straw, and for a few moments soundly slept. But before the dawn of the morning he was again on horseback, superintending the movements of the troops. He foresaw that a month at least would be requisite to await the subsidence of the flood, and to prepare for the passage of the Danube in a manner which would bid defiance to accident. He immediately commenced works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, an enduring monument of the energy of Napoleon, and of the skill of his engineers. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks one large bridge was constructed across the stream, upon piles which reared themselves above the highest flood-mark. The bridge was twelve hundred feet long, formed of sixty arches, and on which three carriages could pass abreast. Upon the broad platform of this magnificent structure any quantity of artillery and cavalry could pass. About a hundred feet below this another bridge, on piles, was reared, and intended for the passage of the infantry. Both of these bridges were protected by strong works above them, to break the force of the current. Added to this there was a bridge of boats; so that the French could pass to the islands in three columns. The whole island of Lobau was converted into an intrenched camp of impregnable strength. Batteries were reared, mounting howitzers and mortars capable of throwing projectiles to a great distance.

To deceive the Archduke, he took all possible pains to convince the enemy that he would cross where he had effected a passage before. He consequently erected here numerous and magnificent works to command the opposite shore. But the most important preparations were secretly made to cross a few miles further down the river. He had every thing so admirably arranged that in a few minutes several thousand men could cross the small branch, and take the Austrian advance-posts; that in two hours fifty

thousand others could deploy on the enemy's side of the river; and that in four or five hours one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, forty thousand horses, and six hundred guns could pass over to decide the fate of the campaign.

In crossing the river under such circumstances, it is necessary, first, to send some resolute men to the opposite side in boats, while exposed to the fire of the enemy. They disarm or kill the advance-post, and fix the moorings to which the boats are to be attached which float the bridge. Planks are promptly spread upon the floats. The army then rushes along the narrow defile as rapidly as possible. To facilitate the operation, Napoleon had large flat-bottomed boats constructed, capable of carrying three hundred each, and having a movable gunwale of thick plank to protect the men from musketry, and which being let down upon hinges would greatly facilitate the landing. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats. Thus fifteen hundred men could be carried over almost instantaneously at each point of passage. A hawser was to be immediately attached to a tree, and the boats were to ply along it to and fro. The construction of the bridges was immediately to begin. Every thing being precisely arranged, and each individual man knowing exactly what he had to do, and with formidable batteries beating off the enemy, Napoleon was satisfied that in two hours he could have four bridges completed, and fifty or sixty thousand men on the opposite side of the river in battle array. To enable a column of infantry to debouch on the instant the advanced guards had crossed in the flat boats, Napoleon invented a bridge of a novel description. The common way of making a bridge is to moor a series of boats side by side, and then cover them with planks. Napoleon conceived the idea of having a bridge in one single piece, composed of boats bound together beforehand, in one long line capable of spanning the stream. One end was then to be made fast to the shore, the other pushed out into the river would be carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank, to which it was to be attached by men who were to run along it for the purpose. It was calculated, and rightly, as the result proved, that a few moments would be sufficient for this beautiful operation. To guard against any possible disappointment, timber, rafts, and pontoons were arranged that four or five additional bridges might very speedily be thrown across the stream. Napoleon was incessantly employed galloping from point to point, watching the progress of the works, and continually suggesting new ideas. His genius inspired the engineers. At the same time he took infinite pains to guard against any revolt from the inhabitants of Vienna. Discipline was rigorously observed. Not one offensive act or expression was permitted. Every breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the mean time, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the passage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the Island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the Isle of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and gray coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the Isle of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good." "It will not make us drunk," replied one of their number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered a distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor, a few days before, for the army, had been purloined, and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial, and condemned to be shot.

The fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the armies. It was a favorable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore, rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells, blended with the flashes of the lightning; and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery, mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embar-

rassment, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gayly caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines, with the most enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the Emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have indeed," said the Archduke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over, that I may throw them into the river." "*Very good*," rejoined the Emperor. "But do not let too many of them come across."*

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions not merely so that they *might* be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men, extending in dense masses of infantry and cavalry, along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon-balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death, than if they had been snow flakes. Napoleon was every where present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the marred visage, and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers, into the dust. Thousands in either army who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon-balls plowed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress, which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop, a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced the most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians slowly retiring in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the Archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step, huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Mac-

* This remark became subsequently quite a byword in the army.

donald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge the head of that column disappeared, as if it sank into the earth; while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unhurt amid his falling guard; and with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valor which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die, to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes, by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. *Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward,' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answers the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the Empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him drop from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon with his glass earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Anxiously Napoleon kept his eye upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust was seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessieres was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest of cannon-balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessieres was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go, I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

The Emperor sent Savary to see if the Marshal were still alive. Most singularly, Bessieres, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said, "The ball which struck you, Marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe, in the face of an army one hundred and fifty thousand strong, supplied with all the most destructive enginery of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy, on their own ground, with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the

field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians, and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that four days after the battle the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony. The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot. He knelt beside him, felt of his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognized his Emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes. But he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last. After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped, and offered his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears, and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!" *

Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped and gazed for a moment, sadly, upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every thing." *

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy.† A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though sick and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and every thing to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It

* Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who joined the Pretender, and after the battle of Culloden escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles, and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt, he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no son.

* "There was no injury," says Savary, "Napoleon was so well disposed to forgive as that which was personal to himself. A single good action had the effect of removing from his mind the unfavorable impression created by ten bad ones. But a breach of the laws of honor, or a breach of courage, would forever ruin, in his mind, the person guilty of either."

† "Napoleon's attention," says Savary, "was particularly directed to the hospitals, and he had them regularly visited by his aids-de-camp. After the battle he made them the bearers of a gratuity of sixty francs, in crown pieces, to each wounded soldier, and from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred francs to each of the officers, according to their respective ranks. He sent still larger sums to the wounded generals. The Emperor's aids-de-camp had for several days no other occupation to attend to. I can assert, as far as concerned myself, that I was constantly engaged during forty-eight hours in making the distribution to three of the hospitals. The Emperor had given orders that this should be done in the manner most calculated to soothe the feelings of the wounded. The visits to the hospitals, for example, were made by the aids-de-camp in full uniform, accompanied by the war-commissary, the officers of health, and the director. The secretary of the hospital went before them, with the register of the sick in hand, and named the men as well as the regiment to which they belonged; after which twelve five-franc pieces were placed at the head of the bed of each wounded soldier; this sum being taken out of baskets full of money, carried by four men dressed in the Emperor's livery. These gratuities were not drawn from the military chest, but entirely supplied out of the Emperor's private purse.

"A collection might have been made, no less valuable as materials for the Emperor's history than as redundant to his glory, of the many expressions of gratitude uttered by these gallant fellows, as well as of the language in which they gave vent to their love and attachment to his person. Some of the men could not hope to spend those twelve crown-pieces; but, at the very brink of death, the tears running down their cheeks, strongly indicated how feelingly alive they were to this mark of their general's remembrance. At no time did I feel so enthusiastic an admiration of the Emperor as when he was attending to the wants of his soldiers. His heart expanded at hearing of any service rendered to them, or of his being the object of their affection. He has been accused of being unsparing of their lives. But they never encountered any danger without having him at their head. He was every thing at once. Nothing but the basest malevolence can calumniate the sentiment which was nearest his heart, and which is one of the numberless claims which his immense labors have given him to the homage of posterity. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he loved them in return. It is impossible that they could have for him a greater attachment than he entertained for them."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself*, vol. ii. pp. 96–97.

has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war. And yet throughout his career he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures. And I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest." All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is the prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all." The other party contended: "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words: "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice."*

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schönbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did every thing in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavored to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English on the 31st of July landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilities, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote: "Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the fever of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind entrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion." He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet above Antwerp; but by no means to sink hulls of vessels in the channel of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it. In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote: "It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was necessary to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of

* Bernadotte ventured to arrogate to himself the privilege of issuing an independent bulletin, in which he claimed for the Saxon troops under his command a principal share in the victory. Napoleon, justly displeased, caused the following private order to be distributed to each marshal of his army: "His Imperial Majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Corvo's order, which was inserted in the public journals of the 7th of July. As his Majesty commands his army in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning to all their respective degrees of glory. His Majesty owes the success of his arms to *French* troops, and not to others. The Prince of Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops of secondary merit, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honor. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His Majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may operate as a caution to every marshal not to attribute to himself more glory than is due to him. That the Saxon army, however, may not be afflicted, his Majesty desires that this order may be kept secret."

an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control. And yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his most envenomed historians. Francis, finding it in vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid, M. Bubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good nature, and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said:

"If you will deal honestly with me we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy, by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I give you my word that I have no wish to do so.*

The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of those about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event. Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied: "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of the empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "if that be so, I authorize you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose any thing on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Gallicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route toward Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I can not have that influence but by becoming the neighbor of the Turkish Empire. By hindering me from crushing the English, as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet halfway. I will consent to fresh sacrifices. I renounce the '*uti possidetis*.'* I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon upper Austria to the Ems; I give up the Ems, and even Traun, and restore Lintz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurth. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."†

"After this long and amicable interview," says Thiers, "in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna so familiarly as to pull him by the mustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful." On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schönbrunn with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that

* "To separate the three crowns would be to destroy the House of Austria; and to do that required two or three more great victories, which Napoleon was very likely to gain, but which would, probably, make Europe desperate, alarm Russia, and disgust her with our alliance, and cause a general rising of the nations."—THIERS, *Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxvii. p. 816.

* "*Uti possidetis*;" a basis of settlement by which each party retains the territories which their respective armies occupy, subject to such exchanges as may be mutually convenient. Napoleon was in possession of Vienna and of nearly the whole valley of the Danube, including a population of nine millions of inhabitants, which amounted to one-third of the Austrian empire. Upon this basis, Austria would be compelled to cede, from other portions of her dominions, as much territory and population as might be restored to her in the centre of her monarchy.

† Accounts of this interview, drawn up both by Napoleon himself and by M. Bubna, are deposited in the Imperial archives.

greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible. On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I have renounced the basis of *uti possidetis*. I relinquish my claim to a population of more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent every thing to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one sovereign to tell another, in writing, *You do not know what you say*."

In all this delay and these subterfuges, Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his embassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away until the middle of October in disputes of the diplomatists over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schönbrunn. A young man, about 19 years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a criminal purpose. With perfect composure he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon. He sent for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye, beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he, kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No!" Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and have ruined it by the war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, Sire," the boy replied, "that your Majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes!" the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no! if we have war."

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was reconducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.*

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers. "I can not make so many promotions," said Napoleon, "Berthier has already made me do too much in that way." Then turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant."—"That may be, Sire," General Rapp replied, "but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body, implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request. "It is for your advantage," said he,

* "An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befell Napoleon at Schönbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

"that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion, I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I can not expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act. "Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and bursting, like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterraneous fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar, which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy. These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of *Bavaria*, that his ally might not be again so defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the Kingdom of *Saxony*. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Poland, rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being again ravaged by Austrian troops.* The infant kingdom of *Italy*, Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory, that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signally developed his native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognize any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives. "When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation.—Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, *furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn*." According to such representations, Napoleon was indeed a wayward lover; making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis!*

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Staps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland, would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily growing hostility of the haughty empress-mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France

* The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

* Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honor of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Leoben, and that as soon as he was in Egypt she had again grasped arms; that she had again signed the treaty of Luneville, after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword, only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism, which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.*

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous foes, are alleged as proofs of insatiable ambition and a blood-thirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army. "Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government. But I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the protestations of sincerity which were then made to me, rest assured that I should not have retired, as I did, from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence, from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended his reply in these words, "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances of good or bad fortune. But at the same time you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French, by Wellington, at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to manœuvre more awkwardly. I can not be present every where."

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thralldom of Austria.* Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Würzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to rouse the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Hungarians!—The moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language; you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed

* Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are entirely in the hands of your Majesty. You may give me a certain pledge, in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth, on the interests of Russia in connection with *the late kingdom of Poland*." Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us. But the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves. Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "*If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated, 'the world is not large enough,'* for I desire nothing further in it." The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense, that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition*, in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war.—See Bignon, viii. 351, 354.

* Souvenirs Historiques de M. Le Baron Meneval, vol. i. p. 303.

how deeply he had lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavements laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not triumphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp.

"Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the House of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless: I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side.

"I committed a great fault after the battle of Wagram in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle I should have made known by proclamation that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia."

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men; but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognized leader, they quarreled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies six hundred leagues distant upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro. The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem. It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages. But they found that easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure. And I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 31st of May, 1809: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who can not bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavoring to tame them; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again on the 17th of June he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State: "I can not with propriety omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his Majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for

for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal, was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandizement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal. "So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

BERTHA'S LOVE.

PART II.

IT was a strange sensation, the awakening from what seemed to me a long sleep. I had never had a severe illness in my life before, and when I opened my eyes languidly, and became feebly conscious of myself, I felt a vague wonderment whether I was reviving to the same existence, or to a new one. I tried to remember what I had been—what had happened before the long sleep came, but the mere effort of memory dizzied me, and I closed my eyes again, and lay passive, till a stir in the room aroused me.

I felt some one draw near me. I looked, and saw Mary bending over my bed.

The innocent face, the soft eyes, brought all back to my mind. I could not suppress a low cry, as I hid my face, and turned from her—*remembering!*

She, poor child! uttered fond, soothing words to me, while her tears fell on my hands—my shrunken, pallid hands—which she clasped in her own, and ever and anon pressed lovingly to her lips. Then she gently raised my head, and supported it on her bosom. I had no strength to move away. I was constrained to lie still, and bear her caresses, only closing my eyes, that they might not meet the tender, steadfast gaze of hers.

"My darling, my darling Bertha," she kept saying, "you are better, you will be well now, thank heaven!"

And she, with her soft, cool hands, smoothed the hair from my forehead, and then kissed it.

"You know me, don't you, dear?" she asked, presently. "You will say one word to me?"

"What has been the matter?" I said, startled by a sudden fear. "Have I been ill—delirious?"

"Hush, darling! Keep quite still and quiet. No, you have not been so ill as that; and now I trust there is no danger of it. But we were afraid."

I sighed—a deep sigh of relief. I heard her saying more, and I gathered from her words, interrupted as they were by tears and sobs, that I had broken a blood-vessel, and that they had for some hours despaired of my recovery.

"And it was for me, for me," she went on; "it was in saving me you nearly lost your life. Oh, Bertha! if you had died."

A passionate burst of weeping choked her voice. I repeated softly to myself—

"If I had died!—ah, if I had died!"

"It would have broken our hearts," sobbed Mary—"mine and—and Geoffrey's. We should never have been happy again. Poor Geoffrey!" she repeated, arousing herself suddenly, "I am forgetting him in my own gladness. He has been waiting and watching in such terrible anxiety. I must run and tell him. Let him come and speak to you at the door."

"No, no!" I cried, clutching her dress, to detain her. "You must not. I can not—I can not bear it."

I was too feeble to assume the faintest semblance of composure. Even when I caught her look of innocent surprise, I could not dissemble any the more. I fell back, closing my eyes, and hardly caring whether she suspected or not. But hers was too transparent a nature to suspect. She smoothed my pillow, and kissed my hot brows with her fresh lips—blaming herself the while, in low murmurs, for her thoughtlessness in exciting me. Then she stole softly out of the room.

Geoffrey must have been waiting in the next chamber. I heard his voice, uplifted in a rapturous thanksgiving—*his* voice, blessing God that I was saved! Somehow, it fell on my heart with a strange pang, which yet was not all pain; and, like a thick cloud breaking and dissolving into rain, a heavy choking sob burst from me; and I wept blessed, gentle tears, such as I had never yet known. And then, exhausted, like a troubled child, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I heard subdued voices in the room. I distinguished Doctor Ledby's grave tones pronouncing that I was now out of all danger; that I should recover—slowly, perhaps, but surely. Then I felt some one come and hang over me as I lay, and, languidly opening my eyes, I saw my father gazing on me, with more affection expressed in his face than I had ever dreamed he cherished for me. It sent a thrill to my heart, half-pleasure, half-remorseful pain, for the bitter things I had sometimes thought of his want of love for me.

"I am awake, father," said I; and he kissed me tenderly, and with great emotion.

"We have been in much trouble about you, child," said he, hoarsely. "We thought—we thought—"

He broke off, and turned hastily away. Then my step-mother came. Even she, cold and impassive as was her disposition, showed kindness, almost tenderness toward me now. She busied herself in settling my pillows, brought me a cooling draught, and in various ways testified her interest and solicitude. And she was habitually so indolent and indifferent, that such trifling offices assumed quite a new importance in her.

"Now, then," said she, sinking down in a chair, when her labors were concluded, "I will sit by you for awhile. Your nurse is taking a walk in the shrubbery, by Doctor Ledby's desire. Poor child! she was quite pale and worn with watching so anxiously; and Geoffrey fairly dragged her out of the house."

"I can see them now walking together in the laurel-path," said my father, who was standing at the window. "They are talking earnestly enough. They make a pretty pair of lovers."

I could see them, too. I kept silence.

"Bertha, my dear," added he, walking to my bedside again, and assuming something of his old manner, "are you prepared to be a heroine in these parts?—to have your name immortalized in guide-books, and mis-pronounced by garrulous old women? I hear they already call that creek, 'Bertha's,' and that rock, 'The Escape.' And you may expect an ode and two or three sonnets in the next *Cornish Luminary*."

I smiled. It may have been a very sickly smile, for my father again turned away, and again grew unwontedly grave.

"We must not talk too much to our invalid," considerately said he.

And he, with great caution, quitted the room. My remaining companion sat mute, and sorted her wools; while I lay, with clenched hands, and head buried in the pillow, and had time to think, and to remember, and to look forward. But I could do neither. Mentally, as well as physically, I was so weak that I was unable to penetrate the confused haze which enshrouded my thoughts. And in the vain endeavor to cleave through this chaos, consciousness partly floated from me, and, without being asleep, I lay as if in a dream, knowing where I was, and all that was passing around me, but in utter abeyance of all thought. In this state I heard Mary enter the room. I felt her come and look at me. Then followed a whispered conversation with some one else. Then—then—Geoffrey stood at my bedside. I felt him there—his gaze fixed on my face. Once he touched my hand—he pressed his lips on it. Emotion seemed frozen within me. I lay passive the while—conscious of all, but still and quiet. It was as if I were dead, and he bending over my corpse.

"Bless her—God bless her!" said he, presently, in a strangely broken and suppressed voice. "But for her, oh, Mary! what had been my life now?"

"Hush, darling!" came in the timid tones of Mary; "you will awaken her."

He turned to her. In my strange waking trance I seemed to see how he took her in his arms, and looked into her face. For a little time there was silence.

"God is very good," said he, at length, "to have given two such dear ones to me, Mary, and to have preserved them both through the peril that threatened them. If even after you were saved, Bertha had died—"

"Oh, terrible, terrible!" murmured Mary, shuddering. "Ah, dear Geoffrey! that would have been worse than all; far, far worse than if I—"

"No, darling—there could be no worse than that."

Very quietly they talked with a subdued and solemn cadence in their voices. Like tones heard in a dream, it all fell on my ears—to become afterward a remembrance more distinct than the reality.

"How pale and still she is!" whispered Mary. "And how altered since this illness. She was so full of life and energy when I first saw her. Only a few short weeks ago, Geoffrey, do you remember?"

"Yes, dear, I remember well."

"How different her face is now. Oh, Geoffrey!" She stopped weeping. He soothed her tenderly, as a mother might a petted child.

"To think that but for me all this sorrow had never been," faltered she. "Bertha would have been spared this suffering had I never come to Cliffe."

"Do you wish you had never come to Cliffe, Mary?" asked his low, fervent voice.

"Ah, no—no! If you do not."

"I! Heaven forgive me, darling! but a whole world of misery would seem to me a cheap purchase of what I have won."

He spoke passionately, impetuously, and she was quick to calm him.

"Hush," she said, gently, "you will waken poor Bertha."

But I did not wake. I lay still and placid—soulless, as it seemed, and pangless, long after they had left me.

My memory of the next few days is vague and uncertain. I was kept very quiet, rarely spoke, and remained, for the most part, motionless and with closed eyes, so that they often thought me asleep when I was only thinking.

Mary was constantly with me. Her love was devoted, untiring. It would not be discouraged by coldness, and it seemed content to be unreturned. She was the tenderest, the most watchful of nurses. And every one was very kind to me. My father, my step-mother; all those of whom I had thought so hardly that they did not care for me. Sometimes now I reflected remorsefully, that if they had not hitherto shown me much affection it might have been my own fault.

I had no right to quarrel with natures for being over reticent.

Geoffrey sent me the freshest flowers every morning, and scoured the country for fruits and delicacies to tempt my appetite. And once or twice he came in to see me. These interviews were very brief—very silent. No one wondered—I was still so feeble.

I regained strength but slowly. It was long before I left my bed. And the autumn was far advanced when, for the first time, my father carried me down stairs into the cheerful sitting-room, and laid me on the sofa near the window.

I looked out into the garden; saw the trees wearing their golden tints; the laurels in the shrubbery waving about in the wind; the little wicket-gate; beyond that, the cliff; beyond still, the great sea, flashing in the noon sunlight. I remembered the last time I had passed out at that gate on to the cliff.

Mary was beside me, busied in some tender cares for my comfort. With a sudden impulse I passed my arm round her. It was the first expression of the new and softer feeling rising in my heart for her.

Poor child! she nestled her head in my bosom, weeping in a torrent of gratitude and joy. She must have been often cruelly wounded by the kind of sullen endurance with which hitherto I had received all her tenderness. For it was long before her patient love won its way and softened my rebellious heart. But she could not tell—she could not guess. It must have been a mystery to her always—the strange fitful humor of my love for her, which one minute would make me clasp her in a passionate embrace, and the next gently, but irresistibly, put her from me.

As I did now. I had struggled—God knows I had!—I had battled with the fierce tides of feeling that ever and anon surged within me, convulsing my whole being, feeble as I was, till the little vitality I had remaining seemed to leave me. I had learned the new lesson of striving against myself—against the strongest, wildest part of my nature. But I was young yet, and the instincts of youth are so passionate, so uncontrollable. They rebel so fiercely against suffering—they will shriek out, and dash themselves impotently against the strong despair, even until it stuns them into silence.

And I untwined Mary's clinging arms, and turned my head away from her. She sat contentedly beside me, playing with my hands, which she kept possession of.

How thin they were and pallid! When I looked at them, after a while, and then at Mary's, what a contrast! She was amusing herself by taking the rings from her own fingers and placing them on mine. There was one—an opal set among diamonds—which sparkled brightly.

"A pretty ring," said I, languidly, taking it to look more nearly at it; "I never noticed it before."

"No," said Mary, drooping her head, shyly, "I—I never had it till last evening."

I gave it back to her. She tried to put it on one of my fingers, but they were all too shrunken, and it slipped off.

"'Tis of no use," said I, and I drew my hand away; "it is a faithful ring, and will only be worn by its mistress." And again I turned my face and gazed out.

"Don't look away from me," said Mary, pleadingly, "because—because I want to tell you—this ring—Geoffrey gave me."

"I know," I answered, quickly; "I understand—all. You need tell me nothing."

She seemed relieved, and scarcely surprised. For a moment she looked in my face, her own cheeks all flushing, and her eyes only half-raised from the shadow of the lashes. Then she fell weeping on my neck.

"Tell me—tell me you are not sorry," she said, brokenly; "he is so good, and I—oh, I am so unworthy. You knew him long before I did, and you must know how noble he is, and how little I deserve him. But—but I love him, Bertha!"

She raised her head, and looked up straight into my eyes, as she uttered the last words. I pressed the tearful face down again upon my bosom hastily but gently.

"I love him," she again murmured, in a kind of childish dalliance with the words; "I love him dearly!"

I said, after a little while, "Then, Mary, is there no need to fear your worthiness:" and I mechanically repeated the lines:

> "Behold me, I am worthy
> Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king."

"Is that true—is it really so?" she asked, earnestly; "loving much, do we merit much? Because"—and again her cheek crimsoned, and her voice sank timidly—"*then* I know I should deserve him. Who could love him so well as I?"

She had crept closely to me. It was almost more than I could bear. I moved uneasily upon my pillow, disengaging myself from her embrace.

"I am tired," was all I could say: "I should like to sleep."

But her sweet look of innocent self-reproach for having wearied me smote on my heart. When, after carefully arranging my cushions and coverings, she stole quietly away, I called her back. She knelt down at my side, and unsuspectingly the clear, untroubled eyes were raised to mine. I parted the hair on her brow, and twisted the fair tresses listlessly in my fingers.

"I am weak still, dear," I said, the while, "and peevish and capricious often. But you are very patient; you will forgive me."

She was eager with deprecatory words; but I would not heed them. I kissed her tenderly, solemnly; bending over her, as I whispered the words:

"God look on you, and love you always!—you and Geoffrey!"

And when I was alone I prayed the same prayer.

Very gradually I regained strength. I do not care to dwell upon the time of my early convalescence. When I was well enough to need no nursing, Mary returned home; but she came to see me every day, and she was almost more at Cliffe than at F——. Geoffrey would go to fetch her in the morning, and escort her home in the evening: when he returned, I had always retired to my room, so that I saw but little of him, though he was still, nominally, my father's guest.

He was most kind and affectionate to me as ever. If the close and confidential intercourse of old was at an end, it was only natural, and I was very grateful that it should be so.

He had never spoken to me of his engagement with Mary, till one evening, in the dusky twilight, they both came together to my sofa from the window, where they had been for some time talking in low whispers, and Geoffrey, pressing my hand in both of his, told me that he had that day arranged with Mr. Lester—that they were to be married early in the New Year, and that in a day or two he was going to London to see his lawyers.

Mary hid her tearful face in my bosom the while he told me this. I was glad it was so dark.

"And next week I shall go," repeated Geoffrey; "and then—I shall leave Mary in *your* charge, Bertha; and you in hers," he added, as an after-thought. "Poor little invalid! she can not take care of herself yet," he went on, half playfully, half in tender earnest. "I must not burden her with the keeping of my treasure. But I am glad I leave you together."

"And you will not be long away," said Mary, pleadingly; "you will come back very soon? And then Bertha will be quite well—won't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, answering for me; "and able to go with us to Italy. That is what we have planned, dear friend—dear sister. Does it please you?"

I was more than half prepared for some such proposal. I did not attempt to combat it then, and my murmured answer, unintelligible as it was, satisfied him. He went on gayly—

"Do you remember how we used to talk of Rome, and Venice, and Naples, and long to see them—to visit them together, Bertha? Who would have thought our dreams so near realization? Ah!" he continued, with a deep sigh of content, "the world is a better world than I thought it, and life has a great deal of happiness—more than I ever dreamed!"

He paused for a moment. Mary's little hand stole into his.

"I am very happy, too," whispered she; "but not *quite* content—till Bertha is well."

"But Bertha will be well—shall be, *must* be," he cried, in a tone almost of defiance. "My darling's heaven must be cloudless. There shall not be a speck upon it."

"Hush—hush, dear!" she said, timidly; "don't talk so—it is not right. And besides, Bertha is weak, remember." She was always so thoughtful over me! I felt that, and was grateful, even then.

"Dear Bertha," he said, in compunction, "you know my old sins of feverish thoughtlessness. Do I tire you? Shall I go away?"

"No; I am stronger—stronger than I was. Stay."

The words came forth very faintly and gaspingly, though I tried hard to steady them. He was silent for awhile.

"Doctor Ledby says you will recover fast now," he presently said, as if reassuring himself; "and Naples is the place, of all others, for you to winter in. Think of Naples, and Vesuvius, Bertha! Think of the Bay, at which your beloved F—— Bay will have to hide its diminished head for evermore. You will never dare sing its praises again—obstinate patriot though you are."

"And at Naples," added Mary, "we shall meet my brother."

"Ay—there's the grand crisis of delight in *her* mind," cried he, in assumed peevishness; "it's always that brother Arthur, to whom I take exception from the beginning. I know I shall hate him. You have no business to have a brother—nor any thing—but *me*."

Mary laughed merrily. She never noticed the shade of earnestness which I could trace through all his jesting.

"Ah, Bertha," she said, "*you* will like Arthur, I know. *You* are not unreasonable and prejudiced. And he is so good—so clever, too, and—"

"Oh, you inscrutable little schemer!" interrupted Geoffrey; "do you always make a rule of showing your plans beforehand? This dangerously artful person—this terribly manœuvering match-maker—don't you see, Bertha—can't you guess? Ah, you won't answer; but I wish it was light enough to see you smile."

"Be quiet, Geoffrey," urged Mary.

"Oh, I promise you infinite amusement in this young lady's budding diplomatic talents," he persisted. "As for me, I know the programme of her plot by heart—as I ought, having heard it so often. She is quite a female Macchiavelli. I only wish I were going out on a mission: what an invaluable secretary she would be to my embassadorship!"

"I will give you a mission," said she, laughingly—"go and get Bertha some grapes. Her hands are quite hot, and I know your talking is too much for her. Go away, and ask Mrs. Warburton for a bunch."

She pushed him playfully toward the door, through which at length he departed, grumbling, and appealing to me against her tyranny.

I did not see him again that night. Before he returned with the grapes, I had gained my own room, where I was glad to be quiet and at rest.

After that day, I noticed that a certain shade of pensiveness appeared to hang over both the lovers, as the time of their first separation drew

nigh. Geoffrey grew thoughtful often, while watching Mary as she worked, or read, or lay on an ottoman by my sofa, one of her fair arms thrown around me, as she loved to remain, her head half raised, and her loving face peering forth from the midst of her curls. So we were sitting, the very evening before Geoffrey's departure, and I remember how he looked at her, as he stepped into the room from the garden, where he had been pacing the terrace with quick, firm strides for more than an hour. He stopped for a moment on the threshold, gazing on her with eyes whose deep, wild love it seemed to me must have thrilled her—all unconscious as she sat. Then, as I furtively watched his face from under my trembling hand, I saw a changed expression come upon it—an expression of keen, vivid anguish. I had never seen such a look on *his* face before, and it appalled me—smote me out of my forced, stony self-possession. I started up, with a suppressed cry.

"Geoffrey—Geoffrey! what ails you!"

He glanced rebukingly at me, as Mary rose hastily to her feet, and looked alternately at me and at her lover, her whole frame shaking with alarm.

"Bertha, have you wakened out of a bad dream?" he said, while he drew her to his side, and soothed away her fright, "that you horrify this poor child thus?"

I sank back again on my cushions, and closed my eyes.

The poor frightened child hung sobbing on his breast. For a few minutes they did not heed me, and I had time to restore myself to my habitual composure before Mary, breaking from his arms, came to me again.

"Darling Bertha, you terrified me so! Tell me, of what were you dreaming?—that some harm had come to Geoffrey?"

"I hope so, fervently," he broke in, with his old vivacious manner. "I have great faith in the proverb about dreams being fulfilled contrariwise. There could not be a better omen for my approaching journey than that you or Bertha should dream I had broken my neck."

Mary shuddered.

"Oh, don't talk so!" she murmured; "and don't wish us to have such dreams. Think, when you are gone, how dreadful—"

Her voice died utterly away, and she buried her face in my bosom. Again Geoffrey looked on her with that same look which I had scarce strength to endure. Then he turned away, and strode to the window. There he remained, looking out on the wintry, stormy world of sea, and cliff, and snow-covered moor—until Mary rose from beside me, and trying to laugh at her own foolishness, ran from the room to hide her freshly gathering tears.

Geoffrey approached me hastily, even as the door closed upon her. He seized my hand with almost fierce earnestness, and looked down upon me, his face quite wild with agitation.

"Bertha, Bertha! I always feared this happiness could not last. I believe each human soul has its portion allotted from the beginning of its existence—and I—I have drank mine to the dregs already."

I suppose the expression of my face struck him then, for he stopped suddenly, then resumed—

"I am a thoughtless brute, I feel, in talking to you thus—poor, weak, and ill as you are. But, Heaven help me! I feel such a yearning to give vent to this dismal feeling—this sense of foreboding that has come upon me! And Mary—it would kill her if she guessed! I must needs practice hypocrisy with *her*."

"But you must not with me," I said, rising with a sudden effort. "Tell me all that is troubling you. It will do you good to talk unrestrainedly. And you need not fear for me; I am quite strong, and very calm. Now, speak!"

"Blessings on you, my Bertha—my sister!" he said, with a grateful tenderness that for a moment overset my boasted calmness. "Ever since I knew you, you have always been the refuge for my cares—my fits of depression; and you have always done me good. What should I do without you, Bertha?"

"Go on," I said; "tell me what you have to tell, for we may be interrupted. Mary will return."

At the name, his face again grew darkened with a strange gloom.

"How shall I tell you?" he said, hoarsely; "you will not laugh at my weakness—you will understand and pity it. Bertha, do you believe in presentiments?"

He looked fixedly at me, but without waiting my reply, proceeded in a lower, yet more distinct tone—

"For two days I have been conscious of a strange burden on my mind—a mysterious prescience of some ill to come, I don't know of what nature. Whether any ill is pending to me, or—No! not to Mary—not to *her*—but—"

He paused abruptly, and sat as if thinking for awhile. I tried to speak; I could not—I could only remain still, looking at him.

"Did I ever tell you," he suddenly resumed, "about my poor friend Sinclair? He was about to be married, and a week before, he caught a fever, and died on the very day fixed for his wedding."

Still I said nothing. But the glance he gave me taught me something of the look that my own face wore.

"Don't, Bertha—don't think too much of these foolish fancies. I am worse than foolish to infect you with my dismal ideas. Come, let us talk; you will do me good, and make me all right again. Let us be cheerful!"

Looking back upon it now, I can hardly tell how I restrained the agony in my own heart to minister unto him. But I did so. In the gathering twilight we sat, until I had soothed him into a comparative serenity. It was strange, how his reason yet fought against

his sensations. When I urged him to delay his journey for a time, he laughed, and, with something of his old pleasant banter, deprecated such a weakness, and derided himself for yielding to it as much as he had done. And his was always such a mercurial nature, that I felt no surprise at seeing him suddenly shake off all his gloom, and when Mary joined us, become even more than ordinarily vivacious. When the rest of the family joined us, he and my father began arguing in their usual style of quaint warring of wits. Mary sat silent, her fingers busily engaged with some light work; my step-mother, equally speechless, at her unfailing wools; and I—I could lie quite unthought of and unobserved on my sofa in the dark corner, out of the glare of the firelight and the lamp.

Oh, miserable—miserable evening! It was surely not unnatural that I, spite of what seemed my better reason, should be deeply impressed by what Geoffrey had told me. I had carefully avoided letting him see how much I was affected by it; but I could not conceal from myself the feeling of undefined terror and yearning anguish with which I watched him that last evening. I shivered as I gazed on his laughing face, and marveled and doubted within myself whether his mirth were real or assumed. Well as I knew him, in the confusion and pain I had to battle against in my own mind I could not satisfy myself with respect to what was passing in his.

Mary was to stay with me that night, and Geoffrey was to depart early the next morning. When we prepared to separate for the night, he bade adieu to my father and Mrs. Warburton, then he came to me. No one could see his face but I, as he advanced to my sofa. I turned hastily aside, saying I should see him in the morning before he went. I could not bear it—to lie quiet there, bidding him a formal farewell, while my poor faint heart yearned over him in his trouble—his trouble, that I only knew to exist.

And so we dispersed to our several rooms. Directly we were in ours, poor Mary gave vent to the sadness she had been feebly striving to suppress the whole evening. I think I was more selfish than usual that night; I felt more of my old, wicked self stirring within me, than I had for many weeks. As I looked on her lying on the bed, as she had thrown herself in a childlike abandonment, her head buried in her outstretched arms, and her sobs sounding wildly and frequently, I clenched my hands, and bit my lips hard.

"You think you know what grief is," I muttered within myself. "You believe you suffer! You! Can children love, or feel as we do—we, whom God has created women, but planted in our natures all the desperate earnestness of man, together with that unchanging, patient constancy, the fatal and exclusive birthright of every true woman since the world began?"

These thoughts were stirring within me as Mary raised her head, and looked on me with an expression of appealing helplessness.

"Dear Bertha!" she faltered, extending her arms to me—"come to me—take me to your bosom: I am so wretched!". And again her tears burst forth.

> "Thank God—bless God, all ye who suffer not
> More grief than ye can weep for!"

These words passed my lips, coldly and bitterly, almost before I was aware. She turned her sad face reproachfully upon me, with a vague sense of my meaning.

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know!" she said, slowly, and with an effort to subdue her own emotion. "It is childish, I feel, to be miserable because he is going from me for awhile. But ah, Bertha!—though the cause may be foolish, sorrow *is* sorrow, and you should pity me, for I have never known it till now."

I had need to be more than humanly cold and stony to resist her supplicating voice. My heart melted within me, and I clasped her in my arms where she lay, troubled and restless, through the night—only sinking into slumber a little time before the late dawn appeared.

Then we both arose, and descended into the room where Geoffrey's breakfast awaited him. She seated herself at the table, busying herself with the cups, striving very hard to maintain a cheerful look. So fresh, and young, and girlish she appeared, in the cold light of the January morning—trying to smile upon Geoffrey when he came in, and, seeing only her, seated himself beside her.

I was content to be disregarded. It was gladness enough for me to see on his countenance no trace of the fitful agitation of the day before; in his manner neither the heavy gloom, nor the wild vivacity that had then disquieted me so much. He looked quiet, composed, more serious than usual—and, ah! so tenderly loving to the little clinging creature at his side!

We heard gradually drawing near, the tramp of his horse which was coming to take him to meet the coach. Then he rose, and Mary, too.

He had embraced her—had turned away—was leaving the room—when I, in a kind of reckless impulse, tottered forward from my quiet corner, silently holding forth my hand.

"Bertha! is it you?" he exclaimed, astonished—moved even, I thought—and he sprang back to me, and carefully led me again to my seat. "Dear Bertha! And I was going away without seeing you."

"Never mind," I whispered; "only tell me—are you more content?"

"I am quite content," he answered, assuredly. "I only think happily of the time when I shall return."

He was interrupted by Mary, who, seeing him still linger in the room, stole to his side again. He caught her in his embrace, bending over her with love—unutterable—unlimited dilating in his eyes. And then he placed her in my arms, and said:

"I leave my darling in your charge, Bertha! Keep her safely for me till I come. Always love her dearly—(ah! you could not do else!)—be gentle—be tender with her!"

He leaned over me, and kissed my brow. It was the first kiss he ever gave me.

When I opened my eyes, and knew myself again, Mary was lying, pale and still, where he had placed her, and I heard the sound of a horse's gallop dying away in the distance.

The days passed on. Mary was very much with me. She soon recovered, or almost recovered her usual serenity—that true contentment we so seldom see out of childhood. Geoffrey's letters were great aids to this re-establishment of her cheerfulness. The first she received from him; what a delight it was to her! She came running to me, holding it fast to her bosom the while, and began to read it in a transport of eager joyfulness. It was such a new pleasure to her; I believe it well-nigh compensated for the grief of separation. A week before, I should have thought so with some bitterness toward her light, girlish nature. But now my feeling toward her was changed. Geoffrey himself could not have been more tender, more gentle than I was in thought and word, and deed, toward her whom he had so solemnly confided to my care. The echo of his words ever rang in my memory. *Always love her dearly, and be tender with her.*

The days when his letters came were always brighter days to me. I hardly knew the burden of anxiety that constantly rested on my mind, till it was partially relieved by the sight of his familiar hand-writing—the large closely-written pages—exact transcripts, too, his letters ever were of himself—that Mary regularly received. She used to read them to me—part of them, at least—crouching beside my sofa—her face flushed with gladness, her voice becoming broken ever and anon, and dying away into whispers; then bursting forth again in a blithe laugh at some piece of Geoffrey's gayety. Well, I remember them—those clear, cold, winter mornings, when the world looked so dreary without, and the wind wailed, piercing even through the silver joyousness of Mary's laughter.

I had always intended to leave Cliffe before the marriage. I had even arranged my plans so that I could leave without suspicion, and without giving them time to remonstrate. But ever since the night before Geoffrey's departure, the plan—the very idea even, had floated from my mind. All my own pains were merged into the one dim, undefined anxiety I felt for him. All my own sickening wishes to be away—to be alone—yielded now to the passionate yearning I had for his safe return. Day by day the uneasy longing grew more intense; till, to have seen him back again, married to Mary, and happy, I would—ah, it is nothing to say I would have died—I would have lived, and looked forward to living long, long years—tranquil, and at peace!

At length a letter came, announcing the day he proposed to leave London. Three days after that day he would arrive at Cliffe. The marriage would then be arranged, and would certainly follow speedily. Mary's mother, half tears and half smiles at her darling's approaching bridal, had already been busy preparing for it. The wedding-dress had come from London, and the vail, and the orange-flowers. All would be in readiness by the time Geoffrey returned.

And the day fixed for that drew nigh. It came. It had snowed incessantly for three days previously; but that morning shone cloudless, and the sunshine was awaking the red-breasts into joyous warblings, as Mary triumphantly remarked to me, when she drew aside my window-curtains, and urged me to hasten my toilet and come down-stairs.

"Every thing unites to give him welcome back," she said. "Look at the sea, how blue and sparkling it is! We have not seen such a sea for weeks, have we? And even the flowers! I have been into the green-house, and gathered an exquisite bouquet. The obstinate little tea-rose, that has refused to blossom for so long, has positively deigned to unclose a bud this very morning for Geoffrey."

She went on, half-singing to herself, as she arranged two or three geraniums and a spray of myrtle together. When they were fixed to her satisfaction, she came and fastened them in my dress.

"For," she observed, laughing, "we will all look festal—even you, dear, with your plain, high frock, and Quakerish little collar, will condescend to ornament *to-day*. You tremble!" she cried, suddenly. "You are not well, Bertha. What ails you?"

I could not tell her. I did not know myself. I said I was cold. And she hurried me down-stairs to the warm drawing-room—remarking, at the same time, that my face was glowing, and that my hands felt dry and feverish.

"Mamma is coming this morning," she went on, as soon as we were established at the fire-side; "and, do you know, Bertha, I am to try on my wedding-dress. Mamma is to dress me, to see if it is all right. And there is a dress for you, which I have chosen. And you will wear it, won't you, darling? although it isn't made quite in that peculiar, half-puritanical fashion of yours, which I have learned quite to love, because it *is* peculiar to you."

She caressed me fondly. I tried hard to shake off the unaccountable oppression that I labored under. In vain. The while she flitted about the room, laughing, and talking, and caroling snatches of merry songs, I remained mute, as though perforce, with the mysterious, terrible burden weighing heavy on my heart.

Then Mrs. Lester came; and my step-mother and she talked long together, while Mary was appealed to by one or the other, every now and then. Once or twice they spoke to me, and I essayed to answer; but the words came thick and stifled; and, moreover, I failed to catch

the sense of what I said, though I heard distinctly.

"Miss Warburton does not seem quite so well this morning," observed Mrs. Lester, with concern.

"She is sleepy," said Mary, as she hovered about me, and tried to find some little office, in which to busy herself for me. "Let her keep quiet till—" She kissed my closed eyes, and whispered the rest of her sentence.

"Bertha is no authority in matters of this kind," my step-mother placidly remarked. "I never knew a girl who thought so little about dress. Really, it almost becomes a fault, such extreme negligence. But, as we were saying—whether a *ruche* or an edge of blonde will look best," &c., &c.

Presently the door opened, and a servant announced the arrival of Mrs. Lester's maid, with the dresses.

"It's a pity Miss Warburton should have fallen asleep," said Mrs. Lester. "However—"

"Oh, she mustn't be disturbed," cried Mary. "Let her sleep quietly. And," she added, in a lower tone, "I will go and put on my dress, and come in and astonish her when she wakes."

The two elder ladies laughed, assented, and withdrew; and Mary, after once more arranging my plaids and cushions, followed them from the room.

I raised myself when they were gone, and pressing my head with my two hands, I tried to analyze the strange, inscrutable feeling which overpowered me. But even while I sat thus, its nature changed. My heart began to throb, wildly, loudly, so that I could hear its passionate pulsations; and an imperious instinct seemed to turn me toward the door of the room, which opened into the entrance hall.

"Geoffrey is coming already," I said to myself. I repeated it aloud—all the while *feeling* that it was not so—that Geoffrey was *not* near. Yet, at that moment I distinguished a horse's gallop, growing louder, till it ceased at our gate. And then quick footsteps along the gravel path—and then the peal of the outer-door bell, resounding in the house.

"It *is* Geoffrey," I said again, resolutely. "I will go and call Mary."

I knew it to be false. The throbbing at my heart stopped suddenly. I was quite calm, quite prepared for what I saw, when, opening the door, I found a servant listening, with a horror-struck face, to the quick, agitated words of the man who had just dismounted from his horse, and whose disordered appearance told of a hasty journey.

"Who is that?" he whispered to the servant, when he saw me, stopping suddenly in his recital, with a kind of shrinking.

"It is Miss Bertha—Miss Warburton," replied the other.

"*Not* the young lady that—"

"Come in here," said I, steadily. "Tell me all you have to say, and do not alarm any one else in the house. Come in."

He entered, and I closed the door.

"What has happened to Mr. Latimer?"

"Do not be too much—there may be hope—the doctor says," he began, with a clumsy effort at preparation.

"Tell me in as few words as you can," I said; "and tell me the *whole truth*."

"Mr. Latimer arrived by the coach at P—— last night late—or, rather, early this morning. He seemed anxious to get on here at once, and would not be advised against taking horse, and going the remaining thirty miles. The roads, they told him, were in some parts dangerous from the heavy snows; but he said he knew them well, and thought nothing of the risk. About seven miles this side P—— the road runs close beside an old stone quarry. You may know it, Miss?"

"Go on—go on."

"The snow deceived him, we suppose, and he got out of the track. His horse fell with him. He was found there about two hours ago by some laborers. They took him into a little inn near. He was quite insensible; but the people knew who he was, and asked me—"

He was interrupted. The door opened, and there came in, with a buoyant step, a little figure, arrayed in rustling, glancing, dazzling white silk. The delicate lace vail fell cloudily over her head, shading the blushing cheeks—the laughing eyes. And Mary's blithe voice sounded clear and ringing:

"Enter—the bride!"

I had felt calm, as I have said. Heaven knows what she read in my face which struck the smile from her mouth, and sent her flying to my bosom with a terrible cry. There she hung, vainly trying to give speech to the dread that overcame her; while Mrs. Lester, who had followed her into the room, stood transfixed, gazing first at me, and then at the strange messenger.

"For mercy's sake, tell me what has happened?" cried the mother. At length, hurrying to her child—"Mary, my darling, look up—come to me!"

But she kept clinging to me, till I unwound her fragile hold, and laid her—poor, pale child, in her shining bridal robes, on the sofa near.

I do not well know what followed. When at length Mary understood what had happened, her senses gave way, and she fell from one fit into another continuously. It was vain to hope she would recover sufficiently to go to her lover. Geoffrey would not have the blessedness of dying in her arms. But I knew how, if he ever regained consciousness, he would yearn to see her; and I waited long, in an eternity, as it seemed, of torture, in the hope of bearing her with me.

In vain. I set forth alone, leaving her with a tribe of weeping women around her. I sprang on my horse, and in a moment was on my way across the moor.

In the midst of the chaos of my mind, I yet clearly remembered the last time I rode there

with Geoffrey a little while ago; but oh! what a chasm yawned between then and now! I remembered, too, how stormy the day was then, and how serene my own heart! Now the sunshine seemed to float like a visible joy through the transparent air, and the low murmur of the sea sounded in the distance like a hymn of peace. The birds in a little grove that the road skirted were singing loudly—shrilly.

Merciful heaven! how mockingly it all blended with the dead quick fall of my horse's hoofs, as I pressed him on toward Geoffrey and death! . . . . . .

I heard his voice before I entered the room where he lay. It sounded strange, yet fearfully familiar. His wild loud call was for Mary—always Mary! The doctor, who came gravely and sadly to meet me, asked with anxiety if I were she? And as I, not quite able to speak then, stood very quiet leaning against the wall, I heard the man who had returned with me answer in a low tone, "Bless you, no, sir! That other poor young lady was struck like dead when she heard; this one was as calm the whole time as could be. I don't think she is any thing at all to him."

"I am his old friend," said I, answering the questioning glance of the doctor, "and the daughter of his host, Mr. Warburton. Let me see him."

They did not hinder me, and I went in. . . . . He thought I was Mary. When I drew near to him, he fixed his wild eyes on me, with a terrible likeness of look in them to what I had so often watched when he gazed on *her*. He clasped my hands in his scorching fingers, and pressed them with a kind of fierce fondness to his lips.

"Ah, my darling, my darling! I knew you would come," he said, in a subdued tone; "I have been waiting so long; but now I am happy!"

"It seems to compose him, the sight of you," observed the doctor, after a pause of comparative quietude in his patient. "I suppose he mistakes you for some one else!"

Ah! God be merciful to our weak human nature, how bitter that thought was even then!

I remained still, my hands pressed in his hot clasp, till he sank into an uneasy slumber. I could better bear to look at him then, when his eyes—the bright, frank eyes, now all glazed, and dry, and fiery—were closed. And I looked at him. From amid the wreck before me of tangled hair, and haggard cheeks, and lips parched and blood-stained, I gathered up and treasured in my soul the likeness of his olden self, that was ever to remain with me till I should see him restored to it again—in heaven.

. . . . . By and by the doctor came in; then after looking at him, turned to me with mouth close set. "Would you wish other advice sent for?" he whispered.

I shook my head, saying, what I then first remembered, that my father and Dr. Ledby were to have followed me.

"Nothing more can be done, I apprehend," he muttered again. He was a man eminent in the district, and having, indeed, a fearful experience of similar cases among the miners and stone-cutters.

"How long—?"

"He can not possibly exist many hours," he said, adding some professional remarks which I but imperfectly comprehended; "about—perhaps toward night."

He paused considerately, imagining, perhaps, that there *might* be some feeling hidden underneath the blank calm he doubtless thought so strange. Then he silently took his leave. . . . . .

I remained alone with Geoffrey. Occasionally the woman of the house came in with offers of service; but she never staid long, and her intrusions grew less frequent as the day advanced. My father and Dr. Ledby did not appear. I do not know why—I never knew.

I did not think of their absence. My whole world of thought, of feeling, was bounded by the rude walls of that little room. There I sat and watched his fitful sleep, or listened to the terrible ravings of his troubled waking. He would slumber for a few minutes, and then awake, each time to a new form of delirium. Sometimes he pushed me from him, shrieking out that the sight of me was a torture to him, and bidding me leave him—leave him! Again he fancied I was Mary, and spoke tenderly, in low murmurs, telling how dear I was, how fondly he loved me, clasping my hands, and looking up into my eyes, till I too had well nigh shrieked out in my agony and despair.

And so passed the day.

The day! his last of earth—my last of him! And the noon sun faded quietly away, the red sunset glowed into the little room, and the dull twilight came on.

He had fallen into a sleep—deeper and more protracted than any former one—leaning his head upon my arm as I crouched down at his bedside. And while he slept the twilight deepened into night, and through an opening in the window-curtain I could see stars shining.

The firelight flickered on the wall, and played upon my face, as I could feel. And when I turned my eyes from the stars, by the coal-flame I saw that Geoffrey was awake, and looking on me with a changed look—with his own look. And he uttered my name in a low, faint voice, trying the while to lift his head.

I raised it silently, and we looked at one another. The doctor had foretold this change. I knew what it portended. It was not *that*, though, but it was the familiar sound of his voice calling on my name in the old, old tone, that smote upon me, moistening my burning eyes with a great gush of tears. Perceiving them, he smiled up at me with a quiet smile, that made his face look divine for the moment. But it passed quickly.

"Mary—where is Mary?" he asked, uneasily. "Why is she not here?"

I told him. A look of intense anguish came over his features, and then again they took an expression of ineffable tenderness, while he murmured, as to himself—

"Poor child! poor innocent darling! God comfort her!"

He closed his eyes, and said no more. I watched him, and was silent—my tears all spent. Presently he turned toward me, and, with a gesture, caused me to kneel down close beside him, so that I could hear his faintest utterance.

"It is hard," he faltered, "not to see her once more. But you, dear Bertha, my true sister! you will stay with me to the end. You do not fear."

"No—ah no! Yet—O Geoffrey, Geoffrey!"

The strong agony—the wild love—would not be repressed. It all burst forth in that long wailing cry which he heard, but did not understand. O woeful, woeful love, that must be thrust back, trampled down, hidden out of sight, even in such an hour as this!

"Kind Bertha! dear, loving friend!" he kept saying, feebly stroking my head as it lay crushed down between my hands. Then there was a silence till again he spoke.

"Bertha! you will take care of Mary? You will never forsake the child! Look up, and promise me."

I tried to speak. But my strength failed me when I met his eyes, and again the cry escaped my lips:

"Oh, Geoffrey!—*My* Geoffrey! Let me die!"

He scarce heeded; only looking steadfastly at me he repeated, in a troubled tone, "Promise me!"

I lifted my eyes once more to his face, where the indescribable change was growing fast—fast. And the sight froze me into quietness again.

I promised—and the anxious look faded away into a beautiful calm.

"You will love her. You will watch over her happiness. You will never leave her, Bertha?"

"Never—till I die!"

"Good, dear sister!" he murmured. "Tell her, tell her," he went on, his voice gradually weakening—"tell her I bless her; tell her—"

He moved restlessly on his pillow. I gently raised his head and rested it on my shoulder. He lay there quite content, and once again smiled up in my face, pressing my hand, which he still held. Then his lips moved in prayer. I could distinguish my own name and *hers* repeated many times, while the brightness of that last smile yet lingered on his face.

Then his hold of my hand was loosened, and the lips stirred no longer.

I knew that my arms held only Geoffrey's corse.

And he knew *then* I loved him!

A long time has passed since that night.

I have kept my promise. Mary and I have never been long separated. I was with her through all the time of deep, desperate woe that followed upon Geoffrey's death. I was her nurse, her helper, her comforter—even *I!* I prayed with her, and for her, as I had learned to pray only since I had seen *him* die. And from that time until now I have been her constant friend, her tender, watchful sister—as he would have wished. And as I felt myself gradually drawing nearer to the rest I so long prayed for, my only care was the thought of leaving her before my work was done and I no longer needed.

That trouble is removed. Mary's grief, so terrible at first, so wild and so despairing, has yielded to the influence of changed scene and lapse of time. Renewed health brought fresh feelings—new hopes. She was so young—life was as yet almost an unread page to her. Gradually the one sad memory assumed a new shape in her mind, till at last it became as it will be, I believe, ever more, a kind of sacred, solemn presence, too sacred and too solemn to be mixed up with the common daily existence, but shedding its influence continually around her purer, inner life.

And I was scarcely surprised, for I had long watched the progress of this change in the girl's soul, and been happy at it, when Mrs. Lester told me, but a few weeks since that she thought, she hoped, Mary being worthily wooed, might again be won.

And it was so. It seemed strange at first—as she herself must have felt—so much she blushed and trembled when she next saw me.

But I am of a humbler spirit than I was. I do not dare to judge a nature made by God. I have learned too bitterly my own weakness—my own wickedness—to feel otherwise than indulgent to the imperfections of others, though they take a different shape to mine.

So I struggled against the rebellious feeling that for a little while made me turn from Mary—thinking of the love for her which had shone out of Geoffrey's dying eyes. I re-assured the timid, clinging little creature, whose whole life was wound up in the grand necessity of loving and being loved—and I folded her to my breast, saying:

"Be happy, my innocent child!" while to myself I said in a solemn contentment, "My duty is fulfilled; there is no further need of me, and I may go."

And I pray forgiveness for the selfish thought that sometimes stirs unbidden in my mind, as I lie quietly apart, while Mary and her lover are talking low together—the thought that, in the home to which I draw nigh, when we shall all meet, we who have loved one another upon earth, Mary will be surrounded by her husband and her children, but I—I, with outstretched arms, may greet my Geoffrey, crying—

"I alone have loved thee always!"

LIGHTEN THE BOAT.

SHAKE hands, pledge hearts, bid fond adieus,
Speak with your brimming eyes;
To-morrow—and the dark deep sea
Will echo with your sighs.

To-morrow and yon stately ship
Will bear to other lands
The kindred whom ye love so well:
Breathe hopes, pledge hearts, shake hands!

The Fairy Queen stands out to sea,
Each stitch of canvas spread,
Breasting the pearly laughing waves
With high and gallant head.

Her freight consists of human souls;
Her destiny, a land
Where scarce a human foot has trod
Upon the forest strand.

Five hundred souls she bears away,
To find a distant home
Where toil will give them daily bread,
And not a living tomb.

The ship speeds on; her sanguine freight,
A motley little world,
Reveling in the thousand scenes
By future hopes unfurled.

She creeps along 'mid cloudless calms,
Or dashes through the blast,
Till cheerless days and nights and weeks,
And weary months are passed.

At length the Captain shouts, "Stand by!"
The boatswain sounds his call;
"Trice up the yards and clear the decks
Secure against the squall."

Shipwreck and death! The doom is sealed,
A bolt has riven the mast;
"We will not die—we must be saved,
The ship shall brave the blast!"

Pallor is on the strong man's cheek,
Woe in the mother's heart,
For round her throb those kindred ties
No power but death shall part.

A rending peal, a shuddering crash,
A wail of agony;
The shattered bark, with many a soul,
Sinks headlong in the sea.

Morning breaks o'er the world of waves,
But finds no Fairy Queen.
One single, tiny boat is all
To tell that she has been.

A crowded remnant of the wreck
With naked life escape,
No land for twenty souls—all sea,
Relentless, vast, agape.

Lighten the boat! or every soul
Will perish suddenly;
Inquiring eyes and throbbing hearts
Ask all, "Will it be I?"

A boy sits silent in the bows,
Bereft of earthly tie;
He must be told: "Say, friendless boy,
Are you afraid to die?"

"Why should *I* die? My father's dead,
Mother and sister too;
O! let me not be drowned alone,
But live or die with you."

He pleads in vain. "A moment then,
A moment longer spare!"
With fervent heart and lifted eyes,
He breathes his simple prayer.

Awe, deep and silent, struck each heart
As on that trembling tongue,
"Father in Heaven thy will be done!"
In trustful accents hung.

He lightly steps upon the prow,
And, gathering up his strength,
Unblenchéd scans his yawning grave,
To feel its depth and length.

Who seals the doom? No hand is raised,
None hear the spirit knell;
A sudden plunge, a thrilling cry
Breaks in upon the spell.

They search the boat, they search the sea;
The noble boy is gone,
Gone, let us hope, where angels are,
Self-martyred and alone.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"MABEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis:—"you are lowered forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; even the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humble head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was—that any grown-up man or woman, with developed faculties, ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconstruction; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I

the differences between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in every body's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me; I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself; who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass; for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of bitter tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision, as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart toward me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I can not color too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing: "I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on toward the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lustihood of a dozen summers, knoweth aught of tenderness or consideration? "There you are, miss," he said, savagely, "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't 'Bob' me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come among us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up-stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer My aunt gave me a chilling "good-morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh; and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours!"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar"—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—"loses her character once and forever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character?

Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel—"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I, too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings; to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said stiffly; "I think we can not understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously toward my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—"where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfillment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them forever, never presume to hold themselves erect again!"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile: "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly toward my aunt—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery."—My aunt was silent, but I could see that she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a lead were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God's help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—"If I speak warmly on this subject," continued my

guardian, "it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out toward his fellow-men—I know he can not do so toward God—reparation for his offense. May I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly," said my aunt; but she looked uneasily toward me.

"Let Mabel stay and hear me," said Mr. Ellison; "the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm."

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

"Many years back," said Mr. Ellison, "I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for aught I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction's sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove, so far as in him lay, to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrecies from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas, she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shown sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman, when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsaid it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there, too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of his mistress.

"It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and character not only enough to justify Clement's choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did contend against it, and strove to master himself; for, apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman's keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. 'Before you go,' said Paul to him, 'you will speak to Eleanor?'

"'No,' said Clement, after painful deliberation; 'the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.'

"'You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness.'

"'I may,' said Clement; 'but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.'

"Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement's absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shown before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement's. That night cast the die. 'I love her,' said Paul to himself; 'Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.' Madam," added Mr. Ellison, abruptly, "you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell."

My guardian paused. My whole girl's heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed, eagerly, "But did Eleanor love him?"

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. "You shall hear, he resumed, presently. "Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. 'Honor and self-respect I have lost,' he said; 'love and gratification I must have.' It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untiring zeal seemed to gain slow favor with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement's periodical letters, long since unanswered, were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that

sweet friendship was buried along with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian, hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a moral torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room, and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband: it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"Very little further, Paul,' said Eleanor, gravely. 'I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honorably too late—I love you now.'

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him, with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but has its lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas?—has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then his wife; but he kept his secret: no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties—he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not," said Mr. Ellison, "give you an idea what he suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse can not mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthier man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonized retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed canceled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'the thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have missed. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plow, labor for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honorable and remunerative labor. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth

ere this, for she made no immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel!"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me," I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again!"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and dispatched me on some message as of old: I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door; then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LX.—Perspective.

I PROCEED to other passages of my narrative. The goodness of all about me. I derived such sympathy and consolation as I can never think of with dry eyes. I have already said so much of myself, and so much still remains, that I will not dwell upon my sorrows. I had an illness, but it was not a long one, and I would avoid even this mention of it if I could quite keep down the recollection of their tenderness and love.

I proceed to other passages of my narrative.

During the time of my illness we were still in London, where Mrs. Woodcourt had come, on my Guardian's invitation, to stay with us. When my Guardian thought me well and cheerful enough to talk with him in our old way—though I could have done that, sooner, if he would have believed me—I resumed my work and my chair beside his. He had appointed the time himself, and we were alone.

"Dame Trot," said he, receiving me with a kiss, "welcome to the Growlery again, my dear. I have a scheme to develop, little woman. I propose to remain here, perhaps for six months, perhaps for a longer time—as it may be—quite to settle here for a while, in short."

"And in the mean while leave Bleak House?" said I.

"Ay, my dear! Bleak House," he returned, "must learn to take care of itself."

I thought his tone sounded sorrowful, but looking at him I saw his kind face lighted up by its pleasantest smile.

"Bleak House," he repeated, and his tone did *not* sound sorrowful I found, "must learn to take care of itself. It is a long way from Ada, my dear, and Ada stands much in need of you."

"It is like you, Guardian," said I, "to have been taking that into consideration, for a happy surprise to both of us."

"Not so disinterested either, my dear, if you mean to extol me for that virtue, since, if you were generally on the road, you could be seldom with me. And besides; I wish to hear as much and as often of Ada as I can, in this condition of estrangement from poor Rick. Not of her, but of him too, poor fellow."

"Have you seen Mr. Woodcourt this morning, Guardian?"

"I see Mr. Woodcourt every morning, Dame Durden."

"Does he still say the same of Richard?"

"Just the same. He knows of no direct bodily illness that he has; on the contrary, he believes that he has none. Yet he is not easy about him; who *can* be?"

My dear girl had been to see us lately, every day; sometimes twice in a day. But we had foreseen all along that this would only last until I was quite myself. We knew full well that her fervent heart was as full of affection and gratitude toward her cousin John as it had ever been, and we acquitted Richard of laying any injunctions upon her to stay away; but we knew on the other hand that she felt it a part of her duty to him to be sparing of her visits at our house. My Guardian's delicacy had soon perceived this, and had tried to convey to her that he thought she was right.

"Dear, unfortunate, mistaken Richard," said I. "When will he wake from his delusion?"

"He is not in the way to do so now, dear," replied my Guardian. "The more he suffers, the more averse he will be to me, by having made me the previous representative of the great occasion of his suffering."

I could not help adding, "So unreasonably!"

* Concluded from the September Number.

"Ah, Dame Trot, Dame Trot!" returned my Guardian, shaking his head, "shall we find reasonable in Jarndyce and Jarndyce! Unreason and injustice at the top, unreason and injustice at the heart and at the bottom; unreason and injustice from beginning to end, if it ever has an end; how should poor Rick, always hovering near it, pluck reason out of it? He no more gathers grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, than older men did, in old times."

His gentleness and consideration for Richard, whenever we spoke of him, touched me so, that I was always silent on this subject very soon.

"I suppose the Lord Chancellor and Vice Chancellors, and the whole Chancery battery of great guns, would be infinitely astonished by such unreasonableness and injustice in one of their suitors," pursued my Guardian. "When those learned gentlemen begin to raise moss roses from the powder they sow in their wigs, I shall begin to be astonished too!"

He checked himself in glancing toward the window to look where the wind was, and leaned on the back of my chair instead.

"Well, well, little woman! To go on, my dear. This rock we must leave to time, chance, and hopeful circumstance. We must not shipwreck Ada upon it. She can not afford, and he can not afford, the remotest chance of another separation from a friend. Therefore, I have particularly begged of Woodcourt, and I now particularly beg of you, my dear, not to move this subject with him. Let it rest. Next week, next month, next year, sooner or later, he will see me with clearer eyes; I can wait."

But I had already discussed it with him, I confessed; and so I thought had Mr. Woodcourt.

"So he tells me," returned my Guardian. "Very good. He has made his protest, and Dame Durden has made hers, and there is nothing more to be said about it. Now, I come to Mrs. Woodcourt. How do you like her, my dear?"

In answer to this question, which was oddly abrupt, I said I liked her very much, and thought she was more agreeable than she used to be.

"I think so too," said my Guardian. "Less pedigree? Not so much of Morgan-ap—what's his name?"

That was what I meant, I acknowledged, though he was a very harmless person, even when we had had more of him.

"Still, upon the whole, he is as well in his native mountains," said my Guardian, laughing. "I agree with you. Then, little woman, can I do better for a time than retain Mrs. Woodcourt here?"

No. And yet—

My Guardian looked at me, waiting for what I had to say.

I had nothing to say. At least I had nothing in my mind that I could say. I had an undefined impression then that it might have been better if he had had some other inmate, but I could hardly have explained why even to myself. Or, if to myself, certainly not to any body else."

"You see," said my Guardian, "our neighborhood is in Woodcourt's way, and he can come here to see her as often as he likes, which is agreeable to them both; and she is familiar to us, and fond of you."

Yes. That was all undeniable. I had nothing to say against it. I could not have suggested a better arrangement; but I was not quite easy in my mind. "Esther, Esther, why not? Esther, think!"

"It is a very good plan indeed, dear Guardian, and we could not do better."

"Sure, little woman?"

"Quite sure. I had had a moment's time to think, since I had urged that duty on myself, and I was quite sure.

"Good," said my Guardian. "It shall be done. Carried unanimously."

"Carried unanimously," I repeated, going on with my work.

It was a cover for his book-table that I happened to be ornamenting. It had been laid by on the night preceding my sad journey, and never resumed since. I showed it to him now, and he admired it highly. After I had explained the pattern to him, and all the great effects that were to come out by-and-by, I thought I would go back to our last theme.

"You said, dear Guardian, when we spoke of Mr. Woodcourt before Ada left us, that you thought he would give a long trial to another country. Have you been advising him since?"

"Yes, little woman; pretty often."

"Has he decided to do so?"

"I rather think not."

"Some other prospect has opened to him, perhaps?" said I.

"Why—yes—perhaps," returned my Guardian, beginning his answer in a very deliberate manner; "about half a year hence or so, there is a medical attendant for the poor to be appointed at a certain place in Yorkshire. It is a thriving place, pleasantly situated; streams and streets, town and country, mill and moor, and seems to present an opening for such a man. I mean, a man whose hopes and aims may sometimes lie (as most men's sometimes do, I dare say) above the ordinary level, but to whom the ordinary level will be high enough after all, if it should prove to be a way of usefulness and good service, leading to no other. All generous spirits are ambitious, I suppose; but the ambition that calmly trusts itself to such a road, instead of spasmodically trying to fly over it, is of the kind I care for. It is Woodcourt's kind, I am well assured."

"And will he get this appointment?" I asked.

"Why, little woman," returned my Guardian, smiling, "not being an oracle, I can not confidently say; but I think so. His reputation stands very high; there are people from that part of the country in the wreck, and, strange to say, I believe the best man has the best chance. You must not suppose it to be a fine endowment.

It is a very, very common-place affair, my dear; an appointment to a great amount of work, and a small amount of pay; but better things will gather about it, it may be fairly hoped."

"The poor of that place will have reason to bless the choice, if it falls on Mr. Woodcourt, Guardian."

"You are right, little woman; that I am sure they will."

We said no more about it, nor did he say a word about the future of Bleak House. But it was the first time I had taken my seat at his side in my mourning dress, and that accounted for it, I considered.

I now began to visit my dear girl every day in the dull dark corner where she lived. The morning was my usual time; but whenever I found I had an hour or so to spare, I put on my bonnet and bustled off to Chancery Lane. They were both so glad to see me at all hours, and used to brighten up so when they heard me opening the door and coming in (being quite at home, I never knocked), that I had no fear of becoming troublesome just yet.

On these occasions I frequently found Richard absent. At other times he would be writing, or reading papers in the corner, at that table of his, so covered with papers, which was never disturbed. Sometimes I would come upon him lingering at the door of Mr. Vholes's office. Sometimes I would meet him in the neighborhood, lounging about, and biting his nails. I often met him wandering in Lincoln's Inn, near the place where I had first seen him. O how different, O how different!

That the money Ada brought him was melting away with the candles I used to see burning after dark in Mr. Vholes's office, I knew very well. It was not a large amount in the beginning; he had married in debt; and I could not fail to understand by this time what was meant by Mr. Vholes's shoulder being at the wheel—as I still heard it was. My pet made the best of housekeepers, and tried hard to save; but I knew that they were getting poorer and poorer every day.

She shone in the miserable corner like a beautiful star. She adorned and graced it so, that it seemed another place. Paler than she had been at home, and a little quieter than I had thought natural when she was yet so cheerful and hopeful, and her face was so overshadowed, that I half-believed she was blinded by her love for Richard to his ruinous career.

I went one day to dine with them, while I was under this impression. As I turned into Symond's Inn, I met little Miss Flite coming out. She had been to make a stately call upon the wards in Jarndyce, as she still called them; and had derived the highest gratification from that ceremony. My pet had already told me that she called every Monday at five o'clock, with one little extra white bow in her bonnet, which never appeared there at any other time, and with her largest reticule of documents on her arm.

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce!" she begun. "So delighted! How *da* you do! Glad to see you. And you are going to visit our interesting Jarndyce wards? *To* be sure! Our beauty is at home, my dear, and will be charmed to see you."

"Then Richard is not come in yet?" said I. "I am glad of that, for I was afraid of being a little late."

"My dear Fitz Jarndyce, no, he is not come in," returned Miss Flite. "He has had a long day in court. I left him there, with Vholes. You don't like Vholes, I hope? *Don't* like Vholes. Dan-gerous man!"

"I am afraid you see Richard oftener than ever now?" said I.

"My dearest Fitz Jarndyce," returned Miss Flite. "Daily and hourly. You know what I told you of the attraction on the Chancellor's table? My dear, next to myself he is the most constant suitor in court. He begins quite to amuse our little party. Ve-ry friendly little party, are we not?"

It was miserable to hear this from her poor mad lips, though it was no surprise.

"In short, my valued friend," pursued Miss Flite, advancing her lips to my ear, with an air of equal patronage and mystery, "I must tell you a secret. I have made him my executor. Nominated, constituted, and appointed him. In my will. Ye-es."

"Indeed?" said I.

"Ye-es," repeated Miss Flite, in her most genteel accents, "my executor, administrator, and assign. (Our Chancery phrases, my love.) I have reflected that if I should wear out, he will be able to watch that judgment; being so very regular in his attendance."

It made me sigh to think of him, and it brought the tears into my eyes.

"I did at one time mean," said Miss Flite, echoing the sigh, "to nominate, constitute, and appoint poor Gridley. Also very regular, Fitz Jarndyce. I assure you, most exemplary! But he wore out, poor man, so I have appointed his successor. Don't mention it. This is in confidence."

She carefully opened her reticule a little way, and showed me a folded piece of paper inside, as the appointment of which she spoke.

"Another secret, my dear. I have added to my collection of birds."

"Really, Miss Flite?" said I, knowing how it pleased her to have her confidence received with an appearance of interest.

She nodded several times, and her face became overcast and gloomy. "Two more. I call them the Wards in Jarndyce. They are caged up now, with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!"

The poor soul kissed me with the most troubled look I had ever seen in her, and went her way. Her manner of running over the names of her

birds, as if she were afraid of hearing them even from her own lips, chilled me.

This was not a cheering preparation for my visit, and I could have dispensed with the company of Mr. Vholes, when Richard (who arrived within a minute or two after me) brought him to share our dinner, although it was a very plain one. Ada and Richard were for some minutes both out of the room together, helping to get ready what we were to eat and drink, and Mr. Vholes took that opportunity of holding a little conversation in a low voice with me. He came to the window where I was sitting, and began upon Symond's Inn.

"A dull place, Miss Summerson, for a life that is not an official one," said Mr. Vholes, smearing the glass with his black glove to make it clearer for me.

"There is not much to see here," said I.

"Nor to hear, miss," returned Mr. Vholes. "A little music does occasionally stray in, but we are not musical in the law, and soon eject it. I hope Mr. Jarndyce is as well as his friends could wish him?"

I thanked Mr. Vholes, and said he was quite well.

"I have not the pleasure to be admitted among the number of his friends myself," said Mr. Vholes, "and I am aware that the gentlemen of our profession are sometimes regarded in such quarters with an unfavorable eye. Our plain course, however, under good report and evil report, and all kinds of prejudice (we are the victims of prejudice), is to have every thing openly carried on. How do you find Mr. C. looking, Miss Summerson?"

"He looks very ill. Dreadfully anxious."

"Just so," said Mr. Vholes.

He stood behind me with his long black figure reaching nearly to the ceiling of those low rooms; feeling the pimples on his face as if they were ornaments, and speaking inwardly and evenly as though there were not a human passion or motion in his nature.

"Mr. Woodcourt is in attendance upon Mr. C., I believe?" he resumed.

"Mr. Woodcourt is his disinterested friend," I answered.

"But I mean in professional attendance: medical attendance."

"That can do little for an unhappy mind," said I.

"Quite so," said Mr. Vholes.

So slow, so eager, so bloodless, and gaunt, I felt as if Richard were wasting away beneath the eyes of this adviser, and there were something of the Vampire in him.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Vholes, very slowly rubbing his gloved hands, as if, to his cold sense of touch, they were much the same in black kid or out of it, "this was an ill-advised marriage of Mr. C.'s."

I begged he would excuse me for discussing it. They had been engaged when they were both very young, I told him a little indignantly, and when the prospect before them was much fairer and brighter, when Richard had not yielded himself to the unhappy influence which now darkened his life.

"Quite so," assented Mr. Vholes again. "But still with a view to every thing being openly carried on, I will, with your permission, Miss Summerson, observe to you that I consider this a very ill-advised marriage indeed. I owe the opinion, not only to Mr. C.'s connections, against whom I should naturally wish to protect myself, but also to my own reputation—dear to myself as a professional man aiming to keep respectable; dear to my three girls at home, for whom I am striving to realize some little independence; and dear, I will ever say, to my aged father, whom it is my privilege to support."

"It would become a very different marriage, a much happier and better marriage, another marriage altogether, Mr. Vholes," said I, "if Richard were persuaded to turn his back on the fatal pursuit in which you are engaged with him."

Mr. Vholes with a noiseless cough—or rather gasp—into one of his black gloves, inclined his head as if he did not wholly dispute even that.

"Miss Summerson," he said, "it may be so, and I freely admit that the young lady who has taken Mr. C.'s name upon herself in so ill-advised a manner—you will, I am sure, not quarrel with me for throwing out that remark again as a duty I owe to Mr. C.'s connections—is a highly genteel young lady. Business has prevented me from mixing much with general society in any but a professional character, still I trust I am competent to perceive that she is a highly genteel young lady. As to beauty, I am not a judge of that myself, and I never did give much attention to it from a boy; but I dare say the young lady is equally eligible in that point of view. It is considered so (I have heard) among the clerks in the Inn, and it is more in their way than in mine. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests?"

"O! His interests, Mr. Vholes!"

"Pardon me, returned Mr. Vholes, going on in exactly the same inward and dispassionate manner, "Mr. C. takes certain interests under certain wills disputed in the suit. It is a term we use. In reference to Mr. C.'s pursuit of his interests, I mentioned to you, Miss Summerson, the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you, in my desire that every thing should be openly carried on—I used those words—for I happened afterward to note them in my Diary, which is producible at any trial—I mentioned to you that Mr. C. had laid down the principle of watching his own interests; and that when a client of mine laid down a principle which was not of an immoral (that is to say, unlawful) nature, it devolved upon me to carry it out. I *have* carried it out; I *do* carry it out. But I will not smooth things over, to any connection of Mr. C.'s, on any account. As open as I was to Mr. Jarndyce, I am to you. I regard it in the light of a professional duty to be so, though it can be charged to no one. I open-

ly say, unpalatable as it may be, that I consider Mr. C.'s affairs in a very bad way, that I consider Mr. C. himself in a very bad way, and that I regard this as an exceedingly ill-advised marriage. Am I here, sir? Yes, I thank you; I am here, Mr. C., and enjoying the pleasure of some agreeable conversation with Miss Summerson, for which I have to thank you very much, sir!"

He broke off thus, in answer to Richard, who addressed him cheerfully as he came into the room. By this time I too well understood Mr. Vholes's scrupulous way of saving himself and his respectability, not to feel that our worst fears did not keep pace with his client's progress.

We sat down to dinner, and I had an opportunity of observing Richard, anxiously. I was not disturbed by Mr. Vholes (who took off his gloves to dine), though he sat opposite to me at the small table, for I doubt if, looking up at all, he once removed his eyes from his host's face. I found Richard thin and languid, slovenly in his dress, abstracted in his manner, forcing his spirits now and then, and at other intervals relapsing into a dull thoughtfulness. About his large bright eyes, that used to be so merry, there was a wanness and a restlessness that changed them altogether. I can not use the expression that he looked old. There is a ruin of youth which is not like age; and into such a ruin Richard's youth and youthful beauty had all fallen away.

He ate very little, and seemed indifferent what it was; showed himself to be much more impatient than he used to be; and was quick even with Ada. I thought at first that his old light-hearted manner was all gone, but it shone out of him sometimes, as I had occasionally known little momentary glimpses of my own old face to look out upon me from the glass. His laugh had not quite left him either; but it was like the echo of a joyful sound, and that is always sorrowful.

Yet he was as glad as ever, in his old affectionate way, to have me there; and we talked of the old times pleasantly. They did not appear to be interesting to Mr. Vholes, though he occasionally made a gasp, which I believe was his smile. He rose shortly after dinner, and said that with the permission of the ladies he would retire to his office.

"Always devoted to business, Vholes!" cried Richard.

"Yes, Mr. C.," he returned, "the interests of clients are never to be neglected, sir. They are paramount in the thoughts of a professional man like myself who wishes to preserve a good name among his fellow-practitioners and society at large. My denying myself of the pleasure of the present agreeable conversation may not be wholly irrespective of your own interests, Mr. C."

Richard expressed himself quite sure of that, and lighted Mr. Vholes out. On his return he told us, more than once, that Vholes was "A good fellow, a safe fellow, a man who did what he pretended to do, a very good fellow, indeed!" He was so defiant about it, that it struck me he had begun to doubt Mr. Vholes.

Then he threw himself on the sofa, tired out; and Ada and I put things to rights, for they had no other servant than the woman who attended to the chambers. Ada, my dear girl, had a cottage piano there, and quietly sat down to sing some of Richard's favorites; the lamp being first moved into the next room, as he complained of its hurting his eyes.

I sat between them at my dear girl's side, and felt very melancholy listening to her sweet voice. I think Richard did, too; I think he darkened the room for that reason. She had been singing some time, rising between whiles to bend over him, and speak to him, when Mr. Woodcourt came in. Then he sat down by Richard, and half-playfully, half-earnestly, quite naturally and easily found out how he felt, and where he had been all day. Presently he proposed to accompany him in a short walk on one of the bridges as it was a moonlight airy night; and Richard readily consenting, they went out together.

They left my dear girl still sitting at the piano, and me still sitting beside her. When they were gone out, I drew my arm round her waist. She put her left hand in mine (I was sitting on that side), but kept her right upon the keys—going over and over them without striking any note.

"Listen, my dearest," she said, breaking silence. "Richard is never so well, and I am never so easy about him, as when he is with Allan Woodcourt. We have to thank you for that."

I pointed out to my darling how this could scarcely be, because Mr. Woodcourt had come to her cousin John's house, and had known us all there; and because he had always liked Richard, and Richard had always liked him, and—and so forth.

"All true," said Ada; "but that he is such a devoted friend to us, we owe to you."

I thought it best to let my dear girl have her way, and to say no more about it. So I said as much. I said it lightly, because I felt her trembling.

"Esther, my dearest, I want to be a good wife, a very, very good wife indeed. You shall teach me."

I teach! I said no more, for I noticed the hand that was fluttering over the keys, and I knew that it was not I who ought to speak; that it was she who had something to say to me.

"When I married Richard I was not insensible to what was before him. I had been perfectly happy for a long time with you, and I had never known any trouble or anxiety, so loved and cared for; but I understood the danger he was in, dear Esther."

"I know, I know, darling."

"When we were married I had some little hope that I might be able to convince him of his mistake; that he might come to regard it in a new way as my husband, and not pursue it all the more desperately for my sake—as he does. But if I had not had that hope, I would have married him just the same, Esther. Just the same!"

In the momentary firmness of the hand that was never still—a firmness inspired by the utterance of these last words, and dying away with them—I saw the confirmation of her earnest tones.

"You are not to think, my dearest Esther, that I fail to see what you see, and fear what you fear. No one can understand him better than I do. The greatest wisdom that ever lived in the world could not know Richard better than my love does."

She spoke so modestly and softly, and her trembling hand expressed such agitation, as it moved to and fro upon the silent notes! My dear, dear girl!

"I see him at his worst every day. I watch him in his sleep. I know every change of his face. But when I married Richard I was quite determined, Esther, if Heaven would help me, never to show him that I grieved for what he did, and so to make him more unhappy. I want him when he comes home to find no trouble in my face. I want him when he looks at me to see what he loved in me. I married him to do this, and this supports me."

I felt her trembling more. I waited for what was yet to come, and I now thought I began to know what it was.

"And something else supports me, Esther."

She stopped a minute. Stopped speaking only; her hand was still in motion.

"I look forward a little while, and I don't know what great aid may come to me. When Richard turns his eyes upon me then, there may be something lying on my breast more eloquent than I have been, with greater power than mine to show him his true course, and win him back."

Her hand stopped now. She clasped me in her arms, and I clasped her in mine.

"If that little creature should fail too, Esther, I still look forward. I look forward a long while, through years and years, and think that then, when I am growing old, or when I am dead, perhaps, a beautiful woman, his daughter, happily married, may be proud of him and a blessing to him. Or that a generous, brave man, as handsome as he used to be, as hopeful, and far more happy, may walk in the sunshine with him, honoring his gray head, and saying to himself, 'I thank God this is my father!' ruined by a fatal inheritance, and restored through me!"

O, my sweet girl, what a heart was that which beat so fast against me!

"These hopes uphold me, my dear Esther, and I know they will. Though sometimes even they depart from me before a dread that arises when I look at Richard!"

I tried to cheer my darling, and asked her what it was? Sobbing and weeping, she replied,

"That he may not live to see his child—the child who is to do so much!"

CHAPTER LXI.—A Discovery.

The days when I frequented that miserable corner, which my dear girl brightened, can never fade in my remembrance. I never see it, and I never wish to see it now; I have been there only once since, but in my memory there is a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine forever.

Not a day passed, without my going there, of course. At first I found Mr. Skimpole there, on two or three occasions, idly playing the piano, and talking in his usual vivacious strain. Now, besides my very much mistrusting the probability of his being there without making Richard poorer, I felt as if there were something in his careless gayety, too inconsistent with what I knew of the depths of Ada's life. I clearly perceived too that Ada shared my feelings. I therefore resolved, after much thinking of it, to make a private visit to Mr. Skimpole, and try delicately to explain myself. My dear girl was the great consideration that made me bold.

I set off one morning, accompanied by Charley, for Somers Town. As I approached the house, I was strongly inclined to turn back, for I felt what a desperate attempt it was to make any impression on Mr. Skimpole, and how extremely likely it was that he would signally defeat me. However, I thought that being there, I would go through with it. So I knocked with a trembling hand at Mr. Skimpole's door—literally with a hand, for the knocker was gone—and after a long parley gained admission from an Irishwoman, who was in the area when I knocked, breaking up the lid of a water-butt with a poker, to light the fire with.

Mr. Skimpole, lying on the sofa in his room, playing the flute a little, was enchanted to see me. Now who should receive me, he asked? Who would I prefer for mistress of the ceremonies? Would I have his Comedy Daughter, his Beauty Daughter, or his Sentiment Daughter? Or would I have all the daughters at once in a perfect nosegay?

I replied, half defeated already, that I wished to speak to himself only, if he would give me leave.

"My dear Miss Summerson, most joyfully! Of course," he said, bringing his chair near mine, and breaking into his fascinating smile, "of course it's not business—then it's pleasure!"

I said it certainly was not business that I came upon, but it was not quite a pleasant matter.

"Then, my dear Miss Summerson," said he, with the frankest gayety, "don't allude to it. Why should you allude to any thing that is *not* a pleasant matter? *I* never do. And you are a much pleasanter creature in every point of view than I! You are perfectly pleasant, I am imperfectly pleasant; then if I never allude to an unpleasant matter, how much less should you! So that's disposed of, and we will talk of something else."

Although I was embarrassed, I took courage to intimate that I still wished to pursue the subject.

"I should think it a mistake," said Mr. Skim-

pole, with his airy laugh, "if I thought Miss Summerson capable of making one. But I don't!"

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, raising my eyes to his, "I have so often heard you say that you are unacquainted with the common affairs of life—meaning our three banking-house friends, L., S., and who's the junior partner?"

"D.," said Mr. Skimpole, brightly. "Not an idea of them!"

"That, perhaps," I went on, "you will excuse my boldness on that account. I think you ought most seriously to know that Richard is poorer than he was."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Skimpole. "So am I, they tell me."

"And in very embarrassed circumstances."

"Parallel case, exactly," said Mr. Skimpole, with a delighted countenance.

"This at present naturally causes Ada much secret anxiety; and as I think she is less anxious when no claims are made upon her visitors, and as Richard has one uneasiness always heavy on his mind, it has occurred to me to take the liberty of saying that—if you would—not—"

I was coming to the point with great difficulty, when he took me by both hands, and, with a radiant face and in the liveliest way, anticipated it.

"Not go there? Certainly not, my dear Miss Summerson, most assuredly not. Why *should* I go there? When I go any where, I go for pleasure. I don't go any where for pain, because I was made for pleasure. Pain comes to *me* when it wants me. Now I have had very little pleasure at our dear Richard's lately, and your practical sagacity demonstrates why. Our young friends, losing the youthful poetry which was once so captivating in them, begin to think, 'this is a man who wants pounds.' So I am, I always want pounds, not for myself, but because tradespeople always want them of me. Next, our young friends begin to think of becoming mercenary, 'this is the man who *had* pounds,'—who borrowed them; which I did. I always borrow pounds. So our young friends reduced to prose (which is much to be regretted), degenerate in their power of imparting pleasure to me. Why should I go to see them therefore? Absurd!"

Through the beaming smiles with which he regarded me, as he reasoned thus: there now broke forth a look of disinterested benevolence quite astonishing.

"Besides," he said, pursuing his argument, in his tone of light-hearted conviction, "If I don't go any where for pain—which would be a perversion of the intention of my being, and a monstrous thing to do—why should I go any where to be the cause of pain? If I went to see our young friends in their present ill-regulated state of mind, I should give them pain. The associations with me would be disagreeable. They might say, 'This is the man who had pounds, and can't pay pounds,' which I can't, of course; nothing could be more out of the question! Then kindness requires that I shouldn't go near them, and I won't."

He finished by genially kissing my hand, and thanking me. Nothing but Miss Summerson's fine tact, he said, would have found this out for him.

I was very much disconcerted, but I reflected that if the main point were gained, it mattered little how strangely he perverted every thing leading to it. I had determined to mention something else, however, and I thought I was not to be put off in that.

"Mr. Skimpole," said I, "I must take the liberty of saying, before I conclude my visit, that I was much surprised to learn, on the best authority, some little time ago, that you knew, at the time with whom that poor boy left Bleak House, and that you accepted a present on that occasion. I have not mentioned it to my Guardian, for I fear it would hurt him unnecessarily, but I may say to you that I was much surprised."

"No! Really surprised, my dear Miss Summerson?" he returned, inquiringly, raising his pleasant eyebrows.

"Greatly surprised."

He thought about it for a little while, with a highly agreeable and whimsical expression of face; then quite gave it up and said, in his most engaging manner,

"You know what a child I am. Why surprised?"

I was reluctant to enter minutely into that question; but as he begged I would, for he was really curious to know, I gave him to understand in the gentlest words I could use, that his conduct seemed to involve a disregard of several moral obligations. He was much amused and interested when he heard this, and said, "No, really?" with ingenuous simplicity.

"You know I don't pretend to be responsible. I never could do it. Responsibility is a thing that has always been above me—or below me," said Mr. Skimpole, "I don't even know which; but, as I understand the way in which my dear Miss Summerson (always remarkable for her practical good sense and clearness) puts this case, I should imagine it was chiefly a question of money, do you know?"

I incautiously gave a qualified assent to this.

"Ah! Then you see," said Mr. Skimpole, shaking his head, "I am hopeless of understanding it."

I suggested, as I rose to go, that it was not right to betray my Guardian's confidence for a bribe.

"My dear Miss Summerson," he returned, with a candid hilarity that was all his own, "I can't be bribed."

"Not by Mr. Bucket?" said I.

"No," said he. "Not by any body. I don't attach any value to money. I don't care about it, I don't know about it, I don't want it, I don't keep it—it goes away from me directly. How can *I* be bribed?"

I showed that I was of a different opinion, though I had not the capacity for arguing the question.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Skimpole. "I am

exactly the man to be placed in a superior position in such a case as that. I am above the rest of mankind in such a case as that. I can act with philosophy in such a case as that; I am not warped by prejudices as an Italian boy is by bandages. I am as free as the air. I feel myself as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife."

Any thing to equal the lightness of his manner, and the playful impartiality with which he seemed to convince himself, as he tossed the matter about like a ball of feathers, was surely never seen in any body else!

"Observe the case, my dear Miss Summerson. Here is a boy received into the house and put to bed, in a state that I strongly object to. The boy being in bed, a man arrives—like the house that Jack built. Here is the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is a bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Here is the Skimpole who accepts the bank-note produced by the man who demands the boy who is received into the house and put to bed in a state that I strongly object to. Those are the facts. Very well. Should the Skimpole have refused the note? *Why* should the Skimpole have refused the note? Skimpole protests to Bucket, 'What's this for? I don't understand it, it is of no use to me, take it away.' Bucket still entreats Skimpole to accept it. Are there reasons why Skimpole, not being warped by prejudices, should accept it? Yes, Skimpole perceives them. What are they? Skimpole reasons with himself, this is a tamed lynx, an active police officer, an intelligent man, a person of a peculiarly directed energy and great subtlety both of conception and execution, who discovers our friends and enemies for us when they run away, recovers our property for us when we are robbed, avenges us comfortably when we are murdered. This active police officer and intelligent man has acquired, in the execise of his art, a strong faith in money; he finds it very useful to him, and he makes it very useful to society. Shall I shake that faith in Bucket because I want it myself; shall I deliberately blunt one of Bucket's weapons; shall I possibly paralyze Bucket in his next detective operation?' And again. If it is blamable in Skimpole to take the note, it is blamable in Bucket to offer the note—much more blamable in Bucket, because he is the knowing man. Now Skimpole wishes to think well of Bucket; Skimpole deems it essential, in its little place, to the general cohesion of things, that he *should* think well of Bucket. The State expressly asks him to trust to Bucket. And he does. And that's all he does!"

I had nothing to offer in reply to this exposition, and therefore took leave. Mr. Skimpole, however, who was in excellent spirits, would not hear of my returning home attended only by "Little Coavinses," and accompanied me himself. He entertained me on the way with a variety of delightful conversation, and assured me at parting that he should never forget the fine tact with which I had found that out for him about our young friends.

As it so happened that I never saw Mr. Skimpole again, I may at once finish what I know of his history. A coolness arose between him and my Guardian, based chiefly on the foregoing grounds, and on his having very heartlessly disregarded my Guardian's entreaties (as we afterward learned from Ada) in reference to Richard. His being heavily in my Guardian's debt had nothing to do with their separation. He died some five years afterward, and left a diary behind him, with letters and other materials toward his Life, which was published, and which showed him to have been the victim of a combination on the part of mankind against an amiable child. It was considered very pleasant reading, but I never read more of it myself than the sentence on which I chanced to light on opening the book. It was this. "Jarndyce, in common with most other men I have known, is the Incarnation of Selfishness."

And now I come to a part of my story, touching myself very nearly indeed, and for which I was quite unprepared when the circumstance occurred. I am sure of that. Whatever little lingerings may have now and then revived in my mind, associated with my poor old face, had only revived as belonging to a part of my life that was gone—gone like my infancy or my childhood. I have suppressed none of my many weaknesses on that subject, but have written them as faithfully as my memory has recalled them. And I hope to do, and mean to do, the same down to the last words of these pages; which I see now, not so very very far before me.

The months were gliding away, and my dear girl, sustained by the hopes she had confided to me, was the same beautiful star in the miserable corner. Richard, more worn and haggard, haunted the court day after day; listlessly sat there the whole day long, when he knew there was no remote chance of the suit being mentioned: and became one of the stock sights of the place. I wonder whether any of the gentlemen remembered him as he was when he first went there.

So completely was he absorbed in his fixed idea that he used to avow himself, in his cheerful moments, that he should never have breathed the fresh air now "but for Woodcourt." It was only Mr. Woodcourt who could occasionally divert his attention for a few hours at a time, and rouse him even when he sunk into a lethargy of mind and body, that alarmed us greatly, and the returns of which became more frequent as the months went on. My dear girl was right in saying that he only pursued his errors the more desperately for her sake. I have no doubt that his desire to retrieve what he had lost, was rendered the more intense by his grief for his young wife, and became like the madness of a gamester.

I was there, as I have mentioned, at all hours. When I was there at night I generally went home

with Charley in a coach; sometimes my Guardian would meet me in the neighborhood, and we would walk home together. One evening he had arranged to meet me at eight o'clock. I could not leave, as I usually did, quite punctually to the time, for I was working for my dear girl, and had a few stitches more to do, to finish what I was about, but it was within a few minutes of the hour when I bundled up my little work-basket, gave my darling my last kiss for the night, and hurried down-stairs. Mr. Woodcourt went with me, as it was dusk.

When we came to the usual place of meeting —it was close by, and Mr. Woodcourt had often accompanied me before—my Guardian was not there. We waited half an hour, walking up and down; but there were no signs of him. We agreed that he was either prevented from coming, or that he had come and gone away; and Mr. Woodcourt proposed to walk home with me.

It was the first walk we had ever taken together, except that very short one to the usual place of meeting. We spoke of Richard and Ada the whole way. I did not thank him in words for what he had done—my appreciation of it had risen above all words then—but I hoped he might not be without some understanding of what I felt so strongly!

Arriving at home and going up-stairs, we found that my Guardian was out, and that Mrs. Woodcourt was out too. We were in the very same room into which I had brought my blushing girl, when her youthful lover, now her so altered husband, was the choice of her young heart; the very same room from which my Guardian and I had watched them going away through the sunlight, in the fresh bloom of their hope and promise.

We were standing by the opened window, looking down into the street, when Mr. Woodcourt spoke to me. I learned in a moment that he loved me. I learned in a moment that my scarred face was all unchanged to him. I learned in a moment that what I had thought was pity and compassion was devoted, generous, faithful love. O, too late to know it now, too late, too late. That was the first ungrateful thought I had. Too late!

"When I returned," he told me, "when I came back no richer than I went away, and found you newly risen from a sick bed, yet so inspired by sweet consideration for others, and so free from a selfish thought—"

"O, Mr. Woodcourt, forbear, forbear!" I entreated him. "I do not deserve your high praise. I had many selfish thoughts at that time, many!"

"Heaven knows, beloved of my life," said he, "that my praise is not a lover's praise, but the unadorned truth. You do not know what all around you see in Esther Summerson, how many hearts she touches and awakens. What sacred admiration and what love she wins."

"O Mr. Woodcourt," cried I, "it is a great thing to win love, it is a great thing to win love! I am proud of it, and honored by it, and the hearing of it causes me to shed these tears of mingled joy and sorrow—joy that I have won it, sorrow that I have not deserved it better—but so I am not free to think of yours."

I said it with a strong heart, for when he praised me thus, and when I heard his voice thrill with this belief that what he said was true, I aspired to be more worthy of it. It was not too late for that, although I closed this unforeseen page in my life to-night, I could be worthier of it all through my life. And it was a comfort to me, and an impulse to me, and I felt a dignity rise up within me that was derived from him, when I thought so.

He broke the silence.

"I should poorly show the trust that I have in the dear one who will evermore be as dear to me as now," and the deep earnestness with which he said it, at once strengthened me, and made me weep, "if, after her assurance that she is not free to think of my love, I urged it. Dear Esther, let me only tell you that the fond idea of you which I took abroad was exalted to the Heavens when I came home. I have always hoped, in the first hour when I seemed to stand in any ray of good fortune, to tell you this. I have always feared that I should tell it you in vain. My hopes and fears are both fulfilled to-night. I distress you. I have said enough."

Something seemed to pass into my place that was like the Angel he thought me, and I felt so sorrowful for the loss he had sustained! I wished to help him in his trouble, as I had asked to do when he showed that first commiseration for me.

"Dear Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "before we part to-night, something is left for me to say. I never could say it as I wish—I never shall—but—"

I had to think again of being more deserving of his love and his affliction before I could go on.

"—I am deeply sensible of your generosity, and I shall treasure its remembrance to my dying hour. I know full well how changed I am, I know you are not unacquainted with my history, and I knew what a noble love that is which is so faithful. What you have said to me could have affected me so much from no other lips, for there are none that could give it such a value to me. It shall not be lost. It shall make me better."

He covered his eyes with his hand, and turned away his head. How could I ever be worthy of those tears?

"If, in the unchanged intercourse we shall have together—in tending Richard and Ada—and I hope in many happier scenes of life—you ever find any thing in me which you can honestly think is better than it used to be, believe that it will have sprung up from to-night, and that I shall owe it to you. And never believe, dear, dear Mr. Woodcourt, never believe that I forget this night, or that while my heart beats it can be insensible to the pride and joy of having been beloved by you."

He took my hand and kissed it. He was like himself again, and I felt still more encouraged.

"I am inclined, by what you said just now," said I, "to hope that you have succeeded in your endeavor."

"I have," he answered. "With such help from Mr. Jarndyce as you who know him so well can imagine him to have rendered me, I have succeeded."

"Heaven bless him for it," said I, giving him my hand; "and Heaven bless you in all you do!"

"I shall do it better for the wish," he answered; "it will make enter on those new duties as on another sacred trust from you."

"Ah, Richard!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "what will he do when you are gone?"

"I am not required to go yet; I would not desert him, dear Miss Summerson, even if I were."

One other thing I felt it needful to touch upon before he left me. I knew that I should not be worthier of the love I could not take, if I reserved it.

"Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "you will be glad to know from my lips before I say 'Good-night,' that in the future, which is clear and bright before me, I am most happy, most fortunate, have nothing to regret or to desire."

It was indeed a glad hearing to him, he replied.

"From my childhood I have been," said I, "the object of the untiring goodness of the best of human beings, to whom I am so bound by every tie of attachment, gratitude, and love, that nothing I could do in the compass of a life could express the feelings of a single day."

"I share those feelings," he returned; "you speak of Mr. Jarndyce."

"You know his virtues well," said I, "but no one can know the greatness of his character as I know it. All its highest and best qualities have been revealed to me in nothing more brightly than in the shaping out of that future in which I am so eminently happy. And if your highest homage and respect had not been his already—which I know they are—they would have been his, I think, on this assurance, and the feeling it would have awakened in you toward him for my sake."

He fervently replied, that indeed, indeed they would have been. I gave him my hand again.

"Good-night," I said; "good-by."

"The first until we meet to-morrow; the second as a farewell to this theme between us for ever."

"Yes, good-night—good-by!"

"He left me, and I stood at the dark window watching the street. His love in all its constancy and generosity had come so suddenly upon me, that he had not left me a minute when my fortitude gave way again, and the street was blotted out by my rushing tears.

But they were not tears of regret and sorrow. No. He had called me the beloved of his life, and had said I would be evermore as dear to him as I was then; and my heart would not hold the triumph of having heard those words. My first wild thought had died away. It was not too late to hear them, for it was not too late to be animated by them to be good, truly grateful, and contented. How easy my path; how much easier than his!

CHAPTER LXII.—Another Discovery.

I had not the courage to see any one that night. I had not even the courage to see myself, for I was afraid that my tears might a little reproach me. I went up to my room in the dark and prayed in the dark, and laid down in the dark to sleep. I had no need of any light to read my Guardian's letter by, for I knew it by heart every word. I took it from the place where I kept it, and repeated its contents by its own clear light of integrity and tenderness, and went to sleep with it on my pillow.

I was up very early in the morning, and called Charley to come for a walk. We bought flowers for the breakfast-table, and came back and arranged them, and were as busy as bees, if not as useful. We were so early that I had good time still for Charley's lesson, before breakfast; Charley (who was not in the least improved in the old defective article of grammar) came through it with great applause, and we were altogether very notable. When my Guardian appeared, he said, "My little woman, you look fresher than your flowers!" And Mrs. Woodcourt repeated and translated a passage from the Menlinivillinwodd, expressive of my being like a mountain with the sun upon it.

This was all so pleasant, that I hope it made me still more like the mountain than I had been before. After breakfast, I waited my opportunity, and peeped about a little, until I saw my Guardian in his own room—the room of last night—by himself. Then I made an excuse to go in with my housekeeping keys, shutting the door after me.

"Well, Dame Durden?" said my Guardian; the post had brought him several letters, and he was writing. "You want money?"

"No, indeed, I have plenty in hand."

"There never was such a Dame Durden," said my Guardian, "for making money last!"

He had laid down his pen, and leaned back in his chair looking at me. I have often spoken of his bright benevolent face, but I thought I had never seen it look so bright and good. There was a high happiness upon it, which made me think, "He has been doing some great kindness this morning."

"There never was," said my Guardian, musing as he smiled upon me, "such a Dame Durden for making money last!"

He had never yet altered his old manner. I loved it, and him, so much that when I now went up to him and took my usual chair, which was always put at his side—for sometimes I read to him, and sometimes I talked to him, and sometimes I silently worked by him—I hardly liked to disturb it by laying my hand on his breast. But I found that did not disturb it at all.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I want to speak to you. Have I been remiss in any thing?"

"Remiss in any thing, my dear?"

"Have I not been what I meant to be, since —I brought the answer to your letter, Guardian?"

"You have been every thing I could desire, my love!"

"I am very glad indeed to hear that," I returned. "You know, you said to me, was this the mistress of Bleak House? And I said, yes."

"Yes," said my Guardian, nodding his head. He had put his arm about me, as if there were something to protect me from, and looked in my face, smiling.

"Since then," said I, "we have never spoken on the subject except once.

"And then I said Bleak House was thinning fast; and so it was, my dear."

"And *I* said," I timidly reminded him, "but its mistress remained."

He still held me in the same protecting manner, and with the same bright goodness in his face.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "I know how you have felt all that has happened, and how considerate you have been. As so much time has passed, and as you spoke only this morning of my being so well again; perhaps you expect me to renew the subject. Perhaps I ought to do so. I will be the mistress of Bleak House when you please."

"See," he returned gayly, "what a sympathy there must be between us! I have had nothing else, poor Rick excepted—it's a large exception —in my mind. When you came in, I was full of it. When shall we give Bleak House its mistress, little woman?"

"When you please."

"Next month?"

"Next month, dear Guardian."

"The day on which I take the happiest and best step of my life—the day on which I shall be a man more exulting and more enviable than any other man in the world—the day on which I give Bleak House its best mistress—shall be next month then!" said my Guardian.

I put my arms round his neck and kissed him, just as I had done on the day when I brought my answer; just as on that day, it would have made no difference in a minute, even supposing that no one had come to the room-door.

It was a servant to announce Mr. Bucket, which was quite unnecessary, for Mr. Bucket was already looking in over the servant's shoulder. "Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson," said he, rather out of breath, "with all apologies for intruding, *will* you allow me to order up a person that's on the stairs, and that objects to being left there in case of becoming the subject of observations in his absence? Thank you. Be so good as chair that there Member in this direction, will you?" said Mr. Bucket, beckoning over the bannisters.

This singular request produced an old man in a black skull-cap, unable to walk, who was carried up by a couple of bearers, and deposited in the room near the door. Mr. Bucket immediately got rid of the bearers, mysteriously shut the door, and bolted it.

"Now you see, Mr. Jarndyce," he then began, putting down his hat, and opening his subject with a flourish of his well-remembered finger, "you know me, and Miss Summerson knows me. This gentleman likewise knows me, and his name is Smallweed. The discounting line is his line principally, and he's what you may call a dealer in bills. That's what *you* are, you know, ain't you?" said Mr. Bucket, stooping a little to address the gentleman in question, who was exceedingly suspicious of him.

He seemed about to dispute this designation of himself, when he was seized with a violent fit of coughing.

"Moral, you know!" said Mr. Bucket, improving the accident. "Don't you contradict when there ain't no occasion, and you won't be took in that way. Now, Mr. Jarndyce, I address myself to you. I've been negotiating with this gentleman on behalf of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, one way and another; and I've been in and out and about his premises a good deal. His premises are the premises formerly occupied by Krook, a Marine Store Dealer—a relation of this gentleman's, that you saw in his life-time, if I don't mistake?"

My Guardian replied "Yes."

"Well! You are to understand," said Mr. Bucket, "that this gentleman he come into Krook's property, and a good deal of Magpie property there was. Vast lots of waste paper among the rest. Lord bless you, of no use to nobody!"

The cunning of Mr. Bucket's eye, and the masterly manner in which he contrived, without a look or a word against which his watchful auditor could protest, to let us know that he stated the case according to previous agreement between them, and could say much more of Mr. Smallweed if he thought it advisable, deprived us of any merit in quite understanding him. His difficulty was increased by Mr. Smallweed's being deaf as well as suspicious, and watching his face with the closest attention.

"Among the odd heaps of old papers, this gentleman, when he comes into the property, naturally begins to rummage, don't you see?" said Mr. Bucket.

"To which? Say that again," cried Mr. Smallweed, in a shrill, sharp voice.

"To rummage," repeated Mr Bucket. "Being a prudent man and accustomed to take care of your own affairs, you begin to rummage among the papers as you have come into; don't you?"

"Of course I do," cried Mr. Smallweed.

"Of course you do," said Mr. Bucket, conversationally, "and much to blame you would be if you didn't. And so you chance to find, you know," Mr. Bucket went on, stooping over him with an air of cheerful raillery which Mr. Smallweed by no means reciprocated, "and so you chance to find, you know, a paper, with the signature of Jarndyce to it. Don't you?"

Mr. Smallweed glanced with a troubled eye at us, and grudgingly nodded assent.

"And coming to look at that paper at your full leisure and convenience—all in good time, for you're not curious to read it, and why should you be! What do you find it to be but a Will, you see. That's the drollery of it," said Mr. Bucket, with the same lively air of recalling a joke for the enjoyment of Mr. Smallweed, who still had the same crest-fallen appearance of not enjoying it at all; "what do you find it to be but a Will?"

"I don't know that it's good as a Will, or as any thing else," snarled Mr. Smallweed.

Mr. Bucket eyed the old man for a moment—he had slipped and shrunk down in his chair into a mere bundle—as if he were much disposed to pounce upon him; nevertheless, he continued to bend over him with the same agreeable air, keeping the corner of one of his eyes upon us.

"Notwithstanding which," said Mr. Bucket, "you get a little doubtful and uncomfortable in your mind about it, having a very tender mind of your own."

"Eh? What do you say I have got of my own?" asked Mr. Smallweed, with his hand to his ear.

"A very tender mind."

"Ho! Well, go on," said Mr. Smallweed.

"And as you've heard a good deal mentioned regarding a celebrated Chancery will case of the same name; and as you know what a card Krook was for buying all manner of old pieces of furniter, and books, and papers, and what not, and never liking to part with 'em, and always a-going to teach himself to read—you begin to think, and you never was more correct in your born days, "Ecod, if I don't look about me, I may get into trouble regarding this will."

"Oh, now, mind how you put it, Bucket," cried the old man anxiously, with his hand at his ear. "Speak up; none of your brimstone tricks. Pick me up; I want to hear better. O Lord, I am shaken to bits!"

Mr. Bucket had certainly picked him up at a dart. However, as soon as he could be heard through Mr. Smallweed's coughing and his vicious ejaculations of "O my bones! O dear! I've no breath in my body! I'm worse than the chattering, clattering, brimstone pig at home!" Mr. Bucket proceeded in the same convivial manner as before.

"So as I happen to be in the habit of coming about your premises, you take me into your confidence, don't you?"

I think it would be impossible to make an admission with more ill-will and a worse grace than Mr. Smallweed displayed when he admitted this; rendering it perfectly evident that Mr. Bucket was the very last person he would have thought of taking into his confidence if he could by any possibility have kept him out of it.

"And I go into the business with you—very pleasant we are over it; and I confirm you in your well-founded fears, that you will-get-yourself-in-to-a-most precious line if you don't come out with that there will," said Mr. Bucket, emphatically; "and accordingly you arrange with me that it shall be delivered up to this present Mr. Jarndyce on no conditions, if it should prove to be valuable, you trusting yourself to him for your reward; that's about where it is, ain't it?"

"That's what was agreed," Mr. Smallweed assented, with the same bad grace.

"In consequence of which," said Mr. Bucket, dismissing his agreeable manner all at once, and becoming strictly business-like; "you've got that Will upon your person at the present time; and the only thing that remains for you to do is, just to—Out with it!"

Having given us one glance out of the watching corner of his eye, and having given his nose one triumphant rub with his fore-finger, Mr. Bucket stood with his eyes fastened on his confidential friend, and his hand stretched forth ready to take the paper and hand it to my Guardian. It was not produced without much reluctance, and many declarations on the part of Mr. Smallweed that he was a poor industrious man, and that he left it to Mr. Jarndyce's honor not to let him lose by his honesty. Little by little he very slowly took from a breast-pocket a stained, discolored paper, which was much singed upon the outside, and a little burnt at the edges, as if it had long ago been thrown upon a fire, and hastily snatched off again. Mr. Bucket lost no time in transferring this paper, with the dexterity of a conjuror, from Mr. Smallweed to Mr. Jarndyce. As he gave it to my Guardian, he whispered behind his fingers:

"Hadn't settled how to make their market of it. Quarreled and hinted about. I laid out twenty pound upon it. First, the avaricious grandchildren split upon him, on account of their objections to his living so unreasonably long, and then they split on one another. Lord, there ain't one of the family that wouldn't sell the other for a pound or two, except the old lady, and she's only out of it because she's too weak in her mind to drive a bargain."

"Mr. Bucket," said my Guardian aloud, "whatever the worth of this paper may be to any one, my obligations are great to you; and if it be of any worth, I hold myself bound in honor to see Mr. Smallweed remunerated accordingly."

"Not according to your merits, you know," said Mr. Bucket, in friendly explanation to Mr. Smallweed. "Don't you be afraid of that. According to its value."

"That is what I mean," said my Guardian. "you may observe, Mr. Bucket, that I abstain from examining this paper myself. The plain truth is, I have foresworn and abjured the whole business these many years, and my soul is sick of it. But Miss Summerson and I will immediately place the paper in the hands of my solicitor in the cause, and its existence shall be made known without delay to all other parties interested."

"Mr. Jarndyce can't say fairer than that, you understand," observed Mr. Bucket, to his fellow visitor. "And it now being made clear to you that nobody's a-going to be wronged—which must be a great relief to *your* mind—we may proceed with the ceremony of chairing you home again."

He unbolted the door, called in the bearers, wished us good-morning—and with a look full of meaning, and a crook of his finger at parting, went his way.

We went our way too, which was to Lincoln's Inn, as quickly as possible. Mr. Kenge was disengaged, and we found him at his table in his dusty room, with the inexpressive-looking books, and the piles of papers. Chairs having been placed for us by Mr. Guppy, Mr. Kenge expressed the surprise and gratification he felt at the unusual sight of Mr. Jarndyce in his office. He turned over his double eye-glass as he spoke, and was more Conversation Kenge than ever.

"I hope," said Mr. Kenge, "that the genial influence of Miss Summerson," he bowed to me, "may have induced Mr. Jarndyce," he bowed to him, "to forego some little of his animosity toward a Cause and toward a Court which are—shall I say, which take their place in the stately vista of the pillars of our profession?"

"I am inclined to think," returned my Guardian, "that Miss Summerson has seen too much of the effects of the court and the cause to exert any influence in their favor. Nevertheless, they are a part of the occasion of my being here. Mr. Kenge, before I lay this paper on your desk, and have done with it, let me tell you how it has come into my hands."

He did so shortly and distinctly.

"It could not, sir," said Mr. Kenge, "have been stated more plainly and to the purpose, if it had been a Case at Law."

"Did you ever know English law, or equity either, plain and to the purpose?" said my Guardian.

"O fie!" said Mr. Kenge. At first he had not seemed to attach much importance to the paper, but when he saw it he appeared more interested, and when he had opened, and read a little of it through his eye-glass, he became amazed. "Mr. Jarndyce," he said, looking off it, "you have perused this?"

"Not I!" returned my Guardian.

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, "it is a will of later date than any in the suit. It appears to be all in the Testator's handwriting. It is duly executed and attested. And even if intended to be canceled, as might possibly be supposed to be denoted by these marks of fire, it is *not* canceled. Here it is, a perfect instrument!"

"Well!" said my Guardian. "What is that to me?"

"Mr. Guppy!" cried Mr. Kenge, raising his voice.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jarndyce."

"Sir."

"Mr. Vholes of Symond's Inn. My compliments. Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Glad to speak with him."

Mr. Guppy disappeared.

"You ask me what is this to you, Mr. Jarndyce. If you had perused this document, you would have seen that it reduces your interest considerably, still leaving it a very handsome one, still leaving it a very handsome one," said Mr. Kenge waving his hand persuasively and blandly. "You would further have seen that the interests of Mr. Richard Carstone, and of Miss Ada Clare, now Mrs. Richard Carstone, are very materially advanced by it."

"Kenge," said my Guardian, "if all the flourishing wealth that the suit brought into this vile court of Chancery could fall to my two young cousins, I should be well contented. But do you ask *me* to believe that any good is to come of Jarndyce and Jarndyce?"

"O really, Mr. Jarndyce! Prejudice—prejudice. My dear sir, this is a very great country, a very great country. Its system of equity is a very great system, a very great system, really, really!"

My Guardian said no more, and Mr. Vholes arrived. He was modestly impressed by Mr. Kenge's professional eminence.

"How do you do, Mr. Vholes? Will you be so good as to take a chair here by me, and look over this paper."

Mr. Vholes did as he was asked, and seemed to read it every word. He was not excited by it, but he was not excited by any thing. When he had well examined it, he retired with Mr. Kenge into a window, and shading his mouth with his black glove, spoke to him at some length. I was not surprised to observe Mr. Kenge inclined to dispute what he said before he had said much, for I know that no two people ever did agree about any thing in Jarndyce and Jarndyce. But he seemed to get the better of Mr. Kenge too, in a conversation that sounded as if it were almost composed of the words, "Receiver-General," "Accountant-General," "Report," "Estate and Costs." When they had finished, they came back to Mr. Kenge's table, and spoke aloud.

"Well! But this is a very remarkable document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And a very important document, Mr. Vholes?" said Mr. Kenge.

Again Mr. Vholes said, "Very much so."

"And as you say, Mr. Vholes, when the cause is in the paper next term, this document will be an unexpected and interesting feature in it," said Mr. Kenge, looking loftily at my Guardian.

Mr. Vholes was gratified, as a smaller practitioner striving to keep respectable, to be confirmed in any opinion of his by such an authority.

"And when," asked my Guardian, rising after a pause, during which Mr. Kenge had rattled his money, and Mr. Vholes had picked his pimples. "When is next term?"

"Next term, Mr. Jarndyce, will be next

month," said Mr. Kenge. "Of course we shall at once proceed to do what is necessary with this document, and to collect the necessary evidence concerning it; and of course you will receive our usual notification of the cause being in the paper."

"To which I shall pay, of course, my usual attention."

"Still bent, my dear sir," said Mr. Kenge, showing us through the outer office to the door, "still bent, even with your enlarged mind, on echoing a popular prejudice. We are a prosperous community, Mr. Jarndyce, a very prosperous community. We are a great country, Mr. Jarndyce, we are a very great country. This is a great system, Mr. Jarndyce, and would you wish a great country to have a little system? Now, really, really!"

He said this at the stair-head, gently moving his right hand as if it were a silver trowel, with which to spread the cement of his words on the structure of the system, and consolidate it for a thousand ages.

CHAPTER LXIII.—Steel and Iron.

George's shooting-gallery is to let, and the stock is sold off, and George himself is at Chesney Wold, attending on Sir Leicester in his rides, and riding very near his bridle-rein, because of the uncertain hand with which he guides his horse. But not to-day is George so occupied. He is journeying to-day into the iron country farther north, to look about him.

As he comes into the iron country farther north, such green woods as those of Chesney Wold are left behind; and coalpits and ashes, high chimneys and red bricks, blighted verdure, scorching fires, and a heavy never-lightening cloud of smoke, become the features of the scenery. Among such objects rides the trooper, looking about him, and always looking for something he has come to find.

At last on the black canal bridge of a busy town, with a clang of iron in it, and more fires and more smoke than he has seen yet, the trooper, swart with the dust of the coal roads, checks his horse, and asks a workman does he know the name of Rouncewell thereabouts?

"Why, master," quoth the workman, "do I know my own name?"

"'Tis so well known here, is it, comrade?" asks the trooper.

"Rouncewell's? Ah! you're right."

"And where might it be now?" asks the trooper, with a glance before him.

"The bank, the factory, or the house?" the workman wants to know.

"Hum! Rouncewell's is so great apparently," mutters the trooper, stroking his chin, "that I have as good as half a mind to go back again. Why, I don't know which I want. Should I find Mr. Rouncewell at the factory, do you think?"

"'Tain't easy to say where you'd find him; you might at this time of the day—you might find either him or his son there, if he's in town; but his contracts take him away."

And which is the factory? Why, he sees those chimneys—the tallest ones! Yes, he sees *them*. Well! let him keep his eye on those chimneys, going on as straight as ever he can, and presently he'll see 'em down a turning on the left, shut in by a great brick wall which forms one side of the street. That's Rouncewell's.

The trooper thanks his informant, and rides slowly on, looking about him. He does not turn back, but puts up his horse (and is much disposed to groom him too) at a public-house where some of Rouncewell's hands are dining, as the hostler tells him. Some of Rouncewell's hands have just knocked off for dinner-time, and seem to be invading the whole town. They are very sinewy and strong are Rouncewell's hands—a little sooty too.

He comes to a gateway in the brick wall, looks in, and sees a great perplexity of iron lying about, in every stage, and in a vast variety of shapes; in bars, in wedges, in sheets; in tanks, in boilers, in axles, in wheels, in cogs, in cranks, in rails, twisted and wrenched into eccentric and perverse forms, as separate parts of machinery; mountains of it broken-up, and rusty in its age; distant furnaces of it glowing and bubbling in its youth; bright fireworks of it showering about under the blows of the steam hammer; red-hot iron, white-hot iron, coal-black iron; an iron taste, an iron smell, and a Babel of iron sounds.

"This is a place to make a man's head ache, too!" says the trooper, looking about him for a counting-house. "Who comes here? This is very like me before I was set up. This ought to be my nephew, if likenesses run in families. Your servant, sir."

"Yours, sir. Are you looking for any one?"

"Excuse me. Young Mr. Rouncewell, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I was looking for your father, sir. I wished to have a word with him."

The young man telling him he is fortunate in his choice of a time, for his father is there, leads the way to the office where he is to be found. "Very like me before I was set up—devilish like me!" thinks the trooper, as he follows. They come to a building in the yard with an office on an upper floor. At sight of the gentleman in the office Mr. George turns very red.

"What name shall I say to my father?" asks the young man.

George, full of the idea of iron, in desperation, answers "Steel," and is so presented. He is left alone with the gentleman in the office, who sits at a table with account-books before him and some sheets of paper, blotted with hosts of figures and drawings, of cunning shapes. It is a bare office, with bare windows, looking on the iron view below. Tumbled together on the table are some pieces of iron, purposely broken, to be tested at various periods of their service in vari-

ous capacities. There is iron-dust on every thing, and the smoke is seen through the windows rolling heavily out of the tall chimneys to mingle with the smoke from a vaporous Babylon of other chimneys.

"I am at your service, Mr. Steel," says the gentleman, when his visitor has taken a rusty chair.

"Well, Mr. Rouncewell," George replies, leaning forward, with his left arm on his knee, and his hat in his hand; and very chary of meeting his brother's eye; "I am not without my expectations that in the present visit I may prove to be more free than welcome. I have served as a dragoon in my day; and a comrade of mine that I was once rather partial to, was, if I don't deceive myself, a brother of yours. I believe you had a brother who gave his family some trouble, and ran away, and never did any good but in keeping away?"

"Are you sure," returns the ironmaster, in an altered voice, "that your name is Steel?"

The trooper falters, and looks at him. His brother starts up, calls him by his name, and grasps him by both hands.

"You are too quick for me!" cries the trooper, with the tears springing out of his eyes. "How do you do, my dear old fellow. I never could have thought you would have been half so glad to see me as all this. How do you do, my dear old fellow, how do you do!"

They shake hands and embrace each other over and over again, the trooper still coupling his "How do you do, dear old fellow!" with his protestation that he never thought his brother would have been half so glad to see him as all this!

"So far from it," he declares, at the end of a full account of what has preceded his arrival there, "I had very little idea of making myself known. I thought if you took by any means forgivingly to my name, I might gradually get myself up to the point of writing a letter. But I could not have been surprised, brother, if you had considered it any thing but welcome news to hear of me."

"We will show you at home what kind of news we think it, George," returns his brother. "This is a great day at home, and you could not have arrived, you bronzed old soldier, on a better. I made an agreement with my son Wall to-day, that on this day twelvemonth he shall marry as pretty and as good a girl as you have seen in your travels. She goes to Germany to-morrow with one of your nieces for a little polishing up in her education. We make a feast of the event, and you will be made the hero of it."

Mr. George is so entirely overcome at first by this prospect, that he resists the proposed honor with great earnestness. Being overborne, however, by his brother and his nephew—concerning whom he renews his protestations that he never could have thought they would have been half so glad to see him—he is taken home to an elegant house, in all the arrangements of which there is to be observed a pleasant mixture of the original simple habits of the father and mother, with such as are suited to their altered station and the higher fortunes of their children. Here, Mr. George is much dismayed by the graces and accomplishments of his nieces that are, and by the beauty of Rosa his niece that is to be, and by the affectionate salutations of those young ladies, which he receives in a sort of dream. He is sorely taken aback too by the dutiful behavior of his nephew, and has a woeful consciousness upon him of being a scapegrace. However, there is a great rejoicing, and a very hearty company, and infinite enjoyment, and Mr. George comes bluff and martial through it all, and his pledge to be present at the marriage, and give away the bride, is received with universal favor. A whirling head has Mr. George that night when he lies down in the state bed of his brother's house, to think of all these things and to see the images of his nieces (awful all the evening in their floating muslins), walking, after the German manner, over his counterpane.

The brothers are closeted next morning in the iron-master's room; where the elder is proceeding in his clear, sensible way to show how he thinks he may best dispose of George in his business, when George squeezes his hand and stops him.

"Brother, I thank you a million times for your more than brotherly welcome, and a million times more to that for your more than brotherly intentions. But my plans, such as they are, are made. Before I say a word as to them, I wish to consult you upon one family point. How," says the trooper, folding his arms, and looking with indomitable firmness at his brother; "how is my mother to be got to scratch me?"

"I am not sure that I understand you, George," replies the ironmaster.

"I say, brother, how is my mother to be got to scratch me? She must be got to do it, somehow."

"Scratch you out of her will, I think you mean?"

"Of course I do. In short," says the trooper, folding his arms more resolutely yet, "I mean—*to* scratch me?"

"My dear George," returns his brother. "Is it so indispensable that you should undergo that process?"

"Quite absolutely! I couldn't be guilty of the manners of coming back without it. I should never be safe not to be off again. I have not sneaked home to rob your children, if not yourself, brother, of your rights. I, who forfeited mine long ago! If I am to remain and hold up my head, I must be scratched. Come! You are a man of celebrated penetration and intelligence, and you can tell me how it's to be brought about."

"I can tell you, George," replies the ironmaster, deliberately, "how it is not to be brought about, which I hope will answer the purpose as well. Look at your mother, think of her, recall

her emotion when she received you. Do you believe there is a consideration in the world that would induce her to take such a step against her favorite son? Do you believe there is any chance of her consent, to balance against the outrage it would be to her (loving dear old body!) to propose it? If you do, you are wrong. No, George! You must make up your mind to remain *un*scratched. I think"—there is an amused smile on the ironmaster's face, as he watches his brother, who is pondering, deeply disappointed—"I think you may manage almost as well as if the thing were done, though."

"How, brother?"

"Being bent upon it, you can dispose by will of any thing you have the misfortune to inherit, in any way you like, you know."

"That's true!" says the trooper, pondering again. Then he wistfully asks, with his hand on his brother's, "Would you mind mentioning that, brother, to your wife and family?"

"Not at all."

"Thank you. You wouldn't object to say, perhaps, that although an uneducated vagabond I am a vagabond of the harum-scarum order, and not of the mean sort?"

The ironmaster, repressing his amused smiles, assents.

"Thank you. Thank you. It's a considerable weight off my mind," says the trooper, with a heave of his chest as he unfolds his arms, and puts a hand on each leg: "though I had set my heart on being scratched, too!"

The brothers are very like each other, sitting face to face; but a certain massive simplicity and absence of usage in the way of the world, is all on the trooper's side.

"Well," he proceeds, throwing off his disappointment, "next and last, those plans of mine. You have been so brotherly as to propose to me to fall in here, and take my place among the products of your perseverance and sense. I thank you heartily. It's more than brotherly, as I said before, and I thank you heartily for it," shaking him a long time by the hand. "But the truth is, brother, I am a—I am a kind of a Weed, and it's too late to plant me in a regular garden."

"My dear George," returns the elder, concentrating his strong steady brow upon him, and smiling confidently: "leave that to me, and let me try."

George shakes his head. "You could do it, I have not a doubt, if any body could; but it's not to be done. Not to be done, sir! Whereas it so falls out, on the other hand, that I am able to be of some trifle of use to Sir Leicester Dedlock since his illness—brought on by family sorrows—and that he would rather have that help from our mother's son than from any body else."

"Well, my dear George," returns the other, with a very slight shade upon his open face, if you prefer to serve in Sir Leicester Dedlock's household brigade—"

"There it is, brother!" cries the trooper, checking him, with his hand upon his knee again: "there it is! You don't take kindly to that idea. I don't mind it. You are not used to being officered. I am sure every thing about you is in perfect order and discipline; every thing about me requires to be kept so. We are not accustomed to carry things with the same hand, or to work at 'em from the same point. I don't say much about my garrison manners, because I found myself pretty well at my ease last night, and they wouldn't be noticed here, I dare say, once and away. But I shall get on best at Chesney Wold—where there's more room for a Wold than there is here—and the dear old lady will be made happy besides. Therefore I accept of Sir Leicester Dedlock's proposals. When I come over next year to give away the bride, or whenever I come, I shall have the sense to keep the household brigade in ambuscade, and not to manœuvre it on your ground. I thank you heartily again, and am proud to think of the Rouncewells as they'll be founded by you."

"You know yourself, George," says the elder brother, returning the grip of his hand, "and perhaps you know me better than I know myself. Take your way. So that we don't quite lose one another again, take your own way."

"No fear of that!" returns the trooper. "Now, before I turn my horse's head home'ards, brother, I will ask you—if you'll be so good—to look over a letter for me. I brought it with me to send from these parts, as Chesney Wold might be a painful name to the person it's written to. I am not much accustomed to correspondence myself, and I am particular respecting this present letter, because I want it to be both straightforward and delicate."

Herewith he hands a letter, closely written in somewhat pale ink, but in a neat round hand, to the ironmaster, who read as follows:

"Miss Esther Summerson—A communication having been made to me by Inspector Bucket of a letter to yourself being found among the papers of a certain person, I take the liberty to make known to you that it was but a few lines of instruction from abroad, when, where, and how to deliver an inclosed letter to a young and beautiful lady then unmarried in England. I duly observed the same.

"I further take the liberty to make known to you that it was got from me as a proof of handwriting only, and that otherwise I would not have given it up, as appearing to be the most harmless in my possession, without being shot through the heart.

"I further take the liberty to mention that if I could have supposed a certain unfortunate gentleman to have been in existence, I never could and never would have rested until I had discovered his retreat, and shared my last farthing with him, as my duty and my inclination would have equally been. But he was (officially) reported drowned, and assuredly went over the side of a transport-ship at night in an Irish harbor, within a few hours of her arrival from the West Indies,

as I have myself heard both from officers and men on board, and know to have been (officially) confirmed.

"I further take the liberty to state that in my humble quality, one of the rank and file, I am, and shall ever continue to be your thoroughly devoted servant, and that I esteem the qualities you possess above all others, far beyond the limits of the present dispatch. I have the honor to be,

"GEORGE."

"A little formal," observes the elder brother, refolding it with a puzzled face.

"But nothing that might not be sent to a pattern young lady?" asks the younger.

"Nothing at all."

Therefore it is sealed, and deposited for posting among their own correspondence of the day. This done, Mr. George takes a hearty farewell of the family party, and prepares to saddle and mount. His brother, however, unwilling to part with him so soon, proposes to ride with him in a light open carriage to the place where he will bait for the night, and there remain with him until morning, a servant riding for so much of the journey on the thorough-bred old grey from Chesney Wold. The offer being gladly accepted, is followed by a pleasant ride, a pleasant dinner, and a pleasant breakfast, all in brotherly communion. Then they once more shake hands long and heartily, and part; the ironmaster turning his face to the smoke and fires, and the trooper to the green country. Early in the afternoon the subdued sound of his heavy military trot is heard on the turf in the avenue as he rides on with imaginary clank and jingle of accoutrements under the old elm trees.

CHAPTER LXIV.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

Soon after I had had that conversation with my Guardian, he put a sealed paper in my hand one morning, and said, "This is for next month, my dear." I found in it two hundred pounds.

I now began very quietly to make such preparations as I thought were necessary. Regulating my purchases by my Guardian's taste, which I knew very well of course, I arranged my wardrobe to please him, and hoped I should be highly successful. I did it all so quietly, because I was not quite free from my old apprehensions that Ada would be rather sorry, and because my Guardian was so quiet himself. I had no doubt that under all the circumstances we should be married in the most private and simple manner. Perhaps I should only have to say to Ada, "Would you like to come and see me married to-morrow, my pet?" Perhaps our wedding might even be as unpretending as her own, and I might not find it necessary to say any thing about it until it was over. I thought that if I were to choose, I would like this best.

The only exception I made was Mrs. Woodcourt. I told her that I was going to be married to my Guardian, and that we had been engaged some time. She highly approved. She could never do enough for me, and was remarkably softened now in comparison with what she had been when we first knew her. There was no trouble she would not have taken to have been of use to me; but I need hardly say that I only allowed her to take as little as gratified her kindness without tasking it.

Of course this was not a time to neglect my Guardian; and of course it was not a time for neglecting my darling. So I had plenty of occupation—which I was glad of—and as to Charley, she was absolutely not to be seen for needlework. To surround herself with great heaps of it—baskets full and tables full—and do a little, and stand a great deal of time in staring with her round eyes at what there was to do, and persuade herself that she was going to do it—were Charley's great dignities and delights.

Meanwhile, I must say, I could not agree with my Guardian on the subject of the will, and I had some deceiving hopes of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Which of us was right will soon appear, but I certainly did encourage expectations. In Richard the discovery gave occasion for a burst of business and agitation that buoyed him up for a little time; but he had lost the elasticity even of hope now, and seemed to me to retain only its feverish anxieties. From something my Guardian said one day when we were talking about this, I understood that my marriage would not take place until after the term-time we had been told to look forward to; and I thought the more for that, how rejoiced I should be if I could be married when Richard and Ada were a little more prosperous.

The term was very near indeed when my Guardian was called out of town, and went down into Yorkshire on Mr. Woodcourt's business. He had told me beforehand that his presence there would be necessary. I had just come in one night from my dear girl's, and was sitting in the midst of all my new clothes, looking at them all around me, and thinking, when a letter from my Guardian was brought to me. It asked me to join him in the country, and mentioned by what stage-coach my place was taken, and at what time in the morning I should have to leave town. It added in a postscript that I should not be many hours from Ada.

I expected few things less than a journey at that time, but I was ready for it in half an hour, and set off as appointed early next morning. I trembled all day, wondered all day, what I could be wanted for at such a distance; now I thought it might be for this purpose, and now I thought it might be for that purpose; but I was never, never, never near the truth.

It was night when I came to my journey's end, and found my Guardian waiting for me. This was one great relief, for toward evening I had begun to fear (the more so as his letter was a very short one) that he might be ill. However, there he was, as well as it was possible to be, and when I saw his genial face again at its brightest and best, I said to myself, he has been doing some other great kindness. Not that it

required much penetration to say that, because I knew that his being there at all was an act of kindness in itself.

Supper was ready at the hotel, and when we were alone at table he said:

"Full of curiosity, no doubt, little woman, to know why I have brought you here?"

"Well, Guardian," said I, "without thinking myself a Fatima or you a Blue-Beard, I am a little curious about it."

"Then to secure your night's rest, my love," he returned, gayly, "I won't wait until to-morrow to tell you. I have very much wished to express to Woodcourt, somehow, my sense of his humanity to poor unfortunate Jo, his inestimable services to my young cousins, and his value to us all. When it was decided that he should settle here, it came into my head that I might ask his acceptance of some unpretending and suitable little place to lay his own head in. I therefore caused such a place to be looked out for, and such a place was found on very easy terms, and I have been touching it up for him and making it habitable. However, when I walked over it the day before yesterday, and it was reported to me ready, I found that I was not housekeeper enough to know whether things were all as they ought to be. So I sent off for the best little housekeeper that could possibly be got to come and give me her advice and opinion. And here she is," said my Guardian, "laughing and crying both together!"

Because he was so dear, so good, so admirable, I tried to tell him what I thought of him, but I could not articulate a word

"Tut, tut!" said my Guardian. "You make too much of it, little woman. Why, how you sob! Dame Durden, how you sob!"

"It is with exquisite pleasure, my Guardian—with a heart full of thanks."

"Well, well," said he. "I am delighted that you approve. I thought you would. I meant it as a pleasant surprise for the little mistress of Bleak House."

I kissed him and dried my eyes. "I know now!" said I. "I have seen this in your face a long while."

"No; have you really, my dear?" said he. "What a Dame Durden it is to read a face!"

He was so quaint and cheerful that I could not long be otherwise, and was almost ashamed of having been otherwise at all. When I went to bed, I cried, I am bound to confess that I cried; but I hope it was with pleasure, though I am not quite satisfied it was with pleasure. I repeated every word of the letter twice over.

A most beautiful summer morning succeeded, and after breakfast we went out arm-in-arm, to see the house of which I was to give my mighty housekeeping opinion. We entered a flower-garden by a gate in a side-wall, of which he had the key; and the first thing I saw, was that the beds and flowers were all laid out according to the manner of my beds and flowers at home.

"You see, my dear," observed my Guardian, standing still, with a delighted face, to watch my looks, "knowing there could be no better plan, I borrowed yours."

We went on by a pretty little orchard, where the cherries were nestling among the green leaves, and the shadows of the apple-trees were sporting on the grass, to the house itself—a cottage, quite a rustic cottage of doll's rooms, but such a lovely place, so tranquil and so beautiful, with such a rich and smiling country spread around it; with water sparkling away into the distance, here all overhung with summer-growth, there turning a humming-mill; at its nearest point glancing through a meadow by the cheerful town, where cricket-players were assembling in bright groups, and a flag was flying from a white tent that rippled in the sweet west wind. And still, as we went through the pretty rooms, out at the little rustic verandah doors, and underneath the tiny wooden colonnades, garlanded with woodbine, jasmine, and honeysuckle, I saw, in the papering on the walls, in the colors of the furniture, in the arrangement of all the pretty objects, my little tastes and fancies, my little methods and inventions which they used to laugh at while they praised them, my odd things every where.

I could not say enough in admiration of what was all so beautiful, but one secret doubt arose in my mind, as I saw this; I thought, O would he be the happier for it? Would it not have been better for his peace that I should not have been so brought before him? Because, although I was not what he thought me, still he loved me very dearly, and it might remind him mournfully of what he believed he had lost. I did not wish him to forget me—perhaps he might not have done so, even without these aids to his memory—but my way was easier than his, and I could have reconciled myself to that, so that he had been the happier for it.

"And now, little woman," said my Guardian, whom I had never seen so proud and joyful as in showing me these things, and watching my appreciation of them, "now, last of all, for the name of this house."

"What is it called, dear Guardian?"

"My child," said he, "come and see."

He took me to the porch, which he had hitherto avoided, and said, pausing, before he went out:

"My dear child, don't you guess the name?"

"No!" said I.

We went out of the porch, and he showed me written over it—Bleak House.

He led me to a seat among the leaves close by, and sitting down beside me, and taking my hand in his, spoke to me thus:

"My darling girl, in what there has been between us, I have, I hope, been really solicitous for your happiness. When I wrote you the letter to which you brought the answer," smiling as he referred to it, "I had my own too much in view; but I had yours too. Whether, under different circumstances, I might ever have renewed the old dream I sometimes dreamed when

you were very young, of making you my wife one day, I need not ask myself. I did renew it, and I wrote my letter, and you brought your answer. You are following what I say, my child!"

I was cold, and I trembled violently; but not a word he uttered was lost. As I sat looking fixedly at him, and the sun's rays descended, softly shining through the leaves upon his bare head, I felt as if the brightness on him must be like the brightness of the Angels.

"Hear me, my love, but do not speak. It is for me to speak now. When it was that I began to doubt whether what I had done would really make you happy, is no matter. Woodcourt came home, and I soon had no doubt at all."

I clasped him round the neck, and hung my head upon his breast and wept. "Lie lightly, confidently, here, my child," said he, pressing me gently to him. "I am your Guardian and your father now. Rest confidently here."

Soothingly, like the gentle rustling of the leaves; and genially, like the ripening weather; and radiantly and beneficently, like the sunshine; he went on.

"Understand me, my dear girl; I had no doubt of your being contented and happy with me, being so dutiful and so devoted; but I saw with whom you would be happier. That I penetrated his secret when Dame Durden was blind to it is no wonder; for I knew the good that would never change in her, better far than she did. Well! I have long been in Allan Woodcourt's confidence, although he was not, until yesterday, a few hours before you came here, in mine. But I would not have my Esther's bright example lost; I would not have a jot of my dear girl's virtues unobserved and unhonored; I would not have her admitted on sufferance into the line of Morgan ap Kerrig, no, not for the weight in gold of all the mountains in Wales!"

He stopped to kiss me on the forehead, and I sobbed and wept afresh. For I felt as if I could not bear the painful delight of his praise.

"Hush, little woman! Don't cry; this is to be a day of joy. I have looked forward to it," he said, exultingly, "for months on months! A few words more, Dame Trot, and I have said my say. Determined not to throw away one atom of my Esther's worth, I took Mrs. Woodcourt into a separate confidence. 'Now madam,' said I, 'I clearly perceive—and indeed I know, to boot—that your son loves my ward. I am further very sure that my ward loves your son, but will sacrifice her love to a sense of duty and affection, and will sacrifice it so completely, so entirely, so religiously, that you should never suspect it, though you watched her night and day.' Then I told her all our story—ours—yours and mine. 'Now, madam,' said I, 'come you, knowing this, and live with us. Come you and see my child from hour to hour; set what you see against her pedigree, which is this and this'—for I scorned to mince it—'and tell me what is the true legitimacy, when you shall have quite made up your mind on that subject.' Why, honor to her old Welsh blood, my dear!" cried my Guardian, with enthusiasm, "I believe the heart it animates beats no less warmly, no less admiringly, no less lovingly, toward Dame Durden, than my own!"

He tenderly raised my head, and as I clung to him, kissed me in his old fatherly way again and again. What a light now on the protecting manner I had thought about!

"One more last word. When Allan Woodcourt spoke to you, my dear, he spoke with my knowledge and consent, but I gave him no encouragement. Not I. For these surprises were my great reward, I was too miserly to part with a scrap of it. He was to come and tell me all that passed, and he did. I have no more to say. My dear, Allan Woodcourt stood beside your father when he lay dead—stood beside your mother. This is Bleak House. This day I give this house its little mistress, and before God, it is the brightest day in all my life!"

He rose, and raised me with him. We were no longer alone. My husband—I have called him by that name full seven happy years now—stood at my side.

"Allan," said my Guardian, "take from me—a willing gift—the best wife that ever a man had.—What more can I say for you than that I know you deserve her. Take with her the little home she brings you. You know what she will make it, Allan; you know what she has made its namesake. Let me share its felicity sometimes, and what do I sacrifice? Nothing, nothing."

He kissed me once again, and now the tears were in his eyes, as he said more softly:

"Esther, my dearest, after so many years, there is a kind of parting in this too. I know that my mistake has caused you some distress. Forgive your old Guardian in restoring him to his old place, and blot it out of your memory. Allan, take my dear!"

He moved away from under the green roof of leaves, and stopping in the sunlight outside, and turning cheerfully toward us, he said—

"I shall be found about here somewhere. It's a west wind, little woman, due west! Let no one thank me any more, for I am going to resort to my bachelor habits, and if anybody disregards this warning, I'll run away, and never come back!"

What happiness was ours that day, what joy, what rest, what hope, what gratitude, what bliss! We were to be married before the month was out; but when we were to come and take possession of our own house, was to depend on Richard and Ada.

We all three went home together next day. As soon as we arrived in town, Allan went straight to see Richard, and to carry our joyful news to my darling. Late as it was, I meant to go to her for a few minutes before lying down to sleep; but I went home with my Guardian first, to make his tea for him, and to occupy the

old chair by his side; for I did not like to think of its being empty so soon.

When we came home, we found that a young man had called three times in the course of that one day, to see me; and, that having been told, on the occasion of his third call, that I was not expected to return before ten o'clock at night, had left word, "that he would call about then." He had left his card three times. MR. GUPPY.

As I naturally speculated on the object of these visits, and as I always associated something ludicrous with the visitor, it naturally fell out that in laughing about Mr. Guppy, I told my Guardian of his old proposal, and his subsequent retraction. "After that," said my Guardian, "we will certainly receive this hero." So instructions were given that Mr. Guppy should be shown in when he came again; and they were scarcely given when he did come again.

He was embarrassed when he found my Guardian with me, but recovered himself, and said, "How do you do, sir?"

"How do you do, sir?" returned my Guardian.

"Thank you, sir, I am tolerable," returned Mr. Guppy. "Will you allow me to introduce my mother, Mrs. Guppy, of the Old Street Road, and my particular friend, Mr. Weevle. That is to say, my friend has gone by the name of Weevle, but his name is really and truly Jobling."

My Guardian begged them to be seated, and they all sat down.

"Tony," said Mr. Guppy to his friend, after an awkward silence. "Will you open the case?"

"Do it yourself," returned the friend, rather tartly.

"Well, Mr. Jarndyce, sir," Mr. Guppy, after a moment's consideration, began, to the great diversion of his mother, which she displayed by nudging Mr. Jobling with her elbow, and winking at me in a most remarkable manner. "I had an idea that I should see Miss Summerson by herself, and was not quite prepared for your esteemed presence. But Miss Summerson has mentioned to you, perhaps, that something has passed between us on former occasions?"

"Miss Summerson," returned my Guardian smiling, "has made a communication to that effect to me."

"That," said Mr. Guppy, "makes matters easier, sir. I have come out of my articles at Kenge and Carboy's, and I believe with satisfaction to all parties. I am now admitted (after undergoing an examination that's enough to badger a man blue, touching a pack of nonsense that he don't want to know) on the roll of attorneys, and have taken out my certificate, if it would be any satisfaction to you to see it."

"Thank you, Mr. Guppy," returned my Guardian. "I am quite willing—I believe I use a legal phrase—to admit the certificate."

Mr. Guppy therefore desisted from taking something out of his pocket, and proceeded without it.

"I have no capital myself, but my mother has a little property which takes the form of an annuity;" here Mr. Guppy's mother rolled her head as if she never could sufficiently enjoy the observation, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and again winked at me; "and a few pounds expenses out of pocket in conducting business will never be wanting, free of interest. Which is an advantage, you know," said Mr. Guppy, feelingly.

"Certainly an advantage," returned my Guardian.

"I *have* some connection," pursued Mr. Guppy, "and it lays in the direction of Walcot Square, Lambeth. I have therefore taken a ouse in that locality, which, in the opinion of my friends, is a hollow bargain (taxes ridiculous, and use of fixtures included in the rent), and intend setting up professionally for myself there, forthwith."

Here Mr. Guppy's mother fell into an extraordinary passion of rolling her head and smiling waggishly at any body who would look at her.

"It's a six roomer, exclusive of kitchens," said Mr. Guppy, "and, in the opinion of my friends, a commodious tenement. When I mention my friends, I refer principally to my friend Jobling, who has known me"—Mr. Guppy looked at him with a sentimental air, "from boyhood's hour."

Mr. Jobling confirmed this, with a sliding movement of his legs.

"My friend Jobling will render me his assistance in the capacity of clerk, and will live in the ouse," said Mr. Guppy. "My mother will likewise live in the ouse when her present quarter in the Old Street Road shall have ceased and expired; and consequently there will be no want of society. My friend Jobling is naturally aristocratic by taste, and besides being acquainted with the movements of the upper circles, fully backs me in the intentions I am now developing."

Mr. Jobling said "Certainly," and withdrew a little from the elbow of Mr. Guppy's mother.

"Now, I have no occasion to mention to you, sir, you being in the confidence of Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, "(mother, I wish you'd be so good as to keep still), that Miss Summerson's image was formerly imprinted on my art, and that I made her a proposal of marriage."

"That I have heard," returned my Guardian.

"Circumstances," pursued Mr. Guppy, "over which I had no control, but quite the contrary, weakened the impression of that image for a time. At which time Miss Summerson's conduct was highly genteel; I will add magnanimous."

My Guardian patted me on the shoulder, and seemed much amused.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Guppy, "I have got into that state of mind myself, that I wish for a reciprocity of magnanimous behavior. I wish to prove to Miss Summerson that I can rise to a height of which perhaps she hardly thought me capable. I find that the image which I did suppose had been eradicated from my art, is *not* eradicated. Its influence over me is still tremenjous, and yielding to it I am willing to overlook the circumstances over which none of us had any control, and to renew those proposals to Miss Summerson which I had the honor to make

at a former period. I beg to lay the ouse in Walcot Square, the business, and myself, before Miss Summerson, for her acceptance."

"Very magnanimous, indeed, sir," observed my Guardian.

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Guppy, with candor, "my wish is to *be* magnanimous. I do not consider that in making this offer to Miss Summerson I am by any means throwing myself away, neither is that the opinion of my friends. Still there are circumstances which I submit may be taken into account as a set-off against any little drawbacks of mine, and so a fair and equitable balance arrived at."

"I take upon myself, sir," said my Guardian, laughing as he rang the bell, "to reply to your proposals on behalf of Miss Summerson. She is very sensible of your handsome intentions, and wishes you good-evening, and wishes you well."

"Oh!" said Mr. Guppy, with a blank look. "Is that tantamount, sir, to acceptance, or rejection, or consideration?"

"To decided rejection, if you please," returned my Guardian.

Mr. Guppy looked incredulously at his friend, and at his mother, who suddenly turned very angry, and at the floor, and at the ceiling.

"Indeed?" said he. "Then Jobling, if you was the friend you represent yourself, I should think you might hand my mother out of the gangway instead of allowing her to remain where she ain't wanted."

But Mrs. Guppy positively refused to come out of the gangway. She wouldn't hear of it. "Why, get along with you," said she to my Guardian, "what do you mean? Ain't my son good enough for you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Get out with you!"

"My good lady," returned my Guardian, "it's hardly reasonable to ask me to get out of my own room."

"I don't care for that," said Mrs. Guppy. "Get out with you. If we ain't good enough for you, go and procure somebody that is good enough. Go along and find 'em."

I was quite unprepared for the rapid manner in which Mrs. Guppy's power of jocularity merged into a power of taking the profoundest offense.

"Go along and find somebody that's good enough for you," repeated Mrs. Guppy. "Get out." Nothing seemed to astonish Mr. Guppy's mother so much, and to make her so very indignant, as our not getting out. "Why don't you get out?" said Mrs. Guppy. "What are you stopping here for?"

"Mother," interposed her son, always getting before her, and pushing her back with one shoulder, as she sidled at my Guardian, "*will* you hold your tongue?"

"No, William," she returned; "I won't! Not unless he gets out, I wont!"

However, Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling together closed on Mr. Guppy's mother (who began to be quite abusive), and took her, very much against her will, down-stairs; her voice rising a stair higher every time her figure got a stair lower, and insisting that we should immediately go and find somebody who was good enough for us, and above all things that we should get out.

CHAPTER LXV.—Beginning the World.

The term had commenced, and my Guardian found an intimation from Mr. Kenge that the cause would come on in two days. As I had sufficient hopes of the will to be in a flutter about it, Allan and I agreed to go down to the court that morning. Richard was extremely agitated, and was so weak and low, though his illness was still of the mind, that my dear girl indeed had sore occasion to be supported. But she looked forward—a very little way now—to the help that was to come to her, and never drooped.

It was at Westminster that the cause was to come on. It had come on there, I dare say, a hundred times before, but I could not divest myself of an idea that it *might* lead to some result now. We left home directly after breakfast to be at Westminster Hall in good time, and walked down there through the lively streets—so happily and strangely it seemed!—together.

As we were going along, planning what we should do for Richard and Ada, I heard somebody calling "Esther! my dear Esther! Esther!" And there was Caddy Jellyby with her head out of the window of a little carriage, which she hired now to go about in to her pupils (she had so many), as if she wanted to embrace me at a hundred yards' distance. I had written her a note to tell her of all that my Guardian had done, but he'd not a moment to go and see her. Of course we turned back, and the affectionate girl was in that state of rapture, and was so overjoyed to talk about the night when she brought me the flowers, and was so determined to squeeze my face (bonnet and all) between her hands, and go on in a wild manner altogether, calling me all kinds of precious names, and telling Allan I had done I don't know what for her, that I was first obliged to get into the little carriage and calm her down, by letting her say and do exactly what she liked. Allan, standing at the window, was as pleased as Caddy, and I was as pleased as either of them; and I wonder that I got away as I did, rather than that I came off laughing, and red, and any thing but tidy, and looking after Caddy who looked after us out of the coach-window as long as ever she could see us.

This made us some quarter of an hour late, and when we came to Westminster Hall we found that the day's business was begun. Worse than that, we found such an unusual crowd in the court of Chancery that it was full to the door, and we could neither see nor hear what was passing within. It appeared to be something droll, for occasionally there was a laugh, and a cry of "Silence!" It appeared to be something interesting, for every one was pushing and striving to get nearer. It appeared to be something that

made the professional gentlemen very merry, for there were several young counselors in wigs and whiskers on the outside of the crowd, and when one of them told the others about it, they put their hands in their pockets, and quite doubled themselves up with laughter, and went stamping about the pavement of the hall.

We asked a gentleman by us, if he knew what cause was on? He told us Jarndyce and Jarndyce. We asked him if he knew what was doing in it? He said, really no he did not, nobody ever did, but as well as he could make out, it was over. Over for the day? we asked him. No, he said; over for good.

Over for good!

When we heard this unaccountable answer, we looked at one another quite lost in amazement. Could it be possible that the will had set things right at last, and that Richard and Ada were going to be rich? It seemed too good to be true. Alas it was!

Our suspense was short, for a break-up soon took place in the crowd, and the people came streaming out, looking flushed and hot, and bringing a quantity of bad air with them. Still they were all exceedingly amused, and were more like people coming out from a Farce or a Juggler than from a court of Justice. We stood aside, watching for any countenance we knew, and presently great bundles of papers began to be carried out—bundles in bags, bundles too large to be got into any bags, immense masses of papers of all shapes and no shapes, which the bearers staggered under, and threw down for the time being, any how, on the Hall pavement, while they went back to bring out more. Even these clerks were laughing. We glanced at the papers, and seeing Jarndyce and Jarndyce every where, asked an official-looking person who was standing in the midst of them, whether the cause was over. "Yes," he said. "It was all up with it at last!" and burst out laughing too.

At this juncture we perceived Mr. Kenge coming out of court with an affable dignity upon him, listening to Mr. Vholes, who was deferential, and carried his own bag, Mr. Vholes was the first to see us. "Here is Miss Summerson, sir," he said. "And Mr. Woodcourt."

"O indeed! Yes, truly!" said Mr. Kenge, raising his hat to me with polished politeness. "How do you do? Glad to see you. Mr. Jarndyce is not here?"

No. He never came there, I reminded him.

"Really," returned Mr. Kenge, "it is as well that he is *not* here to-day, for his—shall I say, in my good friend's absence, his indomitable singularity of openness?—might have been strengthened, perhaps; not reasonably, but might have been strengthened!"

"Pray what has been done to-day?" asked Allan.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Kenge, with excessive urbanity.

"What has been done to-day?"

"What has been done," repeated Mr. Kenge. "Quite so. Yes. Why, not much has been done; not much. We have been checked—brought up suddenly, I would say—upon the—shall I term it threshold?"

"Is this will considered a genuine document, sir?" said Allan; "will you tell us that?"

"Most willingly, if I could," said Mr. Kenge; "but we have not gone into that, we have not gone into that."

"We have not gone into that," repeated Mr. Vholes, as if his low inward voice were an echo.

"You are to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," observed Mr. Kenge, using his silver trowel, perseveringly and smoothingly, "that this has been a great cause, that this has been a protracted cause, that this has been a complex cause. Jarndyce and Jarndyce has been termed, not inaptly, a Monument of Chancery practice."

"And Patience has sat upon it a long time," said Allan.

"Very well indeed, sir," returned Mr. Kenge, with a certain condescending laugh he had. "Very well! You are further to reflect, Mr. Woodcourt," becoming dignified to severity, "that on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions, and forms of procedure in this great cause: there has been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, Mr. Woodcourt, high intellect. For many years, the—a—I would say the power of the Bar, and the—a—I would presume to add the matured autumnal fruits of the Woolsack—have been lavished upon Jarndyce and Jarndyce. If the public have the benefit, and if the country have the adornment of this great Grasp, it must be paid for, in money or money's worth, sir."

"Mr. Kenge," said Allan, appearing enlightened all in a moment. "Excuse me, our time presses. Do I understand that the whole estate is found to have been absorbed in costs?"

"Hem! I believe so," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"I believe so," said Mr. Vholes.

"And that thus the suit lapses and melts away."

"Probably," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"Probably," said Mr. Vholes.

"My dearest life," whispered Allan, "this will break Richard's heart!"

There was such a shock of apprehension in his face, and he knew Richard so perfectly, and I too had seen so much of his gradual decay, that what my dear girl had said to me in the fullness of her foreboding love, sounded like a knell in my ears.

"In case you should be wanting Mr. C., sir," said Mr. Vholes, coming after us, "you'll find him in court. I left him there resting himself a little. Good-day, sir; good-day, Miss Summerson." As he gave me that long devouring look of his, while twisting up the strings of his bag, before he hastened with it after Mr. Kenge, the benignant shadow of whose conversational presence he seemed afraid to leave, he gave one gasp as if he had swallowed the last morsel of his cli-

ent, and his black buttoned-up unwholsome figure glided away to the low door at the end of the hall.

"My dear love," said Allan, "leave to me for a little while the charge you gave me. Go home with this intelligence, and come to Ada's by-and-by!"

I would not let him take me to a coach, but entreated him to go to Richard without a moment's delay, and leave me to do as he wished. Hurrying home, I found my Guardian, and told him gradually with what news I had returned. "Little woman," said he, quite unmoved for himself, "to have done with the suit on any terms is a greater blessing than I had looked for. But my poor young cousins!"

We talked about them all the morning, and discussed what it was possible to do. In the afternoon my Guardian walked with me to Symond's Inn, and left me at the door. I went up-stairs. When my darling heard my footsteps, she came out into the small passage and threw her arms round my neck; but she composed herself directly, and said that Richard had asked for me several times. Allan had found him sitting in a corner of the court, she told me, like a stone figure. On being roused, he had broken away, and made as if he would have spoken in a fierce voice to the judge. He was stopped by his mouth being full of blood, and Allan had brought him home.

He was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed when I went in. The room was made as airy as possible, and was darkened, and was very orderly and quiet. Allan stood behind him, watching him gravely. His face appeared to me to be quite destitute of color, and, now that I saw him without his seeing me, I fully saw, for the first time, how worn away he was. But he looked handsomer than I had seen him look for many a day.

I sat down by his side in silence. Opening his eyes by-and-by, he said in a weak voice, but with his old smile, "Dame Durden, kiss me, my dear!"

It was a great comfort and surprise to me, to find him in his low state cheerful and looking forward. He was happier, he said, in our intended marriage than he could find words to tell me. My husband had been a guardian angel to him and Ada, and he blessed us both, and wished us all the joy that life could yield us. I almost felt as if my own heart would have broken when I saw him take my husband's hand and hold it to his breast.

We spoke of the future as much as possible, and he said several times that he must be present at our marriage if he could stand upon his feet. Ada would contrive to take him somehow, he said. "Yes, surely, dearest Richard!" But as my darling answered thus hopefully—so serene and beautiful, with the help that was to come to her so near—I knew—I knew!

It was not good for him to talk too much; and when he was silent, we were silent too. Sitting beside him, I made a pretense of working for my dear, as he had always been used to joke about my being busy. Ada leaned upon his pillow, holding his head upon her arm. He dozed often; and whenever he awoke without seeing him, said, first of all, "Where is Woodcourt?"

Evening had come on, when I lifted up my eyes, and saw my Guardian standing in the little hall. "Who is that, Dame Durden?" Richard asked me. The door was behind him, but he had observed in my face that some one was there.

I looked to Allan for advice, and as he nodded "Yes," bent over Richard and told him. My Guardian saw what passed, came softly by me in a moment, and laid his hand on Richard's. "Oh, sir," said Richard, "you are a good man, you are a good man!" and burst into tears for the first time.

My Guardian, the picture of a good man, sat down in my place, keeping his hand on Richard's.

"My dear Rick," said he, "the clouds have cleared away, and it's bright now. We can see now. We were all bewildered, Rick, more or less. What matters! And how are you, my dear boy?"

"I am very weak, sir, but I hope I shall be stronger. I have to begin the world."

"Ay, truly; well said," cried my Guardian.

"I will not begin it in the old way now," said Richard with a sad smile. "I have learned a lesson now, sir. It was a hard one; but you shall be assured, indeed, that I have learned it."

"Well, well," said my Guardian, comforting him; "well, well, well, my dear boy!"

"I was thinking, sir," resumed Richard, "that there is nothing on earth I should so much like to see as their house—Dame Durden's and Woodcourt's house. If I could be moved there when I begin to recover my strength, I feel as if I should get well there sooner than any where."

"Why, so have I been thinking too, Rick," said my Guardian, "and our little woman likewise; she and I have been talking of it this very day. I dare say her husband won't object. What do you think?"

Richard smiled, and lifted up his arm to touch him as he stood behind his bed's head.

"I say nothing of Ada," said Richard, "but I think of her, and have thought of her very much. Look at her! see her here, sir, bending over this pillow when she has so much need to rest upon it herself, my dear love, my poor girl!"

He clasped her in his arms, and none of us spoke. He gradually released her, and she looked upon us, and looked up to heaven, and moved her lips.

"When I get down to Bleak House," said Richard, "I shall have much to tell you, sir, and you will have much to show me. You will go, won't you?"

"Undoubtedly, dear Rick."

"Thank you; like you, like you," said Richard. "But it's all like you. They have been telling me how you planned it, and how you remembered all Esther's familiar tastes and ways. It will be like coming to the old Bleak House again."

"And you will come there too, I hope Rick. I am a solitary man now, you know, and it will be a charity to come to me. A charity to come to me, my love!" he repeated to Ada, as he gently passed his hand over her golden hair, and put a lock of it to his lips. I think he vowed within himself to cherish her if she were left alone.

"It was all a troubled dream," said Richard, clasping both his hands eagerly.

"Nothing more, Rick; nothing more."

"And you, being a good man, can pass it as such, and forgive and pity the dreamer, and be lenient and encouraging when he wakes?"

"Indeed I can. What am I but another dreamer, Rick?"

"I will begin the world," said Richard, with a light in his eyes.

My husband drew a little nearer toward Ada, and I saw him solemnly lift up his hand to warn my Guardian.

"When shall I go from this place to that pleasant country where the old times are, where I shall have strength to tell what Ada has been to me, where I shall be able to recall my many faults and blindnesses, where I shall prepare myself to be a guide to my unborn child?" said Richard, "When shall I go?"

"Dear Rick, when you are strong enough," returned my Guardian.

"Ada, my darling!"

He sought to raise himself a little. Allan raised him so that she could hold him on her bosom; which was what he wanted.

"I have done you many wrongs, my own. I have fallen like a poor stray shadow on your way, I have married you to poverty and trouble, I have scattered your means to the winds. You will forgive me all this, my Ada, before I begin the world!"

A smile irradiated his face as she bent to kiss him. He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arms closer round her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world, O not this! The world that sets this right.

When all was still, at a late hour, poor crazed Miss Flite came weeping to me, and told me that she had given her birds their liberty.

CHAPTER LXVI.—Down in Lincolnshire.

There is a hush upon Chesney Wold in these altered days, as there is upon a portion of the family history. The story goes that Sir Leicester paid some who could have spoken out to hold their peace; but it is a lame story, feebly whispering and creeping about, and any brighter spark of life it shows soon dies away. It is known for certain that the handsome Lady Dedlock lies in the mausoleum in the park, where the trees arch darkly overhead, and the owl is heard at night making the woods ring, but whence she was brought home, to be laid among the echoes of that solitary place, or how she died, is all vague mystery. Some of her old friends, principally to be found among the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throats, did once occasionally say, as they toyed in a ghastly manner with large fans, like charmers reduced to flirting with grim Death, after losing all their other beaux—did once occasionally say when the Wold assembled together, that they wondered the ashes of the Dedlocks, entombed in the mausoleum, never rose against the profanation of her company. But the dead-and-gone Dedlocks take it very calmly, and never have been known to object.

Up from among the fern in the hollow, and winding by the bridle-road among the trees, comes sometimes to this lonely spot the sound of horses' hoofs. Then may be seen Sir Leicester—invalided, bent, and almost blind, but of a worthy presence yet—riding with a stalwart man beside him, constant to his bridle-rein. When they come to a certain spot before the mausoleum door, Sir Leicester's accustomed horse stops of his own accord, and Sir Leicester, pulling off his hat, is still for a few moments before they ride away.

War rages yet with the audacious Boythorn, though at uncertain intervals, and now hotly, and now coolly; flickering like an unsteady fire. The truth is said to be that when Sir Leicester came down to Lincolnshire for good, Mr. Boythorn showed a manifest desire to abandon his right of way, and do whatever Sir Leicester would: which Sir Leicester conceiving to be a concession to his illness or misfortune, took in such high dudgeon, and was so magnificently aggrieved by, that Mr. Boythorn found himself under the necessity of committing a trespass to restore his neighbor to himself. Similarly Mr. Boythorn continues to post tremendous placards on the disputed thoroughfare, and (with his bird upon his head) to hold forth vehemently against Sir Leicester in the sanctuary of his own home; similarly, also, he defies him, as of old, in the little church, by testifying a bland unconsciousness of his existence. But it is whispered that when he is most ferocious toward his old foe, he is really most considerate; and that Sir Leicester, in the dignity of being implacable, little supposes how much he is humored. As little does he think how near together he and his antagonist have suffered in the fortunes of two sisters; and his antagonist, who knows it now, is not the man to tell him. So the quarrel goes on, to the satisfaction of both.

In one of the lodges of the Park, that lodge within sight of the house where, once upon a time, when the waters were out down in Lincolnshire, my Lady used to see the Keeper's child, the stalwart man, the trooper formerly, is housed. Some relics of his old calling hang upon the walls, and these it is the chosen recreation of a little lame man about the stable-yard to keep gleaming bright. A very little man he always is, in the polishing at harness-house doors, of stirrup-irons, bits, curb-chains, harness-bosses, any thing in the way of a stable-yard that will take a polish, leading a life of friction. A shaggy little damaged man, withal, not unlike an old

dog of some mongrel breed, who has been considerably knocked about. He answers to the name of Phil.

A goodly sight it is to see the grand old housekeeper (hard of hearing now) going to church on the arm of her son, and to observe—which few do, for the house is scanty of company in these times—the relations of both toward Sir Leicester, and his toward them. They have visitors in the high summer weather, when a gray cloak and umbrella, unknown to Chesney Wold at other periods, are seen among the leaves, when two young ladies are occasionally found gamboling in sequestered saw-pits, and such nooks of the Park, and when the smoke of two pipes wreathes away into the fragrant evening air from the trooper's door, Then is a fife heard trilling within the lodge on the inspiring topic of the British Grenadiers; and as the evening closes in, a gentle inflexible voice is heard to say, as the two men pace together up and down, "But I never own to it before the old girl. Discipline must be maintained."

The greater part of the house is shut up, and it is a show-house no longer, yet Sir Leicester holds his shrunken state in the long drawing-room for all that, and reposes in his old place before my Lady's picture. Closed in by night with broad screens and illumined only in that part, the light of the drawing room seems gradually contracting and perishing out until it shall be no more. A little more, in truth, and it will be all extinguished for Sir Leicester, and the damp door in the mausoleum which shuts so tight and obdurate, shall have opened and relieved him.

Volumnia, growing with the flight of time, pinker as to the red in her face, and yellower as to the white, reads to Sir Leicester in the long evenings, and is driven to curious artifices to conceal her yawns, of which the chief and most efficacious is the insertion of the pearl necklace between her rosy lips. Long-winded critics on treatises on Buffy and Boodle question, showing how Buffy is immaculate and Boodle villainous, and how the country is lost by being all Boodle and no Buffy, or saved by being all Buffy and no Boodle (it must be one of the two, and can not be any thing else) are the staple of her reading. Sir Leicester is not particular what it is, and does not appear to follow it very closely, further than that he always comes broad awake the moment Volumnia ventures to leave off, and sonorously repeating her last word, begs with some displeasure to know if she finds herself fatigued? However, Volumnia, in the course of her bird-like hopping about and pecking at papers, has lighted on a memorandum concerning herself, in the event of any thing happening to her kinsman, which is a handsome compensation for an extensive course of reading, and holds even the dragon Boredom at bay.

The cousins generally are rather shy of Chesney Wold in its dullness, but take to it a little in the shooting season, when guns are heard in the plantations, and a few scattered beaters and keepers wait at the old places of appointment, for low spirited twos and threes of cousins. The debilitated cousin, more debilitated by the dreariness of the place, gets into a fearful state of depression, groaning under penitential sofa-pillows in his gunless hours, and protesting that such fernal old jails nough t'sew fler up frever.

The only great occasions for Volumnia, in this changed aspect of the place in Lincolnshire, are those occasions, rare and widely-separated, when something is to be done for the county or the country in the way of gracing a public ball. Then, indeed, does the tuckered sylph come out in fairy form, and proceed with joy under cousinly escort to the exhausted old assembly-room, fourteen heavy miles off, which during three hundred and sixty-four days and nights of every ordinary year is a kind of lumber-room, full of old chairs and tables, upside down. Then, indeed, does she captivate all hearts by her condescension, by her girlish vivacity, and by her skipping about as in the days when the hideous old general, with the mouth too full of teeth, had not cut one of them at two guineas each. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph, of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then do the swains appear with tea, with lemonade, with sandwiches, with homage. Then is she kind and comely, stately, and unassuming, various, beautifully willful. Then is there a singular kind of parallel between her and the little glass chandeliers of another age, embellishing that assembly-room; which, with their meagre stems, their spare little drops, their disappointing knobs where no drops are, their bare little stalks, from which knobs and drops have both departed, and their little feeble prismatic twinkling, all seem Volumnias.

For the rest, Lincolnshire life to Volumnia is a vast blank of overgrown house looking upon the sighing trees, wringing their hands, bowing their heads, and casting their tears upon the window-panes in monotonous depression. A labyrinth of grandeur, less the property of an old family of human beings and their ghostly likenesses, than of an old family of echoings and thunderings which start out of their hundred graves at every sound, and go resounding through the building. A waste of unused passages and staircases in which to drop a comb upon the bedroom floor at night is to send a stealthy footfall on an errand through the house. A place where few people care to go about alone; where a maid screams if an ash drops from the fire, takes to crying at all times and seasons, becomes the victim of a low disorder of the spirits, and gives warning and departs.

Thus Chesney Wold. With so much of itself abandoned to darkness and vacancy; with so little change under the summer shining or the wintry lowering; so sombre and motionless always—no flag flying now by days, no rows of lights sparkling by night; with no family to come and go, no visitors to be the souls of pale cold shapes of rooms, no stir of life about it; passion and pride even to the stranger's eye have died away

from the place in Lincolnshire, and yielded it to dull repose.

CHAPTER LXVII.—The Close of Esther's Narrative.

Full seven happy years I have been the mistress of Bleak House. The few words that I have to add to what I have written, are soon penned; then I and the unknown friend to whom I write, will part forever. Not without much dear remembrance on my side. Not without some, I hope, on his or hers.

They gave my darling into my arms, and through many weeks I never left her. The little child who was to have done so much, was come before the turf was planted on its father's grave. It was a boy; and I, my husband, and my Guardian, gave him his father's name.

The help that my dear counted on, did come to her through it, in the Eternal wisdom, for another purpose. Though to bless and restore his mother, not his father, was the errand of this baby, its power was mighty to do it. When I saw the strength of the weak little hand, and how its touch could heal my darling's heart, and raise up hope within her, I felt a new sense of the goodness and the tenderness of God.

They throve, and by degrees I saw my dear girl pass into my country garden, and walk there with her infant in her arms. I was married then, I was the happiest of the happy.

It was at this time that my Guardian joined us, and asked Ada when she would come home?

"Both houses are your home, my dear," said he, "but the older Bleak House claims priority. When you and my boy are strong enough to do it, come and take possession of your own."

Ada called him "her dearest cousin John." But he said, No, it must be Guardian now. He was her Guardian henceforth, and the boy's, and he had an old association in the name. So she called him Guardian, and has called him Guardian ever since. The children know him by no other name.—I say the children. I have two little daughters.

It is difficult to believe Aunt Charley (round-eyed still, and not at all grammatical) is married to a miller in our neighborhood; yet so it is, and even now, looking up from my desk as I write early in the morning at my summer window, I see the very mill beginning to go round. I hope the miller will not spoil Charley; but he is very fond of her, and Charley is rather vain of such a match—for he is well to do, and was in great request. So far as my small maid is concerned, I might suppose Time to have stood for seven years as still as the mill did half an hour ago; since little Emma, Charley's sister, is exactly what Charley used to be. As to Tom, Charley's brother, I am really afraid to say what he did at school in ciphering, but I think it was Decimals. He is apprenticed to the miller, whatever it was, and is a good-looking bashful fellow always falling in love with somebody, and being ashamed of it.

Caddy Jellyby passed her very last holidays with us, and was a dearer creature than ever, perpetually dancing in and out of the house with the children, as if she had never given a dancing-lesson in her life. Caddy keeps her own little carriage now, instead of hiring one, and lives full two miles further westward than Newman-street. She works very hard, Prince (an excellent husband to her), being lame, and able to do very little. Still, she is more than contented, and does all she has to do with all her heart. Mr. Jellyby spends his evenings at her new house with his head against the wall as he used to do in her old one. I have heard that Mrs. Jellyby was understood to suffer great mortification from her daughter's ignoble marriage and pursuits; but I hope she got over it in time. She has been disappointed in Borrioboola Gha, which turned out a failure in consequence of the King of Borrioboola wanting to sell every body who survived the climate for Rum, but she has taken up with the rights of women, and Caddy tells me it is a mission involving more correspondence than the old one. I had almost forgotten Caddy's poor little girl. She is not such a mite now; but she is deaf and dumb, and I believe there never was a better mother than Caddy, who learns in her scanty intervals of leisure, innumerable deaf and dumb arts, to soften the affliction of her child.

As if I never were to have done with Caddy, I am reminded here of Peepy and old Mr. Turveydrop. Peepy is in the Custom-house and doing very well. Old Mr. Turveydrop, very apoplectic, still exhibits his Deportment about town, still enjoys himself in the old manner, is still believed in, in the old way. He is constant in his patronage of Peepy, and is understood to have left him a favorite French clock in his dressing-room—which is not his property.

With the first money we saved at home, we added to our pretty house by throwing out a little Growlery expressly for my Guardian, which we inaugurated with great splendor the next time he came down to see us. I try to write all this lightly, because my heart is full, in drawing to an end; but when I write of him, my tears will have their way.

"I never look at him, but I hear our poor dear Richard calling him a good man. To Ada and her pretty boy, he is the fondest father; to me, what he has ever been, and what name can I give to that? He is my husband's best and dearest friend, he is our children's darling, he is the object of our deepest love and veneration. Yet while you feel toward him as if he were a superior being, I am so familiar with him, and so easy with him that I almost wonder at myself. I have never lost my old names, nor has he lost his, nor do I ever when he is with us, sit in any other place but in my old chair at his side. Dame Trot, Dame Durden, little Woman!—all just the same as ever; and I answer, Yes, dear Guardian!—just the same.

I have never known the wind to be in the east for a single moment, since the day when he

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT OF MR. GUPPY.

took me to the porch to read the name. I remarked to him once that the wind seemed never in the east now; and he said, No, truly; it had finally departed from that quarter on that very day.

I think my darling girl is more beautiful than ever. The sorrow that has been in her face—for it is not there now—seems to have purified even its innocent expressson, and to have given it a Diviner quality. Sometimes when I raise my eyes and see her, in the black dress that she still wears, teaching my Richard, I feel it is difficult to express—as if I were so glad to know that she remembers her dear Esther in her prayers.

I call him Richard! But he says that he has two mammas, and I am one.

We are not at all rich, but we have always prospered, and we have quite enough. I never walk out with my husband, but I know the people bless him. I never go into a house of any degree but I hear his praises, or see them in grateful eyes. I never lie down at night but I know that in the course of that day he has alleviated pain, and soothed some fellow creature in the time of need: I know that from the beds of those who were past recovery, thanks have often gone up, in the last hour, for his gentle ministration. Is not this to be rich?

The people even praise Me as the Doctor's wife. The people even like Me as I go about, and make so much of me that I am quite abashed: I owe it all to him, my love, my pride! They

like me for his sake, as I do every thing in life for his sake.

A night or two ago, after bustling about preparing for my darling and my Guardian and little Richard, who are coming to-morrow, I was sitting out in the porch, of all places, that dearly memorable porch, when Allan came home. So he said, "My precious little woman, what are you doing here? And I said, "The moon is shining so brightly, Allan, and the night is so delicious, that I have been sitting here, thinking."

"What have you been thinking about, my dear?" said Allan then.

"How curious you are!" said I; "I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I will. I have been thinking about my old looks—such as they were."

"And what have you been thinking about *them*, my busy bee?" said Allan.

"I have been thinking that I thought it was impossible that you *could* have loved me any better, even if I had retained them."

"Such as they were?" said Allan, laughing.

"Such as they were, of course."

"My dear Dame Durden," said Allan, drawing my arm through his, "do you ever look in the glass?"

"You know I do; you see me do it?"

"And don't you know that you are prettier than you ever were?"

I *did not* know that; I am not certain that I know it now. But I know that my dearest little pets are very pretty, and that my darling is very beautiful, and that my husband is very handsome, and that my Guardian has the brightest and most benevolent face that ever was seen, and that they can very well do without much beauty in me—even supposing—

THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHESNEY WOLD.

MAKING OUR WILLS.

SOME time ago I had occasion to go to Doctors' Commons to look at the will of a dead man. The hand that signed it was in the grave long before—dust, perhaps; but the record of the will which animated that hand was there among those dusty folios, engrossed in an almost undecipherable hand, which tell how all the real property in the country has been disposed of over and over again. I had no difficulty in finding it, for I had a note of the precise day the deceased died on. It is not necessary to say any thing about the contents of that will, however, for they have no relation to what I am writing. It is only the date which I have any business with. The will was dated the day before the man died. I had, of course, often heard of men making their wills when they were just at death's door, without any particular thought being excited; but this time I was surprised, as a single fact very often does surprise us, when we have passed by a host of similar ones unnoticed. I knew the man who had made that will. He was a shrewd, prudent, sharp lawyer, who had risen from nothing to be a man of immense wealth. If he was distinguished for any qualities in particular, it was for punctuality and promptitude. None of the clerks of his office were ever five minutes late. That was an offense not to be forgiven. No one ever knew him to be behind at an appointment, or to let business go undone. His housekeeper, who managed his bachelor home for many years, only kept her place by being exact to time. Yet this man had not made his will till a few hours before his death; and therefore the possession of his property formed the subject of a very flourishing lawsuit.

When I went out of that dark, dismal catacomb of dead men's wills, I went on thinking of all the similar cases of procrastination which I knew or had heard of—and they were not a few—for this is a piece of the experience of one who was a law-clerk before he quarreled with red-tape. What a curious catalogue they were! There was an old lady, a toothless old dowager, who had a reprobate and discarded son, and a pretty gentle niece, who lived with her. We used to manage all her affairs, and it was pretty well known in the office that the "nice girl with the long curls" was to be the old lady's heir. Our head-clerk, a red-whiskered dandy, who had no mean opinion of himself, built, I could see, certain speculations on that basis. The old lady never came without Eliza; and when a visit was expected, Mr. Catchpole brushed his fiery hair into the most killing curls, and changed the out-at-elbows coat for the smart one he wore out of doors, and beautified himself as far as that was practicable. Well, a message came one day that the old lady was ill, very ill, with an urgent request that some one should go at once and make her will. Off went our Adonis as fast as a promise of something liberal over the fare could urge the cabman. When he arrived, the old lady was alive—just alive enough to tell him that all her property was to be left to Eliza. She told him that in the hissing whisper which supplied the place of the cracked voice; but when she came to the word "all," so full was the poor old creature of love for the niece, or, perhaps, of determination—let us hope not hate against her son—that she half rose up in her bed and clenched her withered hand, and shrieked out that word again. It must have been a terrible sight—that of life struggling with death for a will! It was a short matter to write that will down; and Catchpole's pen flew over the paper, and the old eyes that were glazing so fast stared anxiously the while, and the thin fingers actually held the pen she had asked for beforehand ready to sign the paper. In a few minutes all was ready; but what a difference that few minutes made! The clerk had risen from his seat and approached the couch, when the surgeon, who stood on the other side, said, with that coolness which medical practice brings, "It is too late;" and it was too late. The dead fingers clenched the unused pen so tightly that they had to be unclasped from it. The son was heir of all, and Eliza a beggar! Death had translated that screamed-out "all" into none. The sequel is soon told. The property was wasted by the son, and has long since passed into other hands, and Eliza, instead of possessing some thousands a year, and being wooed by Mr. Catchpole, is a faded daily governess.

Every lawyer's office has plenty of such stories as this. One I remember of a miser who had ruined more than one family, and in his last moments wished to make such reparation as bequeathed gold could compass. Poor wretch, when the will was brought, catalepsy had seized him, and he lay there a living corpse—dead in all but mind. He could not move his hand; his tongue refused its office; only his eyes were free to move: and of those eyes I have been told a terrible tale. He was, as misers often are, a man of strong mind and iron nerve. Passive as he was in every other part, the eyes told all that was passing within. You could have seen in them intelligence when the will was read to him; the powerful volition brought to bear, and persevered in, when the written word which was to make it a testament was required; the terror and horror which came over him when he found the right hand, which had so often aided him for evil, would not help him for good; the despair which burst the unseen bonds around him, and, with a convulsive motion let out the last of life. It must have been a spectacle of horror, when punishment came in the shape of a prohibition of the one act of mercy, which might have made some amends for a lifetime of wrong.

Then there was another legend of a man whose daughter married against his will. He lived somewhere in a retired country-house, far off from any town. This man was subject to a disease of the heart, and one night, feeling

the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he roused his household, and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but for a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not be expected back for at least two hours, and long before that the spasmodic attack had come on, but still in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest terms, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institutions. It was complete, even to the signature; only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will; it was not in proper form, nor attested. In the eye of the law it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birthright entitled her to.

Wills generally afford a frightful temptation to the worse part of our nature. I believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong are blended with the subject of "wills" than with the whole mass of law parchments extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly *placed*, and more than one should be cognizant of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can record one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed defeating itself. Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school-days, were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family, with comparatively small means, while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been expensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst of purposes, and the uncle at length became wearied and disgusted with the young man's utter depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond, one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, "here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know, will make good use of it." Edmonds remonstrated, and implored, but was eventually compelled to take the will, and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant entreaty, Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequests, leaving the nephew the bulk of the property, and Edmonds the ten thousand pounds. This will Edmonds read, and saw safely deposited in Raymond's iron chest at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and, as it afterward appeared, such was his baseness, that, to secure in addition to the rest the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burnt the document, knowing that, if his uncle died intestate, he himself was heir-at-law. On this villainous announcement, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession during a fit of *delirium tremens*, killed himself.

AUTUMN LOVE.

IN an early season of life I saw Rachael: when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, its beauty seemed a daylight dream. She was as a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured: slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with flitting tints of carnation. Her figure was moulded to realize the soft dignity of her demeanor; her head, classical in shape, wore, with its dawn-bright tresses in Grecian braids, an air of gentle pride; and in her eyes—mild as the eyes of a young saint wishing for heaven—all her maidenly emotions were expressed.

I loved Rachael soon: it was to me the best joy of life to be with her—sweeter to hear her voice than to listen to the saddest music, for it came to my ear charged with holier melody. In her there was not alone the beauty of the sculptured Eve. The painter's glory was truly on her face—the faith of Guido's *Mary*, the meekness of Salvi's nun. I would have Titian's golden pencil to fix her fleeting smile, and Carlo Dolci to immortalize her tears. But, studious and thoughtful, she had searched the wisdom of many days: she knew books, and gathered their worth in her mind: she was no light, fanciful beauty, blown like a May blossom along the banks of time, but a possessor of that second providence of thought, which is docile to the greater providence of Nature.

When I knew that I loved Rachael, I was candid to myself. I looked through a long future, and confided in my own faith. Hope laid many seeds in the ground, and I expected them all to flower. But I long hid these thoughts. Alone I counted over my visionary joys. Without willing it, I was more apparently indifferent to Rachael than to most other friends. I seldom spoke, except on common topics, to her: she, however, conversed much with me, and we were often together. I knew she was kindly disposed toward me, for her manners were friendly, and for a time she rather sought than avoided my society. Gradually, however, as I began to find expression for my affection, I saw that at first it was misunderstood, then it was doubted, then it was thought an illusion, and then it was repelled. When she discovered my fondness, her first feeling was one of anger; but anger softened into perplexed pity, and that saddened into sorrow. What I never with plain words desired, she could not in words deny; but as my love was known without being told, so her rejection of it was kindly but unequivocally clear.

Still, buoyant as I was in heart, free in spirit,

with an imagination coloring all things brilliantly, I was not beggared in hope. I sorrowed, but desponded never. I vainly, indeed, repined over the past, but I vaguely counted on the future. At last, without a confession in form, I expressed the sentiments which ruled me. Rachael, whose thoughts all moved on the high level of virtue, desired to spare me more grief, but scarcely knew how. No one knew of my love for her. The intercourse of our families was so constant that they almost seemed combined into one. She could not go from me, and I would not stay from her. When she spoke of parting as the best, I begged her so sorrowfully to let me remain among her common friends, that she consented. She even believed that this would be my cure; for such a youthful fervency, so impetuous and so sudden, would undoubtedly waste itself away. Time, variety, the interests of the world, would, she confidently thought —as she sincerely desired—wear out an affection which was never tempted by her, never beckoned to be forbidden, but wandered ever in a desert, shelterless, without a place to lay its head.

Yet I loved her with an increasing love. Many I saw with beauty, and youth, and brightness of demeanor, and many with innocence and gentle wisdom—but none like Rachael, who was alone in her shrine, and sacred still. I was unhappy. I secluded myself in the darkness of my own thoughts. I made a desolation, and dwelt in it. Unreasoning and bitter were the complaints of my despair. The flowers of many summers, the plunder of many springs, lay at my feet; but one snowdrop, one violet, one valley-lily, was all I wanted; and that one I could not have.

What was the use of laying out gardens of hope if Rachael was not to be the sweetest blossom there? What was the glory of a whole Corinth of palaces if Rachael would not be their queen! What was the delight of prosperity if it rose like a harvest in an unpeopled isle? What was the promise of fame if its prophecies sounded hollow to a desolate heart? Rachael knew this now. With her kindliness and gracious sisterly affection, sweetly offered, but refused by my famished love, she again asked me earnestly to leave her. I wished, for a moment, that she would then peremptorily forbid me to see her, but I would not, could not, go uncompelled. I might then have bent my head upon my hands, and gone blind from her sight. But her entreaty was not a command; and as it was, she said, for my sake, not for hers, that she desired it, I felt no power to obey. From that time she was studiously guarded in her manners. Sometimes an impulse of grateful fondness rose in her heart; but she checked it, lest she might mistake an evanescent tenderness for the kindling of the true lamp, which alone, she knew, ought to burn and mingle its light with mine. When I spoke to her in words half-uttered and enigmatic phrases, she besought me not to indulge in hopes that would make me wretched. She said I should change; but then I replied, that she might change too, which grieved her, for she saw that I would fondle my hopes, careless of the sorrow they might bring. A mortal melancholy came over me, and I thought life would refuse me all its joys.

And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Rachael owned no love for me. When in society, she was to me, as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart were questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate. Her manners softened, though whenever I expressed any thought of this change, the gravity of her face returned, and her beauty seemed to retire from my love. Still I was more reconciled to hope deferred, and still the time went on.

At last she was parted from her home for awhile. She went to a distance. I yearned for her return. But as her absence was prolonged, it was less painful. I felt a more patient passion. She came back. By her first inquiring look I knew she sought to discover what influence our separation had produced on me. And when I looked back love into her eyes, I saw she smiled. Soon after, we seriously conversed. I wrote her a letter; she replied, and once more begged me, besought me, once more to consider whether it would not be better to leave her, for my own sake; she did not say for hers. Had she said for hers, I would have gone; but she said for mine. I answered, life might be happy or miserable, but her presence was like that Arabian amulet, which made all wounds harmless while it was worn. Once taken away, the heart would bleed mortally, and I should perish. I waited a little time, and then went to seek her.

I saw her in her father's garden; she was alone. A purple autumn evening hushed all the world. It was a scene of poetry, perfumed with the last sweets of the flowering season. Long alleys and Italian slopes were shaded by bosquets and groves from the cherry-red deepening light which poured, warm and mellow, from the west. A soft wind, moist with dew, wandered among the murmurous leaves, still fragrant with the farewell breath of the summer. I met Rachael on a lawn, such as fancy might picture, bright with Boccaccio's vigils—of virgins fair as moonlight, dancing amid the lilies and the dew, floating their blond locks in the clear air, and wavering in a fairy line to the music of golden flutes. In Rachael's soft smile there was a welcome. She gave me her hand, but spoke nothing. I looked into her conscious face. I said, "I have come to you, Rachael." "Then you *will* stay with me," she replied, in a very low tone. I answered, "I must stay with you, if I live. Rachael, I will stay with you forever." I gazed again into her countenance. A light—deeper, richer, more rosy than a

July sunset—glowed through delicate flushes on her cheek; it played in a golden smile on her lip; it passed like an angelic dream over her brow; it came like morning into the blue orbs that now were suffused with no sorrowful tears. Her face, till then colorless as a snowdrop, flushed as a snowdrop might flush in the red evening, still pale, but with paleness seen through rosy air I saw that her bosom rose and fell, and I looked once more into her eyes, and through their deep violet serenity, I saw the young love born like a new star just trembling into heaven; and she fell upon my neck; I embraced her to my bosom, and without a spoken word the bond of betrothal was between us. We looked toward the western sky; little vermilion clouds were still glowing like islands in the liquid blue, and the sighing breath of the evening passed over my heart, and all the blossoms of its hope expanded in a moment into flowers. Like morning melting into day—like two stars blending their light—like the Rhone in Leman Lake, we *should* have been from the unspoken pledges of that hour.

For that was the hour to which my expectations had been turned. Tears had watered my heart in desire for it; sorrow had borne me down in despair of it; all the prayers of my affection, all my prophecies of hope, all my fancy's pictures were realized now, and Rachael, whom I so treasured, was mine; she was mine in undiminished beauty; she was mine in surrendered love. The increase of her youth's wisdom, and knowledge, and virtue—the garnery of many years—was the dowry of her ripened tenderness to me. She gave me all in placing her hand in mine. As the nightingale, wounding its breast against a thorn, sorrows while it drinks sweetness from the flower, to sing it forth again in the night, so my heart, wounded by loving unloved, had pained itself by eternally repeating its musical *miserere* to Rachael.

> As a young, unripened rose—
> A rose unripened yet, but red,
> Blushes from its damasked bed,
> And with odorous petal glows,
> While the light, reflected through,
> Purples in its purple hue,
> So thy beauty blushed to me,
> And my bosom glowed to thee.

Strange wantonings of human nature! Surprise and fear started in my feelings when I found that, clasping Rachael to my breast, I was not stirred by those stormy emotions which moved me when, in days past, she sat far from my side. I was conscious of a cold mood; I tried to think I was happy; I assured myself of my own delight. But, doubt as I might—wonder as I might—sorrow as I might—I could not but confess to myself that I had won this maiden's love when my own had begun to wane. It was all gone—all the passionate affection which grew with each hour, and increased with every look; all the abounding and burning love which had been my moving impulse for years was gone. It was gone—the devoted faith which counted a day too long to be absent from Rachael, and a life too short to offer its sacrifice of tender ministries for her.

For during her absence I had, at first as a mere refuge and then as a pleasure, sought the society of the golden-locked lily, whose curls had fluttered against my cheek at a ball. She was no more like Rachael than a firefly is like a star which melts its liquid silver into the night, throwing off ripples of lustre to glance and flash along the mellow blue. She was only a graceful, fairy-footed creature, innocent, simple, glad in her own trustfulness, who mistook fancies for thoughts, and would live on love like a bee clinging to the honeyed bosom of a rose. No one had taught her any thing, and if they had it would have fixed in her mind only two ideas—that the good were lovable, and the bad hateful; and that people ought to be kind to each other, and think more of morals than money. Her talk was tender prattle; she seldom expressed even these thoughts, but they were her own, and when I sometimes spoke with her, and met her in her own pathetic mood, and chatted in a low tone about the sufferings of the heart, and seemed passionately to urge the virtue and the power of love, all those expressions which then were meant for my absent Rachael sounded to Lily as an interpretation of my feelings for her. While I thought of Rachael, Lily thought of me; gradually, however, her entire reliance on my words, her frank utterance of her gladness in seeing me, her soft, winsome way, her sweet voice, her exquisite sensitiveness, her purity of sentiment, and the child-like beauty of her aspirations, influenced me; all that was dear in her was higher and dearer in Rachael, yet when I pressed Rachael to my heart my thoughts wandered back to Lily. I was startled by the consciousness. I refused to believe it. Surely I was unchanged; I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their own sphere; I pleased myself with the memory of the golden-locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I *resolved* to be faithful to Rachael, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

This for awhile went on. I saw Rachael often, I knew more of her goodness; I measured more proudly the worth of her noble mind; I saw more than ever that she was created to be loved, and yet I loved her less. I said, indeed, not a word of my change, and I was sincere in my determination *not* to change. I *would* love Rachael. But I delighted to meet Lily, persuading myself, by the casuistry of self-justification, that she was no more than a Platonic friend—most fatal term, which covers a multitude of sins! I dared to be jealous of her. I claimed privileges with her; and gradually all her acquaintance conceded them to me. And yet, even to myself, I pretended not to know that I was doing wrong. Lily belonged to entirely another circle to that which Rachael formed the grace; and thus my folly was favored. I was

loving Lily without intending to win her. I had won Rachael without continuing to love her

Whispers, however, came to the Golden-Locked One, as I called her; and in her simplicity she asked me, without reserve, whether I was affianced. Sad Lily! Her namesake flower, bruised and trodden, never hung on its stem and wept away its beauty in pearls of dew more mournfully than she bowed her head and let fall her humble tears. Her countenance, which had shone as the young moon, now paled as the moon pales when triumphant sunlight flushes the sky all around. But that light was darkness to her; and I saw that I had injured a good heart. I had done a double wrong; for I *had* loved her, and, loving her, would not accept the love she gave to me. Rachael I had wooed while I loved her, and won when I loved her no more.

As the sole atonement I could make, I told this to Rachael. She listened, and I knew from her face—at first surprised into anguish, but then shaded by a proud, indignant calm—that a sickness had fallen on her heart. The paleness spread even into her eyes; dejection drooped in her lashes, quivering with tears too piteous to fall. No reproach passed through her cold lips; but in their pallor—in one upward look—in her countenance, in her form—what a winter of reproaches came rigorous and chill about me! The whole current of my former love poured out afresh. I implored, and spared no plea, that Rachael would forgive me, and forget the past. She owed it to me, she said, to pardon me, but she owed it to me also, as to herself, to remember my broken faith. I was forbidden to think of her more. Never, she vowed, would her heart desert its own; never should another hand clasp hers as mine had done. But from the unerring testimony of actions by which I had deceived her and duped myself, I could not now trust myself any more than she could trust me. It was better, then, that we should part.

So we parted. Rachael had few words to say, for she *could* not soothe, and *would* not upbraid me. And I lost Rachael, and did not gain Lily. Worse than all other reflection was the consciousness, that I had invoked this treble sorrow into the world. A virtuous will has almost the power of a fate; but they who would be happy in the enjoyment of an intense, exalted, supreme desire, must never for a moment fail in truth. One false act made a desert for me, and I am condemned to live in it alone. I hear that Rachael is still the one whom I loved; and if my memory is ever revived to her, kindly I know will she think of me. Lily is blithe again; for her heart, free from its regrets, wakes always with the spring, and all the leaves of autumn are swept away when June flowers again in the valleys.

But I sit in the shade of a willow—and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Rachael. In autumn she gave it to me: in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

HOW STEEL-PENS ARE MADE.

IT is but a few minutes' walk to Mr. Gillott's pen manufactory. The substantial and handsome building in which the business is carried on gives token of the order and cleanliness we shall find within. We are given at once in charge of an intelligent guide, who, having pointed out the manner in which the metal—a fine steel—is rolled to the required thinness in a rolling-mill, conducts us up-stairs, where we are introduced to a long gallery, clean, lofty, and airy, furnished with long rows of presses, each one in charge of young persons, as pleasing looking, healthy, and happy as we could wish them to be. They are all making pens, and we must see what they are about. The first to whom we are introduced has a long ribbon of the rolled metal in her left hand, from which she is cutting blanks, each of which is to become a pen, at the rate of twenty to thirty thousand a day. The ribbon of metal is something less than three inches in width. Having cut as many pens from one side of it as the whole length—about six feet—will furnish, she turns it over and cuts her way back again, so managing it that the points of the pens cut in going down the second side shall fall in the interstices between the points cut in traversing the first side. By this means nearly the whole of the metal is cut into pens, and but a very insignificant remnant is left. The next operator receives these flat blanks, and subjecting each one separately to a similar press, armed with a different cutting implement, pierces the central hole and cuts the two side slits. Our attention is now drawn to a beautiful machine, which, under the management of a young man, performs at once both the operations above described, cutting the pen from the metal, and piercing the hole, and giving the side slits all at one pressure, with astonishing rapidity and regularity—though not producing pens equal in quality to those made by separate processes.

The pens are as yet but flat pieces of metal, and that of a very hard and unmanageable temper; they have to be bent into cylinders and semi-cylinders, and to induce them to submit to that, they are now heated and considerably softened in an oven. On emerging from the oven, they are stamped with the maker's name on the back; this is accomplished very rapidly by means of a die, which the operator works with his foot. Now comes the most important transformation they undergo; a young girl pops them consecutively into another of the omni-performing presses, from which they come forth as semi-cylinders, or if being *magnum bonums*, or of a kind perfectly cylindrical, an additional pressure in another press finishes the barrel. We have now to follow the pens down stairs to the mouth of a small furnace, or oven, where a man is piling them together in small iron-boxes with loose covers, and arranging them in the

fire, where they are heated to a white heat, and then suddenly withdrawn and plunged into a pan of oil. This ordeal renders them so extremely brittle that they may be crumbled to pieces between the fingers. They are now placed in cylinders, not unlike coffee-roasters, made to revolve over a fire, by which they are in a great measure freed from the oil. After this they are consigned to the care of men whose business it is to temper them by a process of gradual heating over a coke fire until the metal is thoroughly elastic. The next process is one conducted on a rather large scale; the object of it is to rub down the roughness resulting from the various treatment they have undergone, and to impart a perfect smoothness to every portion of their surface. For this purpose they are packed in large quantities in tin-cans, together with a considerable amount of sawdust; these cans are made to revolve horizontally at a great rate, by means of steam; the pens triturate each other, owing to the rapid motion, and the sawdust takes up the impurities which they disengage. They come forth from those cans thoroughly scoured and semi-polished, and are now taken to the grinding-room. This is a large apartment, where a number of small grinding-wheels, or "bobs," are whizzing round under the impetus of steam, each one of them in charge of a young man or woman, and each projecting a stream of sparkling fire as the pens are momentarily applied to their surfaces. This grinding is a most essential process, inasmuch as the pliability of the pen depends upon its proper performance; the object is to increase the flexibility of the metal of the pen at a point just above the central slit, by reducing its substance. The operator seizes the pen with a pair of nippers, not unlike a small pair of curling-irons in shape, applies the back of it to the wheel for one moment, and the affair is over. Previous to the process of grinding, however, most, if not all, the pens manufactured at this establishment are slightly coated with varnish, diluted with a volatile spirit; it is this which gives them the rich brown hue that so much improves their appearance, and at the same time preserves them from rust. After the grinding, they are subjected, for the last time, to the operation of the press, at which a young girl completes the manufacture of the pen by giving it the central slit, without which it would never be in a condition to rival the goose-quill. The operation of slitting, precise and delicate as it is, is so simplified by the ingenious contrivance with which the press is armed, that it is performed with a rapidity almost rivaling that of the simplest operation—a single hand slitting nearly a hundred gross a day. Nothing further now remains to be done, save a trifling cleansing process, which frees the pens from the stain of the hand, after which they are packed in boxes for sale.

It is impossible to walk through this establishment without receiving most agreeable impressions. The work-rooms, spacious, lofty, and airy, clean as a private residence, and bathed in a flood of light, offer a remarkable contrast to the foul and unwholesome dens into which it is the shameful custom of too many employers to cram their unfortunate dependents. The main element regarded in the construction of the building has evidently been the health and comfort of the immense number of young people of both sexes there congregated for the purpose of labor. Neither have moral considerations been lost sight of: the females are, for the most part, secluded from the males; and where this can not be entirely effected, a constant supervision insures the preservation of decorum. The result of these excellent arrangements is apparent in the healthy, cheerful aspect and unexceptionable demeanor of the operatives of both sexes; and there is little doubt but that it is equally apparent in the balance-sheet of the spirited proprietor, who is aware that humanity is a cheap article, on the whole, and one that is pretty sure to pay in the long run.

Of the amount of business done on these premises, we can not give the reader a better idea than by stating the fact, that above one hundred millions of pens are here produced annually, which gives an average of between thirty and forty thousand for every working day.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR domestic record for the current month will be necessarily meagre, no events worthy of special mention having occurred in any part of the country. Public attention in every section of the Union has been directed to the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever at New Orleans, and large collections of money in aid of the destitute have been made in all the principal Northern cities. The fever made its appearance on the 28th of May, and between that date and the 27th of August, the total number of deaths from that disease was 6442—the mortality having reached 250 in a single day. At the date of our latest intelligence the epidemic was subsiding in New Orleans, but had made its appearance in a form of great virulence at Mobile.

A deputation of Cuban exiles waited upon Hon. Mr. Soulé, the newly-appointed Minister to Spain, while in New York, on his way to Europe. In a brief address they presented their congratulations on his appointment, and their wishes for his prosperity. Mr. Soulé replied by referring to the sentiments he had expressed in public life. He said he could never believe that this Republic was to be eternally circumscribed by its early limits, nor could he be with those who would have entombed the hopes of the future in their reverence for the past. With regard to the special mission to which he had been appointed, delicacy would require him to say but little. He could not forbear to remind them, however, that the American Minister ceases not to be an American citizen; and as such he has a right to

carry wherever he goes the throbbings of that people that speak out such tremendous truths to the tyrants of the old continent. At the present moment, when the world is in suspense as to the future of Eastern Europe, perhaps a whisper from this country may decide the question, and show that American sentiments weigh in the scale of the destinies of the nations more than all others that can be wielded by czars, emperors, or kings. So far as his own conduct was concerned he could only say, that if rights are to be vindicated, they shall be vindicated with the freedom and energy that becomes a freeman; and if wrongs are perpetrated, they shall be denounced with the energy that behoves a good citizen, and redress asked, however redress shall be attainable.

The letter of Mr. Everett, while Secretary of State, declining the proposal that the United States should enter into a treaty with England and France guaranteeing to Spain the continued possession of Cuba, will probably be remembered by our readers. A letter from Lord John Russell in reply, dated February 16, 1853, has since been published. It is addressed to Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, and begins by saying that the object of the arguments introduced by Mr. Everett with so much preparation, and urged with so much ability, is clearly to procure the admission of a doctrine that the United States have an interest in Cuba, to which Great Britain and France can not pretend. If the object of the United States is simply to prevent Cuba from falling into the hands of any European power, the convention proposed would secure that end. But if it is intended to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *status* of Cuba, and that the United States alone have a right to a voice in that matter, the British Government at once refuses to admit such a claim. Her possessions in the West Indies, to say nothing of the interests of Mexico and other friendly states, give Great Britain an interest in the question which she can not forego: and France has similar interests which she will doubtless urge at the proper time. Nor is this right invalidated by the argument of Mr. Everett that Cuba is to the United States as an island at the mouth of the Thames or of the Seine would be to England or France. Cuba is 110 miles distant from the nearest part of the territory of the United States: an island at an equal distance from the mouth of the Thames would be placed about ten miles north of Antwerp in Belgium; while an island at the same distance from Jamaica would be placed at Manzanilla in Cuba. The possession of Cuba by the United States, therefore, would be more menacing to Great Britain than its possession by Great Britain would be to the United States. Another argument used by Mr. Everett—that such a treaty would give a new and powerful impulse to the lawless invasions of Cuba, is regarded by the British Government as not only unfounded but disquieting. The statement thus made by the President, that a Convention, duly signed and legally ratified, engaging to respect the present state of possession in all future time, would excite these bands of pirates to more violent breaches of all the laws of honesty and good neighborhood, is characterized as a melancholy avowal for the chief of a great State. Without disputing its truth, the hope is expressed that such a state of things will not endure, but that the citizens of the United States, while they justly boast of their institutions, will not be insensible to the value of those eternal laws of right and wrong, of peace and friendship, and of duty to their neighbors, which ought to guide every Christian nation: nor can a people so enlightened fail to perceive the utility of those rules for the observance of international relations, which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the laws of nations. It can not be said that such a Convention would have prevented the people of Cuba from asserting their independence: with regard to internal troubles the proposed Convention was altogether silent. But a pretended declaration of independence, with a view of immediately seeking refuge from revolt on the part of the blacks, under the shelter of the United States, would be looked upon as the same in effect as a formal annexation. Lord John closes his dispatch by saying that while fully admitting the right of the United States to reject the proposal, Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty, and upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act singly, or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit.—On the 16th of April this dispatch with a similar one from the French Government was read to Mr. Marcy, who promised to lay them before the President, though he intimated that probably no answer would be deemed necessary.

A decision of some interest in a case arising under the Fugitive Slave Law, was given on the 17th of August, by Judge McLean of the U. S. Supreme Court, at Cincinnati. The principal points decided were, that the law was entirely constitutional—that the right of Congress to legislate upon the subject had been expressly affirmed by the Supreme Court, and that this law, like every other, must be executed in good faith. The fugitive was therefore remanded to his master.

A letter of some importance concerning the rights of American citizens resident in Cuba, written by Mr. Webster while Secretary of State, has recently been published. Mr. W. refers to a Spanish proclamation of 1817 as defining the Spanish law upon this subject. That proclamation was issued for the purpose of increasing the white population of Cuba, and granted various privileges, such as exemption from taxation for fifteen years, liberty to return home within five years, &c., to those who should take up their residence in Cuba. These clauses show clearly that it was no part of the intent of the government to force foreign residents to become Spanish subjects. The domiciliatory letter which they were required to take out simply authorized residence, and did not work any forfeiture of their rights of citizenship in their respective countries. Under these circumstances the American residents in Cuba can not be regarded as having ever changed their allegiance by taking out letters of domiciliation; these letters were regarded as mere formal requisites to an undisturbed temporary residence for commercial or other business purposes. Mr. Webster acknowledges that these views differ somewhat from those expressed in his letter to the American Minister at Madrid; but says that they are formed upon information subsequently received.

From the Far West intelligence has been received of a renewal of the old hostilities between the Pawnee and Sioux tribes of Indians, which were supposed to have been put at rest by the treaty made at Fort Kearney in 1851. The Pawnees occupy a small district near the fort, while the Sioux are sub-divided into eighteen bands, which are scattered over an immense district, extending from the western border of Minnesota to the south fork of the great Platte River. A battle recently took place between several bands of these opposing forces, which was waged with great fury, and resulted in the defeat of the Sioux, with a loss of thirty or forty of their number.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 1st of August. Serious difficulties have arisen from the claims of squatters upon unoccupied lands to their permanent possession. In many cases the most flagrant outrages have been committed in connection with them. The wheat crops are, it is said, likely to be injured by rust. The political canvass for Governor was proceeding with animation. The mining operations of the season were exceedingly successful, and it was confidently believed that the total production of gold for the six months commencing with the first of June, would be larger than during any similar period since the opening of the mines. Indian depredations had excited some alarm. A decision has been rendered in the Supreme Court of California, that the mines of gold and other metals in California are the exclusive property of the State; that the United States have no interest in them, and can not exercise any jurisdiction over them. This decision does not include the lands containing minerals, but only the minerals themselves. The number of passengers arrived at San Francisco, from the 1st of January, to the 27th of July, was 25,287: of departures, 16,151—making a total increase of 9136. A cave has been discovered in Tuolume County containing bones of an antediluvian race of animals, apparently of the Mastodon species.

From *Oregon* we have news to the 23d of July. The emigration of the season was arriving much earlier than usual. A new and important bay has been discovered about ten miles north of the mouth of Coquille river; and a heavy deposit of coal, which burns freely, and emits no disagreeable odor, has been found in its immediate vicinity. Preparations were making to work the coal-mines recently discovered near St. Helena. J. M. Garrison, Indian agent, had left Salem on an official expedition to all the tribes between the head-waters of the Willamette and Fort Boise. His object is to acquire reliable information concerning that part of the Territory. The small-pox was raging fearfully among the Indian tribes at Spaulding's Mission.

MEXICO.

No important change has taken place in the political prospects of Mexico. The financial embarrassments of the country and the difficulty of arousing the people to any efficient interest in public affairs, are represented as having discouraged Santa Anna in the projects of hostility toward the United States, which he was understood to have brought into office, and he has been compelled to modify his policy essentially in these respects. Judge Conkling, the American Minister, in presenting his letters of recall, addressed the President at considerable length upon the recent history of Mexico. He said the example of the United States, in achieving their independence and in establishing free institutions, had not been without its influence upon the people of Mexico. It was natural for them to covet like blessings for themselves and to seek their attainment by the same means; and it was equally natural for us to wish them full success in the endeavor. For these reasons, Judge Conkling said, he had felt a lively interest in Mexican affairs, and had not felt it to be his duty to abstain from such friendly offices as might, without compromising the rights and dignity of his own country, tend to the preservation of peace and mutual friendship. During the last nine months Mexico had passed through one of the most gloomy periods of its history. Those who despaired of its fortunes, however, as the event proved, were lacking in just confidence. The tendency toward disorganization had been checked by the distinguished jurist who preceded Santa Anna in office; and the work had been completed by Santa Anna himself. If, in the exercise of the momentous responsibility devolved upon him, he had seen fit temporarily to resort to strong measures, Judge Conkling said it was because he knew that the suppression of the spirit of insubordination to lawful authority, so long prevalent in the country, was indispensable to the attainment of the ends at which he aimed. Government, however severe, is a less evil than anarchy; and the extent to which it is necessary that individual freedom should be abridged and the civil ruler armed with coercive power, depends upon the circumstances of each individual case. But to whatever extent this necessity may exist, it is the part of wisdom voluntarily to submit to it. It was this conviction which had reconciled the people of France to the arbitrary rule recently established in that country. It is only on account of its liability to abuse that we regard despotic power as so great an evil; when its exercise is guided by wisdom, humanity and disinterestedness, it ceases to be such. Unhappily, experience proves that its possession tends to obscure the judgment and pervert the moral sensibilities of its possessor. That Santa Anna, while adhering from necessity to the same sound principles by which he has hitherto been guided, would strive to guard against so great a misfortune, Judge Conkling said he well knew; and he hoped he would be successful. Santa Anna, in reply to this flattering address, acknowledged the friendly spirit with which the departing Minister had discharged the duties of his office, and said that the success which had attended his efforts in adjusting differences between the two countries, afforded ground to hope for an equally favorable result to those which still remain for consideration. He begged him to assure the Government of the United States of the wishes which that of Mexico entertains to bind still more closely the friendly relations of the two countries. The approbation expressed of his administration was specially grateful to him, as coming from one of the most respectable citizens of the freest republic in the world. In the expression of those sentiments, he said Judge Conkling had only paid him a tribute of justice, for he cherished no other aspirations or principles than those which he had described with such skill and exactitude, and which constitute the hope of the Mexican nation. The desire of the people now was to establish public order on the basis of respect for authority and a perfect submission to law, without which supports the best political institutions are unavailing and the well being of the people impossible. He closed by expressing the warmest estimate of the character and abilities of the retiring Minister.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we learn that the war has been substantially closed, by the desertion to the other party of Urquiza's squadron, which had been blockading the city under command of Commodore Coe, an American officer. This took place on the 21st of June, and is said to have been the result of bribery. Commodore Coe was compelled to flee for safety from his mutinous crew, and took refuge on board the U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown. Urquiza still maintained the siege, but with daily diminishing chances of success. A revolt had broken out in his own province, which would require his attention. General Pinto, President of the Chamber of Representatives, and Governor of Buenos Ayres, died on the 28th of June: he was a man of marked ability and high character. The government remained in

the hands of the Ministers until a new election should take place.——In *Venezuela* the revolution, which had for its object the overthrow of the government of Monegas, was brought to a premature close on the 15th of July by a terrible earthquake, which destroyed the city of Cumana, where the revolutionary troops had their head-quarters, about 600 of whom are said to have perished. The whole force immediately made their submission, and asked for succor. All the public buildings and nearly all the private houses in Cumana were destroyed.——From the other South American States there is no intelligence of interest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August: the session thus closed has been protracted and laborious. It commenced on the 4th of November, 1852, under the Derby and Disraeli administration. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, congratulated Parliament on the remission and reduction of taxes which tended to cramp the operations of trade and industry, and upon the fresh extension thus given to a system of beneficent legislation. The buoyant state of the revenue and the steady progress of foreign trade are cited as proofs of the wisdom of the commercial policy now firmly established, while the prosperity which pervades the great trading and producing classes is referred to as showing increased evidence of the enlarged comforts of the people. The bill passed for the future government of India is spoken of as being well calculated to promote the improvement and welfare of that country. With regard to the serious misunderstanding which has recently arisen between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, it is said that, "acting in concert with her allies, and relying on the exertions of the Conference now assembled at Vienna, her Majesty has good reason to hope that an honorable arrangement will speedily be accomplished." The termination of the war at the Cape of Good Hope, and also of the war in Burmah, is announced as a subject of congratulation; and her Majesty closes by saying that she contemplates with grateful satisfaction and thankfulness to Almighty God the tranquillity which prevails throughout her dominions, together with that peaceful industry and obedience to the laws which ensure the welfare of all classes of her subjects." Upon the close of the speech, Parliament was prorogued until the 27th of October. In reply to a question as to the confidence entertained by the government concerning the evacuation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian armies, Lord Palmerston said it was believed that the Emperor, having that due regard for his honor and character which every sovereign of a great country must always be inspired by, would take the earliest opportunity, after the settlement with Turkey, and of his own accord would make a merit of evacuating the principalities without the slightest delay.

The Eastern question was made the subject of remark in both Houses of Parliament several times before the adjournment; but the ministry steadily declined giving any information as to the actual state of the negotiations in regard to it. In the House of Lords on the 8th of August, in reply to questions from Lord Clanricarde, the Earl of Clarendon stated that the immediate and complete evacuation of the provinces by the Russian armies would be regarded as the *sine quâ non* of any negotiations whatever. On the 13th Lord Malmsbury made a long speech upon the general subject, the object of which was to elicit from the Ministry a statement of the answer which had been made to the circular letters of the Russian government. He urged strenuously the necessity of checking the encroachments of Russia, and of maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire, which he did not by any means consider as being in the decayed condition frequently ascribed to it. He regarded the crossing of the Pruth as an invasion of Turkey by Russia, and said that was the time when England ought to have acted, in order to show the Sultan that he was not without allies. The Earl of Clarendon, in reply, still declined to state the steps taken while negotiations were still in progress. He said, however, that the crossing of the Pruth was unquestionably a violation of treaties, which the Porte might justly regard as a *casus belli;* but the English and French governments had not advised the Sultan so to consider it, inasmuch as they were anxious to exhaust all possible efforts for the preservation of peace. Austria, moreover, had just at that point offered her mediation, which was accepted, and the representatives of the principal Powers were called together at Vienna. Austria then proposed to adopt as a basis a note which had originated with France, but with certain modifications which were approved in London and Paris. This note thus modified was sent to St. Petersburg and Constantinople on the 2d of August; and assurances had been received that it was acceptable to the Emperor, as it would probably be also to the Porte. These statements elicited congratulations from various quarters upon the prospects of peace. On the 16th, an interesting discussion of the subject took place in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell gave a detailed exposition of the progress of the controversy between Russia and Turkey, closing by repeating substantially the statements of the Earl of Clarendon as to the present position of the question. The Emperor of Russia, he said, had given his adhesion to the note agreed upon by the four Powers acting under the mediation of Austria. Supposing Turkey also to give her assent, there would still remain the evacuation of the principalities to be adjusted, as it was quite evident that no settlement could be satisfactory which did not include the immediate withdrawal of the Russian armies. He thought there was a fair prospect that, without involving Europe in hostilities, the independence and integrity of Turkey, which he had always said was a main object with the British government, would be secured. Mr. Layard, following in reply, thought there had been a great lack of energy and decision in these transactions. Russia had now gained all she desired, by showing that she could take possession of the Danubian principalities whenever she desired with impunity. The note prepared by Austria had, of course, been eagerly acceded to by Russia; and now if Turkey should decline it, England must join Russia against her. Mr. Cobden made a speech, justifying the ministry for not having plunged England into a war for the maintenance of Turkish independence, which, he said, had become an empty phrase. He thought the opinion was gaining ground that the Turks were intruders in Europe, and that a Mohammedan Power could no longer be maintained there. The Christians were already three times as numerous as the Turks in that country, and they would prefer any Christian government to that of a Mohammedan. He ridiculed the idea of going to war for the preservation of Turkish trade, all of which, he said, was owing to Russian encroachments. Lord Palmerston was not inclined to accept a defense of the Ministry urged on such grounds, and made a sharp reply to Mr. Cobden, whose speech he characterized as a budget of incon-

sistencies. He regarded the preservation of Turkey as not only desirable, but as worth contending for, and did not at all believe in the theory of her internal decay. So far from having gone backward within the last thirty years, Turkey had made more improvements in social and moral concerns, and in religious tolerance, than any other country. He hoped that Mr. Cobden's views would not be any where regarded as those on which the Government had acted.

A report has recently been made in Parliament by a select committee upon the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. It states that in 1850 Great Britain had twenty-four treaties with civilized powers for the suppression of the traffic: of these ten give her the right of search and mixed courts, twelve give the right of search and national tribunals, and two, the United States and France, refuse the right of search, but agree to maintain a squadron on the African coast. Great Britain had also forty-two treaties with African chiefs and princes. Since 1850 she has closed two more with civilized governments, and twenty-three with Africans, making an aggregate of eighty-nine treaties to suppress the trade. The Committee report that the trade would soon be extinguished if the Cuban market was closed, and think the present a good opportunity for a joint effort of Great Britain, France, and the United States, to put a stop to it. The report declares that history does not record a more decided breach of national honor than has been established in this case against Spain. The Spanish Government had not only made the most solemn promises and engagements upon this subject, but had received since 1815 sums of money in aid of it from the British Government amounting to not less than £400,000. And still the traffic has been continued, and that, too, directly and solely on account of the connivance and aid of the Spanish authorities. In Brazil it has been almost wholly discontinued—the importation of slaves, which exceeded 50,000 per annum previous to 1849, having fallen to 790 in 1850, and of these the greater part were seized by the government. In Cuba it is notorious that slave-trading vessels are fitted out under the guns of Spanish men-of-war: that great facilities are afforded for the landing of negroes, and that, when once landed, all attempts to trace them are defeated: and that these abuses have increased just in proportion to the bribes accepted by the Cuban government, and shared by high official personages in Spain. The report suggests that from the abuse of the American flag trading to Havana, a more cordial co-operation on the part of the United States would materially aid the efforts made to abolish the trade in that quarter. Another Committee in the House of Commons has reported in favor of adopting the decimal system in the currency of the country.

A suit was recently brought by the Secretary of the late Baroness von Beck, against George Dawson, Esq., for false imprisonment. It may be recollected that the Baroness arrived in England as a Hungarian refugee—that she published an interesting book on Hungary, and received a good deal of attention in England on account of her alleged adventures. Mr. Dawson, who had been conspicuous as one of her patrons, supposing he had reason to distrust her statements, procured her arrest on charge of obtaining subscriptions to her book on false pretenses—an allegation subsequently disproved. But her arrest and committal to a police cell, had such an effect upon her system, that she died the next day. Her Secretary, who was implicated in the charges and arrest, has since brought this suit for damages, and received an award of £800.—Among the recent deaths in England is that of Sir George Cockburn, who bore a prominent part in the last war between Great Britain and the United States, and who can claim the undivided honor of having ordered the destruction of public property upon the capture of the city of Washington. It is recorded to his praise by English journalists that in this "splendid achievment" he destroyed buildings and other property worth between two and three millions of pounds sterling. He died on the 19th of August, aged 82.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has addressed to the various courts a protest against the action of Captain Ingraham, of the U. S. corvette *St. Louis*, in the Bay of Smyrna. The protest states that Captain Ingraham threatened an Austrian brig with a hostile attack, leveling his guns against her and announcing that, if a certain individual, detained on board, were not surrendered to him at a certain hour, he would take him by force: and that this act of hostility was committed in a neutral port, the friend of the two nations. Citations are then made from Vattel and from the Constitution of the United States to show that the right to make war is necessarily, and by the very nature of that right, inherent in the sovereign power. By the Constitution of the United States, Congress alone has the right of declaring war, and in this respect the Constitution is in perfect harmony with the public law of Europe. And this right, reserved for the supreme power of each state, would be illusory if the commanders of naval forces or others were authorized to undertake acts of hostility against the ships or troops of another nation, without a special order from the supreme authority of their country, notified in the terms prescribed by the law of nations. Quotations from Wheaton's work on International Law, are also given to show that hostilities can not be fairly exercised within the territorial jurisdiction of a neutral state, and that Captain Ingraham was thus also guilty of a violation of international law, in having made his hostile demonstration in the Bay of Smyrna. No mention is made in this document of any steps taken by Austria to obtain redress for her alleged wrongs, nor is any vindication attempted of the forcible seizure of M. Kozta, who had in his possession evidence of the protection of the American Government, by a band of men in a netural port, acting under the orders of the Austrian Consul.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Up to the time of closing this record no decisive intelligence had been received concerning the settlement of the difficulties pending between the Sultan and the Czar. The debates in the English Parliament, which are sketched under the appropriate head, embody the state of the question at the latest dates. The Four Powers had joined in a note, designed as the basis of a definitive settlement, and providing for the concession by the Ottoman Porte of all the demands of Russia, but making no provision for the evacuation by the troops of the latter of the Danubian principalities. The Czar is said to have promptly signified his acceptance of these terms; but the reply of the Sultan had not been received. It is hardly possible for him to refuse them, inasmuch as he would thereby expose himself to the hostility of the Four Powers which have prepared them for his acceptance. The issue of the whole affair seems likely to afford renewed evidence of the decay and imbecility of the Turkish empire, and to involve the permanent loss of the Danubian provinces.

Editor's Table.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? We have waited in vain to find this question discussed in some of those scientific conventions and teachers' associations which are beginning to be the order of the day. The inquiry is an eminently practical one, although its thorough examination may involve some theoretical reasoning. It is directly connected with the subject of right education, and that order of thought which education should ever set forth as the highest aim of human life.

The topic is suggested to us in reading the proceedings of the late annual gathering of savans in a neighboring city, with whose most interesting discussions our newspapers were so largely occupied. Notwithstanding the apparent tone of our introductory remarks, nothing is farther from our intention than to disparage the real merits of such conventions. What a contrast do they present to the political caucus, the fanatical gatherings for radical reform, the conventions for reviling the Church and the Scriptures, and for clamorously demanding all sorts of male and female rights? It is indeed refreshing to turn from them to these assemblages of thoughtful minds calmly yet earnestly engaged in examining some of the most interesting problems presented to us in the natural world. It is a redeeming trait in the character of our bustling, money-making, utilitarian age. There is, too, something admirable in the spirit that generally characterizes such bodies. The calm spectator of their proceedings does indeed discover some manifestations of the lower human nature. There is the appearance of scientific rivalry; there is a jealous magnifying of individual pursuits; there now and then disclose themselves symptoms of sect or party feeling connected with those highest questions of morals and theology into which natural science inevitably runs. But along with all this, and above all this, appear that delightful courtesy, that high refinement of thought, that pure brotherhood of feeling, which come especially from such pursuits, and manifest themselves among men just in proportion as the objects of their inquiry are removed from the immediate selfish interests of common life, or the still lower motives of common political ambition. There is emulation; there is personal rivalry; but it is of a far nobler kind than that which appears in the political arena. There is zeal; there is excitement; there is that intense interest in scientific questions which none but scientific men can rightly appreciate; but there is no fanaticism, none of that strange feeling through which the most intense selfishness of opinion (and no selfishness is ever more intense) often imposes upon itself under the name of philanthropy, and with a vehemence of expression as diabolonian in its spirit as it is professedly angelic in its aims.

By such meetings for the investigation and discussion of scientific questions, human nature is ennobled. It is elevated to a higher region, and seems to breathe, for a season, a clearer and a purer atmosphere. Success to these conventions, we say, and may the increasing numbers, and growing interest, at every recurring annual period bear testimony to the fact, that there is springing up among us a feeling and a life of a higher order than the political, and a higher interest in the universe than ever comes alone from the commercial or the merely economical.

And yet we have a few charges to exhibit against them. They are not as broad or catholic as they ought to be. They confine themselves to too narrow a line of thought. In other words, they unnecessarily and illogically restrict the term science to a very small share of its true meaning, if they do not altogether pervert it.

Every thoughtful man who carefully examines these very interesting debates, as they have been so faithfully given in the reports of the press, must have observed how almost exclusively physical are the questions presented, and not merely physical, but in a very great measure confined to that lower department of physics to which we justly give the name of *natural history*. Nor is this a mere verbal distinction. It has come down to us from the earliest days of philosophy—having been established, if not first given, by Aristotle, than whom no thinker was ever more unerring in determining the boundaries of ideas, and the true limits of different departments of knowledge.

Facts alone can never make science. Neither can that which is somewhat higher, or the mere classification of facts, ever of itself rise to this dignity; although it may be a necessary preparation for it in some respects, and therefore entitled to be enrolled among the lower yet useful auxiliaries to the scientific family. The most accurate description of a plant, of a bird, of a fish, or a mineral, is not science. It is only an enumeration of facts. It is yet only *historia* and not *scientia*. So also the most ingenious classification, or arrangement, of such facts, is not science, because it has not yet risen to the dignity of a law. It may be only the most convenient order under which we group the notices of the senses, like the order of books in a library, or of minerals in a cabinet, yet still suggestive of no living formative power, nor linking itself with any idea which, whether previously brought out or not, the soul recognizes as belonging to its own stores, and connected, in its elementary roots, with all necessary truth.

Thus may we say by way of illustration—the number, shape, and position of the fins in a fish, the varieties and orders of its scales, the arrangement of stamens in a plant, the shape of its leaves, the number and position of the bones of an animal, the observed phenomena of aerolites, the varieties in the appearances of clouds, the direction of winds, the annual appearance of birds, &c.—all these may be very useful preparations for science, but they are not science itself. As facts they no more constitute science than the order and number of paving stones in the streets, or of tiles upon the house-tops. Neither do they become science by being classified, or by being observed in a certain order of sequence. This may be done to some extent with almost any kind of external things which no one thinks of making the subjects of scientific analysis. Such arrangement, or such order of sequences, may be the mind's own artificial if not arbitrary arrangement, or the mind's own order of sequence, rejecting certain facts while adopting others, and thus bringing all that are so grouped together under the appearance of law. And yet there may be nothing in all this that unites itself with the soul's own necessary thinking, so as to suggest that conception of the necessary and the universal which is inseparable from the idea of science, and without which knowledge can never rise above sense and memory. With many scientific men, so called, law is but an-

other name for generalization. It is not the cause but the effect of phenomena. It is not the expression of the thought of mind, finite or infinite, and thus a living energy distinct from the facts, but merely an order of events. By the same dead process, they might just as well make language a generalization from letters and syllables, and the thought which speech conveys, but the summation of series of aerial undulations.

But again—laws themselves may be regarded as facts, and thus grouped into higher classifications suggestive of higher laws, and so on until the mind reaches out to some great principle or law of laws, uniting not only all facts, but all departments of science, all philosophy, in short, all thinking, into a catholic unity, which is fully believed and acted upon as an article of scientific and philosophical faith, even though never reached, or expected to be reached, by any scientific induction. It is a faith which goes beyond sense, or any knowledge which is but a generalizing and classifying of the facts of sense. It is to this unity all true science tends; and it is alone as it has this direction and this spirit that it deserves the name. The thought is not the result of experiment or induction, although there is an exquisite delight as we find it ever confirmed by these collateral testimonies. It is in the soul itself, and all genuine science is but the effort to realize this pure spiritual idea. In other words, all *laws*, truly such, are *ideas*—yea, our own ideas, expressed in nature. It is with exceeding joy we find them written there. But this, instead of showing that they come alone from the inductions of sense, proves just the contrary. They must have somehow been in our own souls before we read them in the book, or it would have forever remained to us the dead letter of a foreign tongue.

There is something higher, then, than even the study of laws, which may be regarded as being themselves but a higher order of facts. There are three degrees, and the science that would tarry in the second must be pronounced spurious as well as that trivial knowledge which finds its satisfaction in the first. There are facts, laws, principles. By the latter are meant those *thoughts* of the universal mind of which the second may be regarded as the *words*, and the first the letters through which they are articulated. There is an intense interest in the question —*What* is it?—its class, its order, its outward description, and hence its scientific name? There is a higher interest in the question—*How* is it?—its law, its cause, its effect, its outward energizing life? There is a still higher interest in the inquiry—*Why* is it?—why is it so in itself? *Why* is it so in its relations to other things? *Why* is it so in its relation to the Great Whole, of which, however minute it may be, it forms a necessary part? Above all, *Why* is that Great Whole itself whose ground, end, or destiny is the ultimate inquiry which makes the real value of every lower question?

It may be thought that we have indulged in too abstract a vein of speculation for our present theme; but it was necessary for the practical uses to which we proceed to apply it. It is this mode of thinking, we have so imperfectly sketched, that brings in the moral and theological as those upper departments of scientific inquiry which give interest and value to all below. Cut off from this, natural science is but a valley of dead bones, such as the prophet saw in vision, "very many and exceeding dry." We may see how one bone fits to another, but without the flesh and sinews of a higher life, the meaning of the whole, and of the parts in their relation to the whole, is an insolvable enigma. Science resting here is absolutely darker than ignorance, inasmuch as its light serves only to show us its own horrors. Its vast and stupendous revelations become actually terrific in their awful unmeaningness.

The charge, then, we have to make against our scientific conventions is, that they confine themselves too much to the mere physical aspect of things, and to merely physical questions. Whether this is from designed arrangement, or has resulted from the fact that physical queries present the first, and, in most respects, the easiest objects of inquiry, it would be difficult to decide. In reading their proceedings, however, one would justly conclude that they regarded the term Science as wholly confined to the physical, and even to that lower department of it, which we have styled natural history. Moral, theological, and political science are treated as though they hardly deserved the name. Now, there is certainly something remarkable in the fact that this very department of natural history was the one to which the master-thinker of the ancient world, the mind from whom has been derived almost all our scientific and philosophical technology, refused to give the name at all. Although it was a field of knowledge in which he himself greatly excelled, and in which he has given the outlines that have been filled up by subsequent inquirers, yet he would not call it science. Nothing with him was truly such but that which in some way connected itself with the universally, the necessarily true. The same logical definition was maintained by all philosophic minds until the modern perversions. Physics was not indeed excluded, but it came in only by virtue of such connection as could be shown between it and higher or more catholic truth.

There are departments of science, with all reverence be it said, that God himself can not change. As we have hinted in a previous number of our Editor's Table on the subject of Education, and would express here more in full, there may be in each inhabited world a different botany—different not only in its individual species, but in its laws and classifications; there may be a different geology, a different ichthyology, in which all the science of an Agassiz would be out of date, and all its laws a dead letter; there may be a different mineralogy, a different chonchology, a different entomology, a different chemistry even, having different elements, different affinities, different molecular and atomic combinations. But we affirm, with all confidence, we know it of a certainty, we can not be mistaken, for it is the voice of the universal reason speaking in us, as in every man, when we say, that in all worlds of rational beings, in all worlds ever seen by the telescope, or imagined by the mind, in all worlds that have been, or shall, or can exist, there *must* be the same geometry, and that, too, in its fundamental order of truths, the same unchangeable science of numbers, the same doctrine of force, the same axioms of universal physics, the same psychology, the same laws of thinking, the same principles of its manifestation in language, whatever be the modes of outward physical expression, the same logic, with the same figures and modes, the same grammar, with substantially the same parts of speech, the same music wherever there are ears to perceive its tones or souls to feel the harmony of its mathematical ratios, the same principles of art, the same ideas of the beautiful, the just, the good, the same ethics, the same true religion, the same theology, and, in a word, the same absolute, universal, and necessary philosophy of all being. In the first of these two

classes of sciences, we hold communion with all who possess like faculties of sense, and dwell in the same accessible localities; in the second, our fellowship is with all thinking rationality throughout the possible or conceivable universe.

But even as regards the physical world—our physical world—we may fairly say that there is not in these conventions a sufficiency of what may be styled the *cosmical view*, or such a consideration of universal nature as is presented by Humboldt, who stands almost alone among moderns in his noble attempt to impart to physical science more of this catholic character. Is it that there is something in the minute subdivision of knowledge unfavorable to such an aspect? Is it that the mind is so led to regard every thing in parts and fragments, and to be so taken up with the fitting and adaptation of particular links, as to be incapable of taking those views which connect themselves with the whole chain? And is not this too much the case with a great deal of what is now called science? Each naturalist has his bone, his fungus, his mineral, his shell, his fin, or his scale; some can do nothing but peer into strata; some rake among fossils until their very souls become fossilized, and the mere dead classification contents them without a thought of any thing beyond. Even astronomical investigations are often pursued in the same spirit, and the discovery of some worthless comet, or worthless comet's tail, has more charms for a certain order of minds than even the realization of the Pythagorean music of the spheres. By such narrowing influences the soul is kept from those cosmical views, even of the world's physical origin and destiny which have had so deep an interest for men of far less science—if we employ the term in reference to the number and extent of its details rather than the wide range of its aims and principles.

It is certainly a striking fact, that no times were ever more noted for cosmical questions than the earliest ages of philosophy. In their ignorance of scientific minutiæ, the mind seemed actually to have more freedom for thinking upon the universe as a whole; and hence some of those far-reaching *a priori* views of the old schools to which the most striking theories of modern science are but making an approximation. They called the world *Kosmos*—the *order*, the beauty, the harmony. They were ever asking, *Whence* came it? *How* came it? *Why* was it? Had it a beginning? *Would* it ever have an end? What were its *principia*, or elementary substances? Were they one or many? Were the worlds infinite? Was the universe an everlasting flux and reflux, in which all forms were but manifestations of one eternal, material substance? or was its beginning, its continuance, and its termination, dependent on a spirituality older than the birth of nature, and which should survive its dissolution? The thoughtful souls, from Abraham down to Plato, had far more interest in such inquiries than they would have felt in the discovery of an eighth or ninth planet, or in calculating the exact eccentricities of the orbits of its satellites.

Far be it from us to underrate the exceeding accuracy of modern science, or detract from its true value. It may be all the better as preparatory to more universal views in some future stage of scientific inquiry, to which all this collection of accurate material is the necessary introduction. But at present we have great reason to fear the effect on very many students of natural science is to narrow and contract, rather than expand the mind. In these piece-meal views of nature, this disintegration of the universe, as it were, or the giving it out, like some public work, to thousands of jobbers, contractors and sub-contractors in every department, where the minute inquiry compels the use of microscopic glasses which shut out all other objects of vision—in all this, we say, there is danger that such devotees may lose sight of the greater relations, not only of the parts to each other, but of the parts to the whole in respect to its origin, continuance, and destiny. We feel the stronger in this position, because it is the very danger apprehended by one of the greatest naturalists of the day. Even Auguste Comte expresses a fear lest the exceeding detail of modern experimental inquiry, or the lauded Baconianism of our period, may blind the mind to what he would call the philosophy of science in distinction from science itself.

Comte has reference in this solely to the physical world—for he acknowledges no other—and its physical unity. But when we take it in connection with the moral and the theological, there is a still greater absurdity, and a still greater defect. There are men whose mental vision has become so exceedingly narrow in what they call their scientific pursuits, that they can not even conceive of there being any such thing as science in the departments we have just named. That is the region of dogmas, of moral and theological dogmas, and they wish to meddle with nothing so unscientific as all that. They talk very much in the style of the theologians of the Westminster Review. With these a crucified Redeemer, so loving mankind as to pour out his heart's blood as an expiation for human sins, is a sapless and fossil dogma; the belief, on the other hand, that Christ and Christianity are the "fusion of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality," this is no dogma at all, but a fresh and vigorous faith, possessed of wondrous vitality, and a wondrous power to move and melt the hardened souls of men. So is it with the naturalist of a certain order. The dread disclosures of revelation respecting the moral destiny of man, and the connection therewith of all the subordinate physical creations of our world, is a theological tenet, forsooth; and that, in his estimation, is enough to shut it out from the whole field of philosophical inquiry. He has something far higher and better. He reads us a long paper on the discovery of a fish without any ventral fins; and that, he says, is science; that is philosophy; that is truth worth knowing, and in comparison with which all the dogmas of a fossil theology are fit only for the Sunday school or the nursery.

Even in what is called the study of "'final causes," where there is supposed to be some patronizing acknowledgment of theological truth, there is manifested the same narrow naturalizing spirit. Much is sometimes said about proofs of divine wisdom, for which, it is supposed, the clergyman and the theologian ought to be very grateful to the scientific savan. But examine these discoveries, and it will be found that they almost invariably terminate, *just as they arose*—in the natural. It is only, as we have said, the fitting of link to link, without any light that may lead to the disclosure either of that to which the physical chain is fastened, or of that which it is meant to uphold. It shows us how admirably the ventral and dorsal articulations of the reptile are adapted to crawling; nature has indeed exhibited wondrous wisdom here; but why the reptile with its venomed fang? It shows us that by such a process of physical causes the vegetable and the animal arrive at their physical perfection, and by such a process they decay and die. Every thing seems adapted

to produce the result apparently intended. But why intended? What is the design of these designs? Why is there so much evil, so much death? Why is there any evil, or any death in our world? Strange that they who ignore all such questions under the foolish charge of their being unscientific dogmas, can not see how unsatisfactory without them is all their science, and how egregiously they themselves are trifling. They are, in fact, the dogmatists. They are the men who make ultimate truths of no scientific value, while they rest on dead facts, or dead laws, having no seen connection with man's spiritual destiny, and, therefore, for the human soul possessed of no real vitality.

Such science is as heartless as it is unphilosophical. It is equally destitute of social as of moral and theological affinities. The bowed back of the heavy-burdened laborer may furnish an admirable subject for a physiological lecturer. Here is indeed a rich storehouse of physical adaptations. What artistic skill is exhibited in that spinal marrow! How admirably is that spinal bone, with all its vertebræ, contrived for the support and carrying of burdens! But *why* the burden, *why* the toil? Physiology will tell us *why* the bone, *why* the muscle, *why* the joint and socket—but *why* the man himself, and why his heavy load? and above all, why are such immense numbers of the race doomed to bear such heavy loads during the whole period of their earthly existence? Some dogma is wanting here which physics alone can never furnish, but without which natural science has neither interest nor meaning.

It may, perhaps, be said that we do not rightly discriminate. They are not insensible to the importance of higher views, and the existence of higher science; but their business is with the natural. There would be justice in the defense, if so many did not write and speak as though the name science embraced only their own physical inquiries, to the ignoring of so many other departments of knowledge. This one-sided estimate has also an injurious and narrowing effect on the cause of education; and this furnishes the main reason why we have chosen it for our present theme. A right view of the whole field of knowledge is the only means of estimating aright the comparative value of different departments of truth, and is of more importance in a system of mental culture than any accumulation of facts in which there is more regard to the quantity than to the quality of the science acquired.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR Easy-Chair has one advantage which you may not have remarked. Sitting in it quietly and surveying the world, we make observations upon life and society that can not get into print and to your eyes until some time after the occasion is past. Thus we sit here chewing the cud of experience. This tropical summer day, for instance, when we avoid dogs and seek the shade, will be discussed with you under an October sun. In the great whirl of life which carries us all forward so rapidly, it will be to you, remembering reader, when your eye falls upon this page, as far away as some sunny isle of the equator to a mariner who has already reached the cooler latitudes. The summer will shine again for you in this chance record. A lounge in our Chair will be a moment of the Indian summer—the summer of St. Martin, as the French peasants call it, for some reason which we should be glad if you would impart. In so swift a life as ours, this is an inestimable advantage. For if we lost something of the charm in the moment of its passing, we shall renew it, and more richly, in these pages of reminiscence. It surely would be a pleasant reward of our labor, if you should look forward to your monthly rest in our Chair, as to a vivid reproduction of the most interesting topics of two months since. So would that rest be no Lethean sleep, but the retouching of a picture which had just begun to fade.

As, for instance:

We are in town, and you are at the sea-side, to-day, or among the hills: somewhere, at least, in sight of woods and waters. The weather is, as the Parisians say, "of a heat." The city in summer is a region as unknown to you as the summit of Chimborazo.

We wedge our way wearily through the crowds that swarm Broadway. It is the same street; at least our eyes assure us that it is so. But we do not feel it. There are the houses, the shops, the omnibuses. Here is Stewart's, there is the St. Nicholas, beyond is Grace Church. The Metropolitan has not gone out of town, and a St. Denis is too aristocratic for any republican watering-place. Our longing is mocked by this patch of a park, and the plashing fountains torture us with their elfish laughter. The same old objects are here. Would that it rained, that music might cease in Barnum's balcony! Why is it not the same Broadway? Because, although the houses have not gone away, the people have. We are almost overborne by the press of the throng, but "nobody is in town."

—"My dear Frank, where are you from?"

"Just from Newport—winging up to West Point for a day—then on for a dash at Lake George, and a taste of Niagara—Good-by—great hurry—nobody in town."

And a mighty stream separates us; and Frank's figure is instantly lost in the undulating crowd.

"No," we muse sorrowfully, knocked, in our reverie, by a hundred elbows a minute, "it's too true, there's nobody in town," and our reflections suddenly end by our being bumped against some substantial dame proceeding like a Dutch East Indiaman under full sail, and—meanwhile, begging a pardon, which is indignantly granted, for a collision made unavoidable by the crowd—

—It is an old club man who nods at us surprised.

"You in town?" he says, "*en route* from Saratoga, I suppose—off this afternoon? Sorry the rules of the 'Union' don't allow me to ask you to dinner. Must be so very stupid for you, for nobody's in town."

And we are incontinently jostled against each other by the rude passers-by.

—Here in the door of the New York Hotel stands brilliant Jem, of old College days, now a staid family man in the country. We are glad to see him; sorry, however, that he should have come to the city at this moment, since nobody's in town.

"By the *oi polloi*," answers the once brilliant Jem, his classical oaths refreshed in memory by our sudden apparition, "look at this swarm of pedestrians, and horses, and chariots. If this is nobody, when, in the name of John Rogers,* *is* there somebody in town?"

It is impossible to explain to Jem. He can not tell whether there is any body in town, or not. He comes from the country, and to country eyes a man

* Smithfield Martyr, and father of many children.—*Vide Fox's Book of Martyrs.*

is a man and a woman a woman, in Broadway as well as on the turnpike. It is only the eye sharpened by much sly city-practice that can at once determine whether a given anybody is somebody or nobody.

Let us pause a moment at Stewart's. Probably we want some silk gloves; at least the once brilliant Jem would like to see so famous a lion. He has no longer the vanity of covering his red knobs with dove-colored and ashes-of-roses kid, but he would like to see a field-day of fashionable shopping. The great palace is deserted. Positively the cloths are spread over the goods in many of the departments, as if it were night or Sunday. An air of languor pervades the domain of muslin and of lace; and the idle clerks hang listlessly upon stools, dreaming of "Ocean-halls" and other realms of fairy.

"Where is the business done?" demands the once brilliant Jem, with indignant animation.

"At these very counters, Jem; but it is the moment of low-tide. All the business has ebbed away with the buyers. Stewart's is desolate, for there's nobody in town."

He glances incredulously through the ample doors and windows at the ceaseless stream of people that pours along the walks, and at the inextricable snarls of carriages between. To our country friend, New York is fuller than he has ever seen it. But he begins to feel that there is some truth in our mysterious remark that there's nobody in town.

And yet of the seven (?) hundred thousand inhabitants of the city how many thousands are probably away? How inappréciable the number compared with the great mass; and how much more than supplied by the throng of strangers that pours along every railway and watery avenue to this great reservoir of human life. Notwithstanding which we use words very intelligible when we say that there is nobody in town.

In truth, it is the town itself which has gone out of town. It is that mysterious circle within the circle, of which we read so much in the old English novels and plays—that class for which the others seemed to exist; that class which came to the playhouse and went to court in laced coats and bag-wigs, that gamed and drank in the taverns, and carried small-swords, to let out upon the pavement, with expedition and ease, whatever caitiff plebeian blood might chance to come between the wind and its nobility. In fact, by a singular perversion of terms, "the town," which means distinctively the aggregation of enterprise and industry, grew in those days to mean that part of the town which was neither enterprising nor industrious! *Lucus a non lucendo.*

But this was, of course, the promenading part and the shopping part. These were they who drive in stately carriages with pompous liveries. These were they who haunted the Stewart's of those old times; and departed, not as with us in June, but in August and September, to the country and the sea-shore. Moderate people, who could not go, whom the stern necessities of life held fast in London, could at least *play* go. They could solemnly close the front shutters, and let the door-knob go rusty, and spiders spin undisturbed among the front blinds, while the family found their Brighton and Leamington, their German Spas and Continental relaxation and seclusion—in the back-yard. Vainly the importunate stranger in town thundered at the front door. The unheeding family in a suppositious rural retreat, could fancy that civic roar the cooing of pigeons or the bleating of lambs in green pastures. The servant could be dispatched to open the door, and reply, with ill-concealed surprise at the suspicion of the family's presence in town, that the house had been closed for weeks, and the family away—he believes "upon the Continent"—the admirable servant!—while some too curious daughter of the house surreptitiously surveyed, through the half-opened blinds of an upper chamber, the retiring footsteps of the abashed stranger, who withdrew, grieved to have touched the finer feelings of a flunkey by implying that "his family" could be nearer town than the Pyrenees or the Baths of Lucca!

This was "the town" of the old English days; and its character and influence may be inferred from the shabby imitations of it, which are the constant butt of the English humorists for the last two centuries. When certain faces faded from the Park, from the Mall, and from the Club-windows, then it was understood that the game of life had shifted for a season from the city—Parliament had adjourned—lords and ladies had retired to their country seats and shooting: there was nobody in town. Yet London was as crammed and criminal as ever.

We shall not draw any parallel; only, as to-day we saunter idly along Broadway, looking in vain for the faces which are so familiar upon these walks—among which your own, dear sir, is most distinctly remembered—we are reminded of those old stories. And as we say to Jem, that notwithstanding the crowd which constantly buffets and impedes us, "there's nobody in town," we are glad to know that if we retain the same old term, its significance is different; that with us "the town," although it does comprise the promenaders and those who drive in pretty carriages with gentle liveries, does yet signify not merely a class inheriting luxury and sloth, but one which may well claim to be, in the best sense, "the town," by virtue of representing the prosperous results of enterprise and industry.

Therefore it is that we are not angry at the last flash of the once brilliant Jem, who steps up to the office of the "New York," and announces his departure for Newport, then turns to us with an unpleasant sneer, and says:

"It's probably very true that there *is* nobody in town, but"—(and he glances at the crowds of busy people constantly passing)—"but the city can easily spare *nobody*, since all the *somebodies* remain."

We take affectionate leave of Jem, convinced that the fresh salt air will do him great good.

THERE is one subject of summer contemplation in the social sphere which you may have disregarded at the time, and be glad to have now recalled to you. It is the summer toilet of our young male friends, both in the city and at all the pleasant resorts. In the proportion that the *physique* of Young America diminishes, its clothes enlarge. The spindles, which have so long done laborious duty in the dance and promenade as legs, are now more amply draped. The youths who returned from Paris in the spring startled "the town" by the looseness of their trowsers; "the town" being more agitated by such looseness than by that of morals. The recipe for a proper summer coat prescribes as much cloth for the sleeves as was lately required for the whole garment. The beaux are emulous of the hanging sleeves of the belles. Cynical Jem says, he wonders they have so long delayed following such a fascinating lead. He declares that he awaits the moment when a subtle sense of propriety shall teach them that they are effeminate enough to assume the skirts also! It will be a singular exposure when, some day, one of the small men in large coats is caught and submitted

to the microscope of philosophical analysis. If the eye of any such falls here, will he not heed a word of warning?

Sit down in our Chair for a moment, young man, and review your career during the last summer. Figure yourself to yourself as you have appeared at breakfast, at dinner, and in the dance. Have you pleased those whom you truly wish to gratify? or have you been content to dazzle the eye and fancy of a girl, giddy as yourself? Do you really suppose that men, manly men, solid and sensible men, think you the more manly because you have slipped off here and there, into places that may not be named, for the purpose of gaming, or drinking, or for any other purpose? It is the most fatal of your many mistakes. Older men who are weak enough to go with you, are strong enough to laugh at you: and they who do not despise you, pity you.

This, you think, has nothing to do with your dress; and yet it has much to do with it, if you should chance to observe that change of dress often corresponds with that of morals and manners. No man who is not a dandy at heart, dresses like a dandy. And you may be sure whenever you pass a fop in Broadway, or encounter him at Saratoga, Cape May, or Newport, that he is not a gentleman nor a nobleman. It is a melancholy fact that the young American depends more, for social effect, upon his dress, than upon his address—more upon the cents in his pocket than the sense in his head. Thomas Carlyle once wrote a book called Sartor Resartus, or the Tailor Sewed Over, in which he lays down the doctrine that dress is the manifestation of the man. Show me a man's dress, says this philosopher, and I will show you the man. Would you submit to the scrutiny? For, you understand, the last coat-pattern, though it were the very "loudest," would not impose upon him. If the dress spelt *f-o-p*, to his critical eye, his mouth would proclaim *fop*.

You are not afraid of Mr. Thomas Carlyle? Of course you are not. But, if you remember that whenever and wherever you appear there are many Mr. Carlyles watching you—that every manly mind is observing you with sorrow, entirely undazzled by the elegant *negligé* of your costume and manner, you will, perhaps, be as willing to cultivate the esteem of sensible men, as you are now anxious to secure the astonishment of foolish ones.

Sit a moment this cool autumn day, and reconsider this matter of the toilet. Cravats, after all, are temporal, and the fashion of coats passes away.

Now that the first shock of delighted surprise at our neighborhood to Europe which steam has created, is past, we do not so curiously observe the results of that neighborhood and intimacy. One of the pleasantest that falls under our observation in the days when the city is in the country, is the greater number of little street-bands of music. There is a Puritan prejudice against hand-organs, which seems to us very unphilosophical, and which—in regard to the muses—is strictly treasonable. For those instruments refresh the forms of popular melody in the mind, and do more than any other ten combined causes for the fame of the musical composer. When Auber produces an opera in Paris, it is heard by two or three thousand persons the first night, possibly—and by seven or eight thousand, during the first week. But by that time it is brought home to the ears and hearts of all Paris, by the melodious messengers that cling to the necks of itinerant Italians; and by the third week, Paris hums and sings the opera on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, in all the gardens and the theatres; and when an old song in the vaudeville is sung to a new tune, every body knows that the tune is from Auber's last—thanks to the hand-organ!

So, also, in Naples. You lie (half-dreaming, we should say, if life were not all dreamy in Naples) and along the *Chiaja*, and *sulla Marinella*, that is, upon the shore of the bay, and by the harbor, you hear the hand-organs playing all night long; and the lazzaroni singing with them the barcaroles which seem to be born of the wave's melody and motion. There is a romantic friend of ours who was many years in Naples, and is enamored of Italian life. He relates that often as he sits in his office—a dull, dim, dusty room, in the attic of one of the old Nassau-street houses—he sometimes hears afar off the sound of a hand-organ, playing some tune once familiar to him in Italy, and which draws him as irresistibly as a siren, so that he must leave his books and dreary chamber, and run until he finds the organ and the grinder, to whom he gives an Italian greeting, and a two-shilling-piece. "Poor pay," he says, "for bringing Italy into Nassau-street."

There is no Italian city more silent and retired than Mantua. It is not often visited by the American tourist who puts a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, but it is singularly characteristic of the luxurious torpor of modern Italian life. We saw it first one warm autumnal morning. There was no spectacle of business as in other cities, no hurrying along of a crowd with fixed brows and solemn faces, no sense of occupation nor hum of trade, but the handsome, lazy-eyed men sat indolently along the streets and in the cafés, smoking, chatting, grimacing, reading in the little Journal—from which all important political news was excluded—the report of the highest note touched by the voice, or the highest point by the foot, of the last most famous singer and dancer. Before each café, and in many streets, little bands were standing playing the melodies from the operas and collecting coppers. The luxurious audience listened or talked, half-hummed a strain, or united in a chorus; and the simple spectator could have fancied that he had entered a city of Arcadia. The graceful indolence and leisurely life of Mantua are indissolubly associated with the warm, still morning, and the street bands. And in the hot August mornings when we have heard similar music in our deserted streets uptown, it was impossible not to feel that we were again in Mantua, and to acknowledge that steam had already plucked for us some of the precious pearls of foreign life.

—You think that street-musicians are vagabonds?

So was Homer.

—Being a man of strict civic morals, you think that they ought to be sent to the Penitentiary.

So thought the incorruptible Justice of Shakspeare.

Is our daily life so surfeited with little amenities and graces, so richly ornamented by all the arts, that we can afford to silence the singers and break their instruments? He who hath "music in his soul" will smile upon the street-musicians; and for him who hath it not there is a woe denounced.

THE visit of the Earl of Ellesmere was not a success. There seems to have been great misunderstanding in England as to the character of the Crystal Palace undertaking. It is strictly a private enterprise; but the English Commissioner evidently supposed it to be a national affair, and hence came

in a national vessel. That vessel lay for a long time in the harbor of New York, and then sailed for Halifax, without any public demonstration upon the part of the city. Under the circumstances, we think the civic silence was uncourteous. Lord Ellesmere was understood to have declined a banquet from the resident Englishmen, upon the ground that it would not be right for him, as a public Commissioner, to accept a private invitation before he had heard from the public authorities. Unhappily the Palace was far from ready—the Earl had arrived under a false impression—most of those who would have received him and his party in the most agreeable manner were out of town—the Earl's gout and the extreme heat of the unprecedented summer began at once and together—the noble party moved as far south as Philadelphia where the dog-star shone so furiously that they were compelled to return—they darted westward as far as Utica, where the retainers were overpowered with the torrid air, and the Commissioner was again conquered by his hereditary and aristocratic enemy—they escaped into Canada, where, as we read in the papers, they barely escaped a railroad accident—they saw Niagara, and returned to town just in time for the opening of the Palace. But true to his unhappy destiny in America, the Earl of Ellesmere was received by the gout instead of the President of the United States, and passed the day of the opening ceremonies in bed. Then came the banquet at the Metropolitan, from attendance upon which the same old gout urged the Chief English Commissioner to abstain. The banquet was a failure; nobody made a tolerable speech; political differences were unwisely introduced, and the President left at an early hour for the Opera—upon whose bills appeared in flaring capitals the names of "SONTAG," "ROBERT LE DIABLE," "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." A few days after, the Earl slipped quietly on to Boston. There he made a sensible speech, and was undoubtedly pleased, for Boston loves England; but after a visit of only three or four days, he sailed for Halifax in a mail steamer—and so ended his American visit. Had the London *Times* been aware of all these circumstances its leader of a month since ridiculing the opening ceremonies of the Palace would have been much more pointed. To Lord Ellesmere himself we must all be sorry that his visit was such a series of *contretemps*. A gentleman, and, by character and position, the representative of gentlemen, coming across the ocean to honor the dignity and triumph of labor and skill—thereby particularly acknowledging, what would never have been possible in any previous age, that in this world productive genius is chiefly worthy of honor—it is infinitely to be regretted that the result was so untoward, that misconceptions and confusions destroyed all the *prestige*, and probably much of the satisfaction of the visit. Meanwhile it is a curious speculation what kind of report will be made by the Earl concerning the New York Industrial Exhibition. The details of observation must be furnished by his companions in the Commission; for the visits of the Chief Commissioner to the Palace were very few. Upon occasion of those visits, we understand, he dispensed with the coronet and ermine train, which, to judge from the tone of newspaper reports, are supposed to be his usual street dress in London. It is a great pity that a gentleman is not safe from newspaper gossip among us, if he happens to be an Earl. Our theoretical contempt for a titled aristocracy, and our actual curiosity about it, play singular pranks with our manners.

We are glad to learn that the Earl of Ellesmere, who is the master of the famous Bridgewater Gallery—one of the finest of the English collection of paintings—wishing to enrich it with some characteristic American works, commissioned Mr. Kensett to paint two pictures of subjects drawn from American scenery. He expressed a desire to possess some memorial of Niagara; and those who have seen in some recent works of Kensett the singular success with which he has treated the subject, will acknowledge the discriminating taste of the English Commissioner.

Now that the summer and the summering have tripped lovingly by, we propose to overlook the means and methods of making a summer pass gayly, and descant in our easy way upon the fashions and the direction of summer travel, promising, in so doing, to give such information about inconveniences, and costs, and fresh breezes, as our own tossing about, and our cognizance of the tossing about of others may make serviceable.

And first of all, this *fashion* of summer travel is becoming a part of the American character: it is too late to subdue it now, if it were even worth while to subdue it; and our only hope is in giving it sensible direction.

Your small towns-man, and your large towns-man, whether their homes rate as city or village, conceives it to be absolutely requisite for the subjugation, or at any rate for the softening of his wife's humors, that some summer change should be determined on and pursued. No matter what stock of green fields or rural cottages may lie about the home-paths, Mistress Abigail must have her summer quits of the kitchen and maids, and either show her checkered silk at the sea-shore, or flourish it upon the brink of Niagara. Meantime the children—if children there be—flourish under the reign of trusty servants, or, what is worse, catch an early longing for watering-place walks, and spice their summer's vacation with childish coquetries in the corridors of the United States or the Ocean House.

And it is curious in this connection to estimate what sort of manly calibre will grow and perfect itself out of the boyish wearing of velvet-tunics and Honiton-lace upon the green sward which is sheltered by Marvin's yellow walls. We have a fear that, whatever elegancies may ripen under such habit, that the vigor to cope with difficulty—such difficulty as is very apt to follow in the wake of Saratoga extravagancies—will be sadly wanting, and that the lapse of years will find watering-place boys adorned with very thread-bare velvets and very nerveless minds. We have a fear that this velvety race is on the increase, and another fear that, without the proppings of primogenital prerogatives (as Dr. Johnson would say), that the velvet will prove, in the end, very cottony velvet.

But beside this influence upon such youngsters as partake of these Mecca pilgrimages to the shrine of our American prophets of Mammon, there is growing out of it, and even with it, a neglect of those home ties which, when strong-kept, are the surest guarantees of a beautiful, to say nothing of a happy home. An out-of-door domestication is gratifying itself upon we know not how many families; and their most loved altars of fireside are set up in hotel-grates on rainy mornings of summer.

We make no question of the virtue of forsaking the heated streets of New York when the sun is at its hot solstice, and of relieving a business-burdened mind by trees, and flowers, and such sound of rivers as is not our own; but for your man, who has his

acres of green fields in some town which has been nicknamed city—to fleece his conscience with the notion that something greener and wider is to be sought for every summer for the sustenance of his rank, or for the supply of his wife's tittle-tattle, it is great absurdity; and he had much better spend his summer energies and his surplus coin in redeeming his green acres from their vacant green stare into some smile of picturesque landscape, by planting and pruning, and by setting up such corner arbors as will shorten the evenings, and make his home a place loved for itself, and a pleasant monitor of kindred beauties to all beside him and around him.

We can recall now the names of some score of rural towns whose chief occupants quit them each July and August, for the sake of thronging with the herd, and losing baggage, and patience, and money; who, if they were to spend one-half of this summer energy and of this summer extravagance in making beautiful what Nature has laid at their door, would soon have watering-places of their own, which strangers would loiter to look upon, and catch health, both moral and stomachic, from the mingling of art and nature.

If a body is, indeed, in need of such salient matter as bubbles up at Saratoga, or as flecks the beach at Newport, let them go and get it by all means; but let them not stay after the *quantum sufficit* is pouched to measure money-pouches with adventurous neighbors, and to kill in wife and children whatever old leaning toward their own homestead was born in them, and still clings, by ever so frail tendrils, to the door and the porch!

Another bad thing which the excess of summer vagabondage is breeding, is the over-crowded and over-worked thoroughfare, by which even ordinary business is almost overset and compelled to stand back for *Messieurs les voyageurs de plaisir*. But perhaps a worse issue of this lies in the fact that pleasure-seekers themselves are pushed, jammed, herded together, made hot, discontented, bad-tempered—all which, however, go with many toward the sum of the summer's enjoyment. Half of this discontent, bad temper, *et cetera*, grow out of the ridiculous American excess of baggage; we say American excess, since (we speak advisedly in saying it) no people in the world do so utterly stultify themselves in multiplying band-boxes, dress-cases, and all sorts of traveling paraphernalia, as the Americans. We do not know the average that can safely be set down for a party of man, woman, and child traveling to Saratoga from a point not two hundred miles distant; but we think it might safely be reckoned at two dress-cases, two band-boxes, four trunks, and three carpet-bags. If the distance were increased to a thousand miles, there would naturally be an increase of luggage. We venture to say that a French lady would perfect the same visit with an air of greater neatness throughout (because of greater propriety in dress), with one-third the amount of material. We are safely assured, in confirmation of this truth, that a Parisian lady will go to Baden-Baden for a stay of two months, and make conquest while there of two Russian nobles, six English cockneys, three Americans in black satin vests, and seventeen German princes, armed and equipped only with one dressing-case measuring twenty-eight by eighteen inches, and one *sac de nuit!*

Let our Mistress Abigail remember, and blush.

In talking in this strain of summer travel, let it not be imagined for a moment that we lose sight of that information which every rational man and woman ought to pick up from a mingling with half a thousand of new people gathered from far away places. This intermingling of visitors we count upon as one of the happiest ways of settling all vexed questions of inter-state politics; and we consider it as good a system of compromise as Mr. Clay's—beside being very much better than Mrs. Stowe's.

So far as this goes—and it may be made to go very far—we speak a hearty God-speed to summer-hotels; but, unfortunately, the race of summer-goers are not always the best media of such information as gains by diffusion, and are rather to be counted on as the advisers and adepts in only such small interchange of opinion as finds its basis in scandal and its polish in French. Even this much, however, may create a sort of social leaven which serves to quicken spontaneity of action and of thought.

In old times—and we do not know that they are yet wholly gone by—people used to steal a month or two away from home cares to extend their knowledge of other people and manners as well as of other places. This cause of travel, hardly, however, belongs to those who make a periodic sojourn year after year at the Springs of Saratoga. Surely much more might be gained in this way, and is being gained, year by year, along the Rhine and in the valleys of Switzerland.

We know there is a class of political economists who cry out against spending money away from home; but it appears to us one of the very best investments that can be made of American depletion to pass it off in such countries as will quicken new ideas about architecture, gardening, art, and (if the traveler wear such soul as he ought to wear) enlarge the bounds of that just pride which he feels in the freedom and largeness of his own Republican institutions. We have a sincere pity for such Americans as always associate this pride with absurd boastings and a braggart air, and who, therefore, smother it altogether, and cherish instead a weak admiration and emulation for just those things under English rule which create and foster exclusiveness and the distinction of classes, and who become slavish toadyists of whatever is British. We have had the misfortune to meet with such. Pity is a charitable term by which to express the feeling we entertain for them.

We are running, we find, too much into the manner and the method of a sermon; so we will relieve our talk by a little plain chit-chat on this text: A man can summer as cheaply in rambling over the Continent of Europe as at the watering-places of the United States.

Every body knows, or ought to know, what he can get to Europe for, whether by steamship or sailing-packet. For the sake of illustrating our text we will suppose a man, or a woman, or both, worn out with the business or the idleness of a New York winter, and fairly through the terrors of a sea-sick passage (the only terrors of ocean nowadays) to the port of Havre-de-Grace.

His hotel bills at that point will be less than those of a New York hotel—added to the fact, that there is no dictum of fashion to prescribe just what dinners he shall eat, or what number of dishes shall measure his breakfast capacity. He will see a quaint old sea-port, with very quaint houses—all sorts of queer dresses, military, civil, work-day, and cottage-y. He will see an infinite deal of good-humor upon all sorts of faces—commissioners and others. He will specially delight in making an effective defensive weapon of his own drawing-room knowledge of French, and remain for a long time delightedly ignorant of the small protection which it affords him.

He will go to Paris in a railway-carriage as easy as this Chair of ours upon Franklin-square; and he will feel a kind of reliance upon the fact that no Norwalk draw-bridges are to be crossed over, and that no engineer will mistake a church-steeple for a signal to "go ahead." He will feel satisfied that the superintendent has done *all* his duty, and that he has not suffered trains to be driven daily at a speed of twenty miles an hour over ground that, by law, is to be crossed at half that rate of speed. He will not be pushed and jostled in a narrow, dark dépôt, like that of Canal-street; but will have light glass-roofing over him that will remind him of Crystal Palaces; and suggest to him, if he be a reflective man, the question—Why dépôts are not so constructed at home?

Chewing the cud of this reflection, he will glide along the valley of a charming river toward Rouen, where, if he chooses to stop, he will find a city as unlike as possible to any city his eyes have rested upon before, and prices (even with the pleasant-added cheating of hotel landladies) very much below the average of Albany prices; and porters and cabmen infinitely more civil and obliging than any belonging to the New York capital. We admit that this is saying the least for a cabman that could be said; since among all cabmen we have ever heard of, or read of, or met with, or imagined, the Albany cabmen are, by large odds, the very worst. We congratulate our neighbors, the Albanians, upon the preservation of their equanimity, to say nothing of their necks and fortunes.

It is an old story that one can live altogether as he chooses; and it is certain that one entirely ignorant of either the language or the customs can avail himself of the first hotels in the city at a price much below that of the first New York hotels. The promptitude and good-breeding of the Paris hack-drivers is almost a proverb.

Thus in fourteen days' time, our traveler may, in place of furthering his familiarity with Saratoga routine, be driving through the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, or rambling under the shady avenues of Versailles.

After Paris, the summer loiterer may see the Rhine; and by the journals, we perceive that one can take a through ticket, good for forty days—to visit Lille, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, every town on the Rhine as far as Basle, Strasbourg, and return to Paris—all in first-class carriages, for the small sum of twenty-one dollars!

This, considering the permission given to stop upon the way, may be counted even as an advance upon American cheapness of transportation. Supposing now that thirty days were occupied by this trip, we may safely estimate the incidental expenses of a single person along the route, at not more than ten francs a day: making a sum total of less than three dollars a day for a visit to every considerable place along the Rhine. A Frenchman would accomplish the same for one-third less. Is not this more remunerative to the untraveled, than an August lounge at Cape May?

There are those indeed who affect to sneer at the beauties of the Rhine, and who count its charms very inferior to those of the Hudson. But if we are not greatly misinformed there is very much worth seeing in the old Rhine towns, even if the vineyard banks are neglected: and on this point, we beg to quote again from our letter-writer of the last month. "Perhaps" he says, "there is no single point along the Rhine, from whose banks I date my letter, which is wholly equal to the view from the *plateau* at West Point: indeed I think upon comparison with Scotch and English lakes, that the view looking toward Newburgh on a sunshiny afternoon, with fifty odd sail in sight, is unmatchable. But on the other hand, the continuity of hills along the Rhine, the careful cultivation creeping up in crevices, and hanging upon the narrow fastnesses of rock, the Sunday quiet of the quaint Rhine towns, the broken castles leaning over from crags and stretching dark shadows upon the water, are all of them features so strange to American eyes, that the man must be fastidious indeed, who does not yield himself to the enchantment of the scene, and partake of that enthusiasm which is so fresh in the spirit of every German.

"Nor is it all, or even half, to sail up and down the Rhine; to appreciate to the full its beauties, one must stop for days together upon the banks; he must clamber up the jutting crags, and catch the views which break upon him through far-away gaps of mountain; or he must plant himself at some old broken casement of a ruin, and put aside the ivy with his hand, that he may peep below, upon the dots of steamers, and upon the white ribbon of a river. He must lounge through the vineyards upon the hill-side, with the Rhine sun beating on him, and lighting up the brown faces of the Rhenish girls who pluck the grape leaves; he must watch the play of light and shadow upon the slated roofs, and quaint toppling spires of the valley towns; he must float in the ungainly Rhenish oar-boats with the eddies, and touch at islands where the wreck of convents lies moldering; he must listen idly to the sound of bells, striking loud from the tall belfries of Rhenish towns; he must climb to the very forests which skirt the vineyards, above the ruins and the crags, and look down upon the mixed scene of glistening water, and tufted vineyards, and streaks of road, and gray houses grouped in towns, and lordly fragments of ruin. Lastly, he must drink a flask of the Rhenish wine, as he sits at evening under the arbor of his Rhenish host, and catch the hearing of some Rhenish song, as it floats to his ear over the Rhenish river, dappled with the Rhenish moon.

"It is a misfortune," continues our correspondent, "that the Rhine boats are not better arranged for giving good views of the shores. The decks are very low; the vessels themselves being scarcely so large as the little boats which ply between New York, and Astoria, or Flushing. They have no upper or promenade deck; beside being without the projecting deck, so peculiar to American steamers. You have to suppose, then, a craft, of the size of a small schooner, with flush deck, the after quarter shielded by an awning, some six or seven feet high, and the view astern interrupted by a clumsy steering apparatus, with a raised platform, which furnishes the only desirable look-out to be found on board.

"The fore-deck is a 'second-place,' and is cumbered with luggage, and such people, as one of cleanly prejudices has no strong desire to mingle with. The average number of first class, or after deck passengers upon a genial summer's day, may be reckoned safely at fifty; and it is needless to say that this number crowd rather uncomfortably the narrow quarters. Dinner is served upon the upper deck; a *table d'hôte* of true German character. Some hour or two before the approach of this meal (which along the Rhine is usually at half past one) the steward presents a list of wines, from which you are desired to select such as you may choose for dinner: and it may be worth while to say, that it is never for a moment supposed, that any one would sit down to a German dinner, without drinking German wine.

No bill of fare is shown; but from recollection, I will try and put you in possession of a *catalogue raisonné* of a Rhine steamer's dinner.

"First, a very poor barley soup (all German soups are poor).

"Next, dishes of boiled beef are passed around; which beef has already done service in giving a meaty flavor to the barley soup. It is accompanied with potatoes, and with either sour krout, or pickled beets. The meat and potatoes are quite relishable. I can not say as much for the others.

"Following the beef, come mutton chops, with some vegetable, which from its disguise in German cookery, I could not venture to name. Next, appears stewed venison and sausages; the first very palatable. After this, comes a fricandeau of veal, with cauliflower. Then, a German pudding, with cherry sauce. After the pudding a very capital bit of roast mutton; and following the mutton, roast chicken, with a salad, which lacks only good oil to be highly relishable. This closes the dinner; with the exception of cakes, tarts, fruits, &c. All this (as I am in a practical vein to-day) is served at a cost so inconsiderable, as to be almost ridiculous.

"The mingling of people upon the Rhine boats, is a curious matter of study, and of speculation. I should say that one half of the quarter-deck passengers upon any fine day of summer might be safely reckoned English; not perhaps fresh come from Great Britain; for a large number of families are residing hereabout, both by reason of economical living, and for the advantages offering in way of a cheap, continental education. It is moreover a very noticeable fact that the officers, and stewards of the Rhine boats, as well as the hotel runners, are applying themselves nowadays, much more to English, than to the French tongue. So that I have no doubt, that in five or ten years time, a man will travel better upon the Rhine, with English, than with French on his tongue,

"I may mention further in this connection, that the authorities who preside over the realms hereabout, to wit, the King of Prussia, the Dukes of Nassau, Baden, *et ceteri*, are making strong efforts to forestall the further progress of French in this neighborhood, even for salon uses.

It is somewhat amusing to note the important bearing of the officials of such small authorities as the Duke of Nassau; making true the old notion, that what a man lacks in character, he will make up in bluster. It reminds me of the parade of whistles, and bells, and orders, and counter-orders, which you frequently observe about the dépôt of some inconsiderable railroad in the country. The stoppages are very important; there is great punctiliousness about tickets, and immense ado about trifles generally.

"The old bug-bear of passports is kept in full force; and the King of Prussia has latterly enjoined upon his agents along the Rhine a much stricter scrutiny. These agents are all of them military agents, and wear the best part of their character upon their backs. Beyond compliance with certain established formulas, they have no idea, either of duty, or of propriety. The consequence is, a sort of automaton magistracy and police, which is as fearful, and pitiful to behold, as the driveling dependence into which the English have reduced their whole population of serving-men.

"The summer residence in the Rhine neighborhood of the Prince of Prussia (brother to the King, and presumptive heir to the throne) is as pretty a bit of old-time *castellation*, as one would wish to see. It is made up of an old-time ruin, repaired in careful keeping with the first feudal look; and stands boldly upon a crag that seems to promise a plunge into the waters of the Bingen Loch that lie below it. It is not large, but tall; and the walls are of feudal thickness. You wind to it through woods, and catch no glimpse of its portal, until at the turning of a step, you find yourself upon the drawbridge and the portcullis frowning on you. The furniture is admirably bestowed in keeping with the ancient knightly habits; the iron wicker swings from the topmost tower to kindle the alarm fire; Holbein's paintings hang in the hall, among hoary antlers, and rusty suits of mail; cutlasses, and German broadswords are festooned over the oaken doors; every hinge is heavily wrought of iron; and the library even, is stocked with manuscripts in vellum, and antique bound missals.

"Altogether, you seem to float back on the hum of the Rhine-tide, some four or five hundred years; and fancy the swart boar-hunters, and bearded barons presiding again over the valley and the forests; nor do you wake from the feudal dose until the puff and clatter of a blue-painted Rhine steamer, with a strip of red and white bunting at the peak, drives out your dream, and forces on you the steam-story of Progress and of Civilization.

"I asked after the bold baron of the castle, who is the Prince of Prussia, but he was not in his halls; he had gone to eat fried eels with the Duke of Nassau. And I daresay he made a very good dinner of it, and came home in a steam-boat.

"It is odd enough to find, after you have clambered for hours to the summit of the Rhine banks, that you meet upon their verge the edges of another culture, which sweeps back over broad bits of tableland, in yellow wheat-fields. That is to say, the Rhine hills are not so much hills, as they are precipitous edges of waving fields. The steeps are covered with vineyards; and the softer slopes, which lean landward, are rich in all manner of grain and in potatoes. Sometimes, a bit of old, craggy boar forest as on the Niederwald—lies between the two; and you stroll under mossy limbs, with never a thought of the low-lying landscape which is presently to break on your eye, and which is to show you the winding Rhine a thousand feet below you; and yet so near, that it seems as if you might toss the bowl of your pipe in its eddies.

"If ever you come to the Niederwald on a summer's day, and are heated with a half-day's climb toward the heights I have told you of, take a lounge (when you have traversed the boar forest), under the arbor of a Gasthof, which you will find in the lee of the woods, and call for a bottle of the red wine of Asmanhausen. I need not tell you what is to be done with the wine.

"They prize it hereabout; and the prizing of it does great honor to their taste. It is not so acid as the Bordeaux you are familiar with, nor so tame as the Hock. It has a spice in it, and a mellowness, and a glow, with an unctuous grape-taste, and smell of vine-leaves, that does one good to snuff, and quaff, and quaff again. Nor does it go to the head unpleasantly: but quickens the eye for valley views, making it keener to trace the tortuous river, and readier in its grasp of those glimmering and indistinct belfries and spires, which hover mistily on the far-away horizon.

"As for legends, I could stuff my letter full of them; but like the wines, they lose by transportation. You must hold them—like the wine—to your eye, and watch the river through them.

"Under my eye just now, across the river, only a boat's length from the further side, rises a rude-

shaped triangular bit of rock, a few feet above the surface, on which is sculptured a cross. It is a mark of burial; and within the rock lie entombed, in accordance with his dying wish, the heart and brain of a certain Herr Vogt, who was the chronicler of the Rhine Stories. This is no legend, to be sure; but a strange glimpse of poetic fervor outstretching our lifetime, and clinging to the mountain idols in death. It is certainly a pretty thought, that the waves, whose beauties the poor man doated on, and recorded, should be now paying him back in their own way, with an everlasting lullaby.

"—The word reminds me that the night is waning toward the small hours; though still the 'untired moon' is pouring a silver day upon the river. I wet my wafer in the Rhenish wine, and say,—Adieu."

In England, the public ear has been full of the Eastern alarm, and of the reviews at Chobham, and at Portsmouth. Nor have these last been without their interest even for stranger lookers-on.

The Queen, with her bustling propensities, has recovered from a fit of the measles, in time for two or three reviews at Chobham—for dinner-parties at Windsor, for the naval affair of Portsmouth, and for her *quasi* quietude of Osborne House. There are those who speak disparagingly of the Queen's gadding habit of life, and of the needless public expenditure which it entails; and, if one may judge from the lesser journals, this disposition of talk is on the gain. It is certain that she is determined to exercise all the prerogatives of kingly pleasure which the Lords and Commons have left her; and it is equally certain that she will find, like every other monarch, crowds to flatter and approve her action.

Nearer home the Exhibition is the thing betalked of: and the various critiques upon statuary and painting are, to say the least, vastly amusing. The "*Times*" (London) has, as might have been expected, made itself clumsily merry upon the matter of our hasty opening; and drawn parallels, very self-laudatory, with the opening of the great Exhibition of London. Meantime, however, it is quite consolatory to think that the British farmers are taking present advantage of McCormick's reaper to gather in their belated harvest: and we may hope, in all compassion, that such grain as may thereby be saved from the weather, will go to feed in better way the hungry mouths of English laborers—if it do not choke the captious grumbling of the journalists.

With Julien's jeweled baton waving in triumph at Castle Garden, we, for the time, scarcely regret that Sontag, and Alboni, and Thillon, and the other operatic warblers are, for us, "mute as the lark ere morning's birth." The theatres, meanwhile, rejoice in fresh paint and marvelous delineators of impossible Irish, Yankee, and Negro character.

For those who seek entertainment through the eye rather than the ear, the "Bryan," the "Rhenish," and the "Düsseldorf" Galleries afford something to study and admire. Panoramas, moreover, stretch their gay length along more walls than one. Foremost among these is that of Niagara, to whose conscientious faithfulness to nature we have more than once borne testimony; the abundant success of which we are glad to chronicle; and for which we venture to predict still wider appreciation, when, some months since, the dwellers by the Thames, the Loire, and the Rhine have opportunity to behold this admirable presentment of our great American cataract.

Editor's Drawer.

We were a good deal amused the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"'Do you see that hand-bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?'

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes; and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"'Do you understand English?' asked the woman.

"'Yaw!' was the reply.

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?'

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"'Do you understand English?'

"'Yaw—yaw!'

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?'

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collusion' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: '*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?* The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've *got any*—and I don't much believe you have!'

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

Moral lessons, fairy tales, allegories, and other forms of composition have been resorted to, to illustrate the unpeaceful influence of suddenly-acquired wealth upon its "fortunate" possessor; but we never heard the fact more strikingly enforced, than in an account recently published in an English journal, describing the manner in which a gold "nugget," worth some thirty thousand pounds, and now exhibiting in London, was obtained, and the effect that its discovery had upon the finder. After relating how hard they had labored, night and day, to sink a shaft, often interrupted by "caving-in," and rising water from the bottom, the gold-digger proceeds:

"One day 'twas my turn to go down; and in the tunnel, about thirty inches high, and a yard wide, I found some very good 'nuggets;' and when I came up, I said to Jack, in a joke:

"'*This* is the way to get gold: *you* don't know how to get it.'

"'I shall find some some day,' says he.

"And, sure enough, he hadn't been down long before I heard him laughing like mad, and calling me. I leaned over the shaft, and could hardly speak.

"'What is it, Jack?' I said.

"'I've found it!' says he, and it's a big 'un!'

"'Softly!' I said: 'for God's sake, keep quiet! How big is it?'

"'Three or four hundred weight,' says he, laughing hysterically again.

"I begged him not to make a noise; and went to call L——, and took him away from all the tents, and told him Jack had found a big nugget, and we must all keep it dark. So I got an old sack, and sent it down the hole; and Jack soon sent it up the hole, with the big lump in it. I slung it over my shoulder, and walked very quiet-like through all the diggers, till I came to our tent, and then I threw it down, on the outside, on the dirt-heap, and went inside, to consider what was best to be done.

"Leaving L—— to watch, I went off to the agent's, a distance of two miles, to ask for protection.

"'What do you want protection for?' says he.

"'We've found a large nugget, sir,' said I.

"'How big?' said he—'forty pounds?'

"'*Twice* forty, I think,' said I.

"'O, you're romancing!' said he.

"But he sent three policemen and a horseman; and just at sunset they slung the sack on a pole, and carried it off to the government-station.

"It was soon all over the 'diggings,' and one man bid two hundred and fifty pounds for the hole out of which we had taken it. But we wanted three hundred. The next morning we went to the Commissioners' to get the gold washed, and weighed; but it was license-day; and there was such a crowd of people that we left off washing it; and when they all went away, we weighed it in an old pair of potato-scales, and found that it weighed *one hundred and thirty-four pounds, eight ounces, avoirdupois!*

"The Commissioners advised us to leave the place as soon as we could—there was so great an excitement about it: and as we went through the 'diggings,' they told us our mates had found another big nugget; but we didn't believe 'em, there's always so many romances flying about there. But we found it was true *this* time."

What fears, what precautions, what anxiety, the moment this "nugget" was secured! Afraid to take it in, as a treasure; afraid to speak of it—almost afraid to have it in possession! An "enchanted ring," giving to its possessor the power of securing the fruition of every wish, could hardly have been more troublesome than this "lump" of good fortune.

VERY few readers of "The Drawer" but will remember "Professor" Anderson, the adroit trickist, and the skill with which he managed to blind his audiences to the *modus operandi* of his operations, some of which, to say the least, were very remarkable, and past finding out, by the shrewdest and most watchful looker-on. When the "Professor" said, in his peculiar way,

"Would an-ny gentleman aw lady lend me a po'ket-engkerchief?—Thenk-ye!" there was mischief; for thereby hung a "trick" that has hitherto defied solution by the most acute and penetrating observer. But this apart.

There are other "professors," it would seem; and in Europe they abound. Of one of them, a celebrated flute-player, the following amusing anecdote is recorded:

"He advertised a concert for his benefit in a country-town; and in order to attract those who had no music in their souls, and were not moved by concord of sweet sounds, he announced that between the acts he would exhibit an extraordinary feat, and one never before heard of in Europe. He would "hold in his *left hand* a glass of wine, and would allow six of the strongest men in the town to hold his arm; and notwithstanding all their efforts to prevent him, he would drink the wine!"

So novel and surprising a display of strength, as it was of course naturally enough regarded, attracted a very crowded house. Expectation was on tip-toe, when the "Professor" appeared upon the stage, with a wine-glass, full of wine, in his hand, and in very polite and courteous phrase, invited any half dozen men to come forward, and put his prowess to the test.

Several gentlemen, among whom was the Mayor of the place, immediately advanced to the stage, and grasped the left arm of the "Professor," apparently rendering the performance of his promised feat out of the question.

There was an awful pause for a moment, when the manacled "Professor," eying the gentlemen who had pinioned him, said in broken English:

"Genteel-mens, are you all ready?"

"We are ready!" was the reply, as they grasped still more tightly his left arm.

"Are you quite sure you have got a fast holds?"

The answer having been given in the affirmative, by a very confident nod by those to whom it was addressed, the "Professor," to the infinite amusement of the spectators, and to the no small surprise of the group around him, advancing his *right* arm, which was of course entirely free, very coolly took the wine-glass from his left hand, and bowing very politely to the half-dozen gentlemen who were exhausting their strength upon his left arm, said:

"Genteel-mens, I have the honor to drink all your goot healts!"

At the same moment he quaffed off the wine, amid a general roar of laughter, and universal cries of, "Well done!—well done!"

This is almost equal to the Yankee expedient for "raising the wind" some years ago, in one of our far-western States. The exhibitor had tried various ways of "getting an honest living," as he called it, without hard work. He had toiled for many years on a farm, that yielded a scanty return for the labor bestowed upon it, and all "for the old man;" but becoming heartily tired of this kind of exercise, he determined, as he expressed it, to "leave the old homestead, and *shirk for himself*."

He first tried clock-peddling; but his instruments—not the best made in the world, probably—were returned back upon his hands, having been only "warranted;" he next essayed school-keeping; but with a praiseworthy frankness, he said he failed in *that*, "'cause he didn't know enough;" then he tried phrenology, which he explained as a "dreadful *risky* business," bumps was so different on different folks; and (last-but-*one*-ly) he essayed dentistry; but his "travels" in that humane avocation yielding him but small remuneration, he went into another line. He mingled Phrenology with Zoology!

He gave out that on a certain evening, after his phrenological lecture had been concluded, he would exhibit to the audience two of the most remarkable creatures that had ever been publicly exhibited in any country. They had been caught among the sublime fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains; and were:

First, an animal, known in that remote and seldom-visited region as the "*Prock*;" a creature that was only caught (and caught always with the greatest difficulty) on the side of a mountain, along which, and nowhere else, could he graze. He had a short

hind-leg, and a short fore-leg also, for the convenience of browsing on the mountain side, the discrepancy being intended to keep him erect; and the only way in which he could be caught was to "head him" on the side of the mountain, when he would turn suddenly round, and his long legs coming on the up-hill side, he would fall down, from lack of underpinning on the lower side, when he at once became an easy prey to the hunter!

The other animal was called the *Guyanosa;* a terrific monster, and very dangerous, caught in one of the wildest passes of the Rocky Mountains, by some forty hunters, who secured him by lassos, after he had been chased for four days. Dangerous as he was, however, the lecturer said, he had been strongly secured with chains, and could be seen without any apprehension on the part of the audience.

The eventful night at length arrived; the phrenological lecture was delivered to a crowded house; and all the spectators were awaiting with breathless expectation the rising of a green baize curtain which had been suspended behind the lecturer, and from whence had come, at different times during the intellectual performance, the most hideous sounds.

Before proceeding to exhibit the animals, the lecturer dwelt at some length upon the characteristics of each; and describing, especially, the ravenous nature of the *Guyanosa*, and his enormous strength. He then retired behind the curtain, to arrange the animals for immediate exhibition.

There was an interval of some five or six minutes, when a great clanking of chains was heard, and a roar, half animal, half human, which shook the whole house. In a moment a shriek, as of one "smit with sudden pain," was heard, and out rushed the exhibitor, his hair erect, his eyes staring from their sockets, and dire terror depicted in every feature:

"Save yourselves! ladies and gentlemen!—save yourselves!" he exclaimed: "the *Guyanosa* has broken loose, and has already killed the *Prock!*"

The house was cleared in two minutes; and, what is remarkable, neither the lecturer, the "Prock," nor the "Guyanosa" was ever seen in the village afterward.

There were some who doubted whether the strange animals were present at all; but such incredulous persons were answered by hundreds:

"Why, we heard 'em howl, as plain as we hear you speak!"

Of course that settled the question entirely!

We find this exposition of the value, the merit, almost the piety of "*A Cheerful Heart*," in one of the compartments of "The Drawer," and regret that we are not enabled to assign to some noble heart the honor of so true a sentiment:

"I once heard a young lady say to an individual:

"'Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a *cheerful look*.'

"A cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look on the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for fear of the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man *will* be happy, in spite of himself.

"The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in its road, but goes buzzing on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about, and to find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard, uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace."

There seems to be good reason for supposing that the man who wrote the following must have experienced "bad luck" in his choice of a wife:

"A man who marries nowadays, marries a great deal more than he bargained for. He not only weds himself to a woman, but to a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee-bags (for skirts), four baskets of cheap novels, one poodle-dog, and a set of weak nerves, which will keep four servant-girls busy flying round the house the whole blessed time.

"Whether 'the fun pays for the powder' is a matter of debate."

One would think it was!

We put the following on record, that when the next steamboat is blown up in our waters, *some* portion of the blame may light upon the shoulders of those who ought at least to assist in bearing it:

"An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she herself was going for supplies. She stipulated with the captain of the steamer that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came on board.

"After the second day out, another steamboat was seen close a-stern (with which, by-the-by, the captain had been racing all the time), and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued, for nearly a day, almost side by side. At length the old lady, partaking herself of the excitement, called the captain, and said:

"'Captain, you *ain't* going to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?'

"'Why, I shall have to, madam, as I agreed not to race.'

"'Well, you can just *try* it a little; *that* won't hurt.'

"'But, madam, to tell you the truth, I *did*.'

"'Gracious! but do try a little more: see, the old boat is even with us!'

"A loud cheer now arose from the old boat, and the exultations of the passengers made the old lady more anxious than ever.

"'I can't *raise* any more steam, madam,' said the captain, in reply to the old lady's continued urgings, 'all the tar and pine-knots are burnt up.'

"'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'what shall we do? The old boat is going by us! Isn't there any thing *else* on board that will make steam?'

"'Nothing, madam,' replied the captain, 'except—except'—(as if a new idea had struck him)—'except your bacon! But, of course, you want to save your bacon.'

"'No,' exclaimed the old lady, 'throw in the bacon!—throw in the bacon, captain!—and beat the old boat!'"

The captain did not, as we gather, comply with the generous suggestion; and the "old boat" went puffing its way ahead, much to the mortification and discomfiture of the old lady.

This may be exaggerated; but there is a great deal of human nature in it nevertheless; and it illustrates, moreover, that kind of silent contempt with which passengers in a large boat look down upon those who happen to be in a small one!

THAT was rather a singular wedding party that met at the Nevada Hotel, in California, some year or so ago; and it is well worth a description in the "Drawer."

A marriage took place at the hotel in question of a lady who had previously had *four* husbands, three of whom were then living. The last happy bridegroom was a gentleman from Kentucky, well known in the States, and at that time an opulent citizen of the "Golden Republic."

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her last two husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist, by the operation of the divorce-law, had "put up" at the "Nevada House" on the same evening, both ignorant of the fact that their former *cara sposa* had rested under the same roof with themselves, and also that they had both, in former years, been wedded to the same lady.

Next morning they occupied seats at the breakfast table directly opposite the bridal party! Their eyes met, with mute but expressive astonishment. The bride did not faint, as perhaps might have been expected, but at once informed her new "liege lord" of her singular situation, and who the guests were that were regarding them with so much attention.

Influenced by the natural nobleness of his nature, and the happy impulses of his heart, he summoned his predecessors to his bridal-chamber, and the warmest congratulations were interchanged between the four "parties" of the "first" "second" and "third part," in the most unreserved and friendly manner. The two ex-husbands frankly and freely declared that they had ever found the lady an excellent and faithful companion, and that they themselves were the authors of the difficulties which had conspired to produce their separation; the cause being traceable, in each case, to a too-frequent indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

The legal "lord and master" declared that his affection for his bride was strengthened by the circumstances narrated, and the extraordinary coincidence, and that, if possible, his happiness was even increased by the occurrence.

After a few presents from their well-filled purses of rich "specimens," the parties separated; the two ex-husbands for the Atlantic States, with the kindest regards of the lady for the welfare of her former husbands!

There is so much of real romance in this incident, that it may seem problemetical; but it is recorded as "true in every particular."

HOOD somewhere speaks of a sailor badly off for food and drink in the Desert, who "went in ballast with old shoes for victuals," and for drink was obliged to content himself with a "second-hand swig at the cistern" of a dead camel. An Oregon emigrant, who took the overland route to that far-distant region, does not seem to have fared much better. He says that food was so scarce in the beginning of winter that he boiled his boots and made soup of them, and did all this with so much success, that the proceeds gave him the fee-simple of one of the very finest farms in the territory. For the last week of the "tramp," he writes, he "lived on a pickled headstall, and a pair of rope-traces, made into a salad, with some green shavings, which they obtained at a deserted saw-mill!"

With pepper, salt, and vinegar, he might have made a good meal, he adds, but those condiments had unfortunately been forgotten!

"MRS. PARTINGTON" is an original creation; and the *true* one can be detected from her numerous imitators in a moment. The Rev. Sydney Smith first introduced this notable lady to the public; but the *Boston Post* is the only journal which records her original sayings and doings, which are only excelled—if indeed they *are* excelled at all—by Mrs. LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM, the illustrious *protégé* of the witty Theodore Hook. Here are two of her late "utterances" which are quite as good in their way as any thing in Madame Ramsbottom's letters from Rome or Paris:

"Diseases is very various—very. The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles upon her lungs! It's dreadful to think of—'tis really. The diseases is *so* various! One day we hear of peoples' dying of 'hermitage of the lungs,' another of 'brown-creatures:' here they tell us of the 'elementary canal' being out of order, and there about the 'tear of the throat;' here we hear of the 'newrology in the head,' and there of an 'embargo' in the back. On one side of us we hear of a man getting killed by getting a piece of beef in his 'sarcofagus,' and there another kills himself by diskevering his 'jocular vein.' Things change so that I don't know how to subscribe for any thing nowadays. New names and 'rostrums' take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old yerb-bag away."

Again she speaks of the various cures for the pest of "rats and mice, and such small deer:"

"As for rats, it ain't no use to try to get rid of 'em. They rather *like* the 'vermin anecdote,' and even 'chlorosive supplement" they don't make up a face at!"

THERE was a good deal of "mother wit" in the remark made by a Western squatter, when encountering one of the more common dangers of traveling in the "Far West." He was fording a stream, wild and turbulent, grasping the tail of a stout mare, followed, at her side by a colt of some three or four years old. Before he reached the farther bank, however, his horse began to flounder, and give evident symptoms of sinking. Seeing his situation, a man on the bank called out:

"Change! change! Drop the mare and take the colt. The mare's tired out!"

"Shan't do it!" exclaimed the other. This ain't no time for *swappin' horses!*"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before down he went, and the horse with him. Both, however, after floating down the stream, borne by the rapid current, were landed upon a small island, the *débris* of the river, and were at last extricated from their perilous predicament.

Wit, under such circumstances must have been a "ruling passion" almost "strong in death."

THE subjoined beautiful thoughts are from Sir Humphrey Davy's '*Salmonia*:'

"I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe what would be most useful to me, I should prefer a

firm religious belief to every other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all other hopes vanish: and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of ill-fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the Gardens of the Blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

You may take up a paper, or you may take up a book, at the house of a friend, where you may be waiting to see some one whom *you* have called to see, or some one who is waiting, by appointment, to see *you*. He does not come. Time hangs heavily upon your hands. You are in the room where he sees his friends; it is his sanctum-sanctorum—his library; and every thing around will speak of him; the pictures, the books, and the many nameless little things that you see around you, shall almost bring him before you.

By-and-by he will come in, and *then* you will associate, ever after, that room, and all its furniture and adornments, with himself.

But how inconceivably painful, to memory and reflection, when he leaves that room vacant forever! when, in the beautiful language of the Bible, he "goes hence, and is no more seen;" when the places that knew him once shall know him no more forever!

> "The church-yard shows an added stone,
> The fire-side shows a vacant chair."

Think, when you casually meet a friend in the street, and exchange with him a few words of pleasant greeting, think, as you part in the busy thoroughfare, and he goes on his way of pleasure or of business ("for every man," as Shakspeare says, "has business or pleasure, such as 'tis,") and you depart on yours, that you *may* never look upon his face again; that among the foot-falls, like drops of autumnal rain in the crowded street, *his* will be heard no more. Think so for a moment, and you will love him all the more.

Spiritual Rappings are still in the ascendant in very many parts of the country, not to speak of our own goodly city of Gotham. *Punch* thinks he has discovered the secret: he says it has become reduced almost to a demonstration that the rappings are produced by phantom post-men, delivering "dead letters." We surrender the argument to that sage philosopher.

But in the meantime we desire to present, from a "*Spiritual Harbinger*," the following clear account of what may be expected when spiritualism has reached its acme:

"In the twelfth hour, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect disclosive illustration. Then shall the Creator in effulgence, above the Divine Seraphimal, arise into the Dome of the Disclosure, in one comprehensive, revolving galaxy of supreme Beatitudes."

A wag of a country editor, whether through a "medium" or no, is not stated, has imagined quite a different state of things, which he thus discloses:

"Then shall Blockheads, in the Asinine Dome of Disclosive Procedure rise into the Dome of the Disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated Lumaxes, in one comprehensive Mix, shall assimilate into Nothing, and revolve, like a bob-tailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!"

It seems difficult to assume which of these two exhibitions of the mysteries born of the "spiritual manifestations" is the true one; but we confess that the last is the most sensible, and certainly the most easy of comprehension.

One of the best illustrations we have ever seen of the great power of overweening *vanity*, is contained in the following anecdote from a late Parisian journal:

Two gentlemen were walking together through one of the most crowded streets of the "Gay Capital," when one remarked to the other:

"You see that man before us?"

"Yes; what of him?"

"Nothing but this: I will leave you, and go immediately up to him and kick him!"

"For what purpose? Has he offended you?"

"Not at all; I shall do it to illustrate a principle. I shall kick him, and what is more, he will neither resent it, nor be at all angry at the act."

He immediately left the side of his friend, walked up to the man of whom he had been speaking, and administered to him a tremendous *coup de pied*.

Astonished and indignant, the man turned upon the aggressor, who met his ferocious gaze with a face beaming with regret and sorrow:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said; "I have mistaken you for the Duke de la Tremouille, who has grievously wronged me!"

The duke was the handsomest man in Paris, and the envy of all the beaux in town; whereas the man who was thus unceremoniously kicked, was a miracle of ugliness. But instead of being offended, he was flattered and gratified by the *mistake* under which he believed he had suffered; so he simply smiled, bowed, and went on his way!

That this world is not all flowers and sunshine, even to the happiest, is forcibly set forth in the following passage which, when, or how, or whence, we know not, has found its way into our receptacle:

"Ah! this beautiful world! Indeed I scarcely know what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself seems not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and lowering, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days, like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts, nor on our hearths. Believe me, every heart has its own secret sorrows, which the world knows not."

We scarcely know why, but in reading the above, there came to mind those beautiful lines of Shelley's, written at Naples, on one of the most glorious days, and under the most beautiful sky that hangs over any part of the great universe of the Almighty:

> "The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
> The waves are dancing fast and bright,
> Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
> The sunny noon's transparent light."

But amid all this brightness, this carnival of nature, look in upon the poor poet's *heart*:

> "I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away this life of care,
> Which I have borne, and still must bear,
> Till Death, like sleep, should steal o'er me,
> *And I could feel in the warm air,*
> *My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea,*
> *Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.*

"Some might lament, when I was gone,
'As I, when this sweet day is done,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan!"

Inexpressibly sad, and sweet, and touching! "Some days will be dark and dreary," as Longfellow sings, how brightly and sweetly soever Nature may smile around. "We make the weather in our *hearts*," says a French writer, "whether the sun shines out, or the heavens are black with storms."

It is a curious thing sometimes to notice the effect of a word, and the different meanings given to it, by a simple "turn of the expression," as Sydney Smith terms it. There is a new anecdote of Charles Lamb, which exemplifies this very pleasantly:

On a wet, miserable, foggy, "London" day, in the autumn, he was accosted by a beggar-woman with:

"Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow-woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have *seen better days!*"

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling: "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-by! good-by!"

Two similar things arise to recollection as we jot this down. One is this:

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, bawled out very lustily:

"What are you about there, you rascals, you?"

"About going," said one of them, with his hand gyrating at his nose, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double-quick time.

And the second is like unto it:

A mother always insisted that her children should append "ma'am" to every answer, in the negative or affirmative, which they gave her.

One day they had pork-and-beans for dinner (properly cooked, a dinner for a king, or the President of the United States), and after one of the little boys had twice emptied his plate, his mother, with the "serving-spoon" in the dish, said:

"Freddy, do you want some more?"

"No," said he.

"*No!*" exclaimed his mother: "no! What else? No *what?*"

"*No beans!*" said the little fellow—don't want none."

Now that "little rascal" knew perfectly well that he was expected to say "No, *ma'am;*" but sometimes children are *such* wags!

"Old Uncle Spraker," well-known up in the valley of the Mohawk, once related a misfortune which had happened to his son in this wise:

"Poor Hans! he bit himself mit a raddle-snake, und vash sick into his ped, speechless, for six waks in der mont' of Augoost; and all his cry vash, 'Vater! vater!' Und he couldn't eat noding, except a leedle dea, midout no sugar into it."

The following specimen of original criticism, from a country journal, evinces a knowledge of logical disputation that would do credit to the most rabid controversialist!

"A discussion had arisen in a stage-coach upon the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"'But he *wasn't* perfect,' said one of the company.

"'Wasn't *perfect!*' ejaculated the other, in great amazement.

"'No, sir; he *wasn't* perfect,' repeated the commentator.

"'What do you mean?' asked his interlocutor.

"'I mean what I *say*,' was the reply. 'He was *made* perfect, I admit; but he didn't *stay* perfect.'

"'How so?'

"'Why, didn't his Maker take out one of his ribs? He wasn't perfect after losing one of his ribs, was he?'

"His antagonist was silent; and candidly confessed that 'Woman was the cause of man's original imperfection!"

There is a good deal of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" style about the ensuing paragraph, upon "*Making Auger-holes with a Gimlet:*"

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" I asked of a little flaxen-headed urchin, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

'Trying to make an auger-hole," said he, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two-thirds of the world—"making auger-holes with a gimlet."

There, for example, is young A——, who has escaped from the clerk's desk, behind the counter. He sports a mustache and imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies he is really a great man: but every body around him sees that he is only "making auger-holes with a gimlet."

Miss C—— is a "nice," pretty girl: she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough: but she must be the "ton." She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why, she is endeavoring to work herself into the belief that an auger-hole can be made with a gimlet.

Saint Paul, when preaching the kingdom of God and His righteousness, "ministered unto his own necessities, and was "chargeable to no man." Some such service, and similarly performed, is described in a letter before us, from a Western missionary:

"We live on less than two hundred dollars per annum, including horse-keeping and traveling expenses; and my traveling in a year is not less than three thousand miles. I have to go to a neighboring wood and fell down the trees, chop them into ten or twelve feet logs, hitch my horse to them, drag them to the house, chop, saw, and split them for stove-fuel; and then, after preaching two sermons a week, riding most weeks fifty or sixty miles, teaching Sabbath-schools, riding three miles to the post-office, store, &c.; and even then I am told by my brethren that I 'don't do anything but ride about and read my books,' and they wonder why 'I couldn't *work* a little, now and then, and try to *earn* a part of my living!'"

A correspondent has clipped the following from an old newspaper, which he sends to us as a "companion-piece" to the "cool" on board a Long Island Sound steamer, mentioned in an anecdote of Matthews the actor, in a previous number of "The Drawer:"

"An 'exquisite' of the first water, reeking with scented hair-oil and Cologne, was 'demming' the waiters, and otherwise assuming very consequential airs. A raw Jonathan sat by his side, dressed in a very plain suit of homespun.

"Turning to his 'vulgah' friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger toward a plate, and said:

"'Butter, sah!'

"'I see it is,' said Jonathan; 'it's pooty good, tew, I guess.'

"'Butter, sah, I say!' repeated the dandy.

"'*I* know it—very good—a first-rate article, and *no* mistake,' provokingly reiterated Homespun.

"'BUTTER! I tell you!' thundered the exquisite, in still louder tones, pointing with slow, unmoving finger again toward the plate, and scowling upon his neighbor as if he would annihilate him.

"'Wal, Gosh-all-Jerewsalem! *what of it?*' now yelled the down-easter, getting *his* dander up, in turn; 'yëou didn't think I took it for *lard*, did ye?'

"The discomfited exquisite now reached over and helped himself; attributing that to 'greenness' which was, and was *intended* to be, no doubt, a rebuke of his ill-manners and haughty, overbearing tone. He might have learned politeness in this 'one easy lesson.'"

SOME idea of the ignorance which prevails abroad in relation to the growth and progress of this country, may be gathered from the following authentic anecdote:

"When Count Pulszky was visiting Lamartine, soon after that fine poet and poor statesman had retired from the Presidency of the French Republic, the ex-President observed to his guest that it was 'impossible to maintain a Democratic form of government in France.'

"'Why not?' said the Hungarian; 'they can do it in the United States.'

"'True,' replied Lamartine; 'but then they have no *Paris* there.'

"'I know,' said the Count; 'but they have New York.'

"'And what of New York?' inquired the Frenchman.

"'Why *this*,' said Pulszky, 'that it is a city with a population of seven hundred thousand souls.'

"'Ah, *fanfaronade Americaine!*' replied Lamartine, shaking his head, and smiling incredulously; 'Ah, my dear sir, that is American bragging; don't you believe a word of it!'

"Count Pulszky, being a civil man, only laughed in his sleeve, and dropped the subject."

This was in Paris; but Americans in England meet almost every day with ignorance as remarkable, and incredulity even stranger.

Literary Notices.

Men and Things as I Saw them in Europe, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this lively volume never forgets that he is a Protestant and a Presbyterian, never loses his good-humor and vivacity, never shuts his eyes where objects of curiosity are to be seen, never misses an opportunity through scruples of diffidence or delicacy, and never is mealy-mouthed in the expression of his opinions. He is an acute observer—knows the world like a book—every where makes himself at home—is never taken by surprise—is never at a loss for words—and is always well satisfied with himself. His remarks on European society, especially in its religious aspects, will be read with interest. For a professed partisan, he is not uncandid. Many of his personal experiences are amusing. And he is always ready to do justice to the ludicrous side of things. His tour embraces England, France, Italy, Switzerland, on each of which countries he presents many striking views, tinctured, for the most part, with a smack of originality. The following general remarks on European character are suggestive as well as characteristic:

"There is nothing which strikes an American traveler in Europe more strongly than the attachment to old habits, fashions, and forms every where visible. The guides through the Tower of London are dressed as harlequins. The Lord Chancellor of England is buried in an enormous wig, with sleeves. The advocates pleading in court must wear their gown and wig. Welsh-women wear hats like men. The people in many of the departments of France are distinguished by their dresses. They will tell you in Rome to what village the people from the country belong by the fashion of their garments. Mountains, and rivers, and often imaginary lines, divide kingdoms, nations, and tongues. On one side of a river you find one set of customs; on the other, a very different set. On one side of a mountain you hear the Italian; on the other, the German, or the French, or a patois peculiar to the people. The British Channel is some twenty miles wide, and how different the people, the language, the religion, on either side of it. In a few hours you may fly from Liverpool to Wales and to the Isle of Man, and these hours bring you among a people who speak the English, the Welsh, the Manx languages. This all seems singular to us, who can travel from east to west, and from north to south, over a country thousands of miles in extent, and find among all our people the same language, customs, and habits. These distinctions tend to keep up old jealousies, to foster prejudices, to retain the dividing lines of races and religions, and thus to obstruct the march of civilization and Christianity. They form strings upon which kings, princes, and priests can play so as to suit their own purposes. The people of Europe need to be shaken together, and to be kept together long enough, as it were in some chemical retort, in which they would lose their peculiarities, and from which they would come forth one people. The great peculiarity of our country is, that we take all the varying people from all the varying nations of Europe, and cast them into our mill, and they come out in the grist, speaking our language, Americans and Protestants."

"Kirwan's" sturdy Protestantism stands out in his description of

THE POPE AND CARDINALS AT THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

"The Sistine Chapel is, of course, an object of great curiosity at Rome. It is connected with the palace of the Vatican, which is adjoining St. Peter's, and is the private chapel of the Pope. You ascend the famous staircase of Bernini, which is guarded at the foot by 'the Swiss Guards,' the most fantastical-looking soldiers imaginable, and enter the Sala Regia, a large audience-chamber, adorned with fine frescoes, and, among others, with that commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Papists would deny any responsibility for that horrible massacre, and yet its blessed memory is perpetuated in the Vatican by a splendid fresco! From this chamber you enter the Sistine, and the fresco of the Judgment, by Angelo, sixty feet high and thirty broad, is before you. This is universally admitted to be the most extraordinary picture in the history of the art of painting. The conception is such as the genius alone of Angelo could embody, and the result is grand and sublime. Although faded by the triple effect of damp, time, and the incense so often burned on the altar beneath it, it is difficult to weary in gazing upon it.

"This spot we frequently visited; and it was here, at vespers and matins, on feast-days, we had our views of the Pope and his cardinals. The cardinals enter by the same door as do strangers—walk along the aisle, with a servant untwisting their robes, to the inner of the three apartments into which it is divided—there they kneel and pray toward the altar, their attendants fixing their robes all the while—then they rise, and, after bowing to the

altar and to their brethren on the right and left, take their seats, with their servants at their feet.

"When all is in preparation, there is a bustle, and soon the Pope enters by the opposite door, bows to the altar, and goes up to his chair. Then one after the other the cardinals leave their seats, their scarlet robes trailing behind them; and after saluting the Pope by kissing his hand covered by his vestments, they return to them. When this ceremony, which fills you with disgust for the actors, is over, the services commence, which are mostly conducted by a choir made up of men and eunuchs. Twice did I witness these ceremonies in the Sistine; on the first occasion there were sixteen, on the second twenty three cardinals in attendance. The Pope is a man of fine proportions, six feet two or three inches high, with a pleasing, pensive aspect, not very Italian in a visage which is more expressive of good nature than of talent or firmness. He might do very well to govern a convent; but he is utterly unqualified for his double position as the head of a church and of a state. Personally he is amiable and well-meaning; in morals he stands higher than his predecessors or cardinals; and that is all. While in his presence I thought of an anecdote told of the good Dr. Miller of Princeton. When in the Seminary there, I had a fellow-student of far more beauty than brains, and who, like all such, was quite a pretender. An elder from a country church went to the professor to inquire for a pastor, and he named to him several young gentlemen. 'I have heard,' said the elder, 'of Mr. ——,' naming the pretty student; 'what do you think of him, Dr. Miller?' Not wishing to say any thing against, nor yet willing to commit himself as strongly recommending the student, he hesitated, but finally replied, '*He is a confoundedly good-looking fellow.*' This is about my estimate of Pio Nono. Yet I confess that while gazing upon him, dressed so gorgeously, and receiving so coldly the profound homage of the cardinals, I could not help asking, Is that the man who retired under the pretense of going to pray, dressed himself in the livery of a servant, jumped upon the box of a carriage, and was off to Gaeta? Is that the vicar of Jesus Christ in our world—the head of the visible Church—without a belief in whose claims, and an abject submission to them, I can not enter heaven?

"And what shall I say of the cardinals? Some of them were very old, bending under the weight of years; some of them were very plethoric, and quite in danger of apoplexy; and some of them quite young for their position, and good-looking. But none of them so impressed me as did Antonelli, the cardinal Secretary of State. Young, say forty-five—thin, tall, with penetrating eye, and a face strongly expressive of intellect, passion, and will, you would single him from the rest as a real spirit. And such, by all accounts, he is. He is the soul of the College of Cardinals; he is the real Pope, while Pio Nono is a mere puppet in his hands, used simply to give validity and legality to his acts. And he is all his looks indicate; shrewd, far-seeing, vindictive, tyrannical, of an iron will, profuse, and profligate in his morals. Such is his reputation; such is the portrait of him given me by one who knew him well, and for years. There was a crowd in the Sistine on each of the occasions to which I allude; nor was there a person there of any mark that escaped the notice of Antonelli. When the Pope was reading the missal this cardinal was reading the audience, and I was striving to read the cardinals."

The author's sketches of Geneva form an interesting portion of the volume, though, it seems, he did not find all that he expected in one of the literary lions of the city, Merle d'Aubigné. He gives his impressions of the celebrated historian, as well as of some other distinguished men, in the following account of

A MISSIONARY SOIREE.

"We returned from this scene to one of a very different character, but yet equally gratifying to our feelings and tastes—a soirée, got up by the Missionary Society whose anniversary we attended in the afternoon. It was held in a hall provided for the purpose, and was fully attended. There was Dr. Malan, thin, of medium height, brisk in appearance, frank, and social, with hair white as Alpine snows flowing over his shoulders. And there was Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, large and full in stature, with heavy countenance, reserved, rather patronizing in his air, more English than French in his whole appearance, and seemingly impressed with the idea that he is rather a lion than otherwise. And there was Professor Gaussen, of middle stature, full habit, pleasant manners, silver gray, with a round French face. And there was Professor La Harpe, youthful, manly in all his developments, with a plump red and white cheek, more suggestive of 'the sweetest isle of the ocean,' than of the loveliest lake in the world. And there was Count de Saint George, tall, thin, youthful in appearance, bland in his manners, with rather a wealthy and aristocratic air, but by no means up to the offensive point. These were among the notables present. Ladies were there, ministering spirits, in large numbers. After the process of serving tea was ended, a psalm was sung with much spirit, the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered, during which all stood. The plan was to have a brief address from some one from each of the countries there represented; and when the Americans were called on they were so kind, or unkind, as to send me forth as their representative. I made a talk for about ten minutes, and was interpreted by a gentleman of the company—the first time I ever spoke to an assembly through an interpreter, nor shall I be sorry should it be my last. Although I knew not what I had said when I sat down, I was soon brought to my feet again by an address from the chair, thanking me in behalf of the meeting for my interesting and eloquent address on the occasion. Half suspecting that it might be a bit of French politeness, which sometimes induces to put the more abundant honor on the part that lacketh, I utterly declined to accept of their thanks on the grounds on which they were offered, stating that if any thing eloquent or worthy of their attention was uttered, it was interlarded by my interpreter, and that I would therefore hand over the thanks to him. If making fun at my expense, I determined that they should not have it all to themselves.

"Soon after this passage at small arms the assembly dissolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, when we were introduced to gentlemen and ladies from the different cantons of Switzerland, from Germany, France, Italy, and Britain. Captain Packenham, the true-hearted Christian, exiled from Rome, where he was once a banker for the circulation of the Scriptures, was there, and gave a most interesting account of the good work of reformation in progress in Florence. On the whole, I was greatly gratified with this evening's entertainment. It was pleasant, social, cheerful, and yet pervaded by a truly religious spirit. They have a way of doing things in this manner in Britain, and here and there on the Continent, which might be introduced into our own country with happy effect. Their 'breakfasts' in London, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Dublin accomplish much good. Meeting at a tea-table for an hour before a religious anniversary, where the speakers are introduced, compare notes, imbibe each other's spirit, so as to go out on the platform with a common feeling, and an acquaintance formed at a social repast, would relieve the dullness of many a May meeting in New York, and would greatly tend to cement Christians of various names together. These are 'love-feasts' that might be safely and profitably introduced among us. The tea-drinking in a room in Exeter Hall, which preceded the meeting of the London Tract Society, where noble men representing the different branches of the Church spent an hour in pleasant social intercourse, I will never forget—as I can never forget the soirée in Geneva.

"We returned to our lodgings at about eleven o'clock in the evening, greatly gratified with our first day spent in Geneva. We all regretted that D'Aubigné did not sustain the impressions made on us by his noble History of the Reformation. If we act toward him, when he visits America, as he did toward the company of American clergy at that soirée, he will write us down as boors. He is getting up some fame for his incivilities, especially toward Americans. His History of the Reformation has given him a wide reputation, and, to save himself from the annoyances which are the tax of fame, he should not turn clown."

Mr. RUFUS CHOATE'S *Discourse at Dartmouth College, Commemorative of* DANIEL WEBSTER (published by James Munroe and Co.), is the most brill

iant specimen of funeral eloquence that has been called forth by the death of the illustrious American statesman. Singularly affluent in thought, replete with the suggestions of ripened wisdom, and blending a rich variety of picturesque description with a vein of pensive and solemn reflection, suited to the occasion, it rehearses the incidents in the biography of its great subject in a style of profuse and elaborate eloquence that reminds us of the stately periods of Milton and Jeremy Taylor. Its sonorous sentences, piled upon each other, in massive grandeur, are masterpieces of accumulative rhetoric, set off with a copious splendor of illustration, and at last reaching the crisis of expression in sweet cadences that charm the ear as much as they touch the heart. Mr. Choate dwells upon the boyhood and youth of Daniel Webster with peculiar feeling. He traces the elements of his greatness to their source, and points out the early indications of his future eminence. An acute analysis is given of his character as a jurist and a statesman, defending the honored dead from the charges brought against him as he lay cold in his coffin. The discourse abounds in passages of melting pathos, of which the following is by no means a solitary example:

"Equally beautiful was his love of all his kindred, and of all his friends. When I hear him accused of selfishness, and a cold, bad nature, I recall him lying sleepless all night, not without tears of boyhood, conferring with Ezekiel how the darling desire of both hearts should be compassed, and he too admitted to the precious privileges of education; courageously pleading the cause of both brothers in the morning; prevailing by the wise and discerning affection of the mother; suspending his studies of the law, and registering deeds and teaching school to earn the means, for both, of availing themselves of the opportunity which the parental self-sacrifice had placed within their reach—loving him through life, mourning him when dead, with a love and a sorrow very wonderful—passing the sorrow of woman; I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early departed, the friend, the counselor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words."

The latest "Franconia Story," entitled *Stuyvesant*, by JACOB ABBOTT, can not fail to be a prime favorite with young readers, especially those who live in the country, or are familiar with rural scenes. It is minute and graphic in its descriptions of common affairs, eminently true to nature, and pervaded with a wholesome moral influence, though free from didactic or prosy comment. The lessons sought to be conveyed, are enforced by lively incidents and examples, and not by formal moralizing. But no young person, we are sure, can read this attractive story without receiving a life-long impression of the value of order, industry, considerateness, and self-reliance. (Harper and Brothers.)

Among Redfield's most recent publications are JOMINI'S *Campaign of Waterloo*, translated from the French by S. V. BENET, containing a critical examination of the military plans and manœuvres of 1815; and Sir JONAH BARRINGTON'S *Personal Sketches of his Own Times*, a gay, rollicking collection of Irish reminiscences, which afforded an infinite fund of amusement to the readers of a past generation. We are not sorry to see the jovial old story-teller unearthed, and doubt not he will prove as acceptable to modern lovers of fun as he was to their side-shaking predecessors.

Harper and Brothers have issued a new edition of WHATELY'S *Elements of Rhetoric*, in an elegant large duodecimo, equally adapted to the library and the class-room. The value of this work as a college text-book is too universally admitted to authorize remark—it having long been in use in the highest American seminaries—but it can not be too earnestly commended to the increasing class of self-taught writers, who are in the habit of favoring the public with their productions through the press. There can be no better discipline for composition than a faithful mastery of its principles. They are death to all affectation, pretense, vagueness, and obscurity. The whole work is marked by such clearness and precision of statement, such masculine good sense, such soundness of taste, and such lucid, direct, and earnest expression, that one can scarcely read it without receiving a healthy and bracing influence from its perusal.

Six Months in Italy, by GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) A record of travels which can not fail to take the highest classical rank in the class of literary productions to which it belongs. Its author, a distinguished member of the Boston bar, is eminently qualified by natural ability, cultivation, and taste, to do justice to the subject which he has selected for his vigorous and graceful pen. His remarks on Italian Art, which fill a large portion of the volumes, are critical and discriminating, showing a delicate sense of beauty, in combination with a rigid severity of judgment, though wholly free from the pretensions of connoisseurship. Mr. Hillard occasionally indulges in personal descriptions, which are marked by great decorum and reserve, but, relating to eminent individuals, will be found to possess uncommon interest. Among them, is a singularly refined and appreciative tribute to Robert and Elizabeth Browning. A valuable feature of the work is a comprehensive survey of previous writers on Italy, furnishing the occasion for much admirable discussion of a literary and æsthetic character. Mr. Hillard's style is a model of pure and forcible English. It shows a variety and refinement of culture which is certainly rare among the busy professional men of this country. We are gratified in announcing a work which unites such thoroughness and accuracy of preparation with such beauty and sweetness of expression, and such manly vigor and sense in the utterance of opinion.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have issued a valuable work on education, by CHARLES NORTHEND, entitled *The Teacher and the Parent*, presenting the results of the experience of a veteran instructor, and strongly marked by soundness of counsel and utility of suggestion. It forms a welcome offering to the cause of common schools.

Crosby, Nichols, and Co. have issued a reprint of *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*, by WILLIAM STIRLING, a historical monograph of considerable interest. It is drawn from original sources of undisputed authority, and corrects several important errors in the romantic delineations of Robertson. The Emperor is described as a tyrant, a devotee, a bigot, and a glutton; but, at the same time, his robust traits of character awaken a certain sympathy, and clothe this singular episode of his life with a good deal of interest.

The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament, by FREDERIC D. MAURICE, is reprinted by the same house, and has already made its mark on the religious world. It is an original and eloquent exposition of the mutual relation of the Jewish monarchs and prophets, accompanied with a practical application to the circumstances of our own times.

A literary curiosity has lately appeared in London, apparently one of the last effusions of the maudlin dealers in Carlyle-and-water. It is called *Osmè; or, the Spirit of Froust*, and is character-

ized as follows in the *Athenæum:* "It is so long since we had one of those imitations of Mr. Carlyle's manner and substance so common a few years ago, that a book like 'Osmè' comes on us with a sort of surprise. What 'Osmè' means, or what the 'Spirit of Froust' means—as this author abuses the first and uses the second term of his title—we will not venture to say, further than that he describes it as 'a want of ventilation and clearance.' Dr. Johnson is said to be 'the king of Froust'—and in still nicer definition it is said, that 'a man with a pocket-comb, or round shirt-collars, or a black satin waistcoat, black lace on his cravat, or broad braid on his coat,' is a member of the Froust fraternity, and the born enemy of this writer. For the rest, this is an effusion as poor in style as it is silly in sense:—just the sort of thing to end a literary mania like that which once followed the promulgated oracles of Mr. Carlyle."

A work has been brought out by Mr. LEOPOLD HARTLEY GRINDON, author of "Figurative Language," called *The Sexuality of Nature: an Essay proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology.* The book exhibits reading and scholarship; but it is written in a fanciful—not to say a flimsy—style, which wearies the reader without offering him the compensation of solid instruction. Mr. Grindon's speculations on the duality of sex in the divine Nature—and his poetic authorities for considering the sea a male and the earth his wedded wife—will make many a reader smile, presuming, of course, that he should be fortunate enough to obtain many a reader.

Of *Home Life in Germany*, by CHARLES LORING BRACE, the *Leader* says: "Mr. Brace is an American, who has already proved his ability as a writer of travels by his *Hungary in* 1851, and who now presents us with the results of his experience of German life as seen under its more familiar domestic aspects. Those who have lived in Germany will testify to the general fidelity of the picture, and will not be sorry to have their own impressions recalled. Those who have never been there will get a tolerably distinct idea of the forms of life peculiar to Germany as they present themselves to a sensible Englishman or American. Mr. Brace speaks kindly, heartily, yet discriminately, and we have enjoyed his book almost as much as a rapid trip into the old localities dear to memory."

The *Athenæum* has the following discriminating critique on *Christine von Amberg*. By the Countess D'ARBOURVILLÆ, translated from the French by MAUNSELL B. FIELD, and published by Harper and Brothers.—"Some short time ago, the Countess d'Arbourville was classed among the select few who have written because they have something to say, and whose works (no matter what the scale) are almost certain, sooner or later, to make and to keep friends every where by reason of their genuine force and feeling. That which has happened to Auerbach, to Stifter, to Töpffer, to Andersen, and to Hawthorne, in England, is happening to the French Lady also—and 'Christine von Amberg' will increase the desire for 'more' which 'The Village Doctor' had already excited. The story is of the simplest invention and the most melancholy meaning:—being merely the tale of the death of a maiden's loving heart, and its burial in that life-shroud, a nun's robes. In 'Lady-Bird,' some may recollect, Lady Georgiana Fullerton showed the bright side of life in a convent, exhibiting the holy house as a retreat from storms for the weary and heavy laden. Here we see the grave for the warm, and the young, and the hopeful;—and the death of its quietude is fathomed without a single angry or exaggerating word—the acquiescence of the victim (and this, not consequent on coercion and cruelty, but simply as result of time) being the most painful part of the fatal discipline. In gloom of tone—as distinct from the morbid hue which inevitably belongs to class-fictions—'Christine von Amberg' exceeds even certain scenes by Madame Charles Reybaud in her 'Old Convents of Paris,' and is calculated to beguile compassionate persons into tears. The story seems to be delicately and nicely rendered into English—as such a tale, indeed, deserved to be."

The *London Examiner*, usually accurate and intelligent in its literary judgments, pronounces rather snappishly on the merits of *Queechey*, the popular novel of Miss WARNER, which has had even a greater run in England than in this country.

"*Queechey* is so called from the name of an American village, the residence of its heroine. The burden of the story is the simplicity, the virtue, the genius, the resources in adversity, and the equanimity in prosperity of this young lady, who in the last chapter is married (at least we are led to suppose so, for the fact is not formally mentioned) to a very rich English gentleman with a very fine English park. Many a good novel has been written on the same foundation. Pamela established the fame of Richardson; and Jeanie Deans, though wanting in the matter of the park, has shown us how enchanting may be a young woman's heroism, how attractive her simple virtue. It is not therefore the subject of which we complain in *Queechey*. But to make such a subject agreeable, the lady's virtue should be natural, not prodigious; the circumstances of her life should at any rate be possible; and the relative bearing of each fact to others, and of every person to another, in her history, should be such as nature requires, though the material accidents be left as improbable as the author will.

"Perhaps the most remarkable feature in *Queechey* is the constant reference to the good things of this world. This is to a certain degree the case in most American tales of the present day; but if it be the taste of the country, that taste must have been glutted by *Queechey*. The family to which Fleda belongs is, as respects food, in a 'parlous' case. It would, in fact, starve, were it not for the cooking and pie-crust propensities of our heroine. But though as a rule these poor people have little enough to eat, we should gather from page after page that feeding was their only employment. This is so absurdly true, that any accidental reference to the book will verify it.

"The references to religion are almost equally numerous. Indeed the two, religion and cookery, are as a rule the subjects discussed. It would not suit us to refer, as we have done in the matter of the eatables, to the manner in which Fleda's piety is introduced; but as a general rule we object much to the mixture.

"We have given no quotation, for the book is one of which no quotation will give a fair sample—there are, however, some few instances of sprightly conversation, even of approaches to wit (small green islands in a deluge of water); and the loves and likings of Miss Constance Evelyn, a not very devoted friend of Fleda's, come nearest to the sort of animation that should grace the conversational portion of a novel."

RATHER DOUBTFUL.

MAMMA, *log*.—It's so lucky you came to-day. They go back to school to-morrow, and I know how delighted you are to see them.

FIRST YOUNG GENT.—What a miwackulous tie, Fwunk. Huw the doose du you manage it?

SECOND YOUNG GENT.—Yas. I fancy it is rather grand; but then, you see I give the whole of my Mind to it!

A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figures 1 and 3.—Walking-Dress and Child's Costume.

OCTOBER witnesses a decided change in costumes from those worn in the preceding months. The silks of September over-dress give place to cloths and velvets; zephyr bonnets are no longer seen; and the whole costume gives premonitions of the expected return of winter. From among the many varieties of Cloaks which will be presented, we select one at once simple, elegant, and comfortable. It is composed of rich maroon velvet, lined throughout with white silk, and quilted in fancy designs. The *gilet*, or vest, fits closely to the figure. It is slightly pointed at the corsage, which is of the natural length of the waist, and buttons quite up to the throat, where it terminates in a collar about three inches wide. The

FIGURE 3.—FURS.

arm-holes are cut out like those in a gentleman's waistcoat. It is furnished with straps, passing through eylet holes in which are cords, so that the vest may be laced closely to the figure. This cloak has no sleeves; and the pockets, which are small, are placed in front at the bottom. The cloak proper is a three-quarter circle, joined to the vest somewhat below the level of the shoulders; at the back, slightly curving upward it passes over their tips, till the seam terminates nearly upon the apex of the breast. Here it is not square, but is finely rounded, and falls freely, the lower portion being gracefully full. As appears in the illustration given above, it is slightly shorter in front, whence it slopes gently to the middle of the back, where it attains its greatest depth. A border of Chinese embroidery surrounds the front and lower portions of the cape. This border is composed of ornamental scrolls, with interleaved roses and fuschia flowers; sprays of these latter flowers also ornament the front and sides of the corsage and the collar. Small fancy buttons, with loops of cord, or hooks and eyes, fasten the vest, which, as well as the circular cloak, is entirely outlined by satin cord.

Velvets will be extensively worn for cloaks of all styles during the season. The predominant colors, for this material as well as for cloths, will be maroon, green, brown, purple, drab, and black. Linings will be white, black, or colors to match the exterior. Embroideries, galoons, braids, velvets, those in particular richly embossed, will all be used. Embroideries, however, will be the favorite ornamentation. In their use care should be taken not to sacrifice good taste to an excess of ornament.

BONNETS are worn with brims smaller and more flaring than heretofore. Feathers are much in vogue for trimming.

The PROMENADE or CARRIAGE DRESS presented in our first illustration is composed of dark Gros de Rhine. The skirts are very full, trimmed with rows of bright-colored plaided satin. The corsage is high, closed to the throat, with a basque. The sleeves are flowing, with full under-sleeves of embroidered cambric, gathered at the wrist. The style of coiffure varies with the character of the face. Perhaps the favorite mode is to have the hair disposed in two curls, one depending a little below the other.

The CHILD'S DRESS given above is composed of cloth of a somewhat light shade. The body is plain, skirts full, cape falling about half the length of the skirt. The whole garment, together with the collar, is bordered with ermine, about a hand's breadth wide. The hat is of beaver, trimmed with feathers and ribbon. The ribbon forms a bow in front, and terminates in two streamers with ornamented ends.

FURS will undoubtedly be much worn during the ensuing winter. Tippets, as will be seen in the rich set of ermines which forms the subject of our illustration, will be longer than those worn last season. Muffs will be small, and ornamented with tassels.

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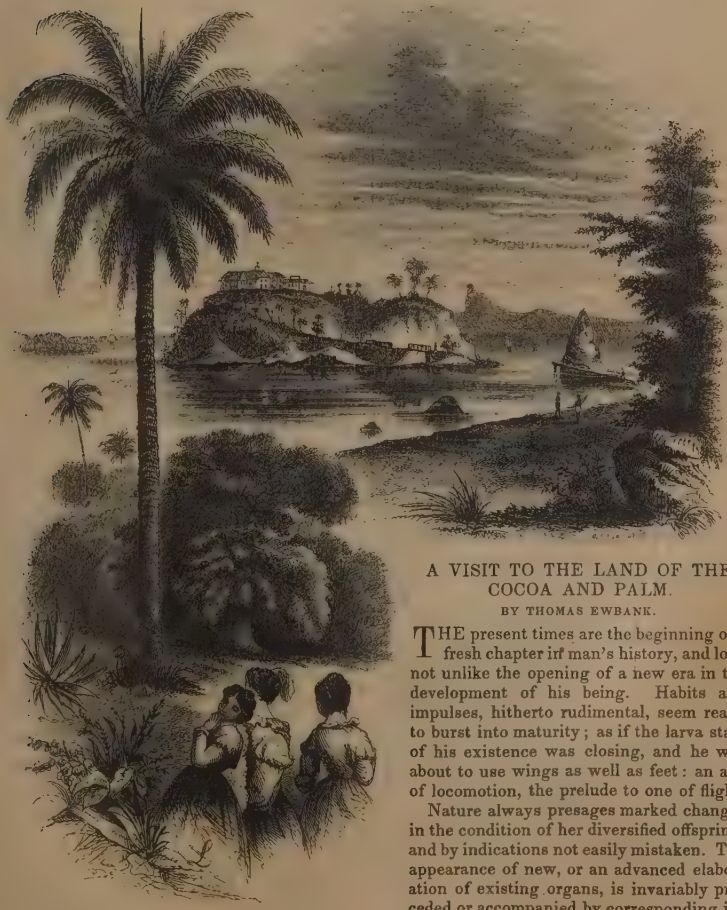


BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

A VISIT TO THE LAND OF THE COCOA AND PALM.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

THE present times are the beginning of a fresh chapter in man's history, and look not unlike the opening of a new era in the development of his being. Habits and impulses, hitherto rudimental, seem ready to burst into maturity; as if the larva state of his existence was closing, and he was about to use wings as well as feet: an age of locomotion, the prelude to one of flight.

Nature always presages marked changes in the condition of her diversified offspring, and by indications not easily mistaken. The appearance of new, or an advanced elaboration of existing organs, is invariably preceded or accompanied by corresponding instincts. An insect is no sooner fitted for ac-

tion in an element different from that in which its previous constitution delighted, than it finds itself impelled to the exercise of newly-born powers, and sets out in quest of untasted pleasures. The phenomenon of metamorphosis is common to every form of life: it merely varies in its manifestations. Man is but an aspiring insect, and the addition of instruments of flight would scarcely surpass in novelty transformations which the species, according to some authors, has already undergone.

As on the approach of migratory seasons in lower tribes, a general restlessness pervades society. Classes and masses hitherto inert, are beginning to move and to flutter, agitated by some latent influences. Such facts the world never before witnessed to as great an extent as at the present time. What it forebodes heaven best knows. If precursive of a breaking-up of the old recluse habits of the species, and introductory of a system by which distant branches of the human family will become better known to, and be led to the interchange of sentiments and civilities with each other, who would wish to be among the last to feel the generous impulse?

These questions the writer put to himself; and the result was, a determination to cast off, for a while, the instincts of home, and hie away to a region of butterflies and flowers. Inclination led him across the equator to the verge of the southern tropic, where a succession of novelties in the moving panorama of a Brazilian city, supplied subjects in abundance for both pen and pencil.

Engaging passage in a New York trader, which filled up her cargo with flour at Richmond, we spent the greater part of a tedious week in descending James River to Hampton Roads, where we were again weather-bound. This detention made heavy drafts on the captain's patience; and, at length, he swore he would pass Cape Henry before night, let what would happen. A pretty piece of blasphemy this would have been in a mariner of the olden time; but, alas for Neptune, instead of bulls reeking on his altars, he receives little from sailors now but exhausted quids thrown in his face.

After two unsuccessful attempts we at last beat out; and by five, P.M., "Old Point" and "Rip" were miles behind us. Now fairly off, with the wind abaft, the ship hitherto so sober and demure, moves as if mad with joy at getting into her element, rolling and pitching from pure exuberance of spirits. A stranded whale, just floated over a sand-bar, could not make off more merrily. Her very timbers creak in concert with the flapping sails and whistling rigging. What a change. If she minced and minuetted down the river, she is leaving it in a gallopade. How the ocean roars, and how the water hisses where she cuts it, as if her bows were red-hot plowshares. She's going to make a night of it—to treat us to a ball. All things are preparing for one, and not a few have begun rehearsing.

The captain, as master of the ceremonies, dressed early. Retiring after dinner, in citizen's dress, he emerged a perfect sea-beau. I did not recognize him, and was on the point of asking who the stranger was, when he announced himself, *viva voce*. A glazed hat, with a hemispherical crown, covered his head: the wide and flexile brim was drawn at two opposite points close to his florid cheeks by spun-yarn ribbons, tied in a slip-knot under the chin. An oil-skin coat, or cloak, or shirt—it had properties belonging to all three—reached from his throat to his ankles. Of the color of beeswax, it was not more supple than stiff paper; the upright collar embraced his neck, and was made to hug it close by a band cut from the same web as the hat-strings. But, in his opinion, the choicest portion of his costume were his French boots. Purchased in Havre, they were the only real sea water-proofs he ever met with; inflexible as marble, the legs were almost as thick as the soles. Raising his skirts, he showed his knees sunk in them with scollops cut out behind. I had supposed nothing rigid should be about a sailor's dress, and I could not perceive how in such things he could act the skipper. He did, though, and in fine style.

Night is fast letting down her curtain, and the lamps above are kindling; but I am sick already of the evening's entertainments. They agree not with my head or legs, and against them I feel my stomach rising. The taste more than a feast suffices; but the worst thing about sea revels is that, however desirous one is to be excused, no excuse is taken, no begging off allowed, no "not at homes" admitted.

It is impossible to convey to one who never left the land, an adequate idea of the distresses of a sea-sick voyage. But let such a one imagine a person approaching the ocean and when launched upon it, half-smiling at his previous fears, yet sensible, while he smiles, of a *je ne sais quoi* sensation flitting about his epigastrium; so very slight, however, that he tells himself it is mere imagination. A struggle between this new feeling and his fears goes on, it may be for an hour or two, when there is no mistaking either. He now no longer rules his inner or his outer being; his faculties are flying, and his feet forsaking him. Creation reels. He looks out, and lo! the earth has left her orbit, and the heavens are rushing with her into chaos. His nature seems dissolving; electric halos play round his bursting eye-balls; he feels the sutures of his cranium open, and his viscera about to leave him. His soul seems taking her departure. Suppose the victim seeks his bed (beyond question the best place for him in such weather as this), yet even there he is rolled and tossed, jerked and shaken till he becomes indifferent to life, and even wishes for its extinction.

My pillow was within a few inches of the water, and, of course, I heard as well as felt it booming against the planks, and boiling and gurgling as it rushed by. While ideas of foundering, running on rocks, or against some other

vessels, were invading me, there came suddenly such a blow, somewhere beneath me, as made the vessel stop and fairly spin again. Shaken by the jar, I involuntarily shouted, "What is that?" But a Stentor's voice could not at that time have been heard on deck. The shock was so short, sharp, and tremendous, that I knew not to what to attribute it, except that the hull had been struck by the fluke of a whale. These creatures have crushed in ships' timbers; what if some sound or rotten plank had been knocked off, and I was about to drop unseen into the abyss? Then I thought of sword-fishes plunging their weapons clear through the sides of vessels —what if one should transfix me here? "Well," I said, "such a death is preferable to sinking slowly down among marine monsters, that would tear one asunder, and fight over one's disjointed limbs before sensation left them. Of the two kinds of death give me the quickest.

As if taken at my word, there came another shock close to where I lay, that made the ship and all within her shiver. She could not have been more stunned if the blow had come from a battering-ram. It was succeeded by others during the night; and not till morning did I learn that they were indeed blows from water-rams—huge waves snapping directly under and against her.

We dashed across the Gulf-stream, from which steam was issuing as from a boiling cauldron: its temperature increasing as we approached its central or main current. In four hours the temperature rose six degrees. On the fourth day we passed within 120 miles of Bermuda.

Could the complexity and infinity of curves one's person is compelled to go through, be transferred to paper, they would convey to landsmen a better idea than could otherwise be imparted of the pitchings, swings, and shakes sea-farers undergo; of the intricate and erratic lines their heads unceasingly trace in air. It would excite surprise that the brains of many are not addled.

Standing close to the main-mast and looking up, its topmost extremity is seen to sweep from star to star, or cloud to cloud, tracing in the firmament diagrams that truly mark the vessel's movements. To imitate this would serve the purpose; and the barometer, freely suspended on gimbals, with a heavy mass of mercury at its bottom, suggested the ready means. Its top reached nearly to a level with the top of the beams of the cabin-roof under the skylight. This was removed, and a pencil (point upward) fixed to the instrument, six or seven inches from the points of suspension. An edge of a letter-sheet pressed firmly upon one of the two beams between which the pencil was, and the opposite edge borne gently down to bring and keep the under surface and central parts of the paper in easy contact with the moving style, was all that was necessary to obtain a faithful chart of the vessel's motions—except her progressive one.

The paper supplied the place of the firmament, and the pencil acted the part of the mast (though in point of fact the operation was reversed). The action of the point was, of course, distinctly seen on the upper surface of the paper as the diagrams progressed on the underside. The slightest lurch or pitch, and every variation from the perpendicular which the vessel's deck underwent, were thus accurately delineated and recorded; their direction and relative extent also. The subjoined are specimens from scores taken during the voyage. B denotes the bows of the vessel; E, the stern; L, her larboard;

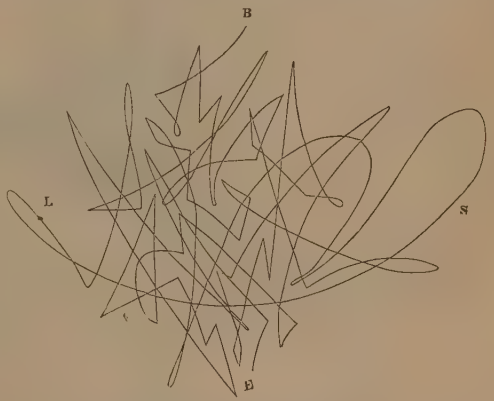


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

and S, her starboard sides. They were taken in fine weather. The time the pencil was in contact with the paper, from twenty to thirty

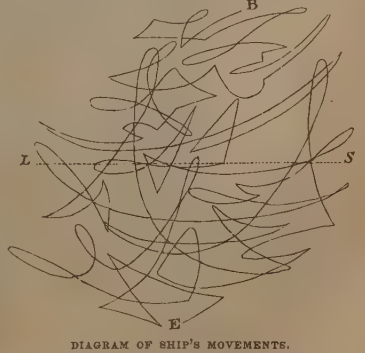


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

seconds. When the time was prolonged the lines became too much involved to be traced without difficulty. The pencil first touched the

paper at B, and left it at E. All deviations from a vertical line, indicate rolling or lurching; while the horizontal ones show the rising and falling of her bows and stern. The lines generally are made up of pitching and rolling. There is but one decided roll in the first figure.

Such are the motions of a ship in even moderate weather, while the changes in them are endless and infinite. Through eternity no two diagrams could be found alike; and yet to the motions represented by them every individual on board must conform to preserve his centre of gravity over that of motion—to keep his head above his feet. If it ever become worth while to underwriters, vessels could be made to register every strain they may be subjected to, and every deviation from an even keel in sailing. A roll of paper unfolding, as in the electric telegraph, has only to be adapted to a pencil properly suspended.

During a part of the voyage I slept in a cot, suspended from the cabin ceiling; and out of curiosity attached to it a pencil whose point acted on a yielding sheet of pasteboard. Some of the diagrams differed little from the second figure on the preceding page.

While crossing the "flying-fish latitudes," those pretty creatures afforded matter of pleasing interest. Few nights passed or evenings closed in without some coming aboard, allured by the cabin lights. The figure is a portrait of one of the visitors.

FLYING-FISH.

Flocks of from twenty to two hundred spring up as the ship plows in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure, as well as to escape danger; groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips, as if in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet, but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a flock goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat-field. The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. Their ordinary flight is about two hundred feet, but some proceed three or four times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards. Kirby, Roget, and other naturalists, who teach that the wings of flying-fish are only buoyant, not progressive organs, are mistaken—decidedly so.

But no sight interested me more than some superb oceanic skies, which at one part of the voyage were so rich and transcendently glorious as to excite the admiration of both skipper and crew. It was the introduction of a new pigment, so to speak, on the solar pallet that wrought this wonder. It was a rich cream-color which now overpowered and gave tone to the celestial landscapes. At and after sunset, for several days, appeared panoramic paintings, to which no human pencil could approximate, nor could human pen portray half their beauties. I thought they might be named "Quaker Skies," for here the heavens in their loveliest costume not only sanction, but adopt the very hues preferred by pretty sisters of the sect. Did George Fox, William Penn, or other voyaging patriarchs of the Friends, while on missions over seas, obtain their canonical colors immediately from above? Did they catch the idea and inspiration literally from the clouds?

The atmosphere at this time was surcharged with "African sand," or "Sirocco dust," from which Ehrenberg has obtained such interesting results. It accumulated on the sails until some appeared as if they had received a coat of yellow ochre, or pale brick-colored paint, and to it the predominance of the cream-color in the celestial scenery was due.

As matter of amusement, our progress to the

equator was daily measured by a two-foot rule. Suspending it by a thread on deck at noon, its shadow gradually grew shorter, and, like our own, became at length reduced to nothing. Did the Oriental greeting, "May your shadow never be less!" mean, "May you never leave home?" or does it allude to man in sickness, as a prostrated gnomon, and in the grave to a buried one? Possibly, it had reference to breadth as well as length; for people of the East had rather be fat than tall.

The thirty-seventh day out closed with a night as serenely beautiful as ever elicited admiration from or kindled devotion in a patriarch's breast. It was as mild as an evening in heaven. Myriads of orbs in undimmed radiance shone above, while cooling zephyrs delightfully wafted us onward. The horizon, shifting imperceptibly as we neared it, wooed us forward, and happily concealed the liquid immensity upon which we floated. In the larger planets, how much more extensive must be views at sea—how much more capacious their celestial canopies! Treading the deck on such a night as this, it is impossible not to forget the petty grovelings and selfishnesses of life in the awful grandeur of the scene, or not to feel a relationship between us and the inhabitants of the worlds in sight. For my part, I can not but believe that at this very moment navigators are crossing oceans in yonder spheres, bearing, like us, the products of one clime to another, and serving as a bond of brotherhood to peoples in districts the most remote. Sailors and Trades in other worlds? Yes, why not. Physical beings must have physical employments, and wherever variety is the law of mind and of matter, diversity of pursuits must follow. For every type of genius and class of intellects, congenial theatres of exertion are undoubtedly provided.

The idea of navigation is singularly apposite to the heavens, and is suggested by them. What are all those floating orbs but ships of the Almighty Merchant, ranged in fleets, loaded with passengers and provisions, varying in their tonnage, courses, distances, and speed—in their freights, accommodations, and destinations? Why has God launched us in the same ocean, given us powers of vision to perceive, and intellects to comprehend their magnitudes, densities, and movements, if not to accustom us to look out of our own small bark upon them, and to identify it as one of them? Why else has he implanted in us desires to know something about those who are sailing in them? As they and we are children of the same parent, how natural the desire to become acquainted with them as our brethren! Seamen are glad to recognize vessels belonging to the same port or country with themselves, and, when too distant for verbal communication, with what alacrity they run up their flags! Now it is but an extension of the same social principle that leads us to inquire after those who, embarked on other planets, belong to the same owner and fleet with ourselves. Is it not an innocent wish to have a peep into their vessels and know how they do? or to exchange signals with them—and, if possible, with those sailing in more distant parts of the same ocean?

Then we might extend our thoughts to yonder nebulæ, the ship-yards of God, according to some philosophers, where vessels are in the early stages of construction. Some barely framed, others just coming into form; and others more advanced, but not prepared for passengers, be-

THE APPROACH TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

cause not yet provisioned. Oh! for the removal of another film from the mind's eye, that we might draw nearer to the Divine Builder, and more clearly contemplate his doings! But hold! Were the screen withdrawn we should possibly become dissatisfied with and unfitted for our duties here. Enough is shown to make us scorn ourselves for neglecting kindred themes within our reach for the paltry and sordid pursuits that too generally absorb us.

The forty-second day out, we descried Cape Frio, the first land seen, hardly to be distinguished from clouds; and before night we anchored within twelve or fifteen miles of Rio Janeiro harbor, where the temperature of the sea was 64°—sixteen degrees less than it was in the morning, when we were 150 miles from land.

If the reader would like to behold the general outlines of the famous marine gateway of the Brazilian capital, he can see it on the previous page, as taken from the ship's deck.

A wide opening between two mountain walls that rapidly converge to a narrow space at the distant apex where the water meets the sky, and where the left wall terminates in a conical mass—the famous "Sugar-Loaf." Behind the extremity of the same wall rises the not less celebrated "Corcovado." This opening into the port of Rio Janeiro is so clearly defined, that there is no mistaking it, and is so easy of access at all seasons that pilots are unknown. Every skipper, foreign and native, runs his own craft in and out.

Here we are in the capital of the "the Land of the Cocoa and Palm." The voyage is over, and a new world is opened to us. Let us take a stroll through its busy mart, and observe its social physiognomy.

Among the characteristics of street-life in Rio Janeiro that first caught my attention were its peddlers. The "cries" of London are bagatelles to those of the Brazilian capital. Slaves of both sexes cry wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruits, edible roots, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, rusks, *doces*, confectionary, bacon, and other delicacies pass your windows continually. Your cook wants a skillet, and, hark! the signal of a pedestrian copper-smith is heard; his bell is a stew-pan, and the clapper a hammer. A water-pot is shattered; in half an hour a moringue-merchant approaches. You wish to replenish your table-furniture with fresh sets of knives, new-fashioned tumblers, decanters, and plates, and, peradventure, a cruet, with a few articles of silver. Well! you need not want them long. If cases of cutlery, of glass-ware, china, and silver have not already passed the door, they will appear anon. So of every article of female apparel from a silk-dress or shawl to a handkerchief and a paper of pins! Shoes, bonnets ready trimmed, fancy jewelry, toy-books for children, novels for young folks, and works of devotion for the devout; "Art of Dancing" for the awkward; "School of Good Dress" for the young; "Manual of Politeness" for boors; "Young Ladies' Oracle;" "Language of Flowers;" "Holy Reliquaries;" "Miracles of Saints," and "A Sermon in Honor of Bacchus;"—these things and a thousand others are hawked about daily.

Vegetables, &c., are borne in open baskets;

BEARER OF VEGETABLES.

fowls, in covered ones; pies, confectionary, and kindred matters, are carried on the head in large tin chests, on which the owners' names and address are painted. Dry-goods, jewelry, and fancy wares upon portable counters, or tables, with glass-cases fixed on them. These are very numerous.

Proprietors accompany silver-ware, silks, and also bread, for blacks are not allowed to touch the latter. When a customer calls, the slave brings his load, puts it down, and stands by till the owner delivers the articles wanted. The signal of dry-goods venders is made by the yard-stick, which is jointed like a two-foot rule. Holding it near the joint, they keep up a continual snapping by bringing one leg against the other. The Brazilian yard is the *vara*, equal to 43⅓ inches English. The *covado*, an old Portuguese measure, is also in use, equal to 28¼ of our inches—hence the *vara* of the streets is di-

BEARER OF POULTRY.

vided unequally, the long leg being a *covado*. These are the only measures used by shopkeepers in Brazil. Fine goods, such as silks, lawns, crapes, and the like, are sold by the *covado*, and others by the *vara*.

PEDDLERS OF DRY-GOODS.

Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous, and are reputed to be the smartest of *marchandes*. Many a one has an infant added to her load: she secures it at her back by a wide piece of check wound round her waist. Between the cloth and her body it nestles and sleeps; and when awake, inquisitively peeps abroad, like an unfledged swallow peering over the edge of its nest. To protect her babe from the sun, she suspends a yard of calico at the rear end of the case on her head: this serves as

FRUIT-BEARERS.

a screen, and from its motions, acts somewhat as a fan. Dealers often solace themselves with lighter companions—paper cigars—which, when called to display their wares, are disposed of in a curious place. One of these gentlemen, with a strangely miscellaneous stock, was called into the passage to-day. He had combs, soaps, needles, perfumes, inks, quills, thread, blacking, books, paper, pencils, matches, English china tea-sets, cards of fine cutlery, and I know not what else, so crammed was his glass counter. Before coming in, he stuck his cigar behind one ear, and on his stooping down, I perceived a tooth-pick projecting from the other.

The way customers call street-venders is worth noticing and imitating. You step to the door, or open a window, and give utterance to a short sound resembling *shir*—something between a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away fowls; and it is singular to what a distance it is heard. If the person is in sight, his attention is at once arrested: he turns and comes direct to you, now guided by a signal addressed to his eyes—closing the fingers of the right hand two or three times, with the palm downward, as if grasping something—a sign in universal use, and signifying, "Come." There is here no bawling after people in the streets; for in this quiet and ingenious way all classes communicate with passing friends or others with whom they wish to speak. The custom dates, I believe, from classical times.

The Custom House adjoins the Merchants' Exchange, and at this part of Dereita-street passengers have to run a muck through piles of bales, barrels, packages, crates, trucks, and bustling and sweating negroes. Here are no carts drawn by quadrupeds for the transportation of merchandise. Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. The loads they drag, and the roads they drag them over, are enough to kill both mules and horses. Formerly few contrivances on wheels were used at the Custom House. Every thing was moved over the ground by simply dragging it. A good deal of this kind of work is still done. See! there are two slaves moving off with a cask of hardware on a plank of wood, with a rope passed through a hole at one end, and the bottom greased or wetted! Such things were a few years ago very common.

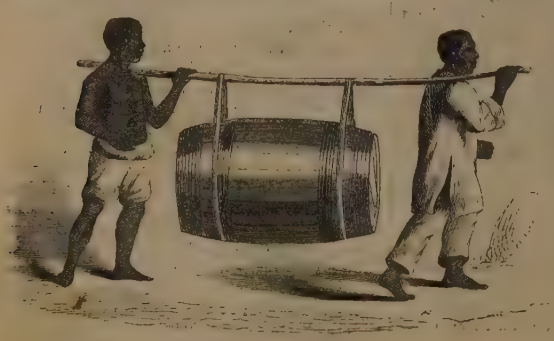
Trucks in every variety are now numerous. Some recent ones are as heavily built and ironed as brewers' drays, which they resemble, furnished with winches in front, to raise heavy goods. Each is of itself sufficient for any animal below an elephant to draw; and yet loads, varying from half a ton to a ton, are dragged on them by four negroes. Two strain at the shafts and two push behind, or, what is quite as common, walk by the wheels and pull down the spokes. It is surprising how their naked feet and legs escape being crushed, the more so as those in front can not prevent the wheels every now and then sinking into the gutters, and whirling the shafts violently one way or the other. One acts as foreman, and the way he gives his orders is a caution to the timid. From a settled calm he in a moment rages like a maniac, and seems ready to tear his associates to pieces. The annexed is a sketch of one of those trucks, laden with ten barrels of Trieste flour, which the four slaves thus brought over a mile to the Cattete.

SLAVES WITH A TRUCK WAGON.

Two negroes passed me one day with a huge cask of oil suspended from a pole resting on their shoulders. The poor fellow in the rear stumbled and fell—I thought he had been killed. His companion, instead of pitying him, turned the very image of rage—screamed, swore, shook his fist, walked round the prostrate slave, and yelled till a crowd gathered round him.

A TRUCK.

With a friend I went to the Consulado, a department of the Customs having charge over exports. Gangs of slaves came in continually with coffee for shipment. Every bag is pierced and a sample withdrawn while on the carrier's head, to determine the quality and duty. The tariff, based on the market price, is regulated every Saturday. At present the duty amounts to eleven per cent. on coffee and seven on sugars. The instrument used to withdraw samples of coffee is a brass tube, cut precisely like a pen. The point is pushed in at the under side of the bag, and the berries pass through the tube. A handful is abstracted. On withdrawing the instrument, its point is drawn over, and closes the opening. The operation occupies but a few seconds. The samples amount to some tons in a year. They, with those of exported sugars, are given to the Lazaretto.



BEARING AN OIL CASK.

Every gang of coffee-carriers has a leader who commonly shakes a rattle, to the music of which his associates behind him chant. The load, weighing 160 lbs., rests on the head and shoulders, the body is inclined forward, and the pace is a trot, or half run. Most are stout and athletic, but a few are so small and slightly-made that one wonders how they manage to keep up with the rest. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them. They have so

COFFEE-CARRIERS.

much a bag, and what they earn over the sum daily required by their owner they keep. Except four or five, whose sole dress was short canvas shirts, without sleeves, all were naked from the waist upward and from the knees below; a few had on nothing but a towel round the loins. Their rich chocolate skins shone in the sun. On returning some kept up their previous chant, and ran as if enjoying the toil; others went more leisurely, and among them some finely-formed and noble looking fellows stepped with much natural grace.

Dining one day at T——'s, in the city, a gang of fourteen slaves came past, with enormously wide but shallow baskets on their heads. They were unloading a barge of *sea-coal*, and conveying it to a foundry or forge. The weight each bore appeared equal to that of a bag of coffee (160 lbs.) This mode of transporting coal has one advantage over ours, since the material is taken directly from the vessel to the place where it is to be consumed. In the narrow streets of Rio it could not be dumped from carts: it would block up the thoroughfare, and therefore it is not allowed. But as with coal, with every thing: when an article is once mounted on the head of

COAL-CARRIERS.

COAL-CARRIERS ASLEEP.

a negro, it is only removed at the place where it is to remain.

A couple of slaves followed the coal-carriers, each perspiring under a pair of the largest-size blacksmith's bellows—a load for a horse and cart with us. A week before I stood to observe *eight* oxen drag an ordinary wagon-load of building stone for the Capuchins up the steep castle-hill; it was straining work for them to ascend a few rods at a time; now I noticed similar loads of stone discharged at the foot of the ascent, and borne up on negroes' heads.

No wonder that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs should be so numerous. There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground. It appeared sufficiently heavy, without the loaded basket on his head, to snap the osseous stems, and drop between his feet. I observed another whose knees crossed each other, and his feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. The lamplighter of the Cattete district exhibits another variety. His body is settled low down, his feet are drawn both to one side, so that his legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees. The heads of Africans are hard, their necks strong, and both being perpendicular to the loads they are called to support, are seldom injured. It is the lower parts of the moving columns, where the weights are alternately thrown on and off the jointed thighs and legs, that are the weakest. These necessarily are the first to give way under excessive burdens; and there are examples of their having yielded and broken down in every imaginable direction.

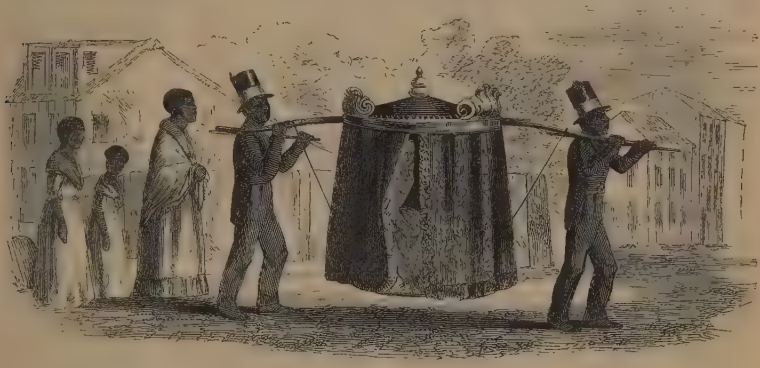
Even the wagons and oxen are not without interest. The former are Portuguese, Spanish, mediæval, and classical. Their construction is the same as those made by old Grecian and Roman wheelwrights. The axletree is invariably fastened to the wheels, and consequently turns with them. The latter are made of two, sometimes three, thick slabs, commonly five feet in diameter, four inches thick at the periphery, and between seven and nine at the centre, where they receive the squared and tapered ends of the axle. Two journals are formed on the axle just within the wheels, by making six or eight inches of the timber round and smooth, to receive two forked pieces, or inverted plummet-blocks of hard wood, secured to the bottom or underside of the wagon body. The axles are generally of rosewood, which appears to be the hickory of Brazil. But the most singular feature of these carriages is that they are all musical, giving out

BRAZILIAN CART.

an incessant moaning, more or less soft or sharp, and broken by every jolt or depression in the road. This arises from the friction of the forked piece on the journals; it is modified but not destroyed by grease, nor is the noise unpleasant. There is no saw-filing, teeth-drilling, or flesh-creeping power in it. In a neighboring province I met twelve wagons laden with cane, as in the illustration, on their way to the Engenho, and heard them for several miles before they came up. Every one had a tone of its own, and the mingling of the whole was not ungrateful. To the animals in the shafts it is said to be as delightful as to the drivers, both of whom it enlivens in their labors.

Every planter has a shop for making his own wagons. They are well put together, and seem to justify the opinion that no spoked-wheel carriage can go through the same rough work. Cervantes, the most graphic portrayer of Spanish life, throws Sancho into a swoon of fear by the creaking of the same kind of wagon in the dark. But the oxen frequently seen in these wagons both in the city and country, are such as would make glad the hearts of our farmers. Allied to the buffalo of India, nobler-looking creatures are not to be found.

Had custom not prevented ladies from promenading the streets, they could not indulge the exercise with any degree of comfort. The thor-



BRAZILIAN SEDAN.

oughfares of few cities are less adapted for it than those of Rio. Their contracted width, the danger from wheels of trucks and carriages, imperfect sidewalks, and sometimes none at all; to say nothing of the indecencies of blacks, and the offensive condition of places bordering on thoroughfares—the Gloria beach for example, and worse still, that facing the palace and palace-square—are enough to keep the sex in-doors. In suburban avenues ladies can air themselves, but not in the city. They have less inducements than with us to appear abroad. To the attractions of shopping they are strangers. If an article is wanted which the street-peddlers have not, a note is sent by a slave to a store, and samples are returned by him to choose from.

When a lady has occasion to visit the business part of the city, a carriage or a *cadeirinha* is called. The latter is a sedan. All are built on the same plan, and differ only in ornament. *Cadeira* is the Portuguese word for chair, and *cadeirinha* is literally "little chair." They are derived from the *sella gestatoria* of Rome, probably fac-similes, and are infinitely more elegant and commodious than the old English box or Opera hand-barrow chair.

I entered one to examine its construction. The annexed figure represents the skeleton. On an elliptical board, 30 inches by 20, a high-backed chair is fixed, the rails of which extend up to a hoop of the form and dimensions of the base. The curved pole is connected to the base by small iron rods as represented.

The two bearers of a *cadeirinha* never go in a line; the one at the rear is always more or less to the right or left of his leader. This is easier for themselves and the person they carry. They do not stop to rest, but shift the load occasionally from one shoulder to the other as they proceed—not by actually changing their position with regard to it, but transferring the pressure, by a stout walking-stick thrown over the unoccupied shoulder, and passed under the pole. I met one with a dome of polished leather and a gilt dove on it, the curtains highly embroidered;

the ends of the poles were brass or gilt lions' heads. It was a private one. The slaves that bore it were in a flaming livery. The lady's colored maids walked behind, as in the accompanying sketch.

Sometimes a *cadeirinha* is sent out without its owner. I saw one of a blue color, all but covered with gold embroidery; a broad engrailed band of Cordovan went round the top; two elegant horns or finials arose in front and rear, and on the convex roof a silver or silver-gilt eagle stood. The curtains were drawn aside, exposing the chair within, and upon it an enormous bouquet, a present from the owner of the sedan, the value of which was augmented by this complimentary mode of transmitting it.

OUR LADY OF THE GOOD VOYAGE.

My friend and I agreed to devote a day to a mountain isle on the opposite side of the bay, and close in with the shore, between San Domingo and the fort of Santa Cruz, a view of which is delineated in the frontispiece to this article. From the city it looks no larger than a good-sized haystack, which it resembles. It is sacred to the protectress of seamen, having been dedicated, with the church that crowns it —yon small white patch on its summit—some two hundred years ago, to "Nossa Senhora da Boa-Viagem," a lady to whose providence Brazilian and Portuguese sailors committed and commit themselves, make vows to and call upon her when in peril, just as ancient navigators dealt with Neptune and Oceanus. Having had a prosperous voyage from the States, a pious relative says I ought to go.

We crossed the bay in a small steamer, whose pilot was a Mozambique slave, and landed at San Domingo, where the gate-keeper or ferry-master was, or had been, another. Both were tall, middle-aged, and as finely formed men as I ever saw—the latter particularly. He had no more of the negro lineaments than had Mark Antony or Cato. But both had indelible marks of their Barbaric origin—one a double, the other a single row of pimples, the size of peas, down the middle of the forehead and along the ridge of the nose, to its very tip—the signs of their native tribes. The Mozambiques are among the best of slaves. Equally intelligent and more pacific than the Minas (from the Gold Coast), faithful and trustworthy, they bring a high price. A gentleman who crossed the bay with us had witnessed, while on a visit to the eastern coast of South Africa, the process of producing the fleshy beads. At one time he saw forty or fifty lads and young men lying on the ground suffering from the operation. A minute incision is made through the skin for each pimple; the lips of the wound then are pulled up and tied by a thread, and in time the protuberances become permanently globose, smooth, and shining.

After skirting round a mountain, and following a narrow pathway darkened with dense foliage towering over us, with coffee, orange, and banana trees, and chacaras concealed among the exuberant vegetation, we came plump on the beach in the rear of the Sacred Isle, which was now between us and the city, as represented in the frontispiece to this article. A strip of sand connects it at low tides with the opposite shore, and on it a stone causeway has been built; but the whole is broken down and dispersed by the surf, save part of an arch projecting from the precipitous face of the isle. The tide was coming in, and we had to retreat. My companion hallooed, and presently a naked yellow boy came over in a leaky canoe, which could take only one of us across at a time. The only craft belonging to the place, it was hardly creditable to the patroness of watermen.

While my companion was being paddled over, I had an opportunity of observing a very interesting fact in physics. The ridge of sand just mentioned is formed by waves rolling in from opposite directions, and meeting there. While reclining on a stone at a spot where their force was reduced almost to nothing, the tiny surges crossed each other, and continued on their way without having their forms or movements apparently the least affected. One swept over the other, while each preserved its outline and progress as if no such contact had taken place. The shallow transparent fluid, and the almost snow-white sand below, rendered their movements distinctly visible.

Young Charon returned, and I joined H—— on a rock, in which notches were cut for the feet and hands to mount it. By careful climbing we got into a zig-zag path, at places too steep for any biped to ascend, had not the soil been cut into steps, with stakes driven in for risers. The only passage up, it presents one of those cases where a few determined spirits could keep an army at bay, or children put bold men to flight. As we rose, we found preparations made to test the latter. We came to a stone door-way. To pass by it without wings was impossible, and within it stood a sentinel with musket and fixed bayonet. He was supported by a comrade in a military cap, blue round-about, a cartridge-box at his side, and a brass-handled sword in his hand. Neither of these warriors exceeded four feet in height, nor ten years of age! One, I perceived at a glance, was an Indian. What all this meant I could not divine, nor find breath to ask. They made way for us, and we passed through—two sweating, panting, broken-winded pilgrims, pressing onward to the shrine above.

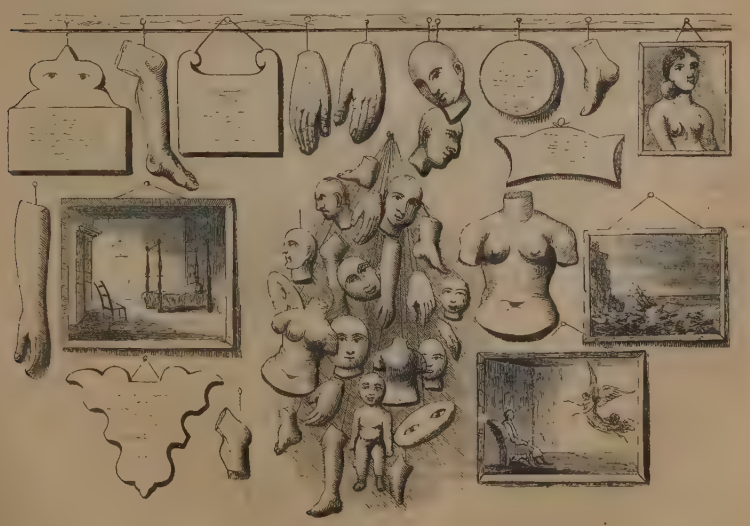
Tacking this way and that, we at length stopped to rest, when H—— told me that the place had been little visited by devotees of late years, and that the Government had established a school on it for a hundred boys, to be educated for marines. The governor was his old army acquaintance. Starting again, we approached the top of this immense rock, came to a low dwelling, and observed the church a little farther up. The governor and his amiable family received us both as old acquaintances. Being a widower, his mother takes charge of his children. The old lady, with spectacles on nose, but

no cap on her gray head, was busy with her needle. The house, of one story, is cool, comfortable, and wholly void of ornament. After taking a draught of sugar and water, H—— entered into conversation with our venerable hostess in true Brazilian style. As his tongue rattled on, his arms were here, there, and every where; he frowned, smiled, and grinned successively; his voice, now a whisper, next a shout; his eyeballs rolling to and fro as if alarmed, like distracted people at the windows of a house on fire; his whole system was in commotion, and in an instant calm as a statue. He wound up with placidly drawing forth his *caixa de rapé*, and begging his smiling auditress to take a pinch. He had merely been relating some common-place city news.

We found the little church open. A contemporary of that on Gloria Hill, every thing about it reminds one of former times. Almost the entire structure, as well as its images and ornaments, came from Portugal. For want of repairs, both stone and wood work are going to decay. The Lady Patroness is neglected too. No priest lives here to wait on her, and only at long intervals does one appear. Her glory is waning with her walls. The "noble brotherhood" once devoted to her service has been long extinct. Even the records of her former greatness are no more.

The low walls support a rather high roof, whose converging sides are truncated, leaving the interior like the lower half of the letter A. Entering the old-fashioned door, the hat of a tall man would touch the ceiling of a little gallery stretching overhead. Here were marine subjects—ships tossing on the ocean, and our Lady in the clouds watching them. Advancing, we found the side walls set off with Dutch tiles, and the ceiling covered with paintings of shipwrecks and the miraculous rescue of drowning sailors; of Portuguese in conflict with Mohammedans; the marriage of the Virgin; the mother of the mother of God and her husband teaching the mother of God to read; an emblematic fountain, in which the Virgin holds the infant Christ, from whose toes and fingers issue streams of water into an overflowing vase; while men gaze and crowd to catch the falling drops. Here are three altars, with their appurtenances. Over the chief one "Our Lady of the Good Voyage" presides. She is only thirty inches high, yet far too large for the ship she stands on. Though inclosed in glass, her garments and the Baby's are faded and colorless. Of the candles before her none are lit—all look yellow, as if they had been years on duty, that tall one in front excepted. It is white, clean, and distinguished farther by a red ribbon tied round the middle. "That," said the governor, "was sent here yesterday from a woman whose husband is at sea—an offering on his behalf." A few days since, another female sent over eight pounds of wax, to secure the safe return of her son from Pernambuco.

One of the lesser shrines is dedicated to Santa Rita, the other to Santa Clara. Neither of these ladies are over twenty inches in stature, and not being inclosed, are left to take their chance with less sacred wood-work. They are destitute and perishing. Every thing is on a small scale, as well as the images. A preacher in the box-pulpit could, with an ordinary coach-whip, administer discipline to every sinner in the congregation.



EX VOTOS.

Now let us, in passing out, take a glance at the collection of old *ex votos* at the right and left of the entrance. Here hang bunches of waxen legs, arms, feet, hands, paps, breasts, heads, eyes, entire abdomens, &c., all of natural dimensions. A votive tablet records that Justina de Araujo Silva had a cancer on one eye, and was miraculously cured by "N. S. da Boa-Viagem." A monstrous tumor is represented in lively colors bleeding on a waxen abdomen—another great cure wrought by her. A tablet has a foundering ship portrayed on it, and tells us she was overtaken by a hurricane, when the crew called on the Lady of this church, and she saved all. The vessel was trebly guarded from evil in her name: "Santa Anna, San Antonio, and E Almas!" This small board declares that the female who offered it was long afflicted with a pain in her side, and she was in danger of making a voyage to the other world. She came here to consult our Lady, and was healed. One more, dated 1756, has a painting on it of a man sick in bed, and our Lady in a corner of the room, telling him to rub the diseased parts with oil taken from the lamp then burning before her, in this very place. He followed the advice, rose a sound man, and hung up this tablet as a testimony of his gratitude and of the miracle.*

We next were shown into the Sacristry. Two lads came in and opened drawers of the old bureau to look for something. In one lay loose leaves of an early volume in manuscript: "Accounts of the Nobre Irmanda de N. S. da Boa-Viagem." Some entries were dated in 1719. The only existing volume begins with 1769, and closes, without being filled, in 1818. In other drawers were the Lady's linen and holiday dress, one or two old purple silk gowns, and embroidered stomachers for herself, and a frock and frills for the infant; a large pill-box held their crowns and three or four *splendores*—i.e., silver or tin rays attached to wires to stick them on the head. Quite a number of curious old pictures hang on the walls. One, three feet by two, represents the Birth of the Virgin. Saint Anna is in bed, her husband in an arm-chair near her, and half a dozen women washing the new-born child, making posset, &c. Every canvas is ready to drop from its frame—nearly eaten out by ants. Strange, that one who can rescue sinking ships and seamen, cure colics, cancers, and other ills, should not, by a small miracle, keep her own place here in better order, and save it, as well as souls, from perishing.

As characteristic a thing as any, is the Lavatory. In city vestries this is generally of sculptured marble; here it is of chinaware, and exhibits in a striking light the piety of ancient mariners voyaging from the Indies. Every piece was a gift to the Lady of the place.—

VOTIVE OFFERINGS OF CHINA-WARE.

The ewer has been a soup tureen; the wash-basin, an octagonal salad-bowl or other member of a dining-set. Auxiliary ornaments are from tea-sets. The manner of arranging and combining them is curious, and the whole affair is unique: against the wall arises from a step a conical fancy slab, its scolloped sides terminating with a trefoil at the apex, some six feet high. It is not of stone, but stucco. Four feet up is

* A strictly parallel case may as well be given from Gruter:—One Lucius was sick of a pleurisy, and applied to Esculapius, to whom he had great devotion. The god appeared to him in a dream, and told him to take ashes from his altar, mingle them with wine, and apply them to his side. He obeyed, got well, and hung up in the temple an acknowledgment of the miraculous cure.

the tureen, of which one-third nearly has been buried in the mortar to sustain the two-thirds projecting from it. The plaster has been scooped out to allow the cover to be removed. In front of the vessel a hole is drilled to receive a faucet —at present filled with a cork. Below is the basin, fixed in the same way. Then, all over the remaining parts of the slab are embedded tea and coffee-cups, saucers, teapot-lids, plates, preserve-dishes, &c., of porcelain, with the painted sides outward. Parts of vessels are stuck in where whole ones could not be. I counted a dozen cups, four plates, between thirty and forty saucers, all whole; besides full as many broken pieces. Placed outside of a building it would be taken as the sign of crockery on sale within.

The little cinerary vase at the foot is modern: it is made of polished rosewood, and contains the ashes of a child, with the touching inscription: "T. d'Amor P."—"Testimonial of a Father's Love."

By a flag-staff near the church a couple of Liliputian sentries paraded. Others were sweeping paths with bunches of leaves. Several Indians are among them, chiefly tamed ones from Jesuit settlements. The authorities pick them up wherever they can, and send them down to the marine and naval schools here. They are said to make good seamen. It was asserted that the aborigines, wild and tame, have little regard for their children—often selling them for cachaça-rum; and that their offspring care nothing for their parents. To illustrate this, the governor called, at my suggestion, a little fellow from the vicinity of the Amazon. In reply to interrogatories he told us his father was dead, and he wanted to go to his mother.

We now ascended the roof to get an uninterrupted view of the bay and ocean—of the city and surrounding scenery; and such a prospect! The sea, a sheet of silver; not a ruffle on the glistening bay to divert attention from its emerald isles and verdant shores, nor a cloud on the smiling face of heaven. It was like a scene in Eden. I shall not attempt to describe it, nor to portray the buoyancy of mind and feeling, approaching to ecstasy, which it inspired.

Not till now did I perceive the relative positions of the famous peaks in the vicinity of Rio: the Sugar-Loaf, Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, and Tejuco. But here they were ranged before us in such bold outlines, that I could not resist the impulse to sketch them; and the rather, as no such view, I understand, has been taken, notwithstanding its conveying so clear an idea of the physical features of the country, including even a large portion of Brazil. Instead of hills and dales, plains and valleys, it presents an endless succession of mountains, rocks, and ravines.

The point on the extreme left is the site of the

VIEW IN THE HARBOR OF RIO JANEIRO

Fort of Santa Cruz. Outside of the harbor's mouth are Razee and Rond Islands. In the range are seen the Sugar-Loaf, the Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, Tejuco, the Isle of Villegagnon, &c., with part of the city, about five miles off, and the shipping at the extreme right.

In a garret over the vestry, used as a school-room, were among the obsolete apparatus two wooden friars, about two feet high, fixed on a base, and pointing to a perpendicular slit in a board between them. A short tin tube proceeds from the breast of each. The governor thought it was an ancient weather-indicator: and that when fair, the shaven crowns were exposed; when wet, the cowls, which moved on joints, were raised to shield them from the rain. Probably a modification of the old popular toy of a man and woman in a box: when the sun is out she appears, but when a storm is brewing she goes in and sends her partner forth.

Here was also an alms-box, worn out in service. It is of an oval form, made of tin plate, provided with a lock, ornamented with a picture of the Lady of the Good Voyage, and with a strap to pass over the neck of the collector, when he started forth to receive contributions from her friends among the shipping, and from others on the city shore. It is rusted through and through.

ALMS-BOX

After dining with our excellent host we took our leave. We passed the Indian child who longed for his mother. He was armed with a sword, and acted as guard. Having to wait for the steamer, we noticed theatrical and other bills posted on the ferry-house walls, Esmola-boxes, to receive contributions for the saints, &c. It was near dark ere we reached the city, and concluded this delightful pilgrimage of a day.

The Church of Boa-Viagem is, in some respects, well located. No vessel can enter or leave the harbor without passing it. No votary comes in without being reminded of his promised offerings, or goes out without a hint of the value of the Lady's protection. Still, it is too distant from the city and anchorage-ground, and too difficult of approach. To accommodate all who do not like to cross the bay, or from other causes find it inconvenient to go so far, an office is opened in the city, in Saint Luzia's Church, where the Lady of Navigators has an altar and an Esmola-box. In other churches, also, she is invoked by those who wish to secure safe passages over seas, for themselves or friends, and to receive the acknowledgments of such as she has saved from hurricanes and lee-shores. Many a ton of wax, and the sails of hundreds of vessels have been offered to her on the island; but the business is now almost entirely done in the city.

In conversation one evening, a lady (Doña S——) told me that she came from Rio Grande in 1816 in one of her father's vessels. The passage was pleasant till within a day's sail of the Sugar-Loaf. A small cloud then rose rapidly from the horizon; darkness gathered over them; the sea began to swell, and other indications of a storm so alarmed the captain that he called the men aft, and asked them to join him in offering the mainsail to St. Francis de Paula, on condition of his carrying them safe in. They agreed. Doña S—— remembers them standing round the commander, and with loud voices calling on the saint, reminding him of what they had promised. Each man confirming the gift, so far as his proportion of the cost went. On arriving safe, they paid for a mass, and a few days afterward went to the saint's quarters in procession, barefoot, bearing the sail through the streets, with the captain at their head. The offering was deposited in front of the church. A fair value was put upon it in presence of the priest; the captain laid down the money, and was handed a receipt stating the amount which the pious Commander, Antonia Martimes Bezerra, had paid into the treasury of the saint—the value of his mainsail—in fulfillment of a vow made at the approach of a storm, on such a day, as an acknowledgment of the saint's miraculous interposition in behalf of himself, his ship, and crew.

I was informed that auctions of ship's sails, vowed to saints in stormy weather, were, till recently, quite common in the Largo de St. Francis de Paula, and are not yet obsolete. The captains always bought them in, and not unfrequently the priests had some one to run them up, to prevent their being knocked down too low.

A regular receipt was always given. Similar scenes occasionally took place at St. Antony's Convent; in front of the churches of Sts. José and Sebastian, St. Luzia, and others; but the priests of St. Francis had the greatest run, though this holy man probably never knew the difference between a barnacle and a binnacle.

In coming down from Pernambuco, in 1831, my informant says they had unusually bad weather near the Albrolhos. Three water-spouts were in sight, and one so near that the noise of the ascending fluid was quite audible. Instead of depending on his own energies, and stimulating those of the crew, the captain had recourse to the Lady of the Good Voyage, promising her a large amount of wax if she would run them in alongside her island by the following day, the 4th of April. They did not get in till the 5th, and the Lady lost her reward, the Captain having no idea of paying her, *pro rata*, for what she had done; illustrating the ancient saying, "When the danger is over, the saint is neglected."

ALLELUIA SATURDAY.

"Sabbado de Allelulia." Alleluia Saturday—the end of Lent: the day when the saints throw off their mourning, and the screens before their images are withdrawn—when bells begin to ring again, and *matracas* (their substitutes during Passion Week) are put away for another year, when scores of Judases are torn to pieces, and when the annual consecration of fire and water takes place.

At noon I went to the Paula Church to witness the performances, but found it so dark within and crowded, that I was glad to get into the vestry, where people with bunches of rosemary were waiting to have them aspersed with the new holy water. I subsequently procured a seat in the music-gallery, where, besides the old organ, there were one bass and two kettle-drums, violins, clarionets, French-horns, trumpets, &c., waiting to strike up the moment the ceremonies ended. The process of conse-

cration was as follows: The baptismal font being filled, the officiating Padre put his hand into or on it, making the sign of the cross in the action. Next he waved three crosses over the surface, in the name of each person in the Trinity, saying: "By this [sign] I bless thee creature water—By the living God [a cross]. By God [a cross] most true—By God [a cross] most holy—By God who in the beginning of the world divided thee from earth." Then he breathed three times upon it, making the sign of the cross in the act of blowing, and exclaimed each time, "The virtue of the Holy Ghost descend upon this water." He dropped oil from a minute vial crosswise on it, and dipped the vial itself in, saying, "The infusion of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost is made in the name of the most Holy Trinity." He then took a portion of the water up and threw it toward the four quarters of the earth. When he got through, the attending officials sprinkled themselves and the spectators near them.

Water being thus made holy, it was employed in the consecration of fire. The *cirio*, or "Great Paschal Candle," a very large and elaborately ornamented one, is the principal object in this ceremony. I wonder the Church on these occasions does not follow the universal practice of antiquity in both hemispheres, and introduce new fire—draw it direct from the sun by lenses; from wood by the friction of two sticks, or produce it afresh from flint and steel. Instead of this, the custom is to prepare three *triune* candles, each consisting of three tapers longitudinally united, to represent the unity of the Godhead in a trinity of persons. One is placed near the entrance, another half-way to, and the third at the altar. They are lit, and all others carefully extinguished.

The priest takes the *cirio*, and with the usual ceremonies baptizes it at the font. He drops chrism and baptismal oil from vials on the water; breathes three times over it, not crosswise now, but as if forming with his breath the letter Y. He dips the lower end of the *cirio* a little in, raises it, and plunges it farther down, a third time, and it reaches the bottom of the font. Each movement is accompanied with similar expressions to those used in sanctifying the water. It now is lit at one of the triune tapers and placed by the side of the High Altar, where the other lights are kindled at its flame.

After baptism the Litany of the Saints was said, and then mass, as on Palm Sunday. When the officiating Padre came to the words, "Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia," the bells struck up a merry peal, music in the gallery burst forth, screens before the images dropped, also others concealing lights that had meanwhile been kindled at the *cirio*, and the building, hitherto almost dark, is instantaneously illumined, and resounds with chants of, "God is risen from the dead;" "Allelulia is come;" "Lent is finished." Every face is radiant with smiles, and the day is spent in pleasure. Now the *agoa-benta* basins are replenished, and families send bottles and tumblers to be filled to sprinkle their children and friends. Some preserve the fresh liquid as a preservative against many complaints. Boys with sprigs of rosemary were already in the church passages and outside, sportively aspersing people with it.

The Padres of the various city churches wait for a signal from the Imperial Chapel where the Bishop officiates. As soon as he arrives at the "Allelulia," rockets are sent up. Priests con-

PASCHAL CANDLE.

trive to be near that part of the service, and ready, on hearing the guns, to utter the joyful words. Guns in the forts answer the rockets; men-of-war in the bay reciprocate, and every bell then peals merrily.

On returning, I stepped into the Imperial Chapel. The *cirio* was standing in an antique fashioned candlestick of silver, four feet or more high. The candle was about the same length, four inches in diameter, and beautifully painted over its entire surface. The figure given is from a sketch taken at the time. Upon leaving, I fell in with half a dozen negroes carrying live turkeys with blue ribbons on their necks. They were "Allelulia presents." Gobbling innocents are as much in demand now as in New England on "Thanksgiving Day." Next I overtook a band of youthful devotees—blacks and whites—hoarse with uttering comminations on the fallen Apostle, perspiring and exhausted with punishing him. These young zealots were "killing Judas." The annexed illustration conveys a

KILLING JUDAS.

correct idea of this "act of devotion," as it is called.

One, after being dragged through mud and mire, and thrashed and stoned till little like a human form remained, was stuck up in Hospicio-street. Another I saw hanging from a lamp-post, and before reaching home I passed the limbs of several more. Formerly Judas was burnt here; but this is not now allowed on account of danger from so many fires. Some practical joking is occasionally played off by dressing the figure after some obnoxious character. A few years ago, a British minister, on account of his opposition to the slave-trade, was thus exhibited, and stoned, and thrashed, and hanged in effigy.

THE INTRUDO.

For a week I had noticed colored balls exposed here and there on plates for sale. The green ones might be taken for small apples, the yellow for oranges and lemons. Some are formed like pears, others like melons. An acquaintance made with some this morning has banished the indifference with which I have passed by them. Another article has also been pressed upon my attention. It is native *starch*, not granulated like ours, but an exceedingly white and fine powder, put up in paper cylinders six inches long, and half an inch in diameter. When used, one end is opened, and the contents shaken out.

While sitting at breakfast, S—— passed behind J——'s chair, and, to my amazement, emptied a couple on his head and shoulders. The operation was performed so quietly, and the dust fell so lightly, that he knew not what was going on till a handful was applied to his face and ears. He sputtered, sprang up, and, half-blinded, was saluted with liquid shots from a long-necked cologne-bottle. Half in anger, and amid much laughter, he made a quick retreat, dressed, and went to the city.

While wondering what this could mean, a particle or two dropped from my forehead. Raising a hand, I found my own hair had also been powdered—a discovery that elicited a general screech. I rose to decamp, but this had been foreseen, and the only door through which escape was possible was locked. Now beset by a host of female foes, I dodged and ran till well-nigh exhausted, in trying to evade incessant volleys of starch and water. At length I protested if the unrighteous war was continued I must and would come to close quarters, and, *vi et armis*, capture and play their own ordnance upon them. This was received with fresh peals of merriment and fresh broadsides; but, at last, an armistice, to endure through the day, was

INTRUDO SPORTS.

agreed on. I now was told that *the Intrudo* begins to-morrow, when all classes, in-doors and out, dust and sprinkle one another; and that it is usual to do a little, by way of preface, the day before.

I retired to change my dress, but had not taken five paces ere I was overtaken by a storm of colored balls charged with some liquid similar to those I had noticed in the city. Surprised at this open breach of faith, and at the red and blue fragments with which I was bespattered, I lost no time in reaching my room and securing the door. I took from the shelf an old Portuguese dictionary for information. It derives *Entrudo*, or *Intrudo*, from the Latin, *Introitus*—"Entrance, or Beginning;" and describes the festival as one in which people, like Bacchantes, romp, feast, and dance, and frolic in-doors, and play all manner of tricks out, wetting and powdering one another. Of the origin of the feast—of which I had been treated to a foretaste—I could learn nothing. Neither the Vicar nor any one else appealed to, could impart the smallest glimmer of its history. That it dates back to remote times is admitted.

It may be a question whether the Intrudo and the Carnival of Italy are the same. Though associated with the great Quadragesimal fast, there are striking points of seeming difference. The former in its etymology has no reference to abstinence from butcher's meat, of which the latter is the literal expression. *Carni*, "flesh;" *vale*, "farewell." Carnival time extends from the first of January to the beginning of Lent; whereas the Intrudo occurs in the latter part of February, and lasts but three days, invariably beginning on the Sunday previous to Ash-Wednesday. Moreover, throwing dust and water is its special characteristic, the most conspicuous of its rites.

Intrudo-balls—for so the colored shot are named—instead of fruit, which they resemble, are mere shells of wax filled with water. They are sufficiently tenacious to retain the liquid, to bear gentle handling, and to be thrown to a considerable distance. Like more fatal bombs, they explode when they strike; the wax is shivered, and most of it sticks where it hits. I received a present of specimens of a superior kind formed like bottles or decanters, and decorated with paint and gilding. The necks were closed in imitation of corks sealed over. When used, they are charged with cologne or other scented waters.

This is Intrudo-day. On rising, my friend J—— found the lower extremities of his pants sewed up. It is not unusual to lodge half a dozen balls in each leg, but as he is rather unwell, these singular marks of affection and foot-baths were spared him. In the act of shaking hands I had one or two balls crushed in mine. At breakfast one had his coffee without sugar, another found it sweetened with salt, a third began to pick threads out of his mouth, which caused a shout of laughter; of two plates of toast, fine thread had been drawn through and through every piece, so that the teeth became unavoidably entangled in the meshes. Some foreign merchants came up, on their way to the Botanic Garden. T—— invited them in. The simpletons! Their riding-costumes were soon like bathing-dresses. One got out without his

INTRUDO BALLS AND BOTTLES.

hat, and actually rode off, bareheaded! He returned in the afternoon with a slave bearing a large basket of the cereal missiles, and quietly entering the rear, repaid his foes with interest.

The Vicar came, and was saluted with cologne; they spared his *sutain* the infliction of the starch. He mentioned instances where he had been half-drowned after receiving the most solemn pledges that he would not be molested. That I can fully believe; and, turning to some ladies, asked how *they* could, and on a Sunday, too, tell such ——. "O!" they replied, "Intrudo lies are no sin." There is no believing any one while it lasts. The Padre wisely took his departure; he did not dare to stay for dinner lest his rooms should be robbed by friends sending in his name for every valuable in them. Doña F——, by a ruse of this kind, obtained a dozen bottles of porter from J——'s carpenter, who had charge of them. He himself tricked the Vicar last year, and, by the aid of a slave, deprived a friend of a turkey and fowls, upon which the owner and his family dined as guests, without dreaming of having contributed to the feast. It used to be a custom to set before guests joints of wood, pies of sand, custards and puddings of kindred inedibles, dishes out of which leaped frogs, &c. But the Intrudo, like other pomps and processions, is not kept up as formerly.

Senhor R—— rose to depart, but was induced to drop again into his seat, on which a neighbor had slipped a quantity of flour and water balls. He sprang up as these nest-eggs crushed beneath him, while the mischief-loving projectors were in convulsions of laughter. Nor was the tumult one whit lessened by his manner of relieving the part affected. Finding it impossible now to remain, he good-humoredly waved an adieu with one hand, and with the other placed his hat upon his head—and snatched it off again. It had been lined with the current ingredients of the day. Two extremities of his person were now in the condition of Don Quixote's head when he suddenly called for his helmet at an inconvenient moment for Sancho to deliver it.

Retiring to my room for a change of dress, I found a strange lady writing at the table. I paused and addressed her. No answer or motion. I advanced. The intruder was a bolster, furnished with sleeves, skirts, bonnet, shawl, &c., very artistically got up. Opening the drawers, I found the sleeves and neck of every shirt sewed up, and other garments hermetically sealed, so as to require both time and patience to get into them.

Both sexes are expert in calming one after an attack, and throwing him off his guard. Ladies will show their open palms, rub them down their sides, to prove that they have no concealed missiles—sit down by you, express fatigue, and say that a little frolic is well enough, but this excess is foolish, and very vulgar—look innocent as Madonnas, and conclude with, "No more Intrudo." Your suspicions are lulled; but, ten to one, that same moment a couple of waxen wash-balls are applied to your face in the manner of soap and water, and a paper of cassava starch emptied upon you. Your fair enemy springs from you, with a shriek, and your surprise now takes another turn. She draws from her person ball after ball, and paper after paper, till you are ready to conclude she is made of them, or has some machine about her for producing them.

Employing parties on fool's errands is practiced. An unsuspicious person is sent on what he imagines a confidential matter of great moment to his friend—to borrow money, on an emergency, perhaps. The substance of the letter he carries is, "Send the fool to Senhor B——, and ask him to forward by the bearer a like request to others!"

An example has been given of a family being feasted on their own victuals. A Reverend sweet-tooth revenged himself to-day for a similar trick played on him, by indulging largely at a neighbor's table. His hilarity became more enhanced when a splendid cake was brought in and placed before him. With sparkling eyes he cut deep into it; and when three-fourths had disappeared, some hint was dropped which caused him to rise, stand aghast, and pray for patience! The cake—a highly-valued present from a female friend—had been filched from his own larder! To-day another attempt was made, but in vain, to deceive the Ethiopian guardian of his treasures, by sending, as from his Reverence, for a few bottles of choice nectar.

I walked out toward the Passero, and saw only few individuals molested. One gentleman in a new suit received two or three balls, and was quite indignant: he addressed some remarks to me, and pointed to the window whence the shots came. It is useless to get vexed; those who do so are sure to have their anger cooled by a fresh shower.

Youths, here and there, were playing with syringes. For some time past I had noticed huge tin implements hanging by the door-posts of "Funileiros," and occasionally met an individual carrying one home. Wondering for what they were made, I stopped one day to examine them. All I could make out from the laughing tinman was, "Two milreis"—the price of one. They were quart and half-gallon Intrudo-squirts. The young black rascals who charge them in gutters seldom molest any except their own color; but white boys use no ceremony in washing the Ethiops. B—— told me of acquaintances who have concealed garden-engines, to salute their friends with. He has one himself, but it is out of order.

The illustration by a Rio artist, copied on page 739, is a fair representation of playing the Intrudo in the street. I saw one negro laden with water from the Carioco Font attacked in precisely the same way. He stumbled, and fell headlong, fortunately without being injured.

On retiring for the night, I could not find the way into bed. The sheets and coverlid had been formed into a sack whose contracted mouth was under the bolster. Relighting the candle, I unraveled the sewing, and finally laid down to rest, heartily tired of the Intrudo, and little thinking what cause I had to be thankful that half a bushel of balls had not been deposited at the foot of the sack.

More or less of classical jewelry is to be found in all the Latin nations: much of it is current in Brazil. Ancient charms and amulets, including the *figa*, are as common as ever they were in Thebes, Athens, Ephesus, or Rome. Although I had repeatedly passed through Silversmith-street, and observed the small perpendicular case hung out against the window or door-post of each shop, it was not till my attention was turned to amulets, that I stopped to examine the contents. They are very much the same from one end of the long street to the other. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other little sacerdotal bijouterie, every case contains staple amulets in gold, silver, stone, ivory, &c. In some, these constitute the principal—in all, a prominent item. Specimens are subjoined.

The amulets marked *a*, *b*, *c*, are known as "Signs of Solomon," and are very popular;

AMULETS.

f is another, much worn by children; *d*, *d*, are *figas*—one in gold, the other cornelian. I have seen them of horn, bone, wood, and lead. They are decidedly the chief of amulets, being worn by all classes and all ages, from teething infants to second childhood. They, as well as others, are blessed by priests before being worn; *e* I suppose to be the tooth of some animal; one precisely like it was taken by the police, with other paraphernalia, from an African conjurer; *g* is of coral; the artist explained its virtues, but I did not understand him; *i* represents a pair of eyes; groups of these eyes stare at you from every case, varying in size from those in the illustration to two or three times as large; they are composed of thin strips of gold and silver, struck in dies; and resemble those given out at the Festival of the Protectress of Eyes—St. Luzia. They keep off the evil eye; *k* is a "Dove Amulet;" *l*, *l*, are keys of ancient form, and are quite common; *m* is a *bulla* within a ring; *n* is another form, much worn by children; Minas and Mozambique women sport large ones, and so do most fashionable white ladies; *o* is a cock's spur—also made of brass, tin, silver, &c. In the same case was another amulet, resembling it in form, but much larger; *p* and *q* are rings, with locks, keys, hearts, crescents, hour-glasses, &c., suspended upon them, each having a significance of its own.

Anxious parents protect their children by a number of these preservatives. The device is neither due to modern nor mediæval ingenuity. We find it exemplified in Pharaonic necklaces, and other relics of past epochs. Images of gods, shell-beads, birds, beasts, and scores of symbols were strung round the neck and attached to various parts of the body. The same thing was formerly in vogue in Europe. Finger-rings, decorated in this manner, are in high esteem in Brazil. They are met with in most of the jewelers' shops. Fig. *h* is one; a miniature figa, bulla, padlock, key, crescent, cock-spur, &c., were attached to the one from which the illustration was taken.

Here are necklaces and bracelets which look like charms against hunger rather than against witchcraft. One of the former before me—a gold one—is made up of knives, forks, a padlock and key, a stew-pan, water-jar, plates, dishes, ewer and basin, and twenty other culinary and domestic things. The best work of this kind comes from Bahia. Doña E—— has a bracelet made there, three inches wide, and divided into four compartments, in which kitchen utensils to the number at least of fifty are arranged. All are of gold, attached to the band by loose rings. These bracelets are in great repute in the country, and are not entirely out of date in the cities. There are morals in ear-rings: an hour-glass, worn at each lobe, was an old European fashion. It is not out of date in Brazil. But though kept up in the interior, many city belles have a distaste for such monitors of their fleeting charms and the flight of time. When watches came into vogue, efforts we know were made to secure for them the same favorable regard which the sex had accorded to those primitive chronometers; and, strange as it may seem, ladies then sported real ticking horologes at their ears. For the benefit of those who have never dreamed of trinkets teaching ethics, and are incredulous of the union of piety and fashion in our great-grand-dams, likewise, also, to do justice to the moral and mechanical ingenuity of the old jewelers, I add the following from an old writer:

"The wit of man hath been luxuriant and wanton in the inventions of late years. Some have made watches so small and slight that ladies hang them at their ears like pendants and jewels. The smallness and variety of the tools that are used about these small engines seem to me no less admirable than the engines themselves: and there is more art and dexterity in placing so many wheels and axles in so small a compass, than in making clocks and greater machines; for some French watches do not exceed the compass of a farthing."

Locks and keys were once common auricular pendants, and are still sometimes seen. Doña L——, a lady of my acquaintance, wears the lock at the right ear, and the key at the left. Others have both at each ear. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent. Thus Othello to Emilia:

> "There's money for your pains;
> I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel."

Warburton, not aware that ear-jewels in these forms were once common, makes a mistake worthy of Dogberry himself, in attempting to elucidate the following observation of that learned dignitary: "And also, the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.*" On this the bishop remarks: "They heard the conspirators satirize the Fashion: whom they took to be a man surnamed Deformed. This the constable applies with exquisite humor to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time—the men wearing rings in their ears and indulging a favorite lock of hair, which was brought before and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock.*" Malone has a note to the same effect. I am not aware that any commentator has properly explained the passage.

THE MUSEUM.

I devoted a day to the Museum, which faces the Senate House in the Campo. The Curator, a Carmelite Friar and Professor of Chemistry, received us cheerfully, although the establishment was undergoing repairs, and was closed to the public.

In the yard was a caged king-vulture, the handsomest of accipitrines: his body was cream-color and slate, with roseate tints; his head and neck protruded from an ample frill, were variegated with crimson, green, yellow, and some darker patches. In a long box near him lay snugly coiled a twelve-foot boa, from Minas Province. Close by was a curiosity of another

kind—a mounted cannon, four and a half feet long, three inches bore—composed of two longitudinal slabs of hard and heavy *wood*, strongly

WOODEN CANNON.

bound by numerous wrought-iron wings. It had evidently been used. It was taken from the rebels in Para, during an attempt at revolution there, some eight or nine years ago.

Zoology and ornithology are the chief features of the Museum. The native feline tribes, from the jaguar to the smallest of tiger-cats, are fully represented; so are the quadrumana. One sloth is nearly four feet in length; the rest are less than three. In the brilliant assemblage of birds are representations from every province; including, of necessity, a numerous deputation from those fairies of the forest—humming-birds.

For students of numismatics, here are ancient and modern coins and medals. The collection of minerals is extensive, and a laboratory for the analysis of ores is provided. Some interesting Egyptian antiquities have also been procured.

Native antiquities are few and not of much interest; but this feature of the institution will improve. There are a few embalmed heads from the Amazon. The Tapajos thus preserved the skulls of their enemies, and on special occasions carried them, suspended on the breast, as amulets.

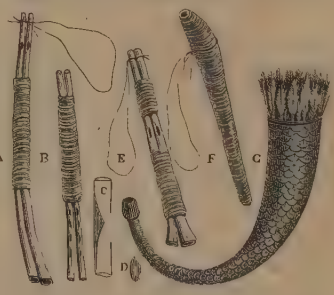
They look horrible enough: worse than New Zealand specimens placed near them. The sockets of the eyes are filled with a dark, resinous matter, in which are embedded small pieces of bone or shell. Into the open mouths are inserted the ends of strong corded loops, and the whole filled flush with cement. A ridge of

EMBALMED HEAD.

black hair remains on the crowns; and at the occiputs considerable quantities adhere. Large and very handsome rosettes conceal the ears, precisely like similar ornaments of ribbon worn by modern ladies.

In one case were specimens of musical instruments. Double flutes were extensively used by the classical ancients; and here they are as constructed by American aborigines. The bones of which they are made are yellow, jagged, and far from inviting to delicate lips. Their tones, however, are singularly soft and mellow.

A represents the largest. Each bone is twelve inches long, and three-eighths of an inch bore. They are united by twine, neatly wound and worked. On the back of the lower parts are finger-holes—shown at B; these were stopped up;

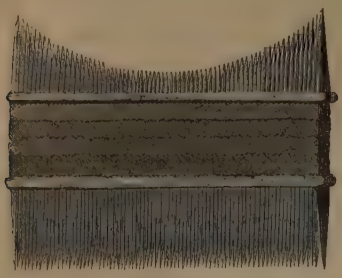


ANCIENT BONE FLUTES AND CAZIQUE'S TRUMPET.

perhaps they were experimental additions of some Brazilian Pronomus. The construction of the sounding, or whistle part, is seen at C; a cone of resinous cement being secured immediately under the orifice, at D. The ridge of cement rises to the centre of the tube. The instrument is played by blowing through the upper end, as in a clarionet. E is a smaller flute, to be blown at either end. F has a swelled wooden mouth-piece, and no side opening. Dual bone flutes, with finger-holes, are yet in use in the northern provinces; besides bamboo-flutes and instruments, with which the voices of wild beasts are imitable with singular accuracy. Single and double flutes of Greece and Rome were of bone. The "Ossea Tibia" was made of the leg-bone of a crane.

A Cazique's trumpet is figured at G. The substance, hard as iron and black as jet, appeared to have been handsomely carved. The diverging orifice is furnished with a double row of scarlet and yellow feathers, which add to its length, and by their vibration probably affected the notes. Through age, they are mostly stripped. While attempting to revive its long silent tones, the deputy curator asked if we knew what it was made of? It was made of the end of an alligator's tail. Rams' horns were the primeval clarions of the East, but no quadruped of South America supplied any thing of the kind; hence these amphibious substitutes.

The next thing was an article of female ingenuity—a comb—in which the teeth, set edgeways, are thin slips of hardwood, uniform in size and shape, and, by means of four transverse pieces, firmly strung together by thread. The



COMB.

needle-work forms a broad band, with raised borders, reflecting waved figures; the whole is smooth and regular, as if woven, and the instrument is strong as modern ones. The thread is round, well twisted, and uniform as silk cord. Its material is from the *macaya*, a species of cocoa, whose fruit produces a shining white fibre, stiffer than silk and stronger than cotton. Specimens of the undressed fibre, of thread made of it, and of stockings, are in the Museum.

Combs of rosewood, sometimes attached to coronals of feathers and other head ornaments, are still common among the Indians, and display both taste and skill in the hands that put them together.

The only sample of ancient native earthenware in the Museum was disinterred between 20 and 30 years ago, on the Praya Flamingo, while digging foundations for a house. The internal diameter at the rim is eighteen inches, the depth

BRAZILIAN BASIN.

six. The thickness of the bottom and sides within exceeds an inch. It was probably used as a caldron, the under side being blackened as with fire. No signs are observable of the wheel in its formation, though the circle is tolerably correct. The material is a grayish yellow clay, and imperfectly burnt. The inside has been profusely decorated. A band of dark red goes round just below the rim, and the rest is covered with complicated lines, that are more like a mass of serpents entangled together than any thing else. Small dots are mingled with them. A light and poor kind of glazing has been put on, of which remains are left. The surface, inside and out, is covered with an infinity of minute cracks, like old teacups thus disfigured. The outside has been colored red; the inside a palish yellow, the ornamental lines brown.

In another case were mills for triturating leaves of a popular plant, of which large quantities were manufactured by the ancient natives; also a couple of philosophical apparatus by which the prepared material was conveyed into dark, tortuous, and precipitous caverns.

Previous to unlocking the case, our courteous attendant opened and gracefully offered his snuff-box—a common Brazilian practice. It reminds one of relators of long or dry stories beginning with lighting a pipe or treating themselves with a pinch. Suppose we imitate them on this occasion.

Modern lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Dioclesian persecutions their predecessors passed through for adhering to their faith in, and transmitting to their descendants, the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned, and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. James I., foaming with rage, sent forth his "Counterblast;" the half savage ruler of the Muscovites followed suit; the King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, and the Emperor Jehan-Geer, and others, joined the crusade. They denounced death to all found inhaling the fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet of it under their tongues. Those who used it as a sternutative only were to be deprived of nostrils and nose. To perfect the miseries of the delinquents, Urban VIII. went in state to the Vatican, where, tremulous with holy anger, he shook his garments, to intimate that the blood of the offenders would be on their own heads, and then thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing, in any shape, into a church.

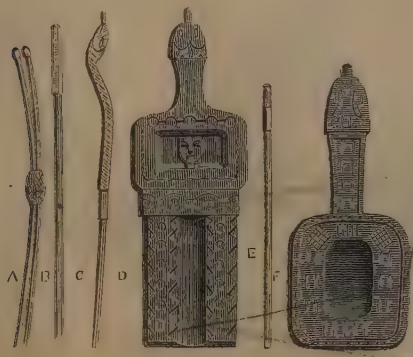
Loss of life for lighting a pipe! Mutilation for taking a pinch! Tortures here, and endless torments hereafter, for a whiff or quid of tobacco! One wonders how the sufferers managed to pass through the fires unscathed, or even to escape annihilation; yet most of them did escape, and they did more—they converted the Nebuchadnezzars who sought to consume them.

What a spectacle! The world in arms against a herb, and anon prostrate before it! Proud rulers worshiping the idol whose admirers they had so fearfully menaced, and lawgivers avowed violators of their own laws. The modes adopted to exterminate the plant increased the demand for it, till it was sought for with an avidity that no penal enactments could suppress. Royal and sacerdotal clamor had extended its consumption ten thousand fold. The tide turned, and all began to praise the magic leaf. Ladies joined their lords in smoking after meals; boys carried pipes in their satchels to school, and at a certain hour pedagogues and pupils whiffed together. Not a bad subject for a painter. Mothers in the sixteenth century filled their sons' pipes early in the morning, to serve them instead of breakfast. People went to bed with cigars or

pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. All classes became consumers; even priests were not excepted, provided they refrained till after mass. To accommodate travelers, poor and transient persons, *Tabagies*, or smoking-houses, were licensed on the continent in every marine and inland town, where sailors and itinerants of every description could, on moderate terms, be made happy, either by inhaling the vapor of the popular stimulant or tickling their nasal membranes with it. The ambitious sought fame by associating themselves with the introduction of the plant and its cultivation; thence we find it named after cardinals, legates, and embassadors, while in compliment to Catherine de Medicis it was called "the Queen's herb." Kings now rushed into the tobacco trade. Those of Spain took the lead, and became the largest manufacturers of snuff and cigars in Christendom. The royal workshops in Seville are still the most extensive in Europe. Other monarchs monopolized the business in their dominions, and all began to reap enormous profits from it—as most do at this day.

Much has been written on a revolution so unique in its origin, unsurpassed in incidents and results, and constituting one of the most singular episodes in human history; but next to nothing is recorded of whence the various processes of manufacture and uses were derived. Some imagine the popular pabulum for the nose of transatlantic origin—no such thing. Columbus first beheld smokers in the Antilles, Pizarro found chewers in Peru, but it was in the country discovered by Cabral that the great sternutatory was originally found. Brazilian Indians were the fathers of snuff, and its best fabricators. Though counted among the least refined of aborigines, their taste in this matter was as pure as that of the fashionable world of the East. Their snuff has never been surpassed, nor their apparatus for making it.

The following is their milling and sniffing machinery—machinery, we believe, never figured and published before.



ANCIENT BRAZILIAN SNUFF-MILLS.

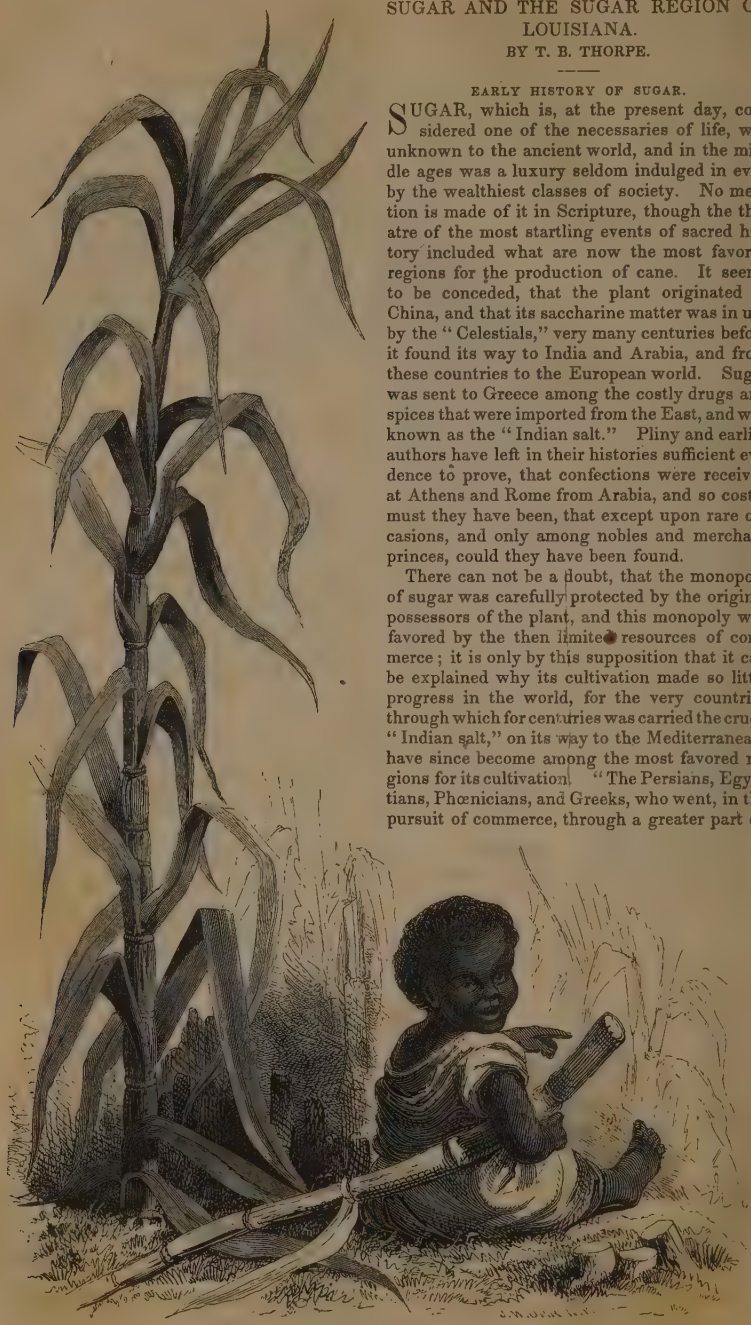
F is a slab of *jacaranda* (rosewood), ten inches long, of which five are taken up with the handle. The blade is nearly half an inch thick, with a cavity in the middle. The extremity of the handle represents the head of a serpent, with the tongue protruded. E is a cylindrical stick of rosewood, nine inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. These two constitute a mill. The owner takes out of a "*chuspa*"—a pouch, commonly slung over his right shoulder—a few pieces of dried tobacco leaf, places them in the cavity, and, grasping the stick, grinds them by rubbing its end to and fro upon them, and in a few moments reduces them to a rich and fragrant snuff; nor is the fragrance wholly due to the substance ground, but to the material of the mill. The heat developed by the friction of two pieces of odorous wood evolves a pleasant aroma, that impregnates the powder.

The article being thus prepared, the next thing is to transmit it to its destination ere it grows cold, or the odor becomes weakened by evaporation. The apparatus for this part of the business is shown at A; it consists of a double tube, consisting of two light cylindrical bones of the wing of a bird, united by thread, having the upper ends tipped with small wooden bulbs. The reader has anticipated the rest: no sooner is the triturating process ended than the pestle or stick is taken down, the plain ends of the tube plunged into the smoking powder, the others inserted into the nostrils, and by a smart inhalation the warm-scented dust is diffused in a trice over the olfactory nerve. D represents another mill, in which the grinding receptacle is in the shape of a gutter running out at the end of the blade; C is an edge view, and B the rubber.

Suspended by a string round the neck, an Indian had this apparatus always at hand. At the back of one or both is an angular recess for the purpose of producing fire by friction—thus uniting in each a snuff-box, mill, and tinder-box.

The modern Indians of Brazil are as fond of snuff as their ancestors; their apparatus for making and taking it are also similar to those described. I have seen neat circular mills from two to five inches across, with short conical and pyramidal pestles or mullers; sniffing pipes also, more portable than those figured. Sometimes three bones are united—one to put into the snuff, connected with two for the nose—just like one suction-pipe serving two pumps.

An ardent enemy to all stimulants, wet or dry, might, after reading the foregoing, be disposed to ask—And has not tobacco avenged, to some extent, the New World for the blood of her children slain by those of the Old—in its Circean effects, physical and moral; in the wealth it has drawn and continues to draw from consumers? All the conquerors have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted and debased. Formerly the first powers of the earth—now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes—slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed.



SUGAR AND THE SUGAR REGION OF LOUISIANA.

BY T. B. THORPE.

EARLY HISTORY OF SUGAR.

SUGAR, which is, at the present day, considered one of the necessaries of life, was unknown to the ancient world, and in the middle ages was a luxury seldom indulged in even by the wealthiest classes of society. No mention is made of it in Scripture, though the theatre of the most startling events of sacred history included what are now the most favored regions for the production of cane. It seems to be conceded, that the plant originated in China, and that its saccharine matter was in use by the "Celestials," very many centuries before it found its way to India and Arabia, and from these countries to the European world. Sugar was sent to Greece among the costly drugs and spices that were imported from the East, and was known as the "Indian salt." Pliny and earlier authors have left in their histories sufficient evidence to prove, that confections were received at Athens and Rome from Arabia, and so costly must they have been, that except upon rare occasions, and only among nobles and merchant princes, could they have been found.

There can not be a doubt, that the monopoly of sugar was carefully protected by the original possessors of the plant, and this monopoly was favored by the then limited resources of commerce; it is only by this supposition that it can be explained why its cultivation made so little progress in the world, for the very countries through which for centuries was carried the crude "Indian salt," on its way to the Mediterranean, have since become among the most favored regions for its cultivation. "The Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Greeks, who went, in the pursuit of commerce, through a greater part of

Asia, and lastly, the Jews, Romans, Christians, and Mahommedans, make no mention of sugar cane before the period when merchants first began to trade with the Indies."

From these merchants came the vague report that sugar was the sap of a reed. Destitute of all certain information, the inhabitants of the different countries, who knew the value of the product, searched, it is said, among the jungles for the plant, and tested the qualities of the juices of many reeds they met with, and failing in accomplishing their object, fanciful theories were invented as to the true origin of sugar. "Some thought that it was a kind of honey, which formed itself without the assistance of bees; others considered it a shower from heaven, which fell upon the leaves of the heaven-blessed reed; while others, again, imagined that it was the concentration of the sap of some peculiar plant, formed in the manner of gum."

INTRODUCTION OF SUGAR INTO EUROPE.

The Saracens having overrun a portion of Southern Europe in the ninth century, it is no doubt correctly supposed that they introduced the culture of cane into Sicily and the islands in its vicinity; and also, that a knowledge of sugar was circulated, and its uses made known to the European world by the Crusaders, many of whom must have become familiar with it, in their journeyings to and from the Holy Land. The Moors introduced sugar into Spain soon after they got foothold in that country, and hence it was familiar to the Spaniards, and naturally became one of the first products transplanted to the newly discovered Indies.

It was not, however, until the middle of the thirteenth century, that sugar cane became thoroughly known to the European world. A noble Venetian merchant, it is said, about the year 1250, visited Bengal, and made himself familiar with the history and cultivation of the plant. Certain it is, that to Venice, at a very early period, is the world indebted for the art of refining sugar, and making it into the form of loaves. With the increasing demand among civilized nations, the cultivation of this luxury rapidly spread, and it was soon introduced into all those countries which possessed a genial climate for its production. The discovery of a new world by Columbus, however, gave a new impulse to commerce, and produced a revolution, not only in the production, but also in the crystalization of its juices, for within a quarter of a century after this extraordinary event, St. Domingo became famed for its abundance of sugar, and the extraordinary improvements its inhabitants had introduced in its manufacture. A century scarcely elapsed, before Portugal, Spain, France, and England, had their plantations among the fruitful islands of a virgin continent, and that general cultivation was commenced, which has resulted in producing sufficient sugar for the immense demands of modern times.

INTRODUCTION OF SUGAR INTO LOUISIANA.

To the inhabitants of a large portion of the "temperate zones," the culture of cane, and the whole history connected with its production and manufacture, may be said to be a mystery —or rather a dim shadowing forth of something accumulated in the hazy atmosphere of a tropical climate, amid waving palms, half nude negroes, tangled foliage, and rapidly perfected vegetation. Yet a sister State of "the Confederacy," that reposes upon the Mexican Gulf, and forms the boundaries of the mouth of the Mississippi, and can claim with some show of reason a temperate climate, embraces within its limits the rich lands that produce a sugar crop, the value of which is counted by millions: a product that finds its way alike into the cabin of the poor, and the mansion of the rich, and is hailed by all as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon man by a munificent Providence.

To give to the casual reader an idea of the cultivation of cane and its manufacture for the purposes of commerce, together with the scenery, and the incidental life of Louisiana, peculiar to the sugar region, is the object of our article. We shall go into the fields in the spring and attend to the planting of the "seed," and follow up, as intelligently and as perfectly as we are able, the beautiful developments of nature and the intelligent labor of man, until both are, for the time being, crowned with the production of one of the greatest luxuries as well as necessaries of life.

It is proper to observe at the commencement, that the climate of Louisiana is far inferior for the production of sugar to that of Cuba and the adjacent islands; but there can not be a doubt that the cane, in the course of time, becomes acclimated, and insensible to that cold which a few years before would have destroyed its value.

Louisiana had been settled more than half a century before the culture of cane was commenced, and yet, as we have already stated, it was among the very first things introduced by Europeans into the neighboring islands of the West Indies. About one hundred years ago, a number of Jesuit priests, from the island of St. Domingo, came to Louisiana, bringing with them not only "seed cane," but also a number of negroes who understood the manner of planting and manufacturing it into sugar. By these priests, upon the lands now become the most densely populated part of New Orleans, was, in a most primitive manner, commenced the cultivation of cane.

For very many years no one indulged the idea of making sugar; the planter was satisfied with the production of *sirop*, which, in those days, was readily disposed of at extravagant prices. Toward the close of the last century (says the highest authority), a gentleman residing in the vicinity of New Orleans, determined to attempt the manufacture of sugar. The crop was properly increased, the machinery procured, and a sugar maker sent for from the West Indies. The result of the experiment was anxiously looked for by the whole surrounding country. The inhabitants of New Orleans and its neighborhood assembled in great numbers,

but remained outside of the building, probably through fear that the experiment would not succeed. The *strike* was made, amidst profound silence—when the second was thrown into the coolers, the sugar maker announced to the anxious crowd, in technical language, "It grains." Shouts of joy rent the air, and the news spread with rapidity, that the juice of the cane grown in lower Louisiana, had been manufactured into crystalized sugar, and a new impulse was given to the cultivation of cane.

It was very many years, however, before the production was sufficiently large to be of any commercial importance. Even in the memory of those now living, it was confined to a very small portion of the State. It was thought folly to cultivate cane upon the "uplands," and it was supposed that a day's journey beyond New Orleans was beyond the magic circle that insured a congenial climate to the delicate plant. A few years, however, have changed the face of things. For over two hundred miles on either side of the Mississippi, and on the banks of many of its tributaries, together with the rich country—almost unknown except to its inhabitants—of Opelousas and Attakappas, lying westwardly on the Gulf coast, the sugar cane flourishes in the greatest perfection. A large number of the great cotton farms on lower Red River, have been successfully changed into the cultivation of cane, and the "high lands," which mean those above the annual rise of the Mississippi, have gratefully rewarded the labor of the sugar planter. Thus, gradually, has Louisiana changed her staple product, and it seems not impossible, in the quickly coming future, that she may raise within her own boundaries sufficient to supply the home consumption of the entire Union.

THE SUGAR CANE.

Sugar cane is classed by botanists among the grasses. Its technical description, except to the initiated, gives but an indefinite idea to the general reader. Superficially, it resembles, in the field, the growing corn; but, on examination, it will be found to be very different. The stem, in every species of cane, is round and hard, and divided, at short, irregular intervals, with joints. A volume might be written upon the beautiful economy of nature in the development of this valuable plant; for from the time it shoots up its three grassy blades from the ground, until it waves over the fields like a mighty wand of peace and plenty, there are chemical processes going on in its cells, and strange phenomena taking place within its body, that show in a wonderful manner the power and goodness of Providence in providing for the wants of man.

As the cane rises from the soil, the bud or germ breaks loose from its tightly enveloping leaves, and joint after joint comes to perfection, until the growth of the plant is accomplished. The first joint requires from four to five months to ripen it, and when this ripening is perfected the leaves that inclose it wither away; the next joint above then gradually matures, and again the binding leaves of that particular joint loosen their hold, and stretch their long arms, dead and rattling to the winds. So goes on the work until the time comes when the harvest must be gathered in. This maturing process of each successive joint would continue until all were ripe, but for the frosts, which in Louisiana, check the growth of the plant before its entire length has come to perfection. These upper and unripe portions, together with the last and elongated one, known as the "arrow," retain their green leaves, and shed over the vast fields a brilliant spring-like verdure, that forms a striking contrast to the lower foliage, which is already sere and yellow with the maturity of age.

Botanists have discovered in the sugar cane this peculiarity, that while each joint contributes its share to the nourishment and development of the whole plant, yet each is at the same time, selfishly as it were, providing for its own wants and necessities, independently of every associated part of the plant. One set of vessels provides for the general structure and prepares the chambers, and another set contracts only to furnish these chambers, one by one, with saccharine matter, perfecting their task completely and distinctly in each, as they proceed to the top of the plant. A sugar cane stalk, therefore, may be aptly compared to the fabled serpent, which, cut into pieces, was merely multiplied into a greater number, each part complete in itself; for each individual joint contains within itself all the properties of a perfect plant.

From this vague description of the reproducing character of the cane, it will be inferred that it is not necessary for its propagation to depend upon seed. There is probably no perfectly authenticated case of its being so produced. In the West Indies it occasionally "feathers," and a few years since, owing to an extraordinary season, it did the same in Louisiana; but the "whitish dust," or seed, that is sometimes found upon the feather, on being sown has never been known to germinate; it seems to be the order of nature that cane should be propagated by "cuttings" alone. Independently of the labor of cultivation, the Louisiana planter has annually to contribute one-fifth of his crop for "seed." This constant replanting is almost wholly avoided in Cuba and in all the West India Islands. Fields of cane still exist in those favored regions, that have for a half century grown from the roots. An occasional barren spot has been supplied with plants, or a "choked up" place weeded out, but the growth may be considered almost spontaneous. It is asserted, upon the best authority, that the very cane fields planted centuries ago by the Portuguese on the Island of St. Thomas, still flourish, and yield a plentiful harvest to the planter. When it is considered, that in Louisiana, the sugar crop has to be gathered and manufactured in ninety days, or be destroyed by the frost, and that one-third of the entire crop has to be put into the ground for "seed," and that in the

LOUISIANA CANE FIELD.

West Indies the season is always favorable for the perfection of cane, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of the disadvantages under which the Louisiana planter labors, compared with those similarly engaged in more tropical regions.

DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF CANE.

Sugar cane is divided by nature into many varieties, all distinctly marked. In Louisiana, the "Bourbon," the "Ribbon," the "Otaheite," and "Creole" cane are common. The Bourbon and the Ribbon are the most cultivated, as they yield the richest juice, and not only have the thickest covering or bark, but are additionally protected by a thick and perceptible coating of "silica" as a farther defense against the frost. The names given to the different varieties of sugar cane are of course more or less fanciful. The Bourbon cane is of a dark purplish color; the name of the Ribbon cane is suggestive of its appearance, for the purple is broken with golden stripes in every variety of penciling, and so delicate frequently are these horizontal combinations of purple and gold, that the manufacturers of ribbon might obtain patterns from them to add new beauties to their delicate fabrics. The Creole cane, which has been longest known in the State, is of a light green color, that suggests a delicate organization; and is of all the varieties of cane most sensible to the effects of cold.

There can not be a doubt, that the differences presented are greatly dependent upon the accident of climate and soil. Quite a different hue is presented by a field of cane growing upon lands long cultivated, from that flourishing upon lands just cleared of the primitive forest. It is the economy of nature to endeavor to remedy every possible evil. Sugar cane brought from the tropics, and planted in a temperate zone, when springing into life, shudders at the unexpected blast, and perhaps droops and withers away to the root. The plant, checked in its growth, gathers its strength for a new shoot, and increases the vigor of its roots so snugly protected from the inhospitable cold; again the delicate bud-leaf appears, the season has advanced, the sunshine is more genial, and the growth goes uninterruptedly on. Still the pale green surface of this enervated plant of the tropics, finds that its glossy light bark repels the heat as it was wont to do in its native fields. But now a new arrangement takes place; the plant, in its desire for acclimation, finds something in the soil that darkens its coating into a deep purple, and deadens its glossiness; and now the sun's heat, beaming upon its surface, is not reflected but absorbed, and the ripening and rejoicing plant has remedied, in a degree at least, the evils of its emigration.

PLANTATIONS OF LOUISIANA.

The largest and most important sugar plantations of Louisiana lie, with few exceptions, upon the low lands of the Mississippi and its outlets. The consequence is, that they are beautifully level, and present a different appearance from any other agricultural portion of the Union. The prairies of the West roll like the swells of the sea, but the fields of Louisiana spread out with an evenness of surface that finds no parallel, except in the undisturbed bosom of the inland

lake. The soil is rich—it may be said inexhaustible; and vegetation springs from it with a luxuriance that defies comparison:

> "A gray deep earth abounds,
> Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
> Rising in clods, which ripening sun and rain
> Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize;
> In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
> Pleased at the planter's call to burst on day."

The stranger who for the first time courses the "Father of Waters," at a season of the year when his swelling wave lifts the steamer above the levee-guarded banks, as he looks over and down upon the rich sugar plantations, is filled with amazement, and gets an idea of agricultural wealth and profuseness nowhere else to be witnessed in the world. On every side, the deep green cane-fields spread out in perspective, enlarged to his eye by the ever-retreating lines of the useful plow, that follow their course to the distant forests, which tower up from the swamps, and wave their moss-covered limbs in sullen grandeur, as a contrast to the smiling field, the crowded garden, and the ever busy joy of the agriculturist's home.

One of the most interesting and picturesque portions of Louisiana devoted to the cultivation of sugar, lying off the banks of the Mississippi River, is the country of "the Attakappas." This earthly paradise—for such a name it really deserves—lies west of the Mississippi River, and borders upon the Gulf of Mexico. It would be almost impossible to describe its character, it is so composed of bayous, lakes, rivers, prairies, and impenetrable swamps. To even a large portion of the oldest inhabitants of the State, Attakappas is an unknown region, and so it is destined to remain, except to its immediate inhabitants, if artificial means are not adopted to facilitate communication. In the spring you can reach the Attakappas in a comfortable steamer; later in the season all direct communication is cut off by the "low water," and you get there, and to all its fruitful adjacent regions, as best you can.

From the mouth of the Bayou Plaquemine, one hundred miles above New Orleans, to a place called Indian Village, a distance of nine miles; the waters of the Mississippi, when they are at their spring flood, pour down with tremendous velocity, and the ingenious navigator descends inland, with his gallant craft stern foremost, the powerful engines being necessary, not to propel, but to act as a drag, by working the wheels up stream, at the same time the boat is going in a contrary direction. A few miles, however, are only passed when the counteracting floods from the sea meet the waters of the Mississippi, and they compromise, by spreading out over the low lands, giving an idea of desolation difficult to imagine by those who have not witnessed the scene. Amidst this waste of waters the steamer pursues its way, sometimes passing through narrow avenues of cypress trees, and then suddenly emerging into vast turbid lakes, the surfaces of which are agitated by flocks of waterfowl, and the ever-vigilant but disgusting-looking alligator, that either floats as a log or, if too nearly approached, sinks like lead to the depths below. In the course of your voyage, you run across the beautiful sheet of water known as Berwick's Bay, which must have been a sacred place among the aboriginal inhabitants, judging from the mounds, and the remains of rude "Indian temples," that rise from its shores. You change your course, thread innumerable mazes, and in time find yourself upon the Têche—the beautiful and mysterious stream that flows through the Attakappas country, and upon the borders of which are the most enchanting scenery and the richest sugar farms of Louisiana.

Unlike the Mississippi, the Têche has no levees; its waters never overflow. The stately residences of the planters are surrounded by gardens, the shrubbery of which reaches to the water's edge, and hedges of rose and hawthorn,

SCENERY ON THE TECHE, ATTAKAPPAS.

of lemon and orange, every where meet the ravished eye. Along its shores the magnificent live-oak rears itself in all the pride of vigorous "ancient youth," and gives to the gently undulating landscape, the expression so often witnessed in the lordly parks of England, for the shelving and ever green banks of the Têche seem created rather by art than by nature, and the magnificent lords of the forest are distributed where the taste of Shenstone would have dictated.

Leaving the Têche, you soon come to the broad prairies, over which roam innumerable herds of cattle, and which are also diversified by lakes, their surfaces shaded from the hot sun by the broad-leafed nelumbium, and their depths filled with the choicest fish. Here again is to be seen the live-oak, perhaps in its most commanding form. Rising from the dead level, it towers a seeming mountain of vegetation, and finds a world of room for the extension of its gnarled and shaggy arms. Away off upon the horizon scud the mists of the sea, and the ever complaining surf, alone breaks solitudes even now as primitive as when the red man here held undisputed sway. . . . .

LIVE-OAKS OF LOUISIANA.

The pleasant town of Franklin lies upon the Têche, and is the shipping port of the richest sugar parish of the State. Vessels of large size while in the Gulf of Mexico turn aside from the mud-choked mouths of the Mississippi, and floating and cordelling through innumerable bays and bayous, finally work their way into the "interior," and mingle their rigging with the foliage of the forest. Here these argosies, born in the cold regions of the Aroostook, fill their holds with sugar and molasses, and, once freighted, wing their way to the north. . . .

Tradition says that in "old times" (fifty years ago!) a shrewd down-easter found himself hunting for a harbor along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. His brooms, his soap, candles, onions, and cod-fish were tossed about in uncertainty for days and nights, but, true Yankee-like, he turned his misfortunes to a good account, for, "guided by Providence," he finally found himself after many days in the Têche, surrounded and warmly greeted by a rich agricultural country, teeming with a primitive and unsuspecting population. Here, without a rival, he traded and bargained to his heart's content, exchanging his cargo of "notions" for cotton, fruits, and money; and then bore himself back to the land of "steady habits" a far richer man than when he left it, and the possessor of a secret that gave him the trading monopoly of the land of the Attakappas. For years, his vessel alone continued to visit the Têche, and he increased in wealth and importance beyond all who in his neighborhood "went down to sea in ships;" and it was not until he was about to be gathered to his fathers, that he left to his children and neighbors the knowledge of the *secret passes* that led from the sea to the happy land we have so vaguely described.

Running parallel with the Têche are magnificent lakes, that consequently lie upon the rear of the plantations. It is the mists from these inland seas, with those of the rivers, that rise over the sugar cane in winter, and protect it

from frosts which in less favored regions destroy the planter's prospects. To the accidental location of a plantation with regard to water, is it often indebted for a comparative exemption from freezing cold. Plantations, sometimes contiguous, will differ essentially in the preservation of cane; on one, it will stand uninjured until the last stalk is cut for the mill; in the other, it will have been blasted by the frost, and rendered almost worthless for the purposes of life.

Upon the large estates of the Têche, having these lakes in their rear, the luxury of bathing is enjoyed in perfection. As may be imagined, the lakes being as clear as crystal, and solid at their bottoms as minute shells can make them, and never dangerously deep near the shore, all become expert in this healthful exercise. We had a lady on a time pointed out to us, whose matronly beauty gave evidence of the once willingly acknowledged belle, who could as gracefully move in the waters of Grand Lake as she once did in the mazes of a dance at the Tuileries. Among her suitors—and she had many—was one fixed up for the occasion, whose age and heartlessness were hidden under artificial appliances, yet whose self-esteem was insufferable. The presumption of this beau piqued our Creole beauty, and while sailing upon the pellucid waters of Grand Lake, the gentleman expatiating upon his disinterested attachment, and his willingness to make ten thousand sacrifices to prove the ardor of his affection—the lady, with her tiny foot, struck the plug from the bottom of the skiff, and it slowly began to sink. The astonished lover, with distended eyes, looked into the watery gulf, and thought not of saving his lady-love, but his dress. Down—down went the frail bark, the cause of the mischief apparently an uninterested observer. In another instant the skiff was gone; the beau dissolved into fragments as he touched the water, while the lady, graceful as a naiad, reached the shore; and as she departed in her calash, she made the air musical with her merry laugh.

INDIANS, AND THEIR REMAINS.

There are curious ancient traditions about the land of the Attakappas, for the name in the aboriginal tongue signifies "eaters of men." The Indians in this favored land were unquestionably cannibals, and in this were exceptions to all the remaining tribes of the North American continent. In no part of the world could the means of life have been more spontaneous than in Attakappas. As we have already stated, the innumerable streams are crowded with fish, in the fall of the year the air is darkened by a thousand varieties of aquatic fowls, and in early times the prairies, now covered with kine, were then more abundantly supplied with buffaloes. But the old chronicles authenticate the charge, and relate with rare simplicity, of a long-starved, and no doubt naturally lean Frenchman, who fell into the clutches of the Indians, but being unfit for immediate consumption, was put aside, to be fattened for a future feast. In the mean time, he made himself popular and very useful, and not increasing in fat by the cuisine of the cannibals, he was permitted to live, and, an opportunity offering, finally made his escape.

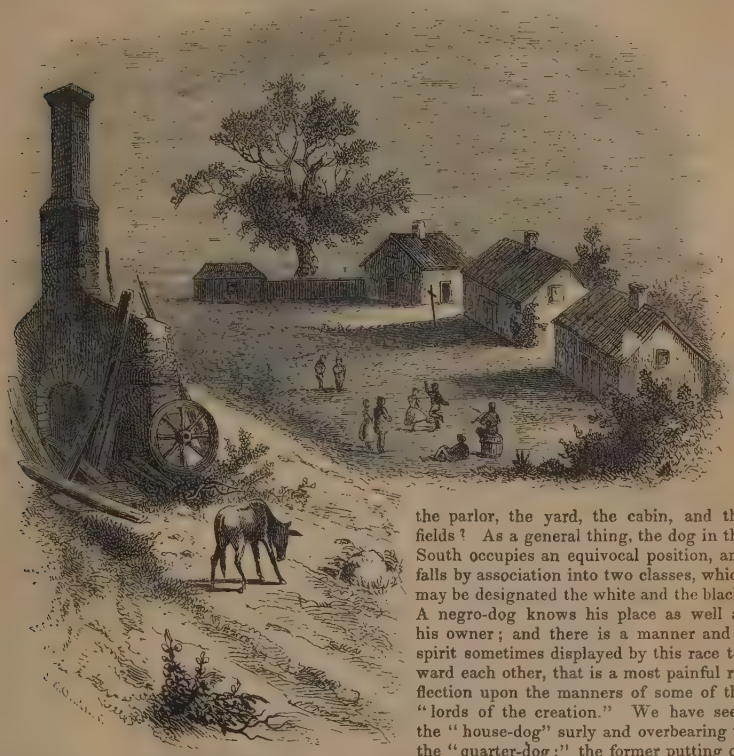
The burying-place of the Chatimeches, a neighboring tribe of the Attakappas, is still to be seen upon one of the islets of Grand Lake. Even within the memory of man, there lay undisturbed around the dead the last mementoes of affection deposited by the sorrow-stricken kindred. Earthen pots, cups of various kinds, and the trusty gun, mouldered untouched in the solitude. There seemed to be departed spirits that still lingered around, to punish the sacrilegious hand; but, alas! the curiosity-hunter and the phrenologist "passed by that way," and the spell was broken, and all that now remains is the *half-completed mound* of the poor Chatimeches. But there can still be seen how those curious monuments of Indian labor were raised—not, it would appear, by rapidity of construction, but in the course of long years and innumerable funeral rites. Upon the ground, within the prescribed circle, were laid the dead of the tribe, as they accumulated from the ravages of disease and the waste of wars. The space completely filled, a thin layer of earth was thrown over the deceased, and in successive years another tier of the dead accumulated, again to be covered with earth, and again to be the resting place of the Indian. In time the mound would be completed, and no doubt was left undisturbed, as the sacred resting place of the bones of the fathers of the tribe. The Chatimeches were cut off in the midst of their work; they have left a monument, the foundations only of which are visible; the only mound perhaps in such a condition that has ever been critically observed by the profane white, as he moves along, consuming nations instead of individuals in his progress, and in his work of destruction not hesitating to disturb the dead.

In digging into the ancient and completed mounds, every where to be met with in this particular section of country, there are found the remains of human bones, earthen vessels, and arrow-heads. Here we have a list of the imperishable property of the Indian. Had the Chatimeches mound, that we have alluded to, been finished by its projectors, and a century or two hence opened by some curious persons, there would have been discovered the earthen vessels; and in place of the arrow-heads, the remains of gun-barrels; which would show that the mound was erected by Indians, after they had become acquainted with the white inhabitants of the continent; thus stamping its modern character, when compared with those mounds, that existed long anterior to the discovery of America by European navigators.

PLANTATION LIFE ON THE COAST.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, which are termed by the inhabitants "the coast," may be seen the appliances of plantation life in their perfection. The stately residence rises out from among groves of lemon and orange-trees, of magnolia and live-oaks. Approaching from the

front, the walks are guarded by shrubbery of evergreen jessamines, and perpetually blooming flowers. Grouped in the rear, in strange confusion, is a crowd of out-houses; useful as kitchens, store-rooms, baths, with a school-house, and perhaps a chapel. A little farther on is the neat stable of the saddle and carriage-horses, around all of which is drawn the protecting fence, that shuts up "the residence" from the plantation. Passing beyond this magic circle, you find yourself in the broad fields devoted to the cultivation of cane; and, in the distance, you see the village known as the "quarters," formed of a number of one-story cottages, with



NEGRO QUARTERS.

the more pretending house of the overseer. In the rear of each cottage, surrounded by a rude fence, you find a garden in more or less order, according to the industrious habits of the proprietor. In all you notice that the "chicken-house" seems to be in excellent condition; its inhabitants are thrifty and well-conditioned. Above these humble inclosures, rise many tall poles, with perforated gourds suspended from the top, in which the wren, the martin, and socially-disposed birds, make a home, and gratify the kindly-disposed negro with their melody, their chattering, and their dependence upon him for protection.

But while speaking of the habitations and intelligent beings of the plantation, why should we overlook that companion of man, the dog, that in such extraordinary numbers, finds a home in the parlor, the yard, the cabin, and the fields? As a general thing, the dog in the South occupies an equivocal position, and falls by association into two classes, which may be designated the white and the black. A negro-dog knows his place as well as his owner; and there is a manner and a spirit sometimes displayed by this race toward each other, that is a most painful reflection upon the manners of some of the "lords of the creation." We have seen the "house-dog" surly and overbearing to the "quarter-dog;" the former putting on airs of superiority, and the other submitting, with the best grace possible, to offensive conduct which he dared not resent. That the dogs themselves make a distinction, there can not be a doubt; for one of them adopting a negro for his master, mixes up his fortunes and makes his home with his humble owner. The negroes are fond of dogs, and love their companionship; no litter of "nine blind puppies" was ever ruthlessly thrown into the engulfing stream by the humble African; he has his tradition characteristic of his heart, that it will bring "bad luck" thus to destroy canine infancy. The youthful planter on his part has likewise a great passion for dogs; and displays it, by frequently expending large sums for fancy importations; but excepting deer-hounds, none are really useful or much appreciated. We have seen some few packs tolerably well kept; but it is too much trouble

UNCLE POMP'S CABIN.

to keep them up, and game is too plenty in Louisiana to positively need such an expensive organization. We have been much amused when the newly-arrived setter, fresh from the hills and hollows of the North, was turned loose upon the strange alluvial soil of Louisiana, to see with what astonishment the Southern sportsman looked on as he discovered that "Carlo" did not "perform on the instant as well as represented." The poor dog, not yet off of his "sea-legs," not acquainted with his masters, not familiarized with any thing, would look about, get confused, be scolded at, and peremptorily ordered to do something, and then take to his heels, his reputation ruined—and we are all familiar with what becomes of a dog with a bad name. The truth is, the Southern planter is too much accustomed to be implicitly obeyed at the word of command, ever to have patience to humor the pets of the Northern sportsman; and the higher breeds of dogs, consequently, do not flourish; they degenerate, lose their self-esteem, and become utterly worthless; many, however, with native pride, refuse to go to the "quarters" for protection, and hang on to the skirts of gentility, preferring to be kicked and cuffed in good society, to a savage independence. Mongrel, indeed, are the dogs of a sugar estate; and, as they issue out upon some strange animal that may be passing by, there can be seen curs of every degree, and high-bred dogs of every conceivable price —some useful, some ornamental, and many worthless—but all involved in one general cry, all united by one interest.

The stables of a large plantation are among the last things visited; but they are none the less objects of curiosity to the tyro in Southern life. Here are often seen stalls for fifty, and, sometimes, a hundred mules and horses, arranged with order and an eye to convenience. The vast roof that covers these necessary appendages to a plantation, together with the granary, sheds, and a score or more of useful, but scarcely to be recollected structures, form, of themselves, a striking picture of prodigal abundance, and suggest the immense outlay of capital necessary to carry on a large sugar plantation with success.—But to the sugar-house: the crop has just been gathered; and, by the thousand wings of commerce, it has been scattered over the world; the engines of the sugar-house, therefore, are lifeless; its kettles are cold, its store-rooms are empty; and the key that opens to its interior hangs up in the master's house, where it will remain until the harvesting and manufacturing of the new crop.

PREPARATORY WORK.—DITCHING, CLEARING.

Immediately after the business of one year is closed, and the holidays are at an end, one of the first things attended to, as a commencement of the year's labor, is the clearing out of the ditches, that have become choked up by vegetation in the course of the summer and fall months. The ditches form one of the most important and expensive necessities of a sugar estate; for, with the exception of frost, standing water is the most destructive thing to cane. Rains that fall in torrents in these latitudes, not only have to be guarded against, but also the more insidious and ever-encroaching "transpiration water." To form an idea of what is meant by this term, it must be remembered that the lands on the Mississippi River are protected from annual inundation by embankments known as "levees." In the spring of the year, the Mississippi, as the conductor to the ocean of more than half the running water of the North American continent,

rises not only until its banks are full—but would, if left to itself, overflow for a season the whole lower country through which it passes. To remedy this evil, from below New Orleans and up toward the north for hundreds of miles, the river is lined by an embankment, which, in times of flood, confines its waters within its usual channel. These embankments vary from six to twelve feet in height. When the river is full, it will be noticed that there is an inconceivable pressure made by this artificial column upon the water that lies under the soil of the plantations. Consequently, there is a constant percolation up to the surface; and if this were not provided against by the most liberal and scientific method of ditching, although the sun might shine uninterruptedly for weeks, the cane crop would sicken and die, not as we have seen by the descending rains, but by the *ascending* flood that at these particular times literally boils and billows under the earth.

The highest lands upon the Mississippi River are those forming the banks; as you go inland, they gradually sink. In draining a plantation, it is customary to cut parallel ditches about two hundred feet apart, from the front to the rear of the plantation, with cross ditches every six hundred feet. This complication of artificial canals requires not only an enormous outlay of capital and occupation of valuable land, but also taxes the scientific engineer to give them their proper levels. In many instances, it is found impossible to accomplish this, and costly draining-machines have to be called into service. The voyager on the Mississippi, at the time when the river is "up," will often, in glancing over the fertile fields of the just budding cane, notice, far off in the dark moss-covered swamp, the constantly-puffing steam, that so eloquently speaks of the industry of man. There is erected the steam-engine, that in every revolution tumbles the superabundant water that is running so merrily in the ditches over the *back* levee into the swamp; the waters of which have, by the unerring laws of nature, found a level with the mighty reservoir of the "Father of Waters." The plantations and improvements are now, by many feet, lower than the wall of water that is piled up in their front and rear, and should the frail protection of the levee break, should some intrusive wave, or mischievous eddy, crumble away the rich soil that forms the embankment, the mighty flood that undisturbed or unchecked flows so noiselessly and peacefully along, obeying in its onward course so kindly the gentle checkings of human art—we say, let this flood throw one too many waves over the levee, or force one drop of water too much through its feeble walls, the barrier dissolves away, and the fountains of the great deep seem to be broken up, as they roll undisputed over the country, carrying terror and ruin, with the cry, "*The crevasse! the crevasse!*"

There are plantations on which within a square mile can be found from twenty to thirty miles of ditching. Often the "bayous" of the country are cleared out, and form an important natural adjunct in carrying off the surplus water, but to the labor of man is to be ascribed the making of the most formidable channels; for on some plantations can be seen a regular system of deep and carefully-constructed canals. It may be with truth said, that the industry and capital expended in Louisiana alone, to preserve the State from inundation, have erected works of internal improvement which, united, far surpass in extent, and if concentrated within the vision of a single eye, would be superior in magnificence to the renowned pyramids of Egypt.

This extensive ditching has required the labor of years to accomplish. At first very little was needed, for only the highest lands of the river were cultivated. As plantation after plantation was opened, and the levees increased, this ditching became more important—in fact, the value of the plantation for productiveness depended upon their construction. Where the "plantation force" is large, the negroes do most of this important work, and generally are able to keep all clean when once they are made. But the same hardy and improvident son of Erin that levels mountains at the North, or tunnels through their rocky hearts, that flourishing cities may be built, and railways be constructed, finds his way to the distant South; and with spade and wheelbarrow, is ever ready to move about the rich soil with an energy and ease that finds no rival except in the labors of an earthquake. Dig and delve may the Emeralder among the rocks of the everlasting hills of the North, and the monuments of his industry every where meet the eye; but it is not until the true-hearted Irishman puts his spade into the stoneless soil of lower Louisiana that digging becomes, as it were, ideal, and reaches its perfection. Here the sod and earth come up in the shapes cut by the spade; no envious and resisting pebble, even as large as the imperfect pearl that homes in the oyster, checks its way; all is smooth and glib, as if the digging were in a vast Berkshire cheese.

Never shall we forget our friend Finigan, who, upon first striking his spade into the rich alluvium, did absolutely, in the course of a few hours, dig himself out of sight, in the very exuberance of his enthusiasm. Finigan is a flourishing man now, and has raised up mementoes of his enterprise that will be as enduring as our State: he has become a "boss contractor" to ditch and levee; and I never see him now without, in spite of his new dignity, thinking of those terrible animals described by geologists, that had their head and feet shaped expressly to burrow in the ground, enabling them to turn up the tap-roots of the mighty oaks and cedars for food, with all the ease that a gardener would a radish. It was but recently that we met Finigan; he was contemplating a just completed "draining canal" upon one of our largest plantations. This canal was more than a mile long, ten feet deep, and fifteen wide, and could have been no more perfect in its square sides,

even if it had been the product of crystallization. While admiring this stupendous work, Finigan asked us what we thought was the most beautiful thing in nature. While hesitating to reply, he answered his own question, by saying he thought a "straight ditch was;" and we could add, if a straight ditch was not the handsomest thing in nature, it is to the planter, at least, one of the most useful things in Louisiana.

While the labor of cleaning out the ditches is going on, which is performed by the most robust of the negroes, another "gang" has been preparing the fields for the plow. When the cane of the "last year's crop" was being cut for the mill, it was stripped of its abundant leaves, and those joints not ripe were cut off. These leaves and cane-tops really form a large proportion of the gross vegetation of the annual product of the soil, and spread out upon the ground, cover it with a thick mat of slowly-decaying vegetation. This "trash" has answered one purpose—it has protected the "stubble," or roots, from the inclement weather of the winter months, but now the spring has come, the danger of frost has passed away, the ground must be prepared for a new crop, and the withering and drying "trash" must be removed from the surface of the soil. Some few planters, distinguished for their success in their pursuits, plant their cane rows ten feet apart, and plow the "trash" under the earth in the centre of the rows, where it is left to decay into a rich compost, to be used at a following spring, but generally it is set on fire as the least troublesome process of getting it out of the way. Of the improvidence of this method of "cleaning up" a cane-field, much has been said; but so long as the present system of cultivation is kept up and the soil shows no immediate injury, so long, we fear, will it be continued.

BURNING THE TRASH.

Of all the preparations that usher in the planting of a new crop, these fires from the burning trash form one of the most picturesque features. Generally lighted at night, the horizon will frequently be illuminated for miles; and as the steamers ply upon the Mississippi, the traveler is struck with the novelty, and with the splendor that every where meets his view. The rolling clouds and the ascending moon are tinged with red, the low landscape assumes mysterious forms, and at every bend in the river some unthought-of novelty strikes the eye.

PLANTING AND CULTIVATING THE CANE.

The ground once cleared of "trash," it is now ready for the plow. A sugar-cane field is sometimes a mile or more in extent, and but for the constant succession of side and cross-ditches, the furrows would run entirely across the field. As it is, they are frequently very long, and made with great precision by the skillful plowman. The field well tilled and harrowed, the furrows are run from six to ten feet apart, according to the notions of the planter. In the furrow, the cane preserved in the "matlays" is laid in two or three parallel lines, and well lapped, so that there will be little danger of not having a "good stand," for it must be remembered that from every joint of the matured cane there comes, if the eye be uninjured, a plant.

The "seed-cane" once deposited in its place, it is covered with earth from three to four inches deep, according to the season; if it is early, and cold may be expected, it is better protected than when the genial sun of spring has already commenced its vivifying influences.

WORKING THE CROP.

Nine months from the time that it is planted are required in Louisiana to ripen the cane. Upon its first appearance, it gives indication of strength; there is a dark green about the leaf

and a fibrous texture that instantly shows its nature. As it advances in strength, the most careful cultivation is required to keep it free from the weeds that grow so luxuriantly in the surrounding and recently-disturbed soil. Gradually, the once dark and charred fields at a distance, begin to assume a glow of green, and as the cane advances the plow and hoe are used in throwing soil upon the roots to protect them from the heat and drought of the midsummer months, while the leaves are still too delicate to afford a shade.

Difficult, indeed, would it be to give an idea of the labor necessary to complete the crops. The rain and the drought, the cold and the heat, all have to be guarded against. From the time the cane is put in the ground it is the source of constant anxiety. At first slow of growth, the rich soil in which it is hidden, turned up by the plow, revels with rank and quick-growing weeds and grasses, which if not subdued by the most patient industry, would soon choke up and destroy the just planted cane. It is therefore by a repetition of plowing and hoeing from day to day that the tender plant is absolutely nursed; —if it is cold, the earth is placed over the roots to keep them warm; if it rains, and the falling torrent has beaten down the sod, the plow is at hand to break up its compactness; if the water stands in the furrows, they are deepened, that it may run off. At least every two weeks, for nearly half the year, every part of the cane-field is wrought over until it possesses a garden-like neatness that commands the admiration of the person most indifferent to agricultural pursuits. As the season advances, the cane slowly but surely increases in size, and steadily enlarges its leaves, and increases their number, until they cast their own shade about their roots, and thus absorb the whole effects of the life-fostering sun that had previously awakened into existence so many troublesome and noxious weeds; and thus the hand of man becomes daily less and less necessary for the protection of the cane. Soon it takes entire possession of the surrounding earth, and flourishes without a rival in the field.

But before this is accomplished who but the interested husbandman can judge of the anxious hours that have been caused by each change of the season, or the varied temperature of the fleeting day? All that was favorable or unfavorable has been noticed, and amid the multiplicity of his cares he feels that—

> "The planter's labor in a round revolves;
> Ends with the year, and with the year begins."

But unseen influences are ever at work in the earth and the air to aid him in his pursuits, and at the close of each year he finds, that Providence has rewarded his industry, and that his storehouses are full.

The "growing crop" in Louisiana consists of three kinds of cane: the first is technically called "plant cane," and is that which springs directly from the "seed cane;" the second is called "rattoon," which is the growth from the roots of the previous year's plant cane; the third is called "stubble," which is the growth from the roots of the rattoon cane. In Cuba and the other West India Islands there are but two kinds of growing cane, the plant and the rattoon, for the latter named never becomes "stubble," by degenerating, as in Louisiana.

In going through a cane-field, you can readily discover the different growths. The plant cane is tall and vigorous, and has all the appearance of a new vegetation; the rattoon is more compact in its appearance, the stalk is smaller than that of the plant, there is an evident deterioration; still the joints are juicy, and perhaps what they lose in size, they may, in a great degree, make up in the superior strength of their saccharine secretions. The stubble is still smaller, and the stand only indifferently good; it seems to the unsophisticated as if a blight had passed over it. This rapid deterioration of the growth of the cane from the plant to the rattoon, will explain why it is necessary, in Louisiana, that *one-fifth of the crop* be returned to the soil for reproduction, and gives a startling idea of the superior remuneration of the climate of Cuba and the neighboring West India Islands; for in these islands the plant growing almost spontaneously, it is only necessary to manufacture the sugar from the cane juice, the care of cultivation, and providing of seed, being unimportant items. Taking the sugar crop of Louisiana to be three hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads, and each hogshead weighing one thousand pounds, it will be seen that sugar cane is returned to the ground as seed, that would produce the enormous amount of *seventy thousand* hogsheads of sugar; and this is lost to the State by the disadvantages of climate alone, for the soil of Louisiana is superior to any other portion of the world. But for this necessity of replanting, Louisiana would stand unrivaled in the production of sugar. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that only American industry and American ingenuity could have made, under the circumstances, the production of sugar in Louisiana an interest of vast commercial importance.

In the latter part of June, or by the middle of July, the cane has attained a strength and luxuriance that enables it to "take care of itself." The rapidly spreading leaves cast a dark shade upon the ground, that effectually prevents the growth of weeds, and, to use the expressive language of the agriculturist, the crop is "laid by."

PREPARATIONS FOR SUGAR-MAKING.

Now commence new and more heterogeneous labors. The mules, worked down by plowing, are turned loose to rest and recover their strength, to meet the heavy work of hauling in the fall, the perfected crop to the sugar house. The negroes are divided into "gangs," some to be employed in gathering "fodder," some to secure the crop of corn, now ripe and ready for the granary, some to manufacture bricks, while

the sturdier hands are busily employed in cutting wood.

The amount of fuel consumed in the production of sugar is enormous. Three cords are on an average necessary for the manufacture of a hogshead of sugar, of the usual weight of one thousand pounds Ten years ago, five cords were necessary for the manufacture of a hogshead, but the improvements in the "setting of kettles" has lessened the number of cords needed nearly one half. This wood will readily sell to the steamboats throughout the sugar region of Louisiana for three dollars per cord, consequently each thousand hogsheads of sugar costs nine thousand dollars in its manufacture for wood alone.

As may be imagined, the primitive forests are rapidly disappearing before this consumption, and already many large plantations are lessened in value, because they have little or no timber left upon them. In Cuba, the *bégasse*, or the remains of the cane after it has been ground in the mill, is quite sufficient as fuel to make the crop; but in Louisiana this vegetable matter is destroyed. The *bégasse* is a spongy fibrous mass, composed of the crushed pith and outside covering of the sugar cane. It absorbs water from the atmosphere, and is very difficult to dry. Various ingenious expedients have been resorted to, to make this vast refuse of the crop, as in Cuba, useful for the purposes of fuel, but none, we believe, have been successful. In Cuba and the West India Islands, the dry weather continues for months without the exception of a single wet day; consequently, the *bégasse* is thrown out in the open air, and under a tropical sun soon becomes as dry as tinder, and burns under the sugar kettles with a vehemence that defies competition. In Louisiana, the climate is damp, and in the fall showery, and the *bégasse*, in the open air, so far from drying, absolutely becomes more incombustible from wet, than when it is first brought from the mill. The necessity of economy in fuel is every where acknowledged, and ingenious men are endeavoring to invent machinery for rapidly drying the *bégasse* by artificial means, so as to render it fit for immediate use; but up to the present time this grand object has not been accomplished, and the *bégasse* still remains a mass of vegetable matter, not only of no use to the planter, but absolutely causing considerable expense in order to get it out of the way.

The various buildings necessary upon every plantation for the manufacture of cane juice into sugar, differ in costliness according to the means of the planter, and the demands of the estate on which they are needed. Generally they are placed midway between the river and the forests in the rear of the plantation. This is done to divide up as much as possible the distance that must be traversed in hauling the wood from "the swamps," the cane from the fields, and the crop to the river for shipment. Within the last few years the improvements introduced in the appearance of the sugar house are very apparent. Some of them now have, on the outside, quite an imposing appearance.

The introduction of steam engines not only changed the architectural appearance of the sugar house, but, no doubt, saved the sugar crop to the State as an important staple. Under the operation of grinding with horses, portions of the crop are lost, from the imperfect manner in which the cane is ground, and also for want of expedition, for the process is so slow, that before a large crop could be ground, a portion of the cane would be found in the field injured by the frost. There are nearly fifteen hundred sugar plantations in Louisiana, one-third of which have "horse-mills," but it is considered profitable to go to the expense of steam, when the produce of the plantation is one hundred hogsheads or upward.

On every plantation the sugar house is one of the most prominent objects. It would be impossible to give a correct idea of the immense amount of money lavished upon these adjuncts to the sugar estate, not only for things acknowledged to be useful and positively necessary, but more particularly for apparatus to be used in the manufacture of the crop. Hundreds of thousands of dollars annually find their way to the coffers of the Northern artisan, in return for his skillful labor in endeavors to improve upon the machinery used in the crystallization of sugar, and so willing are the spirited planters to beautify and adorn their sugar houses, that mills and engines are now erected, that in elaborate workmanship seem rather for ornament than for use. The cheapest sugar house that can be erected, costs at least twelve thousand dollars. Twice that sum will build the house and purchase the machinery for the best class of plantations, that make the common brown or muscavado sugar: such a house as we intend particularly to describe.

Many of the largest plantations in the State are properly "refineries," for they have the means, not only for producing white or refined sugar directly from the cane juice, but occupy a portion of the year in "working over" the brown sugars made on other plantations. Eminent among these large estates is one in the parish of St. James, and the particulars relating to it will not prove, perhaps, uninteresting to the reader.

REFINERY AND PLANTATION OF ST. JAMES.

The tract of land connected with this estate, contains nine thousand acres, one thousand five hundred of which are under cultivation, and divided as follows: eight hundred acres in cane; two hundred and ninety-four acres in corn; one hundred and fifty acres cultivated by the negroes for their own use; ten acres in olives; the remainder of the fifteen hundred acres alluded to as under cultivation, is taken up by potatoes, building lots, pasturage, and gardens: the remainder of the nine thousand acres is in forest, from which is taken the fuel consumed in manufacturing and refining, and

the timber for the casks used in packing the sugar for market.

The buildings consist of the proprietor's dwelling and out-houses—twenty-four negro houses with verandahs in front; each cabin is forty feet square, and contains four rooms, and each cabin has a garden and fowl-house attached—a hospital sixty-four feet square, containing seven rooms, and an immense verandah—a nursery fifty feet square, store-houses, overseer's or manager's house, stables containing one hundred stalls, two wood houses, each four hundred feet long by one hundred wide, one sugar house five hundred and seventy feet long, by seventy-five feet wide, thirty-four feet high between the floor and ceiling, and a "double saw-mill."

The machinery consists of steam saw-mills and pumping-engine at the river for supplying the sugar house with water, steam-engine of eighty horse-power, and sugar-mill for grinding cane, engines, vacuum-pans, and a complete apparatus for making and refining twenty-five thousand pounds of sugar every twenty-four hours direct from the cane-juice, and doing this entirely by steam.

The stock upon the plantation consists of sixty-four mules, twelve horses, sixteen oxen, one hundred and forty-five sheep, eighty head of cows and "beeves," two hundred and fifteen slaves—among which are one hundred and seven field hands, two coopers, one blacksmith, two engineers, four carpenters, twenty house-servants, four nurses, eleven old men and women that attend to the stables, and sixty-four children under five years of age.

The cash expenses of this estate are twenty thousand dollars annually, paid to managers, sugar-makers, engineers, and for food and clothing for the negroes, and repairs of machinery and buildings. The weekly rations of each negro are five and a half pounds of mess-pork, best quality, with as much meal and potatoes as they choose to take—in addition to which every one has his pigs and his poultry; for all adults have not only the chicken-yard, but also their garden, which they are obliged to cultivate for their own benefit—the surplus of vegetables and poultry being purchased by their master, and paid for in gold and silver, and amounted, in the year just past, to one thousand five hundred and sixty dollars—this sum not including the money obtained by sales of poultry, pigs, eggs, and fruits, to chance customers. In addition still, the negroes annually receive two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes, a blanket, and hat.

The value of the estate of St. James, and of its productions for the year 1852, are as follows:

VALUE OF THE ESTATE.

Land: 9000 acres, at $40	$360,000
Buildings	100,000
Machinery	60,000
Slaves	170,000
Stock	11,000
Total	$701,000

PRODUCTIONS OF THE ESTATE IN 1852.

Sugar: 1,300,000 lbs., at 6 cts.,	$78,000	
Syrup: 60,000 gallons, at 36 cts.,	21,600	
		99,600
Corn: 9000 barrels for consumption on the estate; wood: 3000 cords for the engine-house. Estimated value		$14,400
Total products of the estate,		$114,000

This plantation shows the average production of the best class of sugar estates in Louisiana, the largest of which, in 1852, yielded a revenue of one hundred and fifty-two thousand and fifty dollars; but these estates increase the value of their products, by the aid of costly machinery, not used on the ordinary plantations.

And here, it is perhaps pertinent to remark upon the natural dependence of one portion of the Union upon another, as illustrated by the distribution of a large portion of the income of this particular plantation. The bricks and timber of the immense sugar-house, we have noticed, are of home growth and manufacture; but these crude materials form only an unimportant item in the gross expense. The mill, the steam-engines, the complicated vacuum-pans, the bone-black, the wrought iron moulds, the iron of the railway, the mules, the wagons, the carts, the food, the clothing for an army of negroes, and the ten thousand not recollected but expensive items, are all produced at the North and West; and hundreds of families in those distant portions of the country are just as dependent for their living as the planter himself upon the successful cultivation of the sugar-cane crop.

SUGAR-MAKING.

The sugar-house, which boils in "open kettles," is the one generally met with throughout the State, and the sugars thus produced are in the most universal use. There can not be a doubt that good brown sugar is sweeter than any other, and that the process which it goes through to deprive it of its dark color also takes from it some of its intrinsic qualities. Some profess to make a distinction between saccharine and sweet; and say that in one sugar the sweet predominates; in another, the saccharine. The Chinese make the fanciful distinction of male and female sugar—the former being most saccharine, the latter most sweet. That there is a perceptible difference in the taste of sugars can not be denied; and perhaps it is true that raw or brown sugar is most sweet, and refined sugar the most saccharine. The marked differences in sugar are no doubt owing, in some degree, to the soil and to the season, but more particularly to the consequences resulting from successful and unsuccessful manufacture. The Louisiana planters, beyond any others in the world, have been most successful in crystallizing sugar direct from the cane-juice; and we have therefore, in their method, the most perfect examples that can be given of the primitive, and, if you please, the natural way of producing sugar.

The preparations for "grinding"—the term

generally used when speaking of manufacturing the crop, are the preliminaries of a busy but happy season. The cultivation of the cane, that has consumed the hard labor of nearly a year, has become tedious; and master and servant greet with gratification a change from a severe routine to a rush of work that may be said hourly to yield the most satisfactory evidence of remuneration. The season of harvesting approaches, and who does not rejoice? The sugar house is thoroughly examined, and each ramification, or department, undergoes a rigid scrutiny. The kettles, it is discovered at the eleventh hour, need many repairs in their setting; the engine wants several screws; the mill is out of order; the coolers have opened their seams; the purgery wants cementing; the hogsheads are not all made; and the poor planter finds that the work of the leisure hours of summer is now crowded into a few already too much occupied days. Every thing is hurry and bustle; and the negroes, suddenly rising in importance by the multifarious demands made upon them, seem to shine with an extra polish as they pursue their allotted tasks. The day "to begin" has been named, but it is deferred to another "set time" that proves to be inconvenient, because the cane-wagons are not ready, and the harness needs repairs; and so continues a chapter of annoyances which is only by extra exertion brought to an end.

And now may be seen the field-hands, armed with huge knives, entering the harvest field. The cane is in the perfection of its beauty, and snaps and rattles its wiry-textured leaves, as if they were ribbons, and towers over the head of the overseer as he rides between the rows on his good-sized horse. Suddenly, you perceive an unusual motion among the foliage —a crackling noise, a blow—and the long rows of growing vegetation are broken, and every moment it disappears under the operation of the knife. The cane is stripped by the negroes of its leaves, decapitated of its unripe joints, and cut off from the root with a rapidity of execution that is almost marvelous. The stalks lie

GATHERING THE CANE.

scattered along on the ground, soon to be gathered up and placed in the cane-wagons which, with their four gigantic mule-teams, have just come rattling on to the scene of action with a noise and manner that would do honor to a park of flying artillery.

We have already alluded to the fact that the sugar crop has to be gathered in Louisiana within ninety days, or else it will be destroyed by the cold; as a consequence, from the moment the first blow is struck, every thing is inspired with energy. The teams, the negroes, the vegetation, the very air, in fact, that has been for months dragging out a quiescent existence, as if the only object of life was to consume time, now start as if touched by fire. The negro becomes supple, the mules throw up their heads and paw the earth with impatience, the sluggish air frolics in swift currents and threatening storms, while the once silent sugar house is open, windows and doors. The carrier shed is full of children and women, the tall chimneys are belching out smoke, and the huge engine, as if waking from a benumbing nap, has stretched out its long arms, given one long-drawn respiration, and is alive.

In the mean while the cut cane is accumulating in the carrier shed; it rises up in huge masses on every side. Enough "to commence" is obtained, and the steam-pipe whistles shrilly, the lumbering carrier moves, the cane is tumbled between the rollers and ground up, its saccharine juice in breaking jets runs merrily into the receiver. The furnace fires now send forth a cloud of smoke, and by the time night sets in the sugar house is literally in a blaze.

> "While flame the chimneys, while the coppers foam,
> How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles."

The planter now becomes indifferent to sleep or rest, and often spends a large portion of the night in visiting the different departments of the busy scene, noticing the working of the engine and the mill, but more particularly he hangs over the kettles, to see what the newly-expressed juice promises. As is always the case with that from cane first cut from the fields, it yields only indifferently well, and it seems as if a "strike" would never be made.

The "taking off the crop" has now fairly commenced, and for sixty or ninety days all is hurry and bustle. From morn to night, and night to morn, the unfeeling and powerful steam engine seems to drag along with its untiring industry all within its influence, and man and beast must be alike insensible to fatigue. Strange as it may appear, under this severe tax every thing thrives; there is something about the season, the peculiar labor, and the constant indulgence in eating the juice of the cane, that produces unwonted health, and consequently the highest flow of animal spirits. But the planter is not exempt from his misfortunes, and they seem sometimes to accumulate at this critical period. The sugar maker does not succeed in

SUGAR HOUSE IN FULL BLAST.

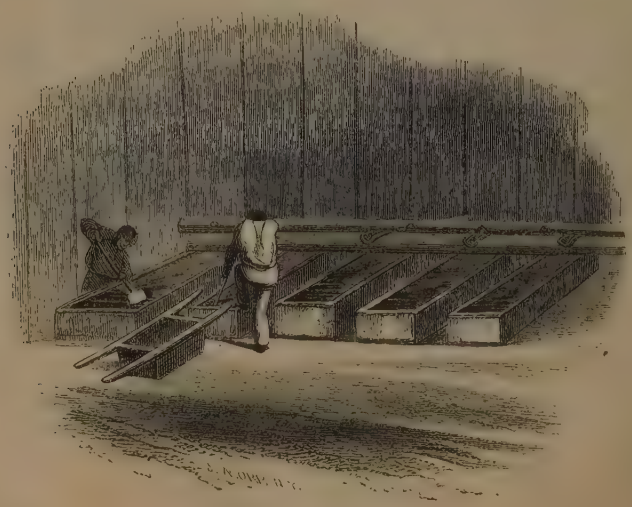
producing "the staple" of a favorite color and proper grain; an unusual quantity of cane passes through the rollers for the amount of sugar known to be in the coolers. Frequently the immense pressure brought upon the mill breaks it asunder, and as there is no place nearer than New Orleans in which to get repairs, a delay is the consequence, harassing in the extreme. The "invalid roller" is tumbled down to the levee, and as the regular "coasting packet" comes along, the experienced eye of the captain detects, by the anxious group ashore, that something has gone wrong at the sugar house. There are the negroes rushing up and down, hallooing and waving their arms for signals, long after the announcement is made that the boat will make the landing. Then the planter, with his working clothes on, paces up and down the levee, his hands thrust in his pockets, his mouth grim, while he speculates upon his extraordinary "bad, bad luck," when compared with his neighbors and "the rest of mankind."

But the sugar house has other scenes: frequently there are pleasant apartments fitted up for "the family," and the socialities of life are displayed in the most delightful manner; the amenities of high civilization and out-door living blend in beautiful harmony. Here, amid the bustle, the family meal is taken, and every appetite is increased by the bracing air of a Southern winter. The invalid, white or black, that has long been confined to the sick bed, hastens to the sugar house, and in the rarefied air and sweetened steam that pervades a portion of the building, finds a balm for the pains in the chest, and a relief to the distressing cough. The bloom of health not only deepens upon those who already possess it, but revives upon the faded cheek.

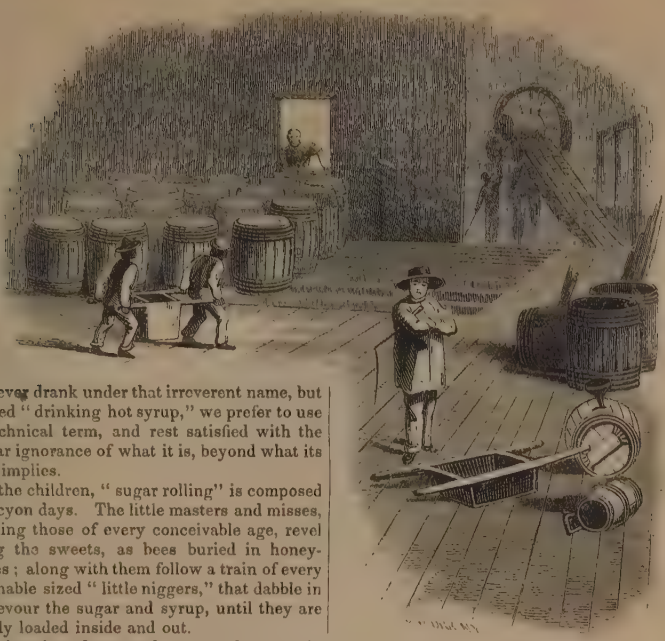
The healthful influence of the "boiling season" upon the sick and debilitated of the sugar plantation, and the invigorating qualities of the cane juice upon all who drink it from the kettles, or extract it themselves from the plant, has often been noticed and taken advantage of. Grainger, the rural poet of Basseterre, near a century ago, thus apostrophizes:

> "While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
> Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each morn,
> But chief the sick and young at setting day,
> Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts
> Of tepid nectar; so shall health and strength
> Confirm thy negroes, and make labor light."

As the medicinal qualities of the steam arising from the sugar kettles, and the use of the hot syrup as a drink for invalids, are beginning to attract the speculative attention of some eminent practitioners, we should perhaps be remiss if we did not mention a favorite sugar house beverage, very much in demand by those who, from all external appearance, seem to be any thing but victims of pulmonary complaints. A tumbler of cane juice, partially boiled down to the crystallizing point, is well "tempered with French brandy"—such is the term used—and drank with great precipitation, and is generally not considered unnecessary or unpalatable by gentlemen visitors. There are some persons, however, who are obliged to add to this novel libation some of the acid from the innumerable sour oranges that load the trees in the neighborhood of the sugar house. Persons who are good judges have pronounced this mixture as being nothing more or less than "hot punch;" but as



SYRUP COOLERS.



THE PURGERY.

it is never drank under that irreverent name, but is called "drinking hot syrup," we prefer to use the technical term, and rest satisfied with the popular ignorance of what it is, beyond what its name implies.

To the children, "sugar rolling" is composed of halcyon days. The little masters and misses, including those of every conceivable age, revel among the sweets, as bees buried in honeysuckles; along with them follow a train of every imaginable sized "little niggers," that dabble in and devour the sugar and syrup, until they are literally loaded inside and out.

The interior of a sugar house can be properly divided into the "cooler room," the "purgery," the place for the kettles, and the mill. These differently named places and things are all connected together, so that the cane juice from the mill runs through provided gutters into the receiver that supplies the kettles; the cane juice, by the power of heat brought to the point of crystallization, is thrown into the "coolers," from which coolers it is removed into the "purgery," where it is, as sugar, placed in hogsheads, and allowed to drain of its molasses, or imperfectly crystallized cane juice; from the "purgery" it comes out the article of commerce and domestic use so familiar to all.

The "coolers" are troughs from ten to twelve feet in length, a foot and a half deep, and four feet wide. They are arranged in lines parallel to each other, yet wide enough apart to admit of a laborer going between them. These coolers hold, when conveniently full, from a hogshead to a hogshead and a half of sugar.

The "purgery" consists of a long room, generally one of the wings of the sugar house, at the bottom of which, in the place of a floor, is a hydraulic cement cistern, about four feet deep. Over this cistern are laid strong timbers, on which the hogsheads rest when they are being filled from the coolers. At the bottom of the hogsheads are holes, out of which the molasses drains into the cistern.

The mill used in grinding sugar cane consists generally of three iron rollers, of two feet and a half in diameter and five feet in length. They are placed about five-sixteenths of an inch apart, and are capable of sustaining an immense outward pressure as the cane passes between them. A stalk of sugar cane is heavy and compact, and has a great deal of strong vegetable conformation about it, but let it pass between the rollers of the mill, and it comes out crushed into fragments—literally ground into dust and ribbons. This mill is placed at some considerable height from the ground, so that the expressed cane juice, as it flows from it, will readily run down to the kettles.

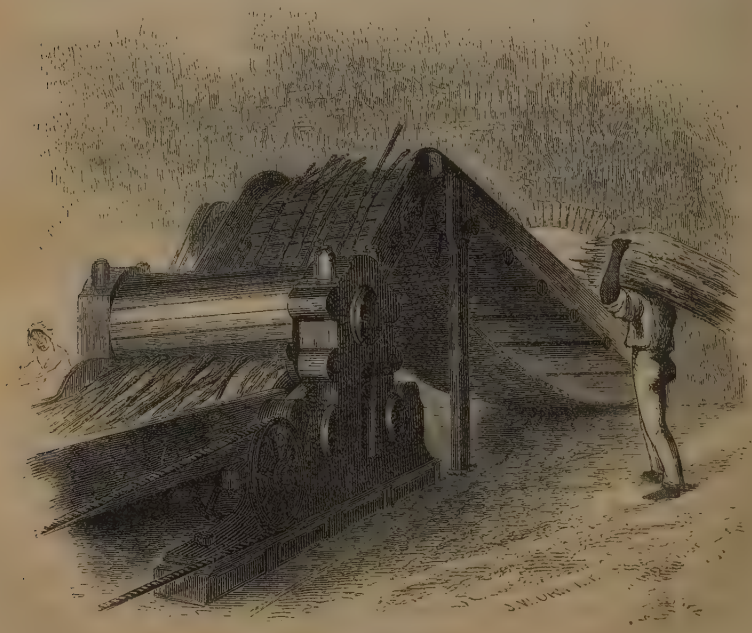
Attached to the mill is an ingenious contrivance known as the "carrier." This consists of a never-ending band, about three feet wide, made of chains and cross bars of wood, that runs upon rollers, and is used to bring the cane from the outside of the building up and into the mill. The carrier generally reaches a considerable length beyond the walls of the sugar house, and, as the grinding goes on, is fed with cane by the women and children appointed for that purpose. The primitive method of supplying the mill with cane was for the negroes to "carry" it by armfuls, which is still the general custom in Cuba and in the West India Islands. But on the introduction of steam, power was easily obtained, and machinery was soon brought to relieve the la-

borer of this then most unpleasant duty. Now the cane is placed upon the carrier, at a long distance from the mill; it is arranged in parallel lines, as upon a table, and moves quietly to its place of destination. The steam engine, that is the motive power of this machinery, is too familiar to need a notice from us.

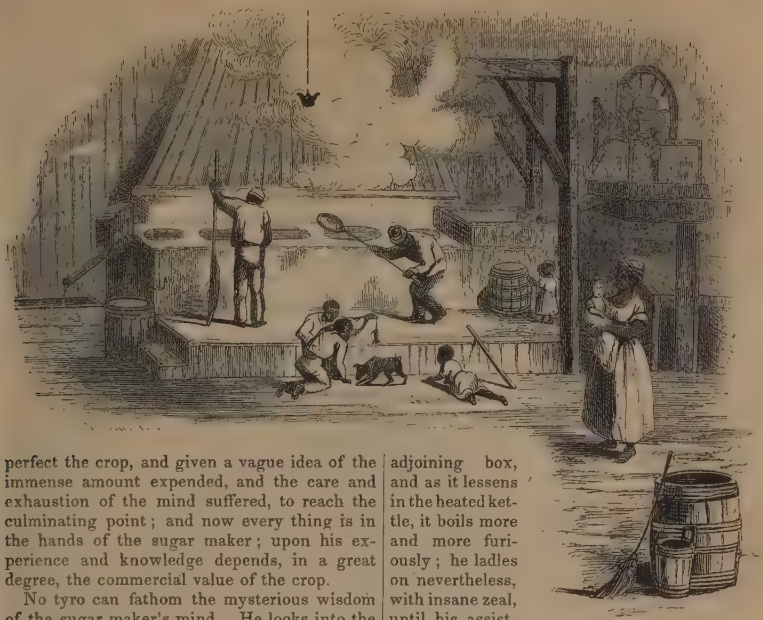
A "set of kettles" consists of five deep evaporating cast or wrought iron kettles, arranged in solid masonry, so that they set in a line, with their tops all upon the same level. Underneath these kettles is a furnace, the mouth of which is outside of the building. The furnace is so arranged that the flame from the burning wood passes, in its progress to the chimney, under each kettle. Sugar makers have given to these several kettles distinct names, as follows: the *batterie*, the *sirop*, the *flambeau*, the *propre*, the *grande*. Each of these boilers enlarges progressively, from the *batterie* to the *grande*.

As the sugar cane juice flows from the mill, it runs into a large wooden reservoir, that connects by a cock with the *grande*. At the commencement of making sugar, every kettle is filled with juice, the fire in the mean time has been lighted, and it soon gives out an intense heat. The concentration of flame is under the *batterie*, for this kettle is situated directly over the mouth of the furnace. As soon as the juice begins to boil, there rises to the top a vast amount of woody fibre, and other foreign substances, not before observable, and the attendants commence, with a large wooden sword, to sweep off the scum of the kettles, from the *batterie* toward the *grande*. In this way, the whole line is purified. As might be presumed, evaporation takes place most rapidly at the *batterie*; consequently, while the dirt that gathers on the top of the foaming kettles is swept by the sword to the *right*, the ladle is used to bring the concentrating juice to the *left*, so as to keep every kettle full. Directly over the boiling kettles is what is termed the steam chimney, through which passes the vapor that rises from the rapidly evaporating cane juice. As can be readily perceived, the concentrating of the saccharine liquid by heat, requires that the several kettles should be constantly replenished, and it is done as follows: the mill fills the reservoir, the reservoir the *grande*, the grand the *propre*, and so on, the liquor passing from one kettle to another, until the *batterie* receives the concentrated juice of three or four charges of the *grande*, after it had passed necessarily through all the named vessels of the entire "set," and had been "tempered" and "skimmed" as much as the process would permit.

At the *batterie* stands the "sugar maker," the important functionary, for the time being, of the sugar plantation. His commands, be he as black as midnight, are attended to with a unquestioning punctuality that shows how much is dependent upon his skill. We have gone through the details of the labor necessary to



SUGAR MILL.



INTERIOR OF SUGAR HOUSE.

perfect the crop, and given a vague idea of the immense amount expended, and the care and exhaustion of the mind suffered, to reach the culminating point; and now every thing is in the hands of the sugar maker; upon his experience and knowledge depends, in a great degree, the commercial value of the crop.

No tyro can fathom the mysterious wisdom of the sugar maker's mind. He looks into the *batterie*, but sees more than is accorded to the vision of the uninitiated. The dark tumbling mass of liquid sweet, appeals to his judgment in every throe it heaves from its bosom; a large and ominous bubble will perhaps fill him with dismay; if the mass settles down into quietude, he will yell frantically to the old Argus at the furnace, to "throw in more wood;" perhaps the liquid will then dance and frolic, and whiten and coquette, and then comes over the face of the sugar maker a grim smile of satisfaction, as he, with his wooden spatula, beats down and breaks the bubbles, that might otherwise rise too high. Now also the sugar maker observes the syrup as it cools upon his ladle, and also sees if it will string into threads, for the critical moment is approaching, the "strike" is at hand.

We forgot to say that at the head of the sugar kettles, there was a square box that communicates by movable troughs with all the coolers. The moment the contents of the *batterie* indicate that it must soon be thrown off, which cooler is to receive it is decided upon, and arrangements are made accordingly.

The sugar maker, now armed with an immense ladle, fastened on the end of a long handle, holds it suspended over the *batterie;* the sugar maker's assistant, likewise prepared, holds his ladle over the *sirop*, or second kettle. The moment the *strike* is ready, the sugar maker's object is to get the liquid as quickly as possible out of the *batterie*. Over he throws it into the adjoining box, and as it lessens in the heated kettle, it boils more and more furiously; he ladles on nevertheless, with insane zeal, until his assistant, seeing what remains in the *batterie* would be destroyed by the glowing heat, tumbles over the displaced quantity from the *sirop*, which is in turn replenished from the *flambeau*, the *flambeau* from the *propre*, the *propre* from the *grande*, and the *grande* from the juice boxes or receivers connected with the mill, and then the work goes on to complete another "strike."

The hot liquor from the *batterie* has, in the mean time, pursued its way along the troughs, and distributed itself over the cooler, where, presenting a large surface to the surrounding air, you can see it crystallizing under your gaze, and taking upon itself the familiar form of brown or muscovado sugar.

At stated times the *coolers* are emptied of their contents; stout negroes are appointed to do what is termed, "potting the sugar," which means, carrying it to the hogsheads, which are, as we have already stated, setting upon timbers over the *purgery*. The contents of the coolers form a mass, more or less a mixture of sugar and molasses. If you strike a spade into the centre of a well filled cooler, and remove a portion of its contents, you will see the opening gradually fill up with a rich fluid, that seems to exude from every part of the wounded mass; this fluid is denominated the *bleedings*, and contains, no doubt, much of the imperfectly crystallized sugar, that never finds its way into the molasses. The sugar thrown into the hogs-

heads, settles down, and becomes thoroughly cool. If the weather in which it has been made was favorable, and the cane was thoroughly ripe, very little drainage, comparatively, takes place; but if the cane were green, the sugar maker inexperienced, or the plant the least touched with frost, these sad truths can be learned by the increasing volume of molasses that is found in the cisterns of the *purgery*, and the planter, in the bitterness of his heart, finds out that he is making an immense amount of molasses, when his energies have been directed only to produce a crop of sugar.

To remedy the defects of sugar making, has called into action the first order of minds, and consumed an almost unlimited amount of money. There are no less than eight different methods of sugar making by machinery, carried on in Louisiana, the object of each of which seems to be, to procure the product without the adulteration or mixture with any foreign substance. The method of sugar making that we have described is the simplest and the most primitive, it is really, simply boiling the juice of the cane down, until all the water in it is evaporated, and then letting it *cool* into sugar. But it is noticeable, that the manner is necessarily very imperfect. The moment that the cane juice has been brought by heat to the point of granulation, it should instantly be transferred to the *coolers*. The most expert sugar maker can not always judge of the exact moment when he should *strike*, and under all circumstances he must commence "throwing off," with the full assurance that the syrup will be unequally done, for that which is taken from the *batterie* in the commencement of the strike, must be less affected with heat, than that which is taken at its end. Some of the syrup will be at the crystallizing point, some of it burnt, and some in its raw state. Here, then, we find the causes of the brown color of the sugar, and why molasses also is produced.

Chemists and machinists have exhausted their skill, to find out the way to turn cane juice into pure sugar, unalloyed with any other substance. They have endeavored to avoid burning the sugar by evaporating the juice with steam, and by the use of vacuum pans, so that the heat used could be scientifically regulated, the great desideratum being to work up the cane juice into sugar of a pure quality, without loss by imperfect crystallization, as exhibited in inferior sugar and in the production of molasses.

The importance of this can hardly be realized by any one but the producer. A slight difference in the color of sugar, or in the size of the crystals, will make thousands of dollars difference in the value of a large crop. Sugar that sells for sixty dollars the hogshead, entails no more expense upon the planter than that which brings him in half that sum; consequently, the "high-priced" sugar costs for freight and packing, just half as much as the inferior article; while the advance of a cent on a pound upon a crop of sugar, may cause a princely return to the planter for his year's labor; or the deduction of a cent on a pound, a trivial sum, when divided among the consumers, may be to the planter the cause of his pecuniary ruin.

With the inducements held out to improve the quality of sugar, it is no wonder that so much money is expended in the purchase of costly machinery. Still, the old-fashioned "open kettle" method that we have endeavored to describe, maintains its popularity, in spite of the evident waste that attends it. Machinery of the proper kind is difficult to obtain, and the almost human sensibility it displays in its liability to be deranged, causes disappointment and frequent loss, and satisfies the planter that complicated machinery can only be used with advantage in connection with an enormous outlay of capital, and with appliances not always at his command. The great mass of labor that is expended in making sugar is performed by negroes; and only the simplest and most physical methods are with safety intrusted to their care.

As the manufacturing of the crop progresses, the waving cane in the fields continues to ripen, the increasing cold stops the circulation of the sap, and checking the growth of the plant, the juices are perceptibly enriched in a night. Often, indeed, on favorable days, you can break the cane; and as the juice flows down the stalk, you can see it granulate before your eyes, without the aid of any evaporation, except such as comes from the surrounding air. The influence of cold in enriching the sap of plants is observable not only in the cane, but in the sugar-maple-trees of the North; for, with them a warm "unseasonable" day ruins the sap, and turns it into a nauseous, valueless fluid; but let the wind chop round to the north, and even while the sap flows it will change, and become rich and valuable for the wants of man. To the planter, in the "grinding season," the fear of the frost and of excessive heat, keeps him in a state of constant anxiety. A warm sun is destructive; a freeze, ruinous.

As soon as the perfected sugar begins to accumulate in the *purgery*, the "sugar broker," armed with a huge auger, makes his appearance on the plantation, and is always welcomed as a guest, if not always popular as a business man. The sugar broker is the antipodes of the planter: one has an interest in high prices, the other in low prices; one is domestic, the other foreign; one is always in haste, the other has unappreciated quantities of spare time. The sugar broker carries with him a mysterious face, and affects to know something about the markets that can not be divulged without agitating the commercial world; he also insinuates to the planter that he has information about the unusual amount of the "coming crop," that renders it very important that the producer should "take advantage of the present ruling prices." The sugar broker is also a singular evidence of the natural incapacity some people have of discovering light-colored sugars; for with the broker they are always dark, if he is

purchasing; and he never *can* see a light-colored sugar except when he has it to sell. The sugar broker generally brings the news of the day to the residents of the plantation, and becomes very popular, if he can make himself agreeable at all. A little experience makes you acquainted with the sugar broker; he is peculiar; and if it were not for the fact that he wields such an important influence in the sale of the crop, every body would be amused at his awkward manner of riding, his "on 'Change" look, his city habits, and his bustling manners, which contrast so strangely with the quiet demeanor of the planter.

The novelty of sugar making in time passes away, and the whole affair assumes a business sameness. Each person, by experience, becomes familiar with his duty, and things go on with tolerable smoothness. The "planter's family" has moved permanently back to the mansion; and the ladies seldom visit the sugar house, except to accompany visitors, or for the purpose of healthful exercise. The mules are now pretty well "worked down," in hauling the cane from the fields; the negroes are calculating when will come "the finish," and as January approaches the weather becomes unsettled, the rains fall, and the roads are "cut up." And the "last load" of cane, as it is carried to the mill, is greeted with satisfaction; and already hope pictures new pleasures that are to be enjoyed in the time consumed in the production of the "next crop."

HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.

At the close of the year's labor are the holidays, which extend from Christmas to New Year. The negroes now enjoy uninterrupted repose; or, rather, have the liberty of indulging their caprices, so long as they are harmless to themselves and others, free from constraint. It is the season of enjoyment and festivity, and the time for settling up their outstanding accounts with each other, and the master and mistress of the plantation. The long running account for chickens, eggs, and vegetables, is liquidated by the good housewife; and the master pays for innumerable things, which have been provided by the slave, without interfering with his accustomed labors. Now it is that crates of cheap crockery and bales of gayly-colored handkerchiefs find a ready sale; and the peddlers that infest "the coast" reap a rich harvest, by selling at large profits ribbons and nick-nacks, that have no other recommendation than the possession of staring colors in the most glaring contrasts. Balls become the order of the day, and the business of the night; and the humble Paganini of the quarters is called into requisition, and elevated into a person of temporary, but still extraordinary importance—because he is master of the violin; while the negroes—

"Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
Move awkwardly harmonious: hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those distinguished for heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine.
Meanwhile, some stripling from the choral ring,
Trips forth, and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the green sward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have enthralled his soul,
A silver token of his fond applause."

The planter and his family have too their trysting time. The mother and her comely daughters hie to the city of New Orleans, in pursuit of the innocent amusements of the season; and the "Crescent City," at these times, shows a perceptible filling up of joyous, familiar, and Southern-looking faces. The fashionable dry goods and jewelry stores, the Opera, and the "society balls" all feel the genial influence of these holiday times, and it only gradually disappears as the summer heat sets in, and drives residents of the country back to their rural homes.

CONCLUSION.

The State of Louisiana produces over three hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads of sugar, of one thousand pounds each, about half of the amount of sugar consumed by the people of the entire Union. By referring to the map, it will be seen, that but a small portion of the cane-producing lands of the State is under cultivation. There can not be a doubt that the time will come, when the importation of foreign sugars into the United States should cease, and that the immense amount of money now sent abroad for this necessary of life, will be distributed among our own people.

Gradually the sugar made in Louisiana passes into "second hands;" the greater portion of it finds its way to New Orleans, from which mart it is distributed over the Northern and Eastern States. But vast quantities are annually sent direct from the plantations, to supply the increasing demand of the "giant West," and long before the spring has come, the contents of the cane fields of Louisiana are widely scattered over the "broad Union," and enter largely into almost every article of consumption that forms a prominent or insignificant object of the social board; it sparkles upon the bridal cake; assumes a thousand forms in the confectioner's window; neutralizes the acidity or bitterness of medicine; gives life to the fragrant coffee and tea; destroys the unpurified taste of preserved meats; and retains for years the delicate flavor of our choicest fruits; turn, indeed, which way you will, you perceive the ameliorating influence of sugar upon the economy of life, and thanks to the genius and enterprise of the Louisiana planter, it is raised upon our own soil, and at a price that brings it within the command of the rich and poor alike.

IBIS-SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (*tantalus*) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds: it is a creature of the warm climates, and is not found in either the northern or middle States—the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be there met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting: it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befell me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way, and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitat of the alligator and the fresh-water shark—the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret,

the trumpeter-swan, the blue-heron, the wild-goose, the crane, the snake-bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southward toward the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went ibis-shooting. I had set out from a small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went of course in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*), which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles upstream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish, and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color: these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes: I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a sabre, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stand five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or *buried in deep thought*. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not above sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor bush; not a stick

out of which I might make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true, I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no supposititious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple *habitans* of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them; they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I had often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land-sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around; you see nothing; you hear nothing: you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by every thing else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free: in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I know not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance: I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidæ*, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized—the moulted feathers of wild-fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (*unios*) strewed upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading reck-

lessly in; every where it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the qua-qua of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the cry of the bittern, the el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired: I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stifled by a strong musky odor that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, any where, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and musquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Toward evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematized the hour I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *déjeüner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next! starve? No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators on the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun: its odor filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did: I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the

body of the alligator float? It was swollen—inflated with gases. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half-torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE DIVORCE.

IT is the duty of the historian of Napoleon faithfully to record what he has said and what he has done. His sayings are as remarkable as his doings. . . Both alike bear the impress of his wonderful genius. Fortunately respecting the deeds which he performed there is no room for controversy. They are admitted by all. The gaze of the world was upon him. Whether he had a right to do what he did, and what the motives were which impelled him, are questions upon which the world is divided. We are not aware that there is a single important fact stated in these pages, which is not admitted by Napoleon's most hostile biographers.

The striking explanations of Napoleon, and his comments upon his career, are equally authentic. His words are presented in these pages as recorded by Count Pelet de Lozerne, Savary the Duke of Rovigo, Caulaincourt the Duke of Vicenza, the Baron Meneval, the Duchess of Abrantes, General Rapp, Louis Bonaparte, General Count Montholon, Dr. O'Meara, Count Las Cases, and others who were near his person, and who received his words from his own lips. In recording the sublime tragedy of the divorce, we act but as the scribe of history. The scenes which transpired, and the words which were uttered, are here registered.

Napoleon had again vanquished his foes. He was still, however, exposed to the greatest peril. No one saw this more clearly than himself. England, unrelenting and heedless of all supplications for peace, continued her assaults.* With unrepressed zeal she endeavored to combine new coalitions of feudal Europe against the great advocate of popular rights. It was her open avowal that the triumph of democratic principles threatened the subversion of every European throne.†

While Napoleon was marshaling his forces at Lobau, for the decisive battle of Wagram, an English fleet was hovering along the shores of Italy, watching for an opportunity to aid the Austrians there. All the sympathies of the Pope were evidently with the enemies of France. The fanatic peasantry of Spain and of the Tyrol were roused by the emissaries of the church. The danger was imminent that England, effecting a landing in Italy, and uniting with the Austrians and all the partisans of the old regime in that country, would crush the infant kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Under these circumstances, Napoleon wrote as follows to the Pope:

* "All the wars of the European continent," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "against the revolution and against the empire, were begun by England, and supported by English gold. At last, the object was attained. Not only was the ancient family restored to the throne, but France was reduced to its original limits, its naval force destroyed, and its commerce almost annihilated. But victory brought bitter fruits even to England."

In 1793, the public debt of Great Britain was estimated at 1,200,000,000 of dollars. It is now estimated at about 4,000,000,000. The most of this enormous increase was caused by the wars against Napoleon. "It is impossible," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "to prevent the burden of the taxation from falling directly or indirectly, in a very great degree, upon the laboring or active classes. And in Great Britain this has become so heavy to the mere laborer, who has no capital, that his wages will but just support, or will not support, himself and his family in the cheapest manner of living, and his life becomes one desperate struggle against want and starvation."

† "The assumption," says Richard Cobden, member of Parliament, "put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs, as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and the justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves, leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

"The Emperor expects that Italy, Rome, Naples, and Milan should form a league, offensive and defensive, to protect the Peninsula from the calamities of war. If the Holy Father assents to this proposition, all our difficulties are terminated. If he refuse, he announces, by that refusal, that he does not wish for any arrangement, any peace with the Emperor; and that he declares war against him. The first result of war is conquest; and the first result of conquest is a change of government; for if the Emperor is forced to engage in war with Rome, will it not be to make the conquest of Rome, and to establish another government, which will make common cause with Italy and Naples against their common enemies? What other guarantee can the Emperor have of the tranquillity and the safety of Italy, if the two realms are separated by a state in which their enemies continue to have a secure retreat? These changes, which will become necessary if the Holy Father persists in his refusal, will not deprive him of any of his spiritual rights. He will continue to be Bishop of Rome as his predecessors have been during the last eight centuries."

The continued refusal of the Pope to enter into an alliance with France, induced the Emperor to issue a decree uniting the States of the Church with the French empire. The only apology which can be offered for this act is its apparent necessity. The Pope, claiming neutrality, was aiding the enemies of France. Napoleon, in the midst of ten thousand perils, was struggling, almost single handed, against the combined sovereigns of Europe. In self-defense he was compelled to treat those with severity who were secretly assisting his foes. Solicitous for his good name, he announced to Europe, as the reason for this arbitrary measure, "The sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to make war with the English, and to ally himself with the Kings of Italy and Naples for the defense of the peninsula of Italy. The welfare of the two kingdoms, and also that of the armies of Italy and of Naples, demand that their communication should not be interrupted by a hostile power."*

The French troops immediately entered Rome, and drove from it the emissaries of England and

* "Have you any commands for France?" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend, "I shall be there in two days."—"In France!" answered his friend, "I thought that you were setting off for Rome."—"True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."

"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "But can I do any thing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour."—"In England," said the Frenchman, "and in half an hour!"—"Yes!" was the reply. "Within that time I shall be at sea; and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British empire." She who arrogated to herself the dominion of the wide world of waters, ought to have some charity for him, who, when struggling against combined Europe, strove to avert from himself destruction by reluctantly annexing to France the feeble States of the Church.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

SUNDERING THE TIE.

of Austria, who, in the pontifical court, were secretly fomenting their intrigues. To this act of violence the Pope replied by a bill of excommunication. Murat, the King of Naples, with his usual thoughtless impetuosity, immediately arrested the Pope and sent him out of Italy. When Napoleon, who was then at Lobau, heard of this act, he expressed the most sincere regret that a measure so violent and inconsiderate had been adopted. But, with his accustomed disposition to regard himself as the child of destiny, he seemed to consider it an indication of providence, or rather of fate, that he was to organize the whole of Italy, with its twenty millions of inhabitants, into one homogeneous kingdom, glowing with the energies of free institutions, and with renovated Rome for its capital. It was a brilliant and an exciting vision. It was rich in promise for the welfare of Europe. It was almost probable that it would be realized. The Pope was sent to Savona, on the Gulf of Genoa, where a palace was prepared for his reception. He was afterward removed, for greater security, to Fontainebleau. Napoleon had a high regard for the Pope, and often expressed his sincere veneration for his character. He ordered that Pius should be treated with the greatest respect; gave him an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars, and sent gorgeous furniture and troops of domestics to the imperial palace where he was securely but most magnificently detained. He ordered that the Pope should be allowed to do what he pleased, perform all the ceremonies of religion, and receive without restraint the homages of the numerous population who would flock to greet him. Thus Napoleon, though he at first regretted the injudicious seizure of the Pope, assumed the responsibility of his captivity.*

* Upon this subject, Louis Bonaparte remarks, in his response to Sir Walter Scott:

"I was well acquainted with Pope Pius VII. At the

The energy of Napoleon immediately diffused its vivifying influence through the drowsy streets of Rome. Many of the most intelligent men rejoiced to escape from the lethargic sway of the Church. The fanatic populace, however, were horror-stricken in view of the sacrilege inflicted upon the Vicar of Christ. Still there were many in Rome, then as now, weary of ecclesiastical domination. They were hungering and thirsting for political freedom and for republican liberty. A deputation of prominent Italians from Rome called upon Napoleon with expressions of confidence and congratulation.

"My mind," replied the Emperor, "is full of the recollections of your ancestors. The first time that I pass the Alps, I desire to remain some time among you. France and Italy must be governed by the same system. You have need of a powerful hand to direct you. I shall have a singular pleasure in being your benefactor. Your bishop is the spiritual head of the Church, as I am its Emperor. I 'render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Immense improvements were immediately undertaken by Napoleon in the time-hallowed metropolis. His Herculean energies infused new life into the tombs of the departed. The hum of industry was diffused through all the venerable streets of Rome. The claims of utility and of beauty were alike regarded. Majestic monuments, half buried beneath the ruins of centuries, were restored to the world in renovated splendor. The stately column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the beautiful pillars of the temple of Jupiter Stator were relieved of encumbering loads of rubbish, and again exhibited their exquisite proportions in the bright Italian sun. The immense area of the Coliseum was cleared of the accumulated debris of ages, revealing to the astonished eye long buried wonders. The buildings which deformed the ancient forum were removed, and all the gigantic remains of ancient Rome were explored and rescued from destruction, by the wakeful eye

time of his journey to Paris in 1804, and since then until his death, I have not ceased to receive from that venerable pontiff proofs, not only of friendliness, but even of confidence and affection. Since the year 1814 I have resided at Rome. I had frequent occasions to see him, and I can affirm that in the greater number of my interviews with his Holiness, he has assured me that he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon with all the personal respect which he could desire. These are his words:

"'Personalmente non ho avuto di che dolermi; non ho mancato di nulla; la mia persona fu sempre rispettata e trattata in modo da non potermi lagnare.'

"*I have no cause personally to complain. I was never permitted to want for any thing. My person was always respected, and treated in such a manner as to afford me no occasion for complaint.*"

The palace of Fontainebleau, with its magnificent furnishing and appliances, was a very different residence from the dilapidated, rat-infested hut at St. Helena. Napoleon was not an ungenerous foe.

DEPARTURE OF JOSEPHINE.

ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

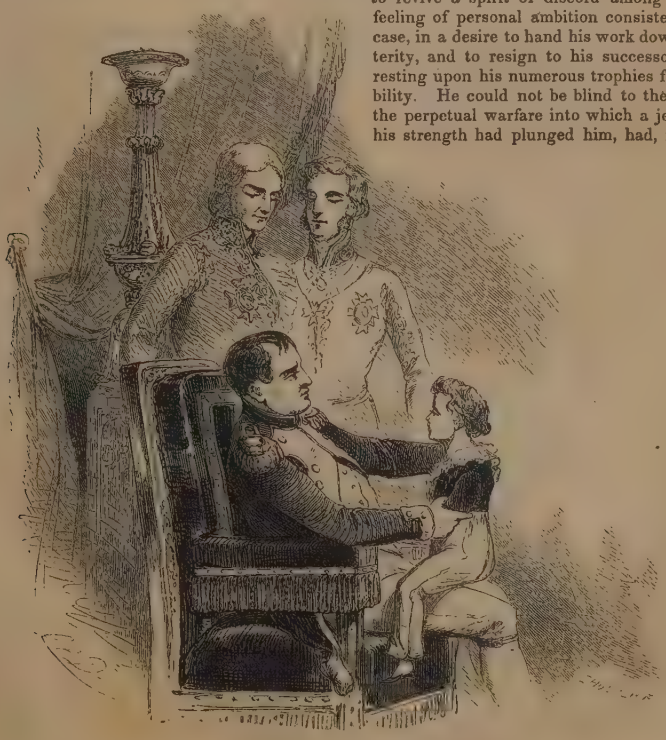
and the refined taste of Napoleon. Large sums were expended upon the Quirinal palace. A salutary and efficient police was immediately organized, instantly arresting those multiplied disorders which had so long disgraced the papal metropolis. A double row of ornamental trees was planted to embellish the walk from the Arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the Forum. Energetic measures were adopted for the drainage of the immense Pontine Marshes, so fertile in disease and death. Preparations were commenced for turning aside the channel of the Tiber, to reclaim those inestimable treasures of art which were buried beneath its waves by Gothic invaders. Such were Napoleon's exertions for public improvement, while the combined monarchs of Europe were struggling to crush him.*

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself an Italian,[1] and showed his sense of his origin, by the particular care which he always took of that nation, where, whatever benefits his administration conferred on the people, reached them more profusely and more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea, of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the eternal city from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendor."

[1] Sir Walter is inaccurate, Napoleon was a Frenchman, of Italian ancestry.

We must now turn to the sad tragedy of the Emperor's divorce. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was perhaps as well acquainted with the secret thoughts of Napoleon as any one could be. He thus speaks of the motives by which the Emperor was influenced:

"A thousand idle stories have been related concerning the Emperor's motives for breaking the bonds which he had contracted upward of fifteen years before, and separating from a person who was the partner of his existence during the most stormy events of his glorious career. It was ascribed to his ambition to connect himself with royal blood; and malevolence has delighted in spreading the report, that to this consideration he had sacrificed every other. This opinion was quite erroneous; and he was as unfairly dealt with on the subject as all persons are who happen to be placed above the level of mankind. Nothing can be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that he experienced throughout his life, and that he would have preferred adopting any other course than the one to which he was driven by motives which I am about to relate. Public opinion was, in general, unjust to the Emperor when he placed the imperial crown upon his head. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the main spring of all his actions. This was, however, a very mistaken impression. I have already mentioned with what reluctance he had altered the form of government, and that if he had not been apprehensive that the state would again fall a prey to those dissensions which are inseparable from an elective form of government, he would not have changed an order of things which appeared to have been the first solid conquest achieved by the revolution. Ever since he had brought the nation back to monarchical principles, he had neglected no means of consolidating institutions which permanently secured those principles, and yet firmly established the superiority of modern ideas over antiquated customs. Differences of opinion could no longer create any disturbance respecting the form of government when his career should be closed. But this was not enough. It was further requisite that the line of inheritance should be defined in so clear a manner, that, at his death, no pretense might be made for the contention of any claimants to the throne. For, if such a misfortune were to take place, the least foreign intervention would have sufficed to revive a spirit of discord among us. His feeling of personal ambition consisted, in this case, in a desire to hand his work down to posterity, and to resign to his successor a state, resting upon his numerous trophies for its stability. He could not be blind to the fact that the perpetual warfare into which a jealousy of his strength had plunged him, had, in reality,



THE EMPEROR AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON AND HIS CHILD.

no other object than his own downfall; because, with him must necessarily crumble that gigantic power which was no longer upheld by the revolutionary energy he had himself repressed.

"The Emperor had not any children. The Empress had two. But he never could have entertained a thought of them without exposing himself to most serious inconveniences. I believe, however, that if the two children of the Empress had been the only ones in his family, he would have made some arrangement for securing his inheritance to Eugene. He, however, dismissed the idea of appointing him his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to disunions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting-point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would be the means of putting an end to that series of wars of which he was desirous above all things to avoid a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France. He reflected often on the mode of making this communication to the Empress. Still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her tenderness of feeling. His heart was never proof against the shedding of tears."

The moral sentiment of France had been severely shaken by the revolution. The Christian doctrine of the unalterable sacredness of the marriage-tie was but feebly recognized. "Though Josephine," says Thiers, "was loved as an amiable sovereign, who represented goodness and grace by the side of might, the French desired, with regret for her, another marriage, which should give heirs to the empire. Nor did they confine themselves to wishes on the subject." Such was the state of public feeling, which Napoleon fully apprehended. He sent for the Arch-chancellor Cambaceres, and communicated to him the resolution he had adopted. He stated the reasons for the divorce, spoke of the anguish which the stern necessity caused his affections, and declared his intention to invest the act with forms the most affectionate and the most honorable to Josephine. "I will have nothing," said he, "which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a mere dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded upon mutual consent—a consent itself founded on the interests of the empire. Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris; with a princely residence in the country; with an income of six hundred thousand dollars; and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses, after the future empress. I wish ever to keep her near me as my best and most affectionate friend."

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement of the dreadful tidings to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. Rumors of the approaching calamity had for a long time reached the ears of the Empress, and had filled her heart with anguish. Napoleon and Josephine were at Fontainebleau. A general instinct of the impending woe seemed to have shrouded the palace in gloom. The guests had

departed, and the cheerless winds of approaching winter sighed through the leafless forest. Josephine spent the morning alone in her chamber, bathed in tears. Napoleon had no heart to approach his woe-stricken and injured wife. He also passed the morning alone in his cabinet. They met at the dinner-table. They sat down in silence. It was a strange repast. Not a word was uttered. Not a glance was interchanged. Course after course was brought in and removed untasted. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Josephine sat motionless as a marble statue. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, absorbed in painful musings. The tedious ceremony of the dinner was at last over. The attendants retired. Napoleon arose, closed the door, and was alone with Josephine. Pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, he approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and with a faltering voice said, "Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The cruel blow, all expected as it was, pierced that loving heart. Josephine fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, rushed to the door, and called for assistance. The Count de Beaumont entered, and with the aid of the Emperor conveyed the helpless Josephine up a flight of stairs to her apartment. She murmured as they bore her along, "O, no! no! you can not do it. You surely would not kill me." Napoleon was intensely agitated. He placed her upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women, and hung over her with an expression of deep affection and anxiety. As consciousness seemed returning he retired to his own apartment, where he paced the floor in anguish until the dawn of the morning. He gave free utterance to his agitated feelings, regardless of who were present. Trembling with emotion, and with tears filling his eyes, he said, as he walked restlessly to and fro, articulating with difficulty, and frequently pausing between his words: "The interests of France and my destiny have wrung my heart. The divorce has become an imperious duty, from which I must not shrink. Yet the scene which I have just witnessed cuts me to the soul. Josephine should have been prepared for this by Hortense. I communicated to her the melancholy obligation which compels our separation. I am grieved to the heart. I thought she had more firmness. I looked not for this excess of agony."

Every hour during the night he called at her door to inquire respecting her situation. The affectionate Hortense was with her mother. In respectful, yet reproachful terms she assured the Emperor that Josephine would descend from the throne as she had ascended it, in obedience to his will; and that her children, content to renounce grandeurs which had not made them happy, would gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers. Napoleon could no longer restrain his emotion. He freely wept. He gave utterance to all the grief he felt, and reiterated the urgency of the political considerations which, in his view, rendered the sacrifice necessary.

"Do not leave me, Hortense," said he; "but stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene was summoned from Italy. His sister threw herself into his arms, and acquainted him with their mother's sad lot. Eugene hastened to the saloon of his beloved mother. After a short interview with her he repaired to the cabinet of the Emperor, and inquired if he intended to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was strongly attached to Eugene, could make no reply, but simply pressed the hand of the noble son. Eugene immediately recoiled from the Emperor, and said, severely:

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How," exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him, sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, Sire," Eugene replied, "the son of her who is no longer Empress can not remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Tears filled the eyes of the Emperor. "Eugene," said he, in a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, "you know the stern necessity which compels this measure; and will you forsake me? Who then should I have for a son? the object of my desires and preserver of my interests; who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father?—who would bring him up? who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene, deeply moved, took Napoleon's arm, and they retired to the garden, where they conversed a long time together.

The noble Josephine, with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice never surpassed, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

The melancholy day for the consummation of this cruel tragedy soon arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. In the grand saloon of the Tuileries there were assembled all the members of the Imperial family and the most illustrious officers of the empire. Gloom overshadowed all. Napoleon, with a pallid cheek, but with a firm voice, thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the peo-

ple, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall always retain the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Napoleon having ended, Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, endeavored to read. But her heart was broken with grief. Uncontrollable sobs choked her voice. She handed the paper to M. Reynaud, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, sank into her chair. He read as follows:

"With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty. It was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people. I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country."

"After these words," says Thiers, "the noblest ever uttered under such circumstances—for never, it must be confessed, did vulgar passions less prevail in an act of this kind—Napoleon, embracing Josephine, led her to her own apartment, where he left her, almost fainting, in the arms of her children."

On the ensuing day the Senate was assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. Eugene presided. He announced the desire of his mother and the Emperor to dissolve their marriage. "The tears of his Majesty at this separation," said the Prince, "are sufficient for the glory of my mother." The Emperor, dressed in the robes of state, and pale as a statue of marble, leaned against a pillar, care-worn and wretched. Folding his arms upon his breast, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he stood in gloomy silence. It was a funereal scene. The low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the silence of the room. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment. Upon it there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. The company gazed silently upon it as the instrument of the most soul-harrowing execution.

A side-door opened, and Josephine entered. Her face was as white as the simple muslin robe she wore. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly, upon the entrance of Josephine, instinctively arose. All were moved to tears. With her own peculiar grace Josephine advanced to the seat provided for her. Leaning her pale forehead upon her hand, she listened with the calmness of stupor to the reading of the act of separation. The convulsive sobbings of Hortense, mingling with the subdued and mournful tones of the reader's voice, added to the tragic impressiveness of the scene. Eugene, pale and trembling as an aspen-leaf, stood by the side of his adored mother.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment, in anguish, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in tones clear, musical, but tremulous with repressed emotion, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful yet sublime tragedy.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice. The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping,

she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and forgetting every thing in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He, also, wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and to comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in this their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and so faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone in darkness and silence to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. She retained the title and rank of Empress, with a jointure of about 600,000 dollars a year.

The grief of Napoleon was unquestionably sincere. It could not but be so. He had formed no new attachment. He was influenced by no vagrant passion. He truly loved Josephine. He consequently resolved to retire for a time to the seclusion of Trianon. He seemed desirous that the externals of mourning should accompany an event so mournful. "The orders for the departure for Trianon," says the Baron Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, "had been previously given. When in the morning the Emperor was informed that his carriages were ready, he took his hat and said, 'Meneval, come with me.' I followed him by the little winding staircase which, from his cabinet, communicated with the apartment of the Empress. Josephine was alone, and appeared absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. At the noise which we made in entering, she eagerly rose, and threw herself sobbing upon the neck of the Emperor. He pressed her to his bosom with the most ardent embraces. In the excess of her emotion she fainted. I rang the bell for succor. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of scenes of anguish which he could no longer alleviate, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as she began to revive. Directing me not to leave her, he hastily retired to his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door. The Empress, perceiving the departure of the Emperor, redoubled her tears and moans. Her women placed her upon a sofa. She seized my hands, and franticly urged me to entreat Napoleon not to forget her, and to assure him that her love would survive every event. She made me promise to write her immediately on my arrival at Trianon, and to see that the Emperor wrote to her also. She could hardly consent to let me go, as if my departure would break the last tie which still connected her with the Emperor. I left her, deeply moved by the exhibition of a grief so true, and an attachment so sincere. I was profoundly saddened during my ride, and I could not refrain from deploring the rigorous exigencies of State, which rudely sundered the ties of a long-tried affection, to impose another union offering only uncertainties. Having arrived at Trianon, I gave the Emperor a faithful account of all that had transpired after his departure. He was still oppressed by the melancholy scenes through which he had passed. He dwelt upon the noble qualities of Josephine, and upon the sincerity of the affection which she cherished for him. He ever after preserved for her the most tender attachment. The same evening he wrote to her a letter to console her solitude."

At eleven o'clock all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand staircase, to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended from her apartment, vailed from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance. Silently she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage with six horses was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing bitterly left the Tuileries forever.

Napoleon passed eight days in the retirement of Trianon. During this time he visited Josephine at Malmaison, and also received her to dine with him and with Hortense at Trianon.

The following letter written to Josephine by Napoleon at this time reveals his feelings:

"8 o'clock in the evening, Dec., 1809.

"My Love—I found you to-day more feeble than you ought to be. You have exhibited much fortitude, and it is necessary that you should still continue to sustain yourself. You must not yield to funereal melancholy. Strive to be tranquil, and above all, to preserve your health, which is so precious to me. If you are attached to me, if you love me, you must maintain your energy, and strive to be cheerful. You can not doubt my constancy and my tender affection. You know too well all the sentiments with which I regard you to suppose that I can

be happy if you are unhappy, that I can be serene if you are agitated. Adieu, my love. Sleep well. Believe that I wish it.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor soon returned to Paris, where he remained for three months, burying himself entirely in the multiplicity of his affairs. He was calm and joyless, and a general gloom surrounded him. He expressed himself as much affected by the dreary solitude of the palace, which was no longer animated by the presence of Josephine. From the Tuileries he thus wrote to his exiled wife:

"Wed. noon.

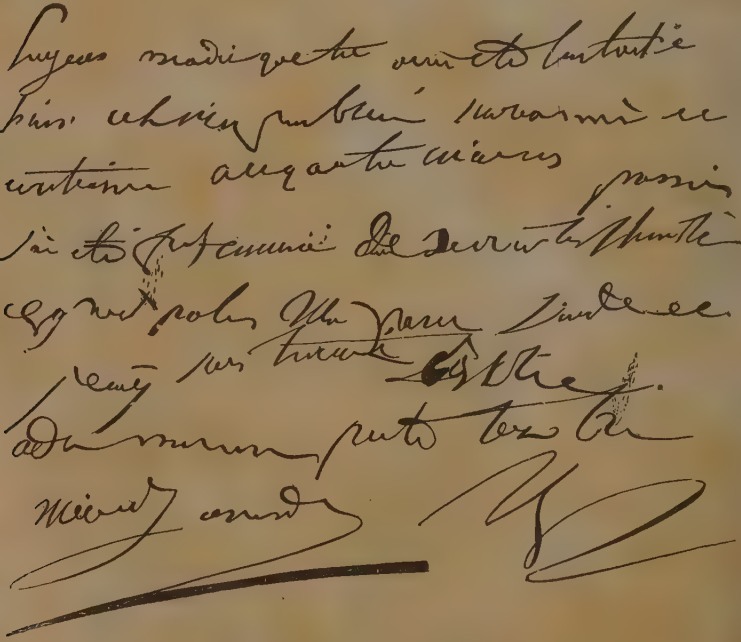
"Eugene has told me that you were yesterday very sad. That is not right, my love. It is contrary to what you have promised me. I have been very lonely in returning to the Tuileries. This great palace appears to me empty, and I find myself in solitude. Adieu, my love. Be careful of your health.*

"NAPOLEON."

Negotiations were now in progress for the new nuptials. It was for some time undecided whether the alliance should be with Austria, with Russia, or with Saxony.

Josephine was still surrounded with all the external splendors of royalty. Napoleon frequently called upon her, though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone. He consulted her respecting all his plans, and assiduously cherished her friendship. It was soon manifest that the surest way of securing the favor of Napoleon was to pay marked attention to Josephine. The palace of Malmaison consequently became the favorite resort of the court. Some time after the divorce, Madame de Rochefoucault, formerly mistress of the robes to Josephine, deserting the forsaken Empress, applied for the same post of honor in the household of her successor. To the application, Napoleon replied, "No, she shall retain neither her old situation nor have the new one. I am charged with ingratitude toward Josephine. But I will have no imitators, especially among those whom

* The following is a fac-simile of this letter, the first which he wrote to the Empress after his return to the Tuileries:



"Eugene m'a dit que tu avais été toute triste hier. Cela n'est pas bien, mon amie. C'est contraire a ce que tu m'avais promis. j'ai été fort ennuyé de revoir les Tuileries. Ce grande palais m'a paru vide, et je m'y suis trouvé isolé.

Adieu, mon amie. Porte toi bien.

"NAPOLEON."

she has honored with her confidence and loaded with benefits."

Josephine remained for some time at Malmaison. In deeds of kindness to the poor, in reading, and in receiving with the utmost elegance of hospitality the members of the court who were ever crowding her saloons, she gradually regained equanimity of spirits, and surrendered herself to a quiet and pensive submission. Napoleon frequently called to see her, and, taking her arm, he would walk for hours in the embowered paths of the lovely chateau, confidentially unfolding to her all his plans. He seemed to desire to do every thing in his power to alleviate the intensity of anguish with which he had wrung her heart. His own affections still clung to Josephine. Her lovely and noble character commanded increasingly his homage.

Josephine thus describes an interview with Napoleon at Malmaison: "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran toward me, and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered—I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh, then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of most tender affection. At length, in a tone of deepest compassion and love, he said:

"'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you. I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have again contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory!'

"'Sire!' I replied—

"'Call me Bonaparte!' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.'

"Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does every thing take place on earth! I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The divorce of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, was a violation of the immutable laws of God. Like all wrongdoing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. Doubtless Napoleon, educated in the midst of those convulsions which had shaken all the foundations of Christian morality, did not clearly perceive the extent of the wrong. He unquestionably felt that he was doing right—that the interests of France demanded the sacrifice. But the penalty was none the less inevitable. At St. Helena Napoleon remarked:

"My divorce has no parallel in history. It did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged. Our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason, for the interests of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me. She loved me tenderly. No one ever had a preference over me in her heart. I occupied the first place in it; her children the next. She was right in thus loving me, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind."

The question was still undecided who should be the future empress. Many contradictory opinions prevailed; and Napoleon himself remained, for a time, in uncertainty. On the 21st of January, 1810, a privy council was assembled in the Tuileries to deliberate upon a matter of such transcendent importance to the welfare of France. Napoleon, grave and impassible, was seated in the Imperial chair. All the grand dignitaries of the empire were present. Napoleon opened the meeting by saying:

"I have assembled you to obtain your advice upon the greatest interest of state—upon the choice of a spouse who is to give heirs to the empire. Listen to the report of M. de Champagny; after which, you will please, each of you, give me your opinion."

An elaborate report was presented upon the three alliances between which the choice lay—the Russian, the Austrian, and the Saxon. After the report there was a long silence, no one venturing to speak first. Napoleon then commenced upon his left, and called upon each individual, in his turn, for his opinion. There was in the council a strong majority in favor of the Austrian princess. During the interview Napoleon remained calm, silent, and impenetrable. Not a muscle of his marble face revealed any bias of his own. At the close he thanked the members for their excellent advice, and said:

"I will weigh your arguments in my mind. I am convinced that whatever difference there may be between your views, the opinion of each of you has been determined by an enlightened zeal for the interests of the state, and by a faithful attachment to my person."

Some cautious words were at first addressed to the Court of St. Petersburg. Alexander favored the alliance. He was, however, much annoyed by the opposition which he had already encountered from the Queen-mother and the nobles. He hoped to regain their favor by constraining Napoleon, as a condition of the alliance, to pledge himself never to allow the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland, or any enlargement of the Duchy of Warsaw.

"To enter," Napoleon nobly replied, "into an absolute and general engagement, that the Kingdom of Poland shall never be re-established, were an undignified and imprudent act on my part. If the Poles, taking advantage of favorable circumstances, should rise up of themselves, alone, and hold Russia in check, must I then employ my forces against them? If they find allies, must I march to combat those allies? This would be asking of me a thing impossible—dishonoring. I can say that no co-operation, direct or indirect, shall be furnished by me toward an attempt at reconstituting Poland. But

I can go no further. As to the future aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, I can not bind myself against them, except Russia, in reciprocity, pledges herself never to add to her dominions any portion detached from the old Polish provinces." *

The haughty Empress-mother was not prepared to decline so brilliant a proposal. She, however, was disposed to take time for consideration. "A Russian Princess," said she, "is not to be won like a peasant girl, merely by the asking." The impetuous nature of Napoleon could not brook such dalliance. With characteristic promptness, he dispatched a communication to St. Petersburg, informing Alexander that he considered himself released from the preference he had thought due to the sister of a monarch who had been his ally and his friend.

On the same day a communication was opened with the Court of Austria. The propositions were with alacrity accepted. The Emperor Francis was highly pleased with the arrangement, as it sundered the union of Russia with France, and secured to his daughter the finest fortune imaginable. The young princess Maria Louisa was eighteen years of age, of graceful figure, excellent health, and a fair German complexion. "She accepted," says Thiers, "with becoming reserve, but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered her." The Emperor of Russia was exceedingly disappointed and vexed at this result. He is reported to have exclaimed, when he heard the tidings, "This condemns me to my native forests." The alliance of Austria with France annihilated his hopes of obtaining Constantinople.†

Arrangements were immediately made for the nuptials. Berthier was sent as Napoleon's embassador-extraordinary to demand Maria Louisa in marriage. Napoleon selected his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles, to stand as his proxy and represent him in the marriage ceremony. How strange the change. But a few months before, Napoleon and the Archduke had struggled against each other, in the horrid carnage of Eckmuhl, Essling, and Wagram. Now, in confiding friendship, the Austrian prince, personating the Emperor of France, received his bride.

On the 11th of May the marriage ceremony was solemnized with a splendor which Vienna has never seen paralleled, and in the midst of an universal outburst of popular gladness. Maria Louisa was conveyed in triumph to France. Exultant joy greeted her every step of the way. It was arranged that at the magnificent royal palace of Compeigne she was to meet Napoleon for the first time, surrounded by his whole court. To save her from the embarrassment of such an interview, Napoleon set out from Compeigne, accompanied by Murat, that he might more privately greet her on the road. Neither husband nor wife had ever yet met. As the cavalcade approached, Napoleon, springing from his carriage, leaped into that of the Empress, and welcomed her with the most cordial embrace. The high-born bride was much gratified with the unexpected ardor, and with the youthful appearance of her husband. The Emperor took his seat by her side, and seemed much pleased with her mild beauty, her intelligence, and her gentle spirit.‡ Napoleon was

* Caulaincourt, the French Minister at St. Petersburg, hoping to facilitate the negotiations then pending for a matrimonial alliance, signed a convention on the 5th of January, 1810, containing the following conditions:—"That the Polish kingdom should never be re-established; that the names of Poland and the Poles should cease to be used in all public acts; and that the Duchy of Warsaw should receive no new territorial accessions from any portion of ancient Poland." *But Napoleon promptly refused to ratify such preliminaries.* To avenge the affront Alexander immediately withdrew many of the restrictions by which British commerce had been excluded from his ports. Sir Archibald Alison, though aware of this fact, yet attributing to Napoleon the *act of the French Minister*, which Napoleon *refused to recognize*, says:

"Napoleon, however, spared no efforts to appease the Czar; and being well aware that it was the secret dread of the restoration of Poland, which was the spring of all their uneasiness, he engaged not only to concur with Alexander, in every thing which should tend to efface ancient recollections, but even declared that he was desirous that the name of Poland and of the Poles *should disappear, not merely from every political transaction, but even from history.* How fortunate that the eternal records of history are beyond the potentates who for a time oppress mankind."

That *Alexander* desired this iniquity is universally admitted. But Alexander was the ally of England in the overthrow of Napoleon. *Alexander became the foe of Napoleon because Napoleon would not permit the Czar to annex Constantinople to his empire, and would not aid him in crushing the Poles. The guns of the allies demolished the Duchy of Warsaw, and annihilated the hopes of Poland.* We marvel at the boldness of the historian who, in view of such uncontradicted facts, can speak of the allies as contending for the liberties of Europe.

† "We are pleased with this event," said Romanzoff, the Chancellor of Russia, to Caulaincourt. "We feel no envy at Austria. We have no cause of complaint against her. Every thing that secures her tranquillity and that of Europe can not but be agreeable to us." "Congratulate the Emperor," said Alexander, "on his choice. He wishes to have children. All France desires it. This alliance is for Austria and France a pledge of peace, and I am delighted. Personally, I may have some reason to complain. But I do not do so. I rejoice at whatever is for the good of France." In the same interview, however, Alexander did complain most bitterly.

"When such," says Alison, "was the language of the Emperor, it may be conceived what were the feelings of St. Petersburg, and how materially the discontent of the court weakened the French influence, already so hateful to the nobles and the people. These details are not foreign to the dignity of history; they are intimately blended with the greatest events which modern history has witnessed; for though governed in his policy generally only by state policy, and a perfect master of dissimulation, Alexander was scrupulously attentive to his private honor; the coldness between the two courts soon became apparent; but such is the weakness of human nature, alike in its most exalted as its humblest stations, that possibly political considerations might have failed to extricate the cabinet of St. Petersburg from the fetters of Tilsit and Erfurth, if they had not been aided by private pique; and Napoleon been still on the throne, if to the slavery of Europe and the wrongs of the Emperor, had not been superadded in the breast of the Czar, the wounded feelings of the man."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 334.

‡ Maria Louisa afterward confessed to Napoleon, that when her marriage was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the awful accounts she had heard of him. Upon mentioning these reports to her

at this period of his life remarkably handsome. There was not a furrow upon his cheek; his complexion was an almost transparent olive, and his features were of the most classic mould. Maria Louisa was surprised to find her illustrious husband so attractive in his person and in his address. "Your portrait, Sire," said she, "has not done you justice."

The marriage ceremonies which had taken place in Vienna were in accordance with the usages of the Austrian Court. The marriage was complete and irrevocable. Napoleon made particular inquiries, upon this point, of the supreme judicial tribunal of France, that there might be no violation of decorum. The repetition of the ceremony at Paris was merely a formality, arranged as a mark of respect to the nation over which the new sovereign came to reign. Napoleon, among other benefactions on the occasion of his marriage, gave a dowry of one hundred and forty dollars to each of six thousand young girls who, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, should marry a soldier of his army, of established bravery and good conduct.

The bridal party remained at Compeigne three days. The civil marriage was again celebrated at St. Cloud on the 1st of April. The next day Napoleon and Maria Louisa, surrounded by the marshals of the empire, and followed by the imperial family and the court in a hundred magnificent carriages, made their triumphal entry into Paris, by the Arch of the Etoile. The Emperor and Empress were seated in the coronation carriage, whose spacious glass panels exhibited them to the three hundred thousand spectators, who thronged that magnificent avenue. As the imperial couple moved slowly along, they were enveloped in one continuous and exultant roar of enthusiastic acclaim. They traversed the Champs Elysées through a double range of most sumptuous decorations, and entered the Palace of the Tuileries by the garden. The nuptial altar was erected in the grand saloon. Leading the Empress by the hand, Napoleon passed through that noble gallery of paintings, the longest and richest in the world, which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. The most distinguished people of the empire, in two rows, lined his path and gazed with admiration upon the man whose genius had elevated France from the abyss of anarchy to the highest pinnacle of dignity and power.

In the evening, in a chapel dazzling with gold, and illuminated to a degree of brilliance which surpassed noonday splendor, he received the nuptial benediction. All Paris seemed intoxicated with joy. Every murmur was hushed. Every apprehension seemed to have passed away. The dripping sword was sheathed, and peace again smiled upon the continent, so long ravaged by war.

The ringing of the bells and the booming of the cannon which announced the marriage of Napoleon, forced tears of anguish into the eyes of Josephine in her silent chamber. With heroism almost more than mortal she struggled to discipline her feelings to submission.

The beautiful chateau of Malmaison is but a few miles distant from Paris. Napoleon, to spare the feelings of Josephine, so far as possible, under this cruel trial, assigned to her the Palace of Navarre, where she would be further removed from the torturing rejoicings of the metropolis. Soon after her arrival at Navarre, she wrote thus to the Emperor:

"SIRE—I received this morning the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not surprise me; so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would find out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat, renders it almost agreeable. After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the sufferings of one that is shared no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved, enthusiastically admired, is there aught else save repose to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me! All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus the only ties which yet bind me to life, are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of still being able to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy.

"I can not sufficiently thank you, Sire, for the liberty you have permitted me, of choosing the members of my household. One circumstance alone gives me pain, viz., the etiquette of custom, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen. But I believe you are wrong in thinking they would for one minute forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me, secures me against the danger of being ever obliged to recall what it is your wish that they should remember. My most honorable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but, assuredly, from having been chosen by you. None other is of value. That alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him; for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can question him, at my ease, of a thousand things concerning which

uncles, they replied, "That was all very true, while he was our enemy. But the ease is altered now."

"To afford an idea of the sympathy and good-will with which the different members of the Austrian family were taught to regard me," said the Emperor, "it is sufficient to mention that one of the young archdukes frequently burnt his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterward declared that he would not roast me any more, for he loved me very much, because I had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings."

I desire to be informed—but of which I can not inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. Do not forget *your friend*. Tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment, which constitutes the felicity of her life. Often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured, that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy and often sad."

In less than three weeks after Napoleon had entered Paris with his Austrian bride, Josephine wrote to him the following touching letter, involuntarily revealing the intensity of her sufferings:

"Navarre, 19 April, 1810.

"SIRE—I have received by my son the assurance of your Majesty's consent to my return to Malmaison. This favor, Sire, dissipates in a great degree the solicitude and even the fears with which the long silence of your Majesty had inspired me. I had feared that I was entirely banished from his memory. I see that I am not so. I am consequently to-day less sorrowful, and even as happy as it is henceforth possible for me to be. I shall return at the close of the month to Malmaison, since your Majesty sees no objection. But I ought to say, Sire, that I should not so speedily have profited by the permission which your Majesty has given me in this respect, if the house of Navarre did not require for my health, and for that of the persons of my household, important repairs. It is my intention to remain at Malmaison but a short time. I shall soon put myself at a distance again, by going to the waters. But during the time that I shall remain at Malmaison, your Majesty may be sure that I shall live as though I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, Sire, and every day I experience more fully its magnitude. Nevertheless that sacrifice shall be as it ought to be—it shall be entirely mine. Your Majesty shall never be troubled in his happiness by any expression of my grief. I offer incessant prayers that your Majesty may be happy. That your Majesty may be convinced of it, I shall always respect his new situation. I shall respect it in silence. Trusting in the affection with which he formerly cherished me, I shall not exact any new proof. I shall await the dictates of his justice and of his heart. I limit myself in soliciting one favor. It is that your Majesty will deign to seek himself occasionally the means to convince me and those who surround me that I have still a little place in his memory, and a large place in his esteem and in his friendship. These means, whatever they may be, will alleviate my sorrows without being able to compromise that which to me is the most important of all things, the happiness of your Majesty.

"JOSEPHINE."

To this letter Napoleon replied in a manner which drew from Josephine's heart the following gushing response:

"A thousand, thousand tender thanks, that you have not forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what eagerness have I read it. And yet it took much time, for there was not one word in it which did not make me weep. But these tears were very soothing. I have recovered my heart all entire, and such as it will ever remain. There are sentiments which are even life, and which can pass away only with life. I am in despair that my letter of the 19th has wounded you. I can not recall entirely the expressions, but I know the very painful sentiment which dictated it. It was that of chagrin at not hearing from you. I had written you at my departure from Malmaison, and since, how many times have I desired to write you. But I perceived the reason of your silence, and I feared to be obtrusive by a single letter. Yours has been a balm to me. May you be happy. May you be as happy as you deserve to be. It is my heart all entire which speaks to you. You have just given me my portion of happiness, and a portion most sensibly appreciated. Nothing is of so much value to me as one mark of your regard. Adieu, my friend. I thank you as tenderly as I always love you.

"JOSEPHINE."

Shortly after his marriage Napoleon visited, with his young bride, the northern provinces of his empire. They were every where received with every possible demonstration of homage and affection. England, however, still continued unrelentingly to prosecute the war. Napoleon, in addition to the cares of the civil government of his dominions, was compelled to struggle against the Herculean assaults of the most rich and powerful nation upon the globe. England, with her bombarding fleet, continued to assail France wherever a shot or a shell could be thrown. She exerted all the influence of intrigue and of gold to rouse the royalists or the jacobins of France, it mattered not which, to insurrection, and to infuse undying hostility into the insurgents of Portugal and of Spain. She strove with the most wakeful vigilance to prevent the embers of war from being extinguished upon the Continent. With a perseverance worthy of admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause, she availed herself of all the jealousies which Napoleon's wonderful career excited to combine new coalitions against the great foe of aristocratic usurpation, the illustrious advocate of popular rights. In this attempt she was too successful. The flames of war soon again blazed with redoubled fury over the blood-drenched Continent.*

* "On his return from a tour in Holland, at the end of October, Napoleon clearly perceived that a speedy rupture with Russia was inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston as embassador to St. Petersburg, in the place of Caulaincourt, who could no longer remain there. The most skillful diplomatist that ever existed could effect nothing with a powerful government whose determination was already fixed. In the state to which Europe was reduced, no one could effectually counteract the wish of Russia and her allies to go to war with France."—BOURRIENNE'S *Napoleon*, p. 456.

Napoleon being now allied with one of the reigning families of Europe, and being thus brought, as it were, into the circle of legitimate kings, hoped that England might at last be persuaded to consent to peace. He therefore made another and most strenuous effort to induce his warlike neighbors to sheathe the sword. He was, however, still unsuccessful. In thus pleading for peace again and again, he went to the very utmost extreme of duty. Truly did Mr. Cobden affirm, "*It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees to avert a rupture with England.*"

"Ever since his alliance with the house of Austria," says Savary, "the Emperor flattered himself that he had succeeded in his expectations, which had for their object to bind a power of the first order to a system established in France, and accordingly to secure the peace of Europe; in other words, he thought he had no longer to apprehend any fresh coalition. Nothing was therefore left unaccomplished except a peace with England. A peace with England was the subject to which his attention was principally directed. Such in fact was our position, that unless England could be prevailed upon to consent to peace, there could be no end to the war. The intervention of Russia had been twice resorted to for bringing about a negotiation with the English government; and it had been rejected by the latter, in terms which did not even afford the means of calling upon her for the grounds of her refusal. Still the Emperor could not give up all hope of procuring a favorable hearing for reasonable proposals on his part. He sought the means of sounding the views of the English government, for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was justified in not banishing all hope of an accommodation.

"It was necessary that a measure of this nature should be secretly resorted to, otherwise it would have shown his intentions in too open a manner. Holland stood much more in need of a maritime peace than France itself. King Louis enjoyed the good opinion of his subjects, and frankly told the Emperor of the personal inconvenience he should feel in being seated, for a much longer time, upon the throne of a country bereft of its resources. He was the first to open a correspondence, with the Emperor's approbation. It was carried on under the disguise of a mere commercial intercourse. The firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, transacted more business with England than any other house, and owing to the high consideration which it enjoyed, that house might, while carrying on its commercial affairs, be vested, without any impropriety, with the character which the State matters between the governments would require it to assume. It had for one of its partners M. de Labouchere, who was connected by family ties with one of the first mercantile men in London. M. de Labouchere addressed his reports to the firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, who handed them to the King; from the latter they were transmitted to the Emperor."

Fouché, the restless Minister of Police, had also ventured at the same time, on his own responsibility, unknown to Napoleon, to send a secret agent to sound the British ministry. M. Ouvrard was dispatched on this strange mission. "The consequence was," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Ouvrard and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the same time into correspondence with the Marquis of Wellesley. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator." These reiterated and unwearied endeavors of Napoleon to promote peace, notwithstanding repulse and insult, surely indicate that he did not desire war. Napoleon, again disappointed, was exceedingly incensed with Fouché for his inexcusable presumption.

"What was M. Ouvrard commissioned to do in England?" said Napoleon to Fouché, when he was examined before the Council.

"To ascertain," Fouché replied, "the disposition of the new minister for foreign affairs, in Great Britain, according to the views which I have the honor of submitting to your Majesty."

"Thus, then," rejoined Napoleon, "you take upon yourself to make peace or war without my knowledge. Duke of Otranto, your head should fall upon the scaffold."

Fouché was dismissed from the ministry of police. Yet Napoleon, with characteristic generosity, sent him into a kind of honorable banishment as Governor of Rome. "Fouché," said the Emperor afterward, "is ever thrusting his ugly foot into everybody's shoes."

"Marquis Wellesley,"* says Alison, "insisted strongly on the prosperous condition of the British empire, and its ability to withstand a long period of future warfare, from the resources which the monopoly of the trade of the world had thrown into its hands." The English fleet triumphantly swept all seas. The ocean was its undisputed domain. She had just sent a powerful armament and wrested the island of Java from France. "This splendid island," says Alison, "was the last possession beyond the seas which remained to the French empire. Its reduction had long been an object of ambition to the British government. A powerful expedition against Java was fitted out at Madras. The victory was complete. The whole of this noble island thus fell under the dominion of the British. Such was the termination of the maritime war between England and Napoleon. Thus was extinguished the LAST REMNANT of the colonial empire of France." The moral courage which has enabled England, while thus grasping the globe in its arms, to exclaim against *the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte*, is astounding.

"England," continues Alison, "by wresting from her rival all her colonial settlements, had made herself master of the fountains of the hu-

* Richard Colley Wellesley, then Secretary of State, brother of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

man race. But the contest was not to terminate here. The rival powers thus nursed to greatness on their respective elements, thus alike irresistible on the land and the sea, were now come into fierce and final collision. England was to launch her legions against France, and contend with her ancient rival on her own element, for the palm of European ascendency; the desperate struggle in Russia was to bring to a decisive issue the contest for the mastery of the ancient world."

France, with her fleet destroyed, her maritime commerce annihilated, her foreign possessions wrested from her, her territory bombarded in every vulnerable point, by the most powerful navy earth has ever known, and with her reiterated and earnest supplications for peace rejected with contumely and insult, had no means left by which to resist her implacable foe but the enforcement of the Continental System—the exclusion of British goods on the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, more interested in the immediate pecuniary prosperity of his subjects than in the political views of his brother, neglected to enforce the Imperial Decree against English trade. Consequently immense importations of English merchandise took place in the ports of Holland, and from thence were smuggled throughout Europe. Napoleon determined to put an end to a state of things so entirely subversive of the effectual yet bloodless warfare he was now waging. He considered that he had a right to demand the co-operation of all those new popular governments which his voice had called into being, and which were entirely dependent upon France for support against surrounding enemies. The overthrow of popular institutions in France would whelm them all in common ruin. And in fact, when Napoleon was finally crushed, constitutional rights and popular liberty, all over Europe, went down into the grave together. Napoleon consequently did not feel that he was acting at all the part of a despot in calling upon all those associated and mutually dependent governments to co-operate in a common cause. They had all pledged to him their solemn word that they would do so. Their refusal to redeem this pledge seemed, to him, to insure the inevitable ruin of all. Prussia and Russia had also pledged the most solemn faith of treaties that they would thus assist Napoleon in his endeavor to spike the guns of England.

The following letter from Napoleon to Louis throws light upon the grounds of complaint against Holland:—"SIRE, MY BROTHER—I have received your Majesty's letter. You desire me to make known to you my intentions with regard to Holland. I will do it frankly. When your Majesty ascended the throne of Holland, part of the Dutch nation wished to be united to France. The esteem for that brave people which I had imbibed from history made me desirous that it should retain its name and its independence. I drew up myself its constitution, which was to be the basis of your Majesty's throne, and placed you upon it. I hoped that, brought up under me, you would have had such an attachment to France as the nation has a right to expect from its children, and still more from its princes. I had hoped that, educated in my politics, you would have felt that Holland, weak, without an ally, without an army, could and must be conquered the moment she placed herself in direct opposition to France; that she ought not to separate her politics from mine; in short, that she was bound to me by treaties. Thus I imagined that, in placing a prince of my own family upon the throne of Holland, I had a means of reconciling the interests of the two States, and of uniting them in one common cause, in a common hostility to England. I know that it is become the fashion with certain people to panegyrize me and deride France. But they who do not love France do not love me. Those who speak ill of my people I consider as my greatest enemies. Your Majesty will find in me a brother, if I find in you a Frenchman. But should you be unmindful of the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss if I disregard those which nature formed between us."

Louis remonstrated against the interruption of trade between Holland and England.

"There are," he wrote to Napoleon, "only three means of attacking England with effect: detaching Ireland from her; capturing her Indian possessions; or a descent on her coast. The two last are impossible without a navy. But I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace, than a system which injures yourself and your allies in an attempt to inflict greater hurt upon your enemies."

Hortense was then in Paris with her two children. She had been separated from her husband. Napoleon took into his lap her little son Napoleon, brother of the present Emperor of France, and said to him, "Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart. But it is to be explained, perhaps, by his infirmities. When you become great, you must add his debt to yours. And never forget that in whatever situation you are placed by my politics and the interests of my empire, your first duty is toward me, your second toward France. All your other duties, even those toward the people I may confide to you, will rank after these."

"It can not be denied," says Savary, "that the abdication and flight of Louis seriously affected the Emperor's cause in public opinion. It was related to me by a person who was near the Emperor when he received the news of the event, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few moments, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. He was not then aware of the influence which that circumstance would have over political af-

fairs. His mind was exclusively taken up with his brother's ingratitude. His heart was ready to burst, when he exclaimed:

"'Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me. I divided my bread with him. And this is the return he makes for my kindness.' The Emperor was so overpowered by emotion, that his grief is said to have vented itself in sobs."

Commenting upon these acts at St. Helena, Napoleon said, "When my brother mistook an act of public scandal for one of glory, and fled from his throne, declaiming against me, my insatiable ambition and intolerable tyranny, what remained for me to do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies, or to give it to another king? Could I, in such a case, have expected more from a stranger than from my own brother? Did not all the kings I created act nearly in the same manner? I derived little assistance from my own family. They have deeply injured me and the great cause for which I fought. For the caprice of Louis, perhaps an excuse is to be found in the deplorable state of his health, which must have had a considerable influence upon his mind. He was subject to cruel infirmities. On one side he was almost paralytic. My annexation of Holland to the empire, however, produced a most unfavorable impression throughout Europe, and contributed greatly to lay the foundation of our misfortunes."

Perplexities were now rapidly multiplying around Napoleon. England was pushing the war in Spain with extraordinary vigor.* Russia, exasperated, was assuming every day a more hostile attitude. Not a French fishing-boat could appear upon the ocean but it was captured by the undisputed sovereign of the seas. The maritime commerce of France was annihilated. There seemed no possible way in which Napoleon could resist his formidable opponent but by the Continental System. And that system destroyed the commerce of Europe and provoked continual antagonism. There was no alternative left to Napoleon, but to abandon the struggle, bow humbly to the dictation of England, and surrender France to the Bourbons, or to maintain the system, often by the exercise of arbitrary power. Thus, by the right of might alone, Napoleon annexed to France the little canton of the Valois which commanded the new route over the Simplon to the Kingdom of Italy. With the same usurping power, he established a cordon of troops from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, to protect the coasts of the German Ocean from the barque of the smuggler.*

A young Saxon, 20 years of age, named Von der Sulhn, was arrested in Paris. He confessed that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor, and thus to immortalize his own name by connecting it with that of Napoleon. He said that he knew that the attempt would insure his own death whether he succeeded or not. "I made a written report to the Emperor," says Savary, "of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt. The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report:

"'This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man's age must be his excuse. None are criminal at so early an age, unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter. Vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonor would always be attached. Confine him in the castle of Vincennes. Have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require. Give him books to read. Let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject to the Archchancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you.'

"In consequence of these orders, young Von der Sulhn was placed at Vincennes, where he

* The tremendous energy with which England persisted in the war may be inferred from the fact that Parliament voted as supplies for the navy for that year 100,000,000 of dollars; for the army 130,000,000. The British navy then consisted of 1019 vessels. The total expenditure of the British government for the year amounted to the enormous sum of 470,000,000 of dollars. By such Herculean exertions, the oligarchy of England finally succeeded in arresting the progress of republican equality, and in riveting anew upon the Continent the chains of feudal despotism. It is a remarkable fact that Napoleon introduced such order and economy into every department of the government, by giving publicity to all the accounts, and watching them with an eagle-eye, that notwithstanding the incessant wars in which he was involved, the expenses of his administration were no greater than the ancient kingdom had required within greatly contracted limits, and in times of peace. Upon his downfall he bequeathed to his country no insupportable burden of debt.

* "The rigorous enforcement of the Continental System had become the Emperor's sheet anchor, inasmuch as no other means could be devised for compelling England to agree to a peace. That system, which had to stand such severe attacks from public opinion, had been maturely weighed and boldly carried into execution. At the risk of anticipating a little upon the order of events, I may be allowed to call to my assistance, in this place, the unsuspecting testimony of the Emperor Alexander.

"During the year 1814, that monarch was in the habit of visiting the Empress Maria Louisa at Schönbrunn. He met there the Baron Meneval, whom he soon recognized. In the course of conversation he told him that during his late excursion to England, after the peace of Paris, he was desirous of satisfying himself as to the practicability of the views contemplated by the Continental System. He had visited Manchester, Birmingham, and the large manufacturing towns of England. He had seen, examined, and questioned with the utmost care, and brought back the conviction that if the system had lasted another year England must have yielded. What the Emperor Alexander's penetration had only discovered in 1814, had been foreseen in the outset by the genius of Napoleon. He accordingly attached great importance to the carrying into effect a measure so effectual and yet so little understood. Holland required to be more closely watched than any other part of Europe, in consequence of its numberless rivers, and the variety of forms which its commercial transactions assume."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii. p. 238.

was still confined on the arrival of the allies in Paris."

As Napoleon was engaged in a perpetual series of toils and cares, encouraging the industry and developing the resources of his majestic empire, warding off the blows of England, striving to conciliate foes upon the Continent, superintending the calamitous war in Spain, which was every day assuming a more fierce and sanguinary character, the year rapidly passed away.* Having been so long absent from France, conducting the war upon the banks of the Danube, he was under the necessity of intrusting the conduct of the Spanish war to his generals.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was placed upon that couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or imperial rank can purchase exemption. The labor was long-protracted, and her anguish was dreadful. Her attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and that the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon. He sat by the side of his suffering companion during twelve long hours of agony, endeavoring to soothe her fears and to revive her courage. Perceiving that M. Dubois, the surgeon, had lost his presence of mind, he inquired, "Is this a case of unheard of difficulty?"—"I have met with such before," the surgeon replied, "but they are rare."—"Very well," rejoined Napoleon, "summon your fortitude. Forget that you are attending the Empress. Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." This judicious advice was attended with happy results, and both mother and child were saved.

It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess* twenty-one guns were to be fired, if a *prince* one hundred. At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and, in all her glowing veins, the current of life stood still. The *twenty-first* gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily loaded guns then, with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by

* Another intrigue, of a singular character, and which terminated in an unexpected manner, originated in an attempt of the English Ministry to achieve the liberty of Ferdinand, the lawful King of Spain. It is no doubt true, that had the government of England known the real character of this prince, a wish for his deliverance from France, or his presence in Spain, would have been the last which they would have formed. This misapprehension, however, was natural, and was acted upon.

"A Piedmontese of Irish extraction, called the Baron Kolli (or Kelley), the selected agent of the British government, was furnished with some diamonds and valuable articles, under pretext of disposing of which, he was to obtain admission to the Prince, then a prisoner at Vallençay, where his chief amusement, it is believed, was embroidering a gown and petticoat to be presented to the Virgin Mary. Kolli was then to have informed the Prince of his errand, effected Ferdinand's escape by means of confederates among the royalist party, and convcyed him to the coast, where a small squadron awaited the event of the enterprise, designed to carry the King of Spain to Gibralter, or whither else he chose. In March, 1810, Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon Bay, whence he went to Paris, to prepare for his enterprise. He was discovered by the police, and arrested at the moment when he was setting out for Vallençay. Some attempts were made to induce him to proceed with the scheme, of which his papers enabled the police to comprehend the general plan, keeping communication at the same time with the French Ministers. As he disdained to undertake this treacherous character, Kolli was committed close prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, while a person, the same who betrayed his principal, and whose exterior in some degree answered the description of the British emissary—was sent to represent him at the castle of Vallençay.

"But Ferdinand either suspicious of the snare which wa laid for him, or poor-spirited enough to prefer a safe bondage to a brave risk incurred for liberty, would not listen to the supposed agent of Britain, and indeed denounced the pretended Kolli to Barthemy, the governor of the castle. The false Kolli, therefore, returned to Paris, while the real one remained in the castle of Vincennes till the capture of Paris by the allies. Ferdinand took credit, in a letter to Bonaparte, for having resisted the temptation held out to him by the British government, who had, as he pathetically observed, abused his name, and occasioned, by doing so, the shedding of much blood in Spain. He again manifested his ardent wish to become the adopted son of the Emperor; his hope that the authors and abettors of the scheme to deliver him, might be brought to condign punishment; and concluded with a hint, that he was extremely desirous of leaving Valençay, a residence which had nothing about it but what was unpleasant, and was not in any respect fitted for him."—Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 98.

To deluge the whole peninsula in blood and woe, in order to place a remorseless tyrant upon the throne, and then to plead ignorance of his character as an excuse! One of Ferdinand's first acts upon his restoration to power was to abolish the constitution. "This perfidious decree," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "ended by declaring that the session of the Cortes had ceased and that whoever should oppose this royal decree, should be held guilty of high treason and punished with an infamous death. From the promulgation of the decrees of May 4th, may be dated what has not unappropriately been denominated the *reign of terror*. Ferdinand, supported by traitors to their oaths, pursued the most despotical course from 1814 to 1820. During these six years, a vast number of patriots perished on the scaffold; the possessions on the coast of Africa were thronged with the most virtuous Spaniards. The foreign ministers did not make the least attempt to save the numerous victims of this most cruel despotism. The Duke of Wellington came from Paris May 24th, to compliment the king on his restoration to the throne and his rights."

his death. Who could then have imagined that his Imperial father would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena; and that this child, the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave.

By the ringing of bells and the explosion of artillery, the tidings of this birth were rapidly spread over the whole of France. Josephine was at Navarre. Her noble heart rejoiced in anguish. It was in the evening of the same day that she was informed, by the cannon of the neighboring garrison, that Napoleon had become a father. No one witnessed the tears she shed in her lonely chamber. But at midnight she thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Sire!—Amidst the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of France, and from every regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear? Will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father! Yes, Sire! without hesitation; for my soul renders justice to yours in like manner as you know mine. I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment. Though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to have learned the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or from the courier of the Prefect. I know, however, that, in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the State, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate Princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She can not be more tenderly devoted to you than I am. But she has been enabled to contribute more toward your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares, and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I can not ask more than for a place in your affections, far removed from that occupied by the Empress, Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her bed—not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait.

"Meanwhile it is not possible for me to delay telling you that, more than any one in the world, do I rejoice in your joy. And you will not doubt my sincerity when I here say, that, far from feeling an affliction at a sacrifice necessary for the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong; I do not suffer while you are happy; and I have but one regret in not having yet done enough to prove how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress. I dare to depend upon you, Sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which secures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is *from you* that I desire to know if your child be well—if he resemble you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him. In short, I expect from you unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims in consideration, Sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains."

Josephine had but just dispatched this letter when a courier was announced with a note from the Emperor. With intense agitation she received from the fragile and youthful page the billet, and immediately retired to her private apartment. Half an hour elapsed before she again made her appearance. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the billet, which she still held in her hand, was blurred with her tears. She gave the page a note to the Emperor in reply, and presented him, in token of her appreciation of the tidings which he had brought, a small morocco-case, containing a diamond breast-pin, and a thousand dollars in gold.

Then, with a tremulous voice, she read the Emperor's note to her friends. Its concluding lines were: "This infant, in concert with *our Eugene*, will constitute my happiness and that of France." As Josephine read these words with emphasis, she exclaimed, "Is it possible to be more amiable! Could any thing be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor? This *uniting my son with his own* is, indeed, worthy of him who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This is it which has so much moved me."

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, Napoleon arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine the idolized child. The interview took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris.

Shortly after this interview Josephine thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Assuredly, Sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes—and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugene. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of another, since he is yours likewise, nor deem either false or exaggerated, sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had preceded; for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection. It is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, Sire, that

those meetings, which afford me so much pleasure, can not frequently be renewed; and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to see you happy." *

At St. Helena, Napoleon said: "A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity. As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne. The French people would have been as much attached to a son of Josephine, as they were afterward to the King of Rome, and I should not have set my foot on an abyss hidden by flowers."

Baron Meneval, private secretary to the Emperor, and also subsequently to Maria Louisa, thus testifies respecting Napoleon's domestic character:

"The Emperor, burdened with care, and perceiving himself upon the eve of a rupture with Russia, occupied his time between the multiplied labors of his cabinet, reviews, and the work of his ministers. It was in the society of his wife and his son that he sought the only recreation for which he had any taste. The few moments of leisure which the toils of the day left him, he consecrated to his son, whose tottering steps he loved to guide with even feminine solicitude. When the precious child stumbled and fell before his father could prevent it, he was received with caresses, and with shouts of joyous laughter. The Empress assisted in these family scenes, but she took a less active part than the Emperor. This trio, whose simplicity compelled one to forget their unspeakable grandeur, presented the touching spectacle of a citizen's household, united by ties of the most tender affection. Who could have imagined the destiny reserved for those who composed it. That man, who has been represented as insensible to sentiments of sympathy and kindness, was a tender husband and father." *

The following well-authenticated anecdote, related by Baron Meneval, beautifully illustrates the social spirit of Napoleon. The remembrance of a taste imbibed in the familiarity of the domestic life which she had passed in her youth, inspired the Empress one day with the desire to make an omelet. While she was occupied in that important culinary operation, the Emperor, unannounced, entered the room. The Empress, a little embarrassed, endeavored to conceal her preparations. "Ah," exclaimed the Emperor, with a latent smile, "what is going on here? It seems to me I perceive a singular odor, as of frying." Then, passing round the Empress, he discovered the chafing dish, the silver saucepan in which the butter began to melt, the salad-bowl, and the eggs. "How," exclaimed the Emperor, "are you making an omelet? You know nothing about it. I will show you how it is done." He immediately took his place at the table, and went to work with the Empress, she serving as assistant cook. The omelet was at last made, and one side was fried. Now came the difficulty of turning it, by tossing it over with artistic skill in the frying-pan. Napoleon, in the attempt, awkwardly tossed it upon the floor. Smiling, he said, "I have given myself credit for more exalted talents than I possess;" and he left the Empress undisputed mistress of the cuisine.

Madame de Montesquiou was appointed governess to the infant prince. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, and nobly discharged her responsibilities. "Madame Montesquiou," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a woman of singular merit. Her piety was sincere, and her principles excellent. She had the highest claims on my esteem and regard. I wanted half a dozen like her. I would have given them all appointments equal to their deserts. The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame Montesquiou managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young prince were on the ground-floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries. At almost every hour in the day numbers of people were looking in at the window in the hope of seeing him. One day when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame Montesquiou,

* "The personal intercourse between Napoleon and Josephine, though not unfrequent, was conducted with the most decorous attention to appearances. Their last interview but one took place before he left Paris for the Russian campaign. This enterprise the ex-empress had contemplated with well-grounded alarm, and repeatedly solicited a meeting. The Emperor at length arrived at Malmaison. He was in a caleche, which drew up at the park-gate, and, with becoming delicacy, his repudiated wife received his visit in the garden. Seating themselves on a circular bench, within sight of the windows of the saloon, but beyond hearing, they continued in animated conversation for above two hours. The courtiers, concealed behind the window-drapery, endeavored to divine, from the changing expression of the speakers, the subject of their discourse. Josephine spoke at first anxiously, and almost in alarm. The Emperor replied with eager confidence, and seemed, by degrees, to reassure her, for it was evident that she felt satisfied with his arguments. In all probability the conversation turned upon the intended expedition against Russia. At length Napoleon rose, kissed the Empress's hand, and walked with her to his carriage. During the rest of the day Josephine appeared perfectly satisfied, and more than once repeated to her ladies that she had never seen the Emperor in better spirits; adding, "How I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!" Such was her expression. A few months sufficed to make the misfortunes of Napoleon a by-word among the nations."—MEMES' *Memoirs of Josephine*, p. 385.

* "Though the Empress Maria Louisa," says Alison, "was little more than an amiable non-entity, and she proved herself, in the end, altogether unworthy of being his wife, yet he was kind and considerate to her during the few years that she shared his fortunes; and toward the King of Rome he invariably felt the warmest affection; parental feelings, indeed—strong in almost all but the utterly selfish—were peculiarly warm in his bosom. The education and progress of his son occupied a large share of his attention, even on the most momentous occasion of his life; and one of the bitterest pangs which he felt during his exile at St. Helena was owing to his separation from that beloved infant with whom his affections and prospective glories had been indissolubly wound up."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 101.

she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked *Maman Quiou*, as he used to call her, what it all meant. 'I love you too well,' she replied, 'not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people; and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you if they knew you to be so wicked?' Upon this, the child asked pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. This," the Emperor continued, "was language very different from that addressed by M. Villeroi to Louis XV. 'Behold all these people, my prince,' said he.. 'They belong to you. All the men you see yonder are yours.'"

Napoleon cherished this child with an intensity of affection which no earthly love has, perhaps, ever surpassed.* "Do I deceive myself," said he, one day at St. Helena, to the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently implored of heaven, could I have believed that one day he would have become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I can not remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the empoisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame; console me!"

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, which was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect knew not what to do. He was afraid to annoy the Emperor again with the subject, and yet he could not proceed with his plan. The Emperor was again appealed to. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us. But there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The Emperor, when informed of it, said, indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws." The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, M. Bonvivant, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building materials, bitterly lamented his folly. He was living a few years ago at Passy, still at work at his trade. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

* W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his Life of Bonaparte, which is written with much candor, gives the following lines, as composed by Napoleon at St. Helena. We know not on what authority he rests their authenticity. He says:

"Bonaparte had, in his youth, composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in '*Les Annales de l'Europe*,' a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his boy, to inspire him with the following verses, in all probability destined for the portrait of that young infant, which he, nevertheless, kept always concealed:

"'AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

"'De mon fils bien aimé delicieuse image!
Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,
Je ne le verrai plus; sur un plus doux rivage
Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?

"'O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence
A l'autour de tes jours epargnerait d'ennui!
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;
Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.

"'Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.

"(Signé) 'NAPOLEON.'"

(*Translation.*)

"TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

"O! cherished image of my infant heir!
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;—
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare,
His living form shall never glad my heart.

"My second self! how would thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire.

"In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own;
Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

THE NEW PASTOR.

THE town of Burnhead is a place of some extent, large enough to contain two churches—one for the high, and one for the low church party. A Friends' meeting-house, a little Catholic chapel, with a bell perpetually going, and a modest Gothic building, known as Burnhead Old Meeting. It is not our design to go into the history of Burnhead's religious differences, to recount how high and low church, Quakers and Independents, quarreled among themselves, and how all united to quarrel with the Catholics; such history might be entertaining, and would certainly contain lessons for us, but our present business is at Burnhead Old Meeting.

Some of the townspeople thought it almost impious to call this pretty Gothic chapel the old

meeting. If the Rev. Jabez Stoutheart could rise from his grave, hard by, and see what sort of a building had been erected in the place of his unsightly brick edifice, what would be his horror? Poor Mr. Stoutheart had lived in times, when the justices' warrant sometimes interrupted what he would have termed his "exercises," and snatched him from the pulpit, to put him in the stocks. What the holy cause of religion gained by such exposure of Stoutheart, the writer of this history professes herself unable to discover.

Those days were long ago gone by: Burnhead Old Meeting had been replaced by a handsome chapel of white stone, which raised a modest spire to heaven, and although some few grumbled, the major part of the congregation found that their worship was neither aided nor interrupted by a building of graceful proportions, and some elegance of detail. The worship that went on in Burnhead Old Meeting was, we believe, too real a thing to be excited or cramped by such trifles. As a simple matter of taste, however, the new chapel must be allowed to have the preference; and as none, so far as we know, has ever demonstrated the necessity of wounding a man's sense of beauty and grace, in order to prove to him that there are things more important than grace and beauty, we hold with the modern party in Burnhead.

The last pastor, the Rev. Ezekiel Stringer, had just died. After a long life, during which he had performed as many acts of kindness and charity as most men, and had wonderfully endeared himself to his neighbors, he had been carried off by a fever caught in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He had fallen in his armor, his friends said. Only the Sunday before his death, he had preached a sermon on the Deformities of the Romish Faith, in which act of eloquence he had surpassed himself.

Ezekiel was not the only strong man who had succumbed to the fever; it had also stopped the calm pulses of Father Basil Froom, the Popish priest. Was there a bar, I wonder, where those two men would meet in silence, and as equals? If so, would either have been the worse for a little more charity to look back upon? Ah! brother, you and I too, some day, must stand beside them: let us be pure and faithful, but loving.

Poor Mr. Stringer had left a vacant place; and his congregation felt strangely orphaned in having to look out for a new friend and adviser. Ezekiel had come to them a youth; the figures on his tomb-stone were sixty-seven. Most of his hearers had grown up under his own eye. He had baptized and catechized them and their children; he seemed a part of every household, a part of religion itself almost—so much was he beloved.

A few, who had always spoken against him while living, grew lavish in his praise so soon as the earth was heaped over his coffin. They praised him, especially when any candidate for the pastoral office had acquitted himself pretty well. Such men as these eulogists are difficult to deal with, and unluckily are not confined to Burnhead.

The low church bell tolled, because a Defender of the Protestant faith had fallen.

In the natural, beautiful course of things, the black cloth hangings were taken from the pulpit of the Old Meeting, and the friends of Mr. Stringer had come to think of him with a sort of affectionate melancholy, rather than grief. A handsome tablet had been put up to his memory, but I regret to say his widow, an aged, childless woman, was little thought of. She went to a distance, and took up her residence with some humble friend, feeling that, in losing her husband, she had lost her all. She, too, had watched beside death-beds, and tended sick people, and taught little children; but few thought of her. All their thoughts were buried with Mr. Stringer, and if he had not taken the precaution to insure his life, I fear to think how his poor relict might have fared.

It was spring now; lovely, budding, bursting spring; the "minister's house," was newly papered and painted, and apparently awaiting fresh inmates. Strange hands had nailed up the creepers—formerly Mrs. Stringer's peculiar charge—and every thing, so far as the "every thing" of an empty house goes, had been put in perfect order.

Many candidates had sought Mr. Stringer's place, for Burnhead Meeting-folks bore an excellent character among their own sect. Perhaps, therefore, they had a right to be hard to please. I know not; but they dismissed one young student after another, for reasons more or less trifling. One lisped; a second seemed haughty; a third was scarcely staid enough in his demeanor. Poor youths! Thus they were sent away to be candidates elsewhere.

The Burnhead people, tired of waiting, tired of being pastorless, had at last appointed a man who, if he had offered himself at first, had assuredly been dismissed. He did not lisp, it is true, but many thought him haughty; and as for being staid in his demeanor, you never heard a more joyous or hearty laugh than his; not that he laughed very often, but on occasion he could laugh, as all great-hearted men can.

The fervency of piety called forth by Foster's coming, was edifying to behold; never had Sunday-schools, and sick societies so flourished at Burnhead Old Meeting before.

I think Foster, without being handsome, was one of the loveliest looking men I ever saw; "lovely" seems an odd epithet to apply to a man, but it is the only one that suits him. Measured by the rules of art, he had not a single good feature; and yet there was not one you could mend without spoiling him. The charm must have been that his *physique* was so characteristic, so genially expressive of the soul within. I despair of describing him. I know not the color of his eyes, but they always beamed with a sense of deep, hearty humanity, that it did one good to see; his hair I am sure was brown

because it looked sunny in the sun; and otherwise rather dim and dull. He certainly was not handsome, but somehow his look pleased me better than the look of the Apollo Belvidere.

His manliness was written on his face, and was a sort of passport to one's friendship; one would as soon have refused sympathy to the sad, as friendship to Foster.

The pronoun "one," in the last sentence, had a limit; there were people who not only refused to give Foster their friendship, they really and entirely disapproved of him. Some of Mr. Stringer's oldest friends would shake their heads, and hint that Foster was not orthodox in doctrine. This may have arisen in the fact that he did not arrogate to himself the right to pass a general sentence of excommunication on the world outside Burnhead Old Meeting. He even went so far as to allow that outside the chapel walls there might be a great deal of good. Add to this, that he was a geologist (one old lady said Foster was always flying in Moses' face; but one need hardly credit that), and that he gave lectures at the literary institution; and I believe you have an enumeration of his principal misdemeanors.

Foster had not been six months at Burnhead, before his popularity began to wane; at this he was not surprised; he felt that he had been petted and favored beyond reason at his first coming, and he had always looked forward to the re-actionary period; but it was painful to bear, nevertheless; even the female part of his congregation had begun to fail in their allegiance, and had dropped off to the low church in consequence of the advent of a new curate, with a deep voice, and a consumption. If Foster had only been consumptive! but his broad chest, and well-sustained tones, were vulgarly healthy. He had no claim to sympathy on this score.

He was essentially a good-tempered man, but his life began to be embittered by trifles. Anonymous letters, hinting that "a minister of the Burnhead Old Meeting need not meddle with literary institutions" (as if the tree of knowledge were an heir-loom of the powers of darkness), and an increasing number of tenantless pews in his chapel, were circumstances of painful import. He began to feel bitterly that he was not loved.

I can not quite defend Foster's line of conduct. His people's suspicions and dislikes drove him into himself; and when they showed themselves intolerant, he perhaps became hard and cold toward them. Only outwardly, though, for he had love to offer them, if they would take it. He was too proud to parley with their prejudices; and frightened by his plain speaking, his people went in numbers to hear the Rev. Cyril Thornton, who had written a pamphlet which drove Humboldt and all the geologists out of the field.

Foster's Sunday-schools and sick societies were rapidly on the decline.

The family between whom and Foster there had ever been most love, continued true to him; if it had not been thus, I believe he would have withered away in his wounded affection and his pride.

Walking one evening at sundown on a woody height that overlooked the town, meditating on the calm beauty of the season, and drinking in pleasure from every simplest sound of nature, Foster's brow suddenly darkened, he became conscious of the immediate presence of Cyril Thornton and Alice Lee.

Whatever their business had been, it was over, and they parted with a cheerful good-evening. Thornton rapidly walked toward the town, and Alice came in the direction of her pastor.

It seemed that she, too, enjoyed the song of the lark, the soft murmur of the distant sheep-bells, and the strange monotonous cawing of the homeward-flying rooks. She stopped to listen and to look back. Foster felt hurt; she, perhaps, was about to leave him for Thornton—she, the child of his friend, the only woman in Burnhead who had seemed to understand him. He fancied, however, that even this he could bear, and shed no tear; he was prepared for any falseness human nature could show him. Much as I liked Foster, I think he wrongly baptized this state of mind when he called it Christian resignation. It had no claim at all to baptism, it was rank heathen misanthropy,

"Well, Alice," said the pastor, rather grimly (you see they had progressed far enough in friendship for him to claim the privilege of using her name), "are you going to walk?" The girl was startled. She looked up surprised and blushing. Foster felt as jealous as if there was no reverend before his name—I fear he did, at least.

"You seem pre-occupied by your thoughts," he added, for she did not answer. "I ask if you are going to walk?"

Alice answered by placing her arm in his. Looking up playfully into his great serious eyes, she suddenly became grave, for she saw he was uncomfortable.

"What ails you, Mr. Foster?" she asked in a voice singularly kind and gentle. "Have I displeased you?"

"I hardly know. What was Thornton saying to you, and you to him, just now? I hope the sight of me did not interrupt your conversation?"

"For shame!" cried Alice. "You hope no such thing. We were talking about you."

"About me!"

"About you. Mr. Thornton came up with me just by Hollings's mill, and thereon was posted an announcement of your forthcoming lecture. As I have met him several times in company, and we were walking the same road, we shook hands, and then he too read the bill on the mill-wall, and asked me several questions on the subject of the lecture. He also said he feared you must be pained by the frequent defections in your congregation! he wished he knew how to prevent them."

"No doubt," ejaculated Foster, sarcastically. I must say the pastor would not have shown this mood to any but Alice Lee. It was a strange privilege for love to accord, perhaps, but so it was.

"Well, Mr. Foster, I need not ask you to believe him; you are now jealous and unjust, unkind to him and to yourself. Perhaps you think a few jealous airs become you as a lord of the creation—indulge them by all means. They form no part of that serious, deep, earnest nature of yours, which I love: I appeal from Foster jealous to Foster calm."

"Oh! forgive me, Alice. I begin to wonder whether I have any nature that will not be frittered away in the petty disputes that spoil and mar my life. I am growing black-hearted, hopeless, irreligious. There is no one but you who understands me."

"Be reasonable with me, then. I think your life will soon have other occupation than petty disputes. The fever has broken out again, and there will be a field, I fear, where Mr. Thornton and you need not jostle one another. Oh, Foster! call up all your old interest in human kind; it will all be wanted. Your pamphlet, 'On the Means of preventing Fever,' which excited so much ill-feeling against you, is eagerly sought after, I hear. Print it, and circulate it by hundreds."

"I will do more," said Foster; "I will preach about it. This fever in Burnhead is really a serious thing."

People who had thought Foster stepping out of his place when he tried to prevent fever, were glad enough now to benefit by his suggestions. Not only the chapel, but the churches were deserted; and the sun rose every day upon some who were doomed to die before he set.

A few pallid, shadowy creatures crept about the streets; otherwise the place looked deserted. With miserable want of taste, the Burnhead draper one morning filled his shop-windows with black clothing; before night his wife had looked out her widow's garb. Before morning came again, she, too, wanted only the sad last garment.

Trade, of course, was stagnant. Foster and Thornton, the High Church, and the Catholics, all were busy visiting the sick. As for the Quakers, wherever there was suffering, you were sure to find them.

Foster's good feelings were suddenly revived, ay, kindled brighter than ever before, by this great calamity. In the shadows of so many death-beds, and amid so much necessary active exertion, he really seemed all kindness and goodness. The people began to do him justice; he set those who were unattacked by the disease to drain the houses, and clear away nuisances. Never since Burnhead was built had there been such a crusade against dirt and corruption. Nobody now laughed at Foster for being in earnest on this subject.

Foster himself, after some weeks of incredible exertion, fell sick of the fever. He was seized at Mr. Lee's house, after a morning of unusual activity. Mrs. Lee instantly set about preparing to nurse him. I believe there is nothing so delightful to some women as to have a sick man in the house; and of this sort, Mrs. Lee was queen. She was as jealous over him as if he had belonged to her; scarcely might Alice venture to make him a cup of arrow-root, or squeeze the grapes into his poor parched mouth: the mother and daughter, generally so united, almost disagreed over him; and had not Mr. Lee himself had a slight attack, which diverted the interest, I fear there would have been a real collision.

The spring was far advanced by the time Foster recovered from his delirium. He awoke to life, and the first face that greeted him on his return to consciousness was the face of Alice Lee.

As he grew stronger, many were the grave conversations these two held together. Foster wept to learn how constantly he had been prayed for, and inquired after by his old congregation. Even the seceders were pricked to the heart by his much-enduring heroism, and were awaiting his recovery, to put themselves again under his direction. Foster was shocked to hear that poor Thornton, less fortunate than himself, had really died of the horrible epidemic; and was sleeping beneath the turf where the young clergyman had laid so many of his parishioners. What lessons Foster brought with him from the fever land I need not enumerate; but I know it made him more gentle, and more patient with ignorance and misconception. Altogether he was an altered man—a higher being after this fever than before it. He now contrived successfully to inoculate his people with a reverence for philosophy, and for wisdom of all kinds; but if ever he had a temptation to grow impatient, Alice was beside him to administer a rebuke; for they were married the summer after the fever.

It was some years after this that I had the happiness to make Foster's acquaintance; he himself related to me the greater part of what I have written; and where his modesty caused a chasm, Alice filled it up.

I was at a loss to fathom, when I first knew Foster, how a soul, so deep, so earnest, so passionate, could fit itself, so stilly and quietly, to its appropriate channel of action. His whole existence, so gentle, kindly, religious, and pure, seems like a perpetual offering of incense, or a never-broken strain of holy music. When I learned the rough discipline through which he had passed, I respected and loved him better than ever.

Do not imagine him a faultless man: Foster is no such being. If I thought his faults could do any good by their exposure, assuredly I could have picked out one or two blemishes; but beside the tremendous grandeur of the Alps, how tiny are the cottages at their feet! Scarcely large enough to be spots in our pictures. And so small Foster's faults look, beside the hearty

manly Christian heights of his daily life and speech.

I am certain, my dear reader, be you high or low church, Quaker, Catholic, or Independent, there is a moral here to which you may easily find your way. If not, I have failed in my intention toward you.

HISTORY AND INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THERE are few events in history which afford more striking illustrations of the good and bad qualities of humanity—which contain more of the "romance of real life"—and present more impressive and startling pictures of virtue and vice, of sorrow and suffering, of generosity and selfishness, of true courage and cowardice, of charity and meanness, than the visitation of a destructive pestilence, like that which has clothed one of our largest cities in sackcloth and ashes—and has filled the land with sorrow, wailing, and pity.

Amid the awful scenes of this plague, the writer, snatching a few moments from labors and cares of the most urgent and confining character, and from those calls of duty and charity which have been so incessant and imperative upon all of the acclimated who have remained in the city during the reign of the epidemic, imposed upon himself the additional task of entering in a memorandum all the striking and interesting incidents which came under his observation or that of his friends, in the progress of the pestilence. These notes do not aspire to the dignity of scientific or historical authenticity, but are necessarily disjointed and desultory, having but little other merit than that of truth.

Never did a business season, in a great commercial city, close in a more satisfactory manner than did that of 1853 in New Orleans. The winter had been unusually prosperous, gay, and healthy. Every branch of trade had flourished. Money was abundant. The disposal of one hundred and thirty millions of produce, which had been landed upon our levees from the teeming Valley of the Mississippi, had diffused a large sum among all classes of tradesmen and laborers. The warehouses were emptied and the wharves and levees cleared at an earlier period than usual. Thus our merchants were able to close their accounts, and round off the season in time to make a trip to the North, to Europe, or to the West, leaving their clerks and warehousemen in charge of their stores. Hence the general flight which marked the approach of the summer of 1853 among those of our people who could afford to travel.

Besides these evidences of general prosperity in New Orleans, property and stocks had advanced enormously—and capital which a few months before had avoided the city, began to pour into it, seeking safe and profitable investments. Much of this life and activity were due to the railroad spirit which had been newly awakened in the city, and was engaged in the successful and energetic prosecution of some of the grandest railroad projects that have ever been started in the United States.

Such were the circumstances of New Orleans in the spring of 1853. As the summer began slowly to creep upon a winter and spring of unusual mildness, hundreds of our citizens dropped off daily—hurrying by the various channels of travel northward, westward, and seaward. The spring was remarkably dry. The rainy season, which usually commences in May, had not manifested its presence until the last of June. Then it began to rain daily. The atmosphere was cool, clear, and apparently pure. There had been some sickness during the winter and spring, but it was chiefly of remittent fevers, which, formerly quite rare in this locality, had greatly increased of late. This was ascribed by some to the extensive clearings and partial drainage of the swamps in the rear of the city.

No one feared or even thought of Yellow Fever revisiting its old arena, after so long an absence. There had been no epidemic since 1847. Epidemic cases had indeed occurred in the Charity Hospital every summer; but the disease did not spread, and the assurance became general that this dreadful disease had abandoned New Orleans at last, as it had done Philadelphia and New York in 1822. Such was the feeling with which thousands of our citizens started on their tours, and which reconciled those who were compelled to remain to the prospect of spending the summer here.

About the middle of June it began to be noised about that there was some sickness among the shipping in the upper part of the city. The report was hushed up, or treated as a mere ebullition of some timid panic-makers, or idle gossipers, who had no lots to sell, or any business that might suffer from an apprehension that the city was unhealthy. The general cry was—"Hush up. Don't alarm people. You will frighten them into a fever. It is all humbug. A slight sickness among sailors and poor laborers, who eat bad food, &c." And so it was determined to ignore and discredit the existence of the fever.

But the formidable and insidious malady would not thus consent to be ignored. All the while it was furtively and gradually disseminating its poison—sowing the seeds of a rich harvest of death, filling up the wards of the Charity Hospital, and thinning the crowds of laborers on the levee. The very small number of our citizens who ever took the trouble to examine statistics of mortality, began to be alarmed; but they were frowned down as panic-makers, and the disease, the existence of which was admitted, was pronounced to be ship-fever, which threatened only sailors and stevedores. But what did the mortuary statistics show? In the books of the Charity Hospital the following cases were found entered:

"James McGingan, laborer; native of Ireland; one week in the city; had just landed from a vessel direct

from Liverpool; was taken sick on the 23d of May; entered the Hospital on the 27th; and died the same day, of black vomit.

"Gerhart H. Wörte, a native of Germany; a sailor, last from Bremen, died on the 30th May, of black vomit.

"Michael Mahoney, a native of Ireland—last from Liverpool; died June 7th, of black vomit.

"Herman Bruntz, late from Bremen; died 7th of June, of black vomit.

"Thomas Hart, a native of England—last from Liverpool; died on 10th of June, of black vomit.

"Margaret Runnel—fifteen days from Boston; died on 11th of June, of black vomit."

These were the first six cases which terminated fatally. But these were ordinary occurrences, by no means justifying any apprehensions of an epidemic. Only six deaths from yellow fever in the Charity Hospital in twelve or fourteen days!

The first of July arrived. There had been but one death from yellow fever. There was, however, a good deal of other sickness; yet the month of June showed only 625 deaths in the whole city—being an average of 156 per week. But July was less satisfactory. The first week exhibited a result which created alarm. The deaths from yellow fever had doubled. Yet there were only 59 deaths out of a population of 80,000. "Let us hold on a little longer before we permit ourselves to be frightened," was the cry. The 16th of July arrives—204 deaths by yellow fever for one week. "That is serious, certainly."—"No; the fever exists among the shipping, and the very poorest classes. It will not extend to the *more respectable* portion of our people." The Council was not alarmed, and the Mayor was not at all discomposed. Even the newspapers curbed their natural tendency for panics, stirring incidents, and startling events; and lightly treated these rather serious figures. But at the same time they betrayed their real sentiments by inveighing against the Council for not cleaning the streets, creating a Board of Health, or doing *something* to prevent the introduction or origination of an epidemic. Alas! they knew well enough that the epidemic was already near the city; but the fatal effects of alarm were urged in justification of the pious *suppressio veri*.

About the middle of June there was one portentous announcement, which was well understood by the old residents. It was the publication of the Programme of the Howard Association—an association composed of thirty gentlemen, who, under a charter from the Legislature, have been long organized to aid the poor sick "*during an epidemic.*" This publication was loudly censured. It was equivalent to a declaration that there was an epidemic in the city. The doctors disputed this point. The disease was confined to a particular class and a special locality: an epidemic includes all classes. The Council joined issue with the Association. Meeting on the 27th July, the Assistant Aldermen passed the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, There now exists a very general apprehension among the good citizens of this city that the yellow fever, which is by many believed to be sporadic, and confined almost exclusively to certain crowded localities, may spread and become epidemic.

"*And whereas*, It is highly important that all and every possible and proper means be at once taken to prevent both the spreading of the disease and to allay all unnecessary excitement touching its mortality, by truthful official reports of its progress or decline."

These resolutions were written by a physician, and adopted by a body presided over by a physician. "May spread and become epidemic!"—The people were then dying at the rate of a hundred a day, in every part of the city. Fifteen hundred had already died of a disease "which is by many believed to be sporadic, and confined almost exclusively to certain crowded localities." Fifteen hundred in a few weeks cut down sporadically—just one half the total number of the victims of the epidemic of 1847—which was considered the severest that ever visited the city.

The Council next created a Board of Health, placed $10,000 at its disposal, and then adjourned, many of its members flying the city, and others remaining to perform their duties, like men and philanthropists.

The Board of Health set to work vigorously and earnestly, established infirmaries in various parts of the city, and performed such other duties as were now within the scope of human power. But it was too late to discuss preventive measures. It was not even considered necessary to repair the error of the Council, and declare that there *was an epidemic* in the city. It spoke for itself. It was figured up in the reports of the daily interments. It was proclaimed in a thousand forms of gloom, sorrow, desolation, and death. Funeral processions crowded every street. No vehicles could be seen except doctors' cabs and coaches, passing to and from the cemeteries, and hearses, often solitary, taking their way toward those gloomy destinations. The hum of trade was hushed. The levee was a desert. The streets, wont to shine with fashion and beauty, were silent. The tombs—the home of the dead—were the only places where there was life—where crowds assembled—where the incessant rumbling of carriages, the trampling of feet, the murmur of voices, and all the signs of active, stirring life could be heard and seen.

Spread over a large area, and badly built up, New Orleans did not, however, bring so distinctly before the eye and mind of the observer the full extent of the ravages of the disease as other cities would have done under a like visitation. To realize the full horror and virulence of the pestilence, you must go into the crowded localities of the laboring classes, into those miserable shanties which are the disgrace of the city, where the poor immigrant class cluster together in filth, sleeping a half-dozen in one room, without ventilation, and having access to filthy, wet yards, which have never been filled up, and when it rains are converted into green puddles—fit abodes for frogs and sources of poisonous malaria. Here you will find scenes of woe, misery, and death,

which will haunt your memory in all time to come. Here you will see the dead and the dying, the sick and the convalescent, in one and the same bed. Here you will see the living babe sucking death from the yellow breast of its dead mother. Here father, mother, and child die in one another's arms. Here you will find whole families swept off in a few hours, so that none are left to mourn or to procure the rites of burial. Offensive odors frequently drew neighbors to such awful spectacles. Corpses would thus proclaim their existence, and enforce the observances due them. What a terrible disease! Terrible in its insidious character, in its treachery, in the quiet, serpent-like manner in which it gradually winds its folds around its victims, beguiles him by its deceptive wiles; cheats his judgment and senses, and then consigns him to grim death. Not like the plague, with its red spot, its maddening fever, its wild delirium and stupor—not like the cholera, in violent spasms and prostrating pains, is the approach of the *vomito*. It assumes the guise of the most ordinary disease which flesh is heir to—a cold, a slight chill, a headache, a slight fever, and, after a while, pains in the back. Surely there is nothing in these! "I won't lay by for them," says the misguided victim; the poor laborer can not afford to do so. Instead of going to bed, sending for a nurse and doctor, taking a mustard-bath and a cathartic, he remains at his post until it is too late. He has reached the crisis of the disease before he is aware of its existence. The chances are thus against him. The fever mounts up rapidly, and the poison pervades his whole system. He tosses and rolls on his bed, and raves in agony. Thus he continues for thirty-six hours. Then the fever breaks, gradually it passes off—joy and hope begin to dawn upon him. He is through now. "Am I not better, Doctor?" "You are doing well, but must be very quiet." Doing well! How does the learned gentleman know? Can he see into his stomach, and perceive there collecting the dark-brown liquid which marks the dissolution that is going on? The fever suddenly returns, but now the paroxysm is more brief. Again the patient is quiet, but not so hopeful as before. He is weak, prostrate, and bloodless, but he has no fever; his pulse is regular, sound, and healthy, and his skin moist. "He will get well," says the casual observer. The doctor shakes his head ominously. After a while, drops of blood are seen collecting about his lips. Blood comes from his gums—that is a bad sign, but such cases frequently occur. Soon he has a hiccough. That is worse than the bleeding at the gums: then follows the ejection of a dark-brown liquid which he throws up in large quantities; and this in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand is the signal that the doctor's function is at an end, and the undertaker's is to commence. In a few hours the coffin will receive its tenant, and mother-earth her customary tribute.

This is the description of the great majority of cases. But it does not fall within the compass of this article to enlarge upon this branch of our subject. So we must hurry back to our facts, and dispose of them as briefly as possible, in order to give room for incidents which will possess more interest to the general reader, and perhaps serve better to illustrate the character and history of this pestilence than any formal narrative.

The Board of Health commenced its operations about the 1st of August. Daily reports were then published of the interments in all the cemeteries of the city. Commencing on 1st August with 106 deaths by Yellow Fever, 142 deaths by all diseases, the number increased daily, until for the first week, ending on the 7th, they amounted to 909 deaths by Yellow Fever, 1186 of all diseases. The next week showed a continued increase: 1288 Yellow Fever, 1526 of all diseases. This was believed to be the maximum. There had been nothing to equal it in the history of any previous epidemics, and no one believed it could be exceeded. But the next week gave a mournful refutation of these predictions and calculations: for that ever memorable week the total deaths were 1575, of Yellow Fever 1346. But the next week commenced more gloomily still. The deaths on the 22d of August were 283 of all diseases, 239 of Yellow Fever. This proved to be the maximum mortality of the season. From this it began slowly to decrease. The month of August exhibited a grand total of 5122 deaths by Yellow Fever, and nearly 7000 deaths of all diseases. Slowly the disease continued to decrease, only for the want of victims, until on the 6th of September (at which time these notes are transcribed), when it reached 65 deaths by Yellow Fever, and 95 deaths of all diseases. Looking back from this point we find that the whole number of deaths by Yellow Fever from its first appearance on the 28th of May were 7189—deaths from all diseases 9941. But there are 344 deaths the cause of which is not stated in the burial certificates. At least three-fourths of these may be set down in the Yellow Fever column—which would add 250 more, and make the deaths by Yellow Fever 7439.

But do these figures include all the deaths? Alas! no. Hundreds have been buried of whom no note was taken, no record kept. Hundreds have died away from the city, in attempting to fly from it. Every steamer up the river contributed its share to the hecatombs of victims of the pestilence. Nor do these returns include those who have died in the suburbs, in the towns of Algiers and Jefferson City, in the villages of Gretna and Carrollton. But even these figures, deficient as they are, need no additions to swell them into proofs that the most destructive plague of modern times has just wreaked its vengeance upon New Orleans. Estimating the total deaths at 8000 for three months, we have ten per cent. of the whole population of New Orleans. At this rate it

would only require two years and four months to depopulate the city.

But only the unacclimated are liable to the disease, and so we must exclude the old resident acclimated population, which, with slaves, and free colored persons, embrace at least two-thirds of the summer population of New Orleans. This would reduce the number liable to Yellow Fever below 30,000. Of that number one-fourth have died in three months. There is scarcely any parallel to this mortality. The great Plague of London in 1665 destroyed one out of every 13⅓ of its population. That of New Orleans in 1853 destroyed one out of every ten of its total population, and one out of every four of those susceptible of the disease. This exceeds the mortality in Philadelphia in 1798, when it was estimated that one out of every six died.

But let us pass from these details and estimates, to phases and incidents of this melancholy visitation, which possess more interest, and may indeed serve to infuse some light into these gloomy records.

In the histories of pestilences, which we find in our libraries, human nature is usually represented in very repulsive and disgusting aspects. The laws of society and of nature are outraged. Fear and selfishness hold rule over the conduct of men. All the sanctities of life are trampled upon. The affections no longer control or influence the minds and conduct of men. All is confusion, terror, panic, desertion, misery, death, disorder, vice, wickedness, and blasphemy. The graphic pen of Defoe has presented us with such sketches of the conduct of the people and authorities during the Plague of London in 1665—a less virulent and afflictive visitation than the Epidemic of 1853 in New Orleans—as may not be read without shame and disgust for the selfishness and debasement of human nature. Turn from these revolting pictures, and view the conduct of the people of New Orleans, amid the appalling terrors of the pestilence. Where in history can you find a more noble display of courage, fortitude, humanity, and true nobility of soul? View the people at the very height of the epidemic, when Death loomed out, overshadowing the whole city, and obscuring all other objects. Grief, sorrow, distress, for some departed or departing friend may be discerned in the faces of that brave population. But there is no fear, no weak cowardice, no nervous timidity, no sneaking or skulking in their expression or action. All stand to their duties, to the calls of affection, of friendship, of humanity. Business and family are forgotten; stores and dwellings are closed. The rich spend their nights by the humble cot of the sick poor, and the poor watch at the downy couch of the rich. Masters tend unceasingly their sick servants, and employers perform the most menial duties for their employees. The delicate forms of females flit, spirit-like, in every direction, to and fro—visiting their sick friends, relieving the poor, smoothing the pillow and ministering to the wants of the sick, and providing for the numerous orphans who had frequently to be taken from the bosoms of dead mothers. Not a few of the ladies of the city who had left, to spend the summer at some of the fashionable resorts on the sea-coast, returned as soon as they heard of the violence of the pestilence, to look after their unacclimated friends. Nor was this heroic devotion confined to the acclimated. The fear of contagion produced but little effect in deterring the truly charitable from performing the duties of humanity and affection on this distressing occasion.

Of course there were exceptions to these remarks. The weak, the selfish, the base and cowardly exist every where. Occasions of great peril are certain to develop these qualities, as well as the virtues of which they are the antipodes. There are illustrations of both sides of human nature in the annals of the pestilence, a few of which may be worthy of record as lessons to the weak and timid. One of them is the case of

THE WEAK MOTHER.

A lady in affluent circumstances had gone up the coast to spend the summer, leaving her young son, a clerk, in the city. Hearing that he was seized with the fever, the fond mother took a boat and came to the city to see him. She rode up in a carriage from the wharf to the house in which her son boarded. On her way, she encountered several hearses and funeral processions. The sight of these melancholy symbols of mortality naturally added to her alarm and nervousness. Finally the carriage stopped before the boarding-house of her son. There was that dark vehicle of the dead, with its plumes and the sleepy negro, drawn up at the door.

"Who is dead here?" asked the lady, in a tremulous, choked voice.

"It is a young man, a clerk in a store," replied a servant at the door.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the agonized and half-fainting mother. But even at that time, with the instinct of a mother, remembering that she had other children to live for, she ordered the coachman to drive back to the boat, upon which she left that evening for her country residence. Now a strange result followed. The son recovered. It was another young clerk who had died in the same boarding-house; the agonized and frightened mother had omitted to mention her son's name. But, alas! the unhappy lady, who could not bear to look upon the corpse of her dead son, returned to her country residence only to die of the disease the fear of which prevailed over her natural affection. A more revolting case is that of the

UNBURIED DAUGHTER.

A young girl about sixteen years of age was seized with the fever in a house where she lived with her father, mother, and other relatives. She was deserted and neglected in the early stage of the disease. At last a cab was called to take her to the hospital. Wrapped up in a blanket,

she was placed in the cab, and the driver was ordered to proceed as rapidly as he could to the hospital. But the cabman loitered on the way, and even stopped at a cabaret to take a drink. Thus it was two hours before he reached the hospital. When the cab arrived in front of the clerk's office, the usual questions were called out to the patient: "What is your name?—where are you from?" There was no reply from the object rolled up in the blanket. The questions were repeated in a louder tone.

No reply.

"Roll her out, cabman," called out the clerk.

The cabman pulled off the blanket, and a stiff, staring corpse fell heavily on the seat. "She is dead!" exclaimed the clerk; and, turning to the next cab, called out, "Drive up, and let us see what you have got." With pencil in hand, he had recommenced his eternal queries to a new patient: "What's your name, age, country?" When the unfortunate carrier of the corpse, having recovered from the alarm naturally excited by the discovery of the character of his burden, asked the clerk of the hospital what he should do with his load. "Take her home and make her friends bury her," was the curt reply. The cabman cracked his whip and dashed off in the direction of the house where he had received his load. He found the windows and doors of the house tightly closed, and a tar-barrel burning in the yard. Rapping for some time violently at the door, he at last discovered an upper window-shutter slowly moving, and a pale, frightened countenance peeping through the small open space.

"What do you want?" nervously inquired the person from the window—as if it were midnight, and he feared the attack of a robber.

"Here is your daughter dead in my cab, and I want you to take her and bury her."

A deep groan and noise, followed by a violent slamming of the shutters, were the only responses to the solicitation of the cabman. Now the latter began to be alarmed. What could he do with a corpse? They would not receive her at the hospital; her parents refused her—and he could not afford to bury her. At last it occurred to him to take her to the nearest cemetery. Away he started as fast as his wearied horse could drag the cab. Arrived at the cemetery, the sexton was asked to receive a corpse.

"Where is the certificate?"

"I have none."

"It can't be done."

"Here she is!" and the cabman unrolled the blanket.

"What! not even coffined—and no certificate! I'll have you arrested."

"Oh, lordy!" exclaimed the now thoroughly frightened cabman; and, jumping into his cab, drove rapidly back to the house of the dead girl's parents. Here he took the corpse out, and laying it on the steps of the house, drove away. Some charitable citizens, passing by, observed the corpse; and, after vainly trying to arouse the persons within, sent off for a corporation coffin, in which the body of the unfortunate girl was inclosed, and duly buried. In a week afterward the house, which was barricaded against the fever, as the hearts of its inmates were against all human and natural feeling, was emptied by the grim destroyer, and, as it appeared in this case, avenger and punisher!

MATRIMONIAL DEVOTION.

In contrast with these instances of human weakness and cowardice, many noble and inspiring examples of devotion, courage, and affection crowd into our memory. Never shall we forget a scene described to us by a friend, who witnessed it. A poor couple were seized with the fever about the same time, and lay in the same bed, in a damp, uncomfortable house or shanty. A doctor was called, who directed that the man should be sent to the hospital—adding that the woman was too low and weak to be removed. Hearing the direction of the physician, the poor patients clung to one another with all their strength, and declared that they would not be separated, but would die together. Force had to be used. Several strong men were called, who, by main strength, tore the unfortunate husband from the arms of his wife, who fell back on the bed in violent convulsions. The man was placed in a cab, which was ordered to take him to the Charity Hospital. On his arrival there he was in a dying condition, and the next day his body was in the dead-house. His poor wife quickly followed him to that home where they can no more be separated, and where their affections may bloom forever, without the blight of disease or sorrow.

MON PAUVRE PERE.

On the noon of a very warm day in August, we observed the corporation cart drawn up before a small house. We waited for a while to see what load it would bear. Presently, we saw one of those horrible black coffins—made of coarse, unplaned wood, smeared with lamp-black—brought out of the house, supported by two men, a young girl, and a boy about twelve years old. The coffin was deposited in the cart; the dirty, coatless boy who was driving, whipped up the lazy horse, and off they started for the Lafayette Cemetery, nearly two miles off. In the middle of the street, under a broiling sun, followed the girl and boy, walking hand in hand, with every indication of deep sorrow and grief. Several citizens stopped them, and endeavored to dissuade them from the long journey, but the poor orphans made no other reply than the agonizing, heart-rending exclamation, "*Mon pauvre père! Mon pauvre père!*" And thus with wailing and piteous cries they performed their dreary pilgrimage. We confess that this funereal procession impressed us more deeply and sorrowfully than the most solemn cortège which wealth, art, or taste ever devised. These poor children were the last of a large family of French emigrants who had recently landed in the city. On

mentioning their case, more than a hundred dollars were pressed upon us to give to them. But on calling at the house where the coffin had been received, we found it closed, and could never gather any tidings of the unfortunate orphans. Probably they followed their parents, and brothers, and sisters.

THE EXULTANT BELLE.

The Shell Road, which runs along the banks of the new canal, through which passes the commerce of the Lake, in the rear of the city, is the fashionable drive of New Orleans. It is a beautiful road, shaded the whole distance, and so perfectly level, being macadamized with shells taken from the bottom of the Lake, that you can hardly perceive the motion of your vehicle as it glides over it. On the right of the road, near the half-way station, and separated from it by the canal, are the principal cemeteries of the city. This road, the resort of the gay, the dissipated, the pleasure-loving, and of those who delight in horse-flesh and the excitation of fast driving, was not abandoned during the rage of the pestilence. Indeed, there seemed more parties on the road than usual at this season of the year, and they drove faster and shouted louder, as if they were running away from the grim destroyer, and uttering their defiances of him. And when they arrive at the elegant hotel on the Lake, and luxurious suppers, with a plentiful flow of generous liquors, are served up to them, the echoes along the Lake shore are awakened by their noisy hilarity, their joyous exultation, and loud bacchanalian strains. These are mostly persons who would drive off the dark fears which, in moments of quiet, possess their minds and enchain their spirits—the gloomy forebodings of the approach of the pestilence to their own habitations and persons. Others there were, who sought to relieve the tedium and gloom in which the city and its people are sunk, by a little forced gayety and oblivious dissipation. To this class belonged a gay party, composed of several gentlemen and ladies, who, on a certain Friday evening about the middle of August, dashed down the Shell Road to Callom's, for the purpose of relieving their spirits of the oppression of the scenes presented in the city, by a supper and other festivities.

The gayest and loveliest of the party was a young married lady, a New Yorker by birth, whose husband was absent from the city on business. She was in the full bloom of health and beauty, the cynosure of all eyes, in a city where a healthy and pretty woman had become a *rara avis*. Her joyous, ringing laughter, her brilliant, clear complexion, and bright eyes, her ever bounding spirits and sanguine temperament, seemed to dissipate the prevailing gloom wherever she moved. The supper at the Lake was, of course, a gay and merry one. All was forgotten but present enjoyment, and every means of merriment and gayety were employed to while away the hours. It was late when the carriages were ordered up to take them back to the city. Excited by the generous liquors and food, the reckless roysterers gave full rein, and plied with whips their high-spirited steeds, until their pace increased to a frightful rapidity, which rendered all objects along the road undistinguishable. Thus, they passed those gloomy abodes of hundreds, who a few days before had been as full of life and of hope as themselves—where now many a flickering torch threw a lurid glare over dark groups of wailing friends paying the last sad rites to some departed relative—where the sound of sorrow and lamentation rose plaintively to heaven, and from which came that revolting odor of decaying mortality, that mingled with and corrupted the sweet south wind. But the solemnizing influence of these scenes did not reach these heartless votaries of pleasure. They only provoked careless jests, reckless levity, bold defiance, and maudlin shouts. They had read the Decameron, and were emulating the insensibility and "heroism" of those imaginary characters, so glowingly painted by the matchless Boccaccio. And so they entered the gloomy city—gloomy in a moral sense, for nearly every window was lighted up, as if there was a general illumination on some great occasion of festivity. But, alas! it was the illumination of the chambers of the sick and the dead—in which might be discerned the flitting figures of anxious nurses, or the bowed forms of bereaved relatives and friends.

They retire to their various homes, and here let us leave our gay friends to such quiet and peace as their consciences and spirits will allow.

The husband arrived in New Orleans on the day following that of the drive to the Lake, which has just been described. He hastened to meet his beautiful wife, from whom he had been separated for some months. On arriving at the boarding-house where she resided, he was shocked to find the establishment nearly deserted. He asked a servant where all the people were. "They are nearly all dead, but Mrs. ——, and she has just been seized with the fever," was the reply. "Great God!" exclaimed the alarmed husband; and rushing upstairs, entered his wife's room. It was too true. There she was—the bright, blooming, and joyous belle of the last night's frolic, stretched on her couch by the remorseless enemy of whose power she had but a few hours before spoken so lightly. A physician had just been called in. He had examined her case, and prescribed for her.

"What chance is there for her?" feebly gasped out the miserable husband.

"She is naturally a good subject," was the slow and measured reply of the learned professor; "but she has been taking the very course to bring on the fever, and render it incurable; She rode to the Lake last evening, and indulged in eating and drinking, and other excitements, which render a patient very unmanageable."

"Horrible! awful!" exclaimed the poor husband. "Oh! why did you—" but as he turned and caught a view of the agonized and sallow

countenance of his stricken wife, he could not finish the reproachful interrogatory.

Kindly and tenderly he attended her couch. Toward noon, the paroxysm passed off; her strong constitution seemed to triumph over the disease; the fever had abated, her whole condition was improved, consciousness had returned, and her nurse and physician said she was doing well. Seeing that she was provided with every thing needful, the husband stole out to attend to some business which could not be neglected. Thus he was employed to a late hour in the afternoon. After completing his duties he started homeward. On his way, he met a friend who, remarking upon his pale and exhausted appearance, asked him to join him in a drink in one of our hotels. They walked in, and, standing at the bar, were engaged in conversation, chiefly in reference to the supposed convalescent wife of the gentleman, her promising condition, and the prospects of an easy triumph over the fever, when a boy walked up to the husband, and asked:

"Are you Mr. ——?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is dead!"

As if struck by lightning, the poor man fell senseless on the floor. His friend, with the aid of some bystanders, raised him up, and bore him to a cab, in which he was carried to the St. Charles Hotel. Here leaving him, sunk in a stupor of grief and nervous prostration, his friend drove to the boarding-house of his wife.

It was too true. The proud, blooming, spirited beauty was now a yellow, spotted corpse. All her charms were gone. The full, round, glowing cheeks, the pouting lips, the soft and dimpled chin, the brilliant eyes, the swelling bosom, were fast sinking into that condition that would secure a rich banquet for the graveworm.

Quickly follow the preparations for her burial. Two gentlemen, friends of the husband, quietly brought a coffin to her room, and with the aid of a black woman, deposited the corpse in it. A hearse was procured, in which the coffin was placed, and with a single carriage to accompany it, the two gentlemen started for the cemetery, at about ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a violent shower of rain. Arriving at the gate, with the help of a negro man, they removed the coffin from the hearse, and placed it in a vault. At that moment an individual who knew the gentlemen, asked whose coffin was that? He was informed; whereupon he exclaimed—"Great God! I saw her on the Shell Road yesterday!" It was then suggested that a prayer, or some religious ceremonial, should be read for the occasion. Inquiry was made in vain for a prayer-book. With a horrid oath, the stranger exclaimed against the barbarity of burying so pretty a woman with no more respect than they would a dog or a horse. The gentlemen got into their carriage, and rode back to the city.

Such was the sudden end and the desolate funeral of her who, but a few hours before, had rode by that gloomy receptacle of the dead, so exultant, so confident; so full of life, of hope, and of joy.

THE TABLEAU VIVANT.

A merry, jovial party assembled one day at the splendid rooms of Jacobs, the daguerreotypist, in Camp-street. The epidemic was not then at its height, and the fear of it had not become so pervading. One of the party, Mr. H——, claimed to be acclimated, and spoke jokingly, like a veteran, of "Yellow Jack." The young man in charge of the establishment, who was in the full bloom and vigor of life, snapped his fingers, in perfect indifference and defiance of the disease. Indeed, he would rather have it than not, as he heard it improved a man's beauty, and he thought he could stand a good deal of reform in that particular. Another, and the oldest and most serious of the party, was Dr. W. K. Northall, an editor of the New Orleans Delta, and well known in New York as a dramatic critic and author. The Doctor regarded the matter more seriously, and rebuked the levity of his young friends. They, in return, taunted him with being scared. Lying on the sofa while his young friends were amusing themselves in talk, the Doctor fell into a gentle slumber. It was then proposed by one of the young men that they should get up a Yellow Fever Tableau, by treating Doctor N. as a patient. Accordingly, one got a basin, into which some ink was poured, to represent black vomit; another took a vial; a third stood at his head, personating the physician, with his hand on the doctor's forehead; and a fourth personated a nurse. A daguerreotype was then taken of the scene, which is now in the city. It is a striking and expressive tableau, and would deceive any one looking at it into the belief that it was the picture of a real scene. But the events which closely followed this incident are much more real, solemn, and impressive. First, Mr. K——, the young daguerreotypist, was seized by the fever, and, despite his youth, his vigor, and his sanguine courage, was the first victim of the party to the dread destroyer. He was soon followed by another young man, W. H. H——, a native of Virginia, who was so confident of his acclimation; a third was also seized, and narrowly escaped death. And now the last of the party was the gentleman who had personated the patient in the tableau, Dr. Northall. For some time the Doctor escaped the disease, though constantly beset with every form of it, and not a little alarmed at its violence. Finally, he yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and left the city, intending to remain at Hollywood—a lovely summer resort on Mobile Bay—until he could feel satisfied that he had escaped the infection. On arriving at Hollywood, he felt for once free, safe, and happy, and wrote as follows to the journal of which he was the associate editor:

"Sick, melancholy, and depressed when we put our foot upon the deck of the good steam-

boat Oregon, to cross the lake, for Mobile, we scarcely felt that any breeze, however fresh and free from taint, would serve, in a short time, at least, to send the blood coursing through our veins with any thing like a joyous bounding. But in this we were mistaken; for, despite the lurking impression upon us, that the disease which had spared us so long might still lay its heavy hand upon us, we had not been on board the boat two hours before—to use the language of Grace—we felt 'renewed' and 'born again.' How much does the disposition and character of the mind depend upon the condition of the body! We are more mere machines than our pride is willing to admit."

That letter came by the mail. The lightning caught up with it. The evening edition of the same journal announced, by telegraph, the intelligence of the death by black vomit of the writer of these hopeful words! And so fared the *tableau vivant*. The sole survivor, the most delicate and feeble of the party, having barely escaped after a violent illness, retains the picture as a mournful memento of the uncertainty of life, and of the vanity of those who would seek to defy and mock a pestilence which, like a tornado, levels the proudest and sturdiest, even when it spares the delicate, the weak, and the timid.

THE MUSICIANS' LAST MEETING.

One gloomy Saturday evening in August there met in the music store of Mr. Ashbrand, in Camp-street, several gentlemen who were all leading musical characters in the city, and were also warm and devoted friends, whom congenial tastes and old national attachments frequently brought together. These gentlemen were, Mr. Hyer, a member of the Philharmonic Society; Mr. Adolphe Zunn, formerly director of the orchestra of the St. Charles Theatre; and Mr. Theodore La Hache, a musical composer of considerable celebrity. After interchanging the usual civilities, it was proposed that Mr. Hyer should sing Keller's "Blind Man," while Mr. Zunn accompanied on the piano. This song was executed in very beautiful style by Mr. H. It closes with these words—

"And in the grave there is rest;"

Mr. Zunn, repeating the words as he gave the last thrum to the piano, added: "Yes, two hundred and eighty-eight have this day found that rest."

It was then proposed by Mr. Ashbrand that Mr. Hyer should sing the "Last Rose of Summer." "With all my heart," replied Mr. H. "Would that the last rose of summer had faded and gone, and with it the last case of fever!"

At this moment they were joined by two other musical friends, in the stout and healthy persons of Mr. Yonspelius, a member of the Philharmonic Society, and Professor de Martellini, an accomplished musical scholar and performer, late of Baltimore. The party now included the very choicest musical spirits and most accomplished artists of a very musical city. They were all young men, under thirty, in the full vigor of health, and were models of temperance, regularity, and propriety of life and habits. A lively conversation on their favorite art now arose, and was kept up with the usual spirit and vivacity of devotees. Professor Martellini at last suggested that Mr. Yonspelius should sing the "Elf-king," by Shubert, which was done in beautiful style. At the conclusion, Mr. La Hache, taking up the words of the song, remarked: "Yes, the Elf-king is among us!"

"Ay, ay," added Professor Martellini:

"'The father doubled the speed of his steed,
But when he arrived at his castle-door,
The child was no more.'

"But," continued the Professor, "next Monday, I will get out of the reach of the Elf-king, mounted on a steed that travels faster than the horse."

"Come, come, Martellini," remarked Mr. Ashbrand, a young man of about twenty-five, "away with these gloomy ideas. Let us cheer our spirits and defy the pestilence with some sweet strains of divine music. Give us your variations on 'Woodman, spare that tree.'"

The Professor cheerfully complied, and performed his composition most exquisitely. At the close of it, Ashbrand, turning to La Hache, remarked—

"Martellini has promised to write out his variations next week, and I shall send them to Firth, Pond, and Co., for publication."

Dwelling upon the words of the song, and ever recurring to the prevailing topic, one of the company remarked—

"This is an appropriate song in these times, when so many stately trees are so rapidly hewn down, and when so few are spared."

"Yes," said Yonspelius himself, a very large and athletic young man; "but it would require a very sharp ax and stalwart arm to level such a heavy trunk as the Professor there."

"Oh, no," replied Ashbrand, a small and delicate man; "it is said the yellow fever is severer upon large men. The taller they are the greater and more sudden the fall. Hence, if we should both be seized with it, I should certainly stand the best chance, being but half the size of Martellini."

But this continued recurrence to the gloomy subject having rendered the friends somewhat moody and silent, they concluded to break up and return to their several homes. It was their last meeting. In ten days thereafter, Mr. La Hache was the only one left of the party. Thus music lost, in this brief period, four of its most gifted and devoted votaries.

A startling incident marked the dying moments of one of these gentlemen. We refer to Mr. Yonspelius. For some time before death came to his relief he was in a raving delirium; in which his ruling passion displayed itself, in several attempts to sing his favorite songs. Being a very robust and powerful man, he tore himself from his nurses and from the ligatures with which it was found necessary to restrain

him; and rushing into the middle of the room, he assumed the attitude suited to the character; and, in a full and powerful voice, sang the beautiful solo of Edgardo, in Lucia di Lammermoor, when in the grave-yard he thus apostrophizes his beloved:

"Tu che a Dio, O bell' alma inamorata!"

Before he had completed the air, the black vomit gathered in his throat, and ejecting a large quantity of it, he fell upon the floor, and died in a few minutes.

FAMILIES SWEPT OFF.

It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the instances of whole families swept off by the epidemic. The advocates of contagion will find strong arguments to sustain their view of the disease, of its communicability by contact, in examples of the most melancholy character, where, in the course of a few days, a large tenement, which but a short time before had been full of vivacity and gayety, was converted into a Golgotha or cemetery, with every member of the family dying or dead. Frequently, even in families of means, three or four corpses would be exposed in one room. There would be the mother and the father lying on one bed, and the infant between them or at their feet. In one room the undertaker might be seen screwing down the coffin, while the heavy breathing of another member of the family, in his or her dying agonies could be heard from an adjoining room, and the raving of a third in the delirium of fever from another apartment. The burial of mother and infant in the same coffin was a very ordinary incident. The newspapers, though but few of the victims obtained even the small space allotted to obituary notices, contained melancholy records of this destruction of whole families.

In the *Picayune* of August 23, we find the following recorded, among the deaths by yellow fever:

"Josephine Wolff, the 2d inst., aged 69 years.
"Solomon Wolff, her husband, 9th inst., aged 68 years.
"Hana Wolff, daughter, 9th inst., aged 22 years.
"Sara Wolff, daughter, 11th inst., aged 24 years.
"Montez Wolff, grandchild, 13th inst., aged 9 years."

Thus was a whole family, and a happy one, cut down in the course of nine days!

The *Delta* of the 4th September has the following:

"On the 13th August, Sarah E., second daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 18th August, Ellen, youngest daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 23d August, Frances B., eldest daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 28th August, Mary T., third daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 1st inst., of the prevailing epidemic, John B. Groves, merchant of this city, formerly of Columbia, Tennessee."

Four beautiful, blooming daughters rapidly follow one another, and are borne to the grave by a fond, devoted parent—a gentleman of high standing and wealth, and an old merchant of this city. Finally the father completes the sorrowful record, and joins his beloved children in the mansions of the blessed.

A most affecting incident was that of a young merchant, who, having succeeded in business, married a young and beautiful girl, and established himself in a pleasant cottage in the suburbs to pass his honeymoon. The new married couple took but one servant, an Irish girl. We need not say how cheerful and happy they were in their pleasant little villa—with its patch of shrubbery and young magnolias in front, and cool, airy rooms, and gallery in which they could walk of afternoons, and chat so pleasantly and enjoy the evening air. For some weeks nothing disturbed their happiness. Biddy, the servant, was a good, faithful, hard-working girl, and the young couple had little to do but to enjoy one another's society. They had lived some years in the city, believed they were acclimated, and besides were too happy to be disturbed by the gloomy stories which began to appear in the newspapers about the ravages of the yellow fever. At last came their first care. Biddy had a fever. There was no tea and toast—no one to sweep the rooms, or cook the little breakfast and dinner. Alas! Biddy grew worse and worse, and even the doctor could do her no good, and she died in a few days. Another girl was hired in place of Biddy. She shared the same fate, dying in a few days. Another was obtained, and she too followed her predecessors. Frightened by this terrible mortality, the young husband determined to fly the fatal house. He therefore hurried with his bride to Mobile. She was seized with the fever, and died in that city. The afflicted husband returned to the city, with a view of disposing of his property, and proceeding to some distant country, where he would be out of view of a place so suggestive of sorrow. On his arrival in New Orleans, he was seized with the fever, and died. A friend, the only one who attended his corpse to the grave, went up to the former happy residence of his departed friend and his lovely bride. There he found the scene of so much pure happiness a few weeks ago, now one of gloomy desolation and solitude. There was but one living creature in the house. It was a solitary parrot, swinging mournfully in its cage, and bemoaning its desolate fate. Alas, poor Poll!

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

When the fever was at its height, and the whole city was sunk in grief and mourning, a smiling happy couple appeared one morning before the Rev. Mr. De La Croix, of the Catholic Church, and requested him to proclaim the banns of their marriage the next day. The reverend priest was surprised that any persons should desire to get married at such a time of general misery and distress; and urged the couple that they should postpone it until the epidemic was over. But they declined doing so, and the priest, indignant at what he considered ill-timed levity, turned away, and positively refused to officiate in their behalf, stating that he was too busy

attending the sick and administering the last consolations to the dying. The impatient pair next proceeded to the Rev. J. J. Mullen, Rector of St. Patrick's, who exhibited a like surprise at the urgency of the parties, and at first refused to sanction such a marriage, but at last yielded to their importunities. After due publication of the banns they were married, and retired to their new home to spend the honeymoon.

In a few days, the bridal chamber presented a solemn and affecting spectacle. The dead body of the husband lay on a couch, and the bride writhed in the agony of a violent fever on the bed; she quickly followed him, and their honeymoon was passed in another world.

THE NERVOUS LITERATEURS.

Two literary gentlemen, who were connected with the press of the city, and who had been educated as physicians, were in the habit, whenever they met, of joking one another about their appearance; their alarm for the fever, and their chance of getting and escaping it.

One day they met in one of our hotels, when the following conversation took place:

Dr. N——. "Why, W——, you look very bad—your skin is yellow, your eyes bloodshot."

Dr. W——. "Oh, you are joking. None of that on so serious a subject." (Looking very nervous and alarmed.)

Dr. N——. "I never was more serious in my life."

Dr. W——. "I was just about to say the same of you—you have a very pale, nervous, alarmed look. Let me see your tongue—very bad—you would make a very bad case—black vomit in thirty-six hours."

Dr. N——. (Looking nervous and frightened—in an irritable manner, replied)—"Black vomit—you look as if you had it already, for with all your efforts to keep it in, it is oozing out at the corners of your mouth." (Dr. W—— chewed tobacco.)

Dr. W——. (Spitting out the quid and looking highly excited.) "What! do you mean, N——? Do you desire to kill me?"

Dr. N——. "What do *you* mean? Have you not already threatened and endangered my life by your absurd joking?"

From this the two friends got to using the words "murderer," "assassin," &c, until some friends were compelled to interfere to restore their usual pleasant relations; which was, however, finally completed over a bowl of punch.

The next day this little occurrence was noted by one of the daily papers. The writer little thought that in a few days thereafter he would be called on to chronicle the death of both gentlemen, who, at last, yielding to their apprehensions fled the city, but bore with them the infection which developed itself some days after they had left, and snatched from a circle of devoted friends and relatives two most estimable gentlemen, who had already acquired enviable positions in the world of letters.

THE GOOD CLERGYMAN.

As a general rule, the clergy of this city remained true and faithful during the scourge. On this score, the Protestant ministers have been severely censured for their derelictions heretofore; but it must be admitted that they fairly redeemed their characters during the present epidemic. It is true their labors were not so severe as those of the Catholics; but still there was enough for all to do—and they courageously performed their tasks, not only in ministering in their proper sphere, but also in acting as nurses and physicians. Though it may appear invidious to select particular individuals from a class in which, as far as we could learn, there were no delinquents, yet the case of the Rev. Mr. Whitall, of the Bethel in this city, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, whose province is to preach to the seamen of our city, and to labor for the improvement and reform of that class of our population, is so remarkable, that we can not refrain from referring to it. The labors of Mr. Whitall in aiding the sick, in hunting up the poor and procuring proper comforts and attendance for them; in nursing and taking care of the orphans of the plague, were almost incredible. We regret that the compass of our article forbids our following him even through one day of his labors. A single instance may illustrate the practical character of his benevolence. Walking on the levee in pursuit of objects of charity, one day at noon, he was attracted to a number of laborers collected around some object. Elbowing his way through the crowd, Mr. Whitall found a poor laborer lying on the ground in a violent fever, exposed to the sun, and suffering very much. The crowd, though pitying his condition, appeared to be either too much frightened to render him any aid, or ignorant of how they could relieve him. But the experienced Samaritan did not long consider his duty on such an occasion. Seizing one of the wheelbarrows used in carrying bales of cotton from the wharves to the ships, he rolled it up alongside the sick man, and laying him gently in it, wheeled his poor patient to the nearest hospital, and there secured him proper attendance. The good clergyman received his reward in the consciousness of a noble action, and in the heartfelt gratitude of the poor laborer, who recovered, and is now pursuing his duties on the levee.

A DEAD SECRET.

IN what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he *was* hanged, and that this is his story.

* * * * *

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say hanged, for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged?" he echoed, in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it—wouldn't you?"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trowsers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark bistre ring round each of his eyes; and they—being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits—were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy; blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetians (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of the Furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inward, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes toward me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder—but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew. How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "you do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know any thing about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I can not see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection?" retorted my companion, with vehemence. "It *is* the connection—the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed toward him a bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began:

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician, high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succored me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well to do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavored—with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favor was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that, appearing to protect me, would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old, it occurred to me, that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty, crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle—the retired sailor, Collerer; and although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and recked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and although he was miserably parsimonious in his housekeeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly, delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park

outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks, and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money-bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and although we knew the two fierce hatreds that stood betwixt us and happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of seconds bread, and a pint of small beer—I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and, taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that; for his favorite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and endorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up stairs to the top of the house, where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black unutterable gulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldee. Then my uncle's heavy step was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black portmanteau in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happened to have a key that opens this," he said, "and I have read every one of the fine love-letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good Uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. I'm a covetous hunks, am I? You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to say to you," continued my uncle, after a few minutes' composed silence on his part, and of blank consternation on mine. "All your rags are in that trunk. Either give up Mary Morbus—now and forever, and write a letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street and never show your face here again. Make up your mind quickly, and for good." He then filled his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched mind. Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed avarice—alternately gained ascendency within me. At length there came a craven inspiration that I might temporize; that by pretending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen. "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—he, he, he!—we can deliver it upon the spot." We were in the fronf parlor, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and with a mock bow ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my Cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard it. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—can't last long—eh, nephew?" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when I besought her to look at me, and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"*You* marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you? Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter? Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your daughter, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarreling in the passage, and Mary weeping piteously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!—I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer, I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go?" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Go and rot!"

So saying he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning, I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window, I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighborhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks, whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a pennyworth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen vials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my wash-hand-stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening, in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurity you call "between the lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window, which was wide open, a loud noise, a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago; and then another. As I looked out of the window I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger, and went reeling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more, waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol-shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window, but the dingy mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night, and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book, containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waistcoat pocket was a gold watch; and in a silken girdle round his waist, were two hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I made

this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No one met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only, an hour after perhaps, as I crossed Holborn toward St. Andrew's Church, that I saw fire engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:

"Awful Suicide and Fire near Gray's Inn Lane.—Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle-street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging-house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. ——, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later, he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle, Gripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan-street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatee. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the Coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle-street."

I had lost all—name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, every thing—for about four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of re-establishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was calm, I judged it best not to excite or aggravate him by further questioning, but staid his pleasure. I had not to wait long.

"Not so," he resumed; "what I became that night I have remained ever since, and am now; that is, if I am any thing at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish was to get as far from London and from England as I possibly could; and, in due time, we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavoring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocket-book, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Müller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the towns he had visited. He often alluded, too, casually to his 'secret' and his 'charge;' but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. There were also hints about a 'shepherdess,' an 'antelope,' and a 'blue tiger'—fictitious names, I presumed, for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cipher utterly inexplicable to my most strenuous ingenuity and research. I went by the name of Müller; but I found that there were hundreds more Müllers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

"I was in the habit of going every evening to a lager-beer house outside the town, to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a gray great-coat, who smoked and drank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but, between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous Baierische or Bavarian beer, adding that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humor, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino-players, my head swam.

"I tell you what," said my companion, "we will just have one chopine of brandy. I always take it after Baierischer beer. We will not have it here, but at the *Grüne Gans*, hard by; which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son."

I was in that state when a man having already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the gray coat. How many chopines of brandy I had at the *Grüne Gans* I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intolerable thirst and a racking headache. My first action was to spring out of bed, and

search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket-book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew any thing about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a gray great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me up-stairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the gray coat was the thief. He had, manifestly, been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waist-coat-pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend—not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good-humored hope that my head was not any worse for the *branntwein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"*Zo*," he replied, with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"*Zo*," he repeated with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"*Zo*. You are quite right, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his gray great-coat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book, with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defense, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upward of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was, perhaps, being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavoring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried, "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish any thing. But I crawled to the door; and then standing up, found I was in a small court-yard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the gray coat.

In a gray coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of half a dozen doors, and traversed as many small court-yards. The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans and a delicious odor, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighborhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure

malignity toward me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that, what with hunger and rage, I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fireplace; and, with his back toward it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin gray hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-colored ribbon at his button-hole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed, and starved.

"Monsieur Müller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilize for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the gray-coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leaped within me, and I was about to rush toward the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question. Where is the child?"

"*Ja*, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honor I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added, turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I can not," I repeated; "I don't know; I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller, good-morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles, I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us), when a panel in the wainscoat opened, and a lady in black—perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful—bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber, simply but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, and a pitcher of water. Both of these I consumed ravenously.

I was left without further food for another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam—nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger?"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir—" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good-morning, Monsieur Müller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalized, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bade me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Müller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practiced. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me—while complimenting me for my powers of invention—that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a madhouse could accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We traveled all night; and, in the early morning, arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined, placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse gray cloth. I asked where I was? I was told in the Alienation-Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeiffiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr Ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely, and asked me what he could do for me? I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled, and simply called—"Where is Kraus?"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is Monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blisters behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Müller, and you shall have your liberty in half an hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus's ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with ten thousand Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty thousand Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Engländers, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down-stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good-night.

I dressed myself, threw away the madman's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly *en règle*, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eilwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and, at the end of four days' weary traveling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:

"Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way to England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger."

I had ordered a *sole au gratin*; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the

rest of my dinner, I summoned the garçon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, Monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphinx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the gray coat.

"Müller," he said, coolly, bending over the table. "Your sole was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *à la Garde! à la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages or outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued every where by the spectre of the real Müller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy mustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Müller," I answered, boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts?" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pulleys, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now." I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Müller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday, as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learned that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night, for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honor. I'll carry your trunk!"

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honor," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, think you my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy mustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship Pyroscaphe, bound to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ankles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself, and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child?"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures, it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow dress. I have pined in the Inquisition at Rome. I have been caged in the madhouse at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me though the bars. I have been branded in the back in the *bagnes* of Toulon and Rochefort; and every where I have been offered liberty and gold if I would answer the question, "Where is the child?" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me, "Where is the child?" Of course there could be no answer, and I was—

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walkingshaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club-doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he has a right to my medical attendance for the sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an over-dose of rough cider he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap," and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, and I never saw him more. Whether he was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged, or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

THE NEWCOMES.

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.*

CHAPTER I.

THE OVERTURE—AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN RISES UPON A DRINKING CHORUS.

A CROW, who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window, sate perched on a tree, looking down at a great big frog in a pool underneath him. The frog's hideous large eyes were goggling out of his head in a manner which appeared quite ridiculous to the old black-a-moor, who watched the splay-footed, slimy wretch with that peculiar grim humor belonging to crows. Not far from the frog was a fat ox browsing; while a few lambs frisked about the meadow, or nibbled the grass and buttercups there.

Who should come in to the farther end of the field but a wolf? He was so cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing, that the very lambs did not know master wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just eaten, after which he had thrown her skin over his shoulders, ran up innocently toward the devouring monster, mistaking him for her mamma.

"He-he!" says a fox, sneaking round the hedge-paling, over which the tree grew, whereupon the crow was perched, looking down on the frog who was staring with his goggle-eyes, fit to burst with envy, and croaking above at the ox. "How absurd those lambs are! Yonder silly little knock-kneed baah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled up little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch, and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. *Tirez la bobinette et la chévillette cherra.* He-he!"

An owl that was hidden in the hollow of the tree, woke up. "O ho, master fox!" says she, "I can not see you, but I smell you. If some folks like lambs, other folks like geese," says the owl.

"And your ladyship is fond of mice," says the fox.

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"The Chinese eat them," says the owl; "and I have read that they are very fond of dogs," continued the old lady.

"I wish they would exterminate every cur of them off the face of the earth," said the fox.

"And I have also read in works of travel, that the French eat frogs," continued the owl. "Aha, my friend Crapaud! are you there? That was a very pretty concert we sang together last night!"

"If the French devour my brethren," the English eat beef," croaked out the frog—"great big, brutal, bellowing oxen."

"Ho, whoo!" says the owl, "I have heard that the English are toad-eaters, too!"

"But who ever heard of them eating an owl or a fox, madam?" says Reynard, "or their sitting down and taking a crow to pick," adds the polite rogue, with a bow to the old crow who was perched above them with the cheese in his mouth. "We are privileged animals, all of us; at least we never furnish dishes for the odious orgies of man."

"I am the bird of wisdom," says the owl; "I was the companion of Pallas Minerva: I am frequently represented in the Egyptian monuments."

"I have seen you over the British barn-doors, said the fox, with a grin. "You have a deal of scholarship, Mrs. Owl. I know a thing or two myself; but am, I confess it, no scholar—a mere man of the world—a fellow that lives by his wits—a mere country gentleman."

"You sneer at scholarship," continues the owl, with a sneer on her venerable face. "I read a good deal of a night."

"When I am engaged deciphering the cocks and hens at roost," says the fox.

"It's a pity for all that you can't read; that board nailed over my head would give you some information."

"What does it say?" says the fox.

"I can't spell in the daylight," answered the owl; and, giving a yawn, went back to sleep till evening in the hollow of her tree.

"A fig for her hieroglyphics!" said the fox, looking up at the crow in the tree. "What airs our slow neighbor gives herself! She pretends to all the wisdom; whereas, your reverences, the crows are endowed with gifts far superior to those benighted old big-wigs of owls, who blink in the darkness, and call their hooting singing. How noble it is to hear a chorus of crows! There are twenty-four brethren of the Order of St. Corvinus, who have builded themselves a convent near a wood which I frequent: what a droning and a chanting they keep up! I protest their reverences' singing is nothing to yours! You sing so deliciously in parts, do, for the love of harmony, favor me with a solo!"

While this conversation was going on, the ox was chumping the grass; the frog was eying him in such a rage at his superior proportions, that he would have spurted venom at him if he could, and that he would have burst, only that is impossible, from sheer envy; the little lambkin was lying unsuspiciously at the side of the wolf in fleecy hosiery, who did not as yet molest her, being replenished with the mutton of her mamma. But now the wolf's eyes began to glare, and his sharp white teeth to show, and he rose up with a growl, and began to think he should like lamb for supper.

"What large eyes you have got!" bleated out the lamb, with rather a timid look.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What large teeth you have got!"

"The better to—"

At this moment such a terrific yell filled the field, that all its inhabitants started with terror. It was from a donkey, who had somehow got a lion's skin, and came in at the hedge, pursued by some men and boys with sticks and guns.

When the wolf in sheep's clothing heard the bellow of the ass in the lion's skin, fancying that the monarch of the forest was near, he ran away as fast as his disguise would let him. When the ox heard the noise he dashed round the meadow-ditch, and with one trample of his hoof squashed the frog who had been abusing him. When the crow saw the people with guns coming, he instantly dropped the cheese out of his mouth, and took to wing. When the fox saw the cheese drop, he immediately made a jump at it, (for he knew the donkey's voice, and that his asinine bray was not a bit like his royal master's roar), and making for the cheese, fell into a steel-trap, which snapped off his tail; without which he was obliged to go into the world, pretending, forsooth, that it was the fashion not to wear tails any more; and that the fox-party were better without 'em.

Meanwhile, a boy with a stick came up, and belabored master donkey, until he roared louder than ever. The wolf, with the sheep's clothing draggling about his legs, could not run fast, and was detected and shot by one of the men. The blind old owl, whirring out of the hollow tree, quite amazed at the disturbance, flounced into the face of a plow-boy, who knocked her down with a pitchfork. The butcher came and quietly led off the ox and the lamb; and the farmer, finding the fox's brush in the trap, hung it up over his mantle-piece, and always bragged that he had been in at his death.

"What a farrago of old fables is this! What a dressing up in old clothes!" says the critic. (I think I see such a one—a Solomon that sits in judgment over us authors, and chops up our children.) "As sure as I am just and wise, modest, learned, and religious, so surely I have read something very like this stuff and nonsense about jackasses and foxes before. That wolf in sheep's clothing?—do I not know him? That fox discoursing with the crow?—have I not previously heard of him? Yes, in Lafontaine's fables: let us get the Dictionary and the Fable, and the Biographie Universelle, article Lafontaine, and confound the impostor."

"Then in what a contemptuous way," may Solomon go on to remark, "does this author

speak of human nature! There is scarce one of these characters he represents but is a villain. The fox is a flatterer; the frog is an emblem of impotence and envy; the wolf in sheep's clothing, a blood-thirsty hypocrite, wearing the garb of innocence; the ass in the lion's skin, a quack trying to terrify, by assuming the appearance of a forest monarch (does the writer, writhing under merited castigation, mean to sneer at critics in this character? We laugh at the impertinent comparison); the ox, a stupid commonplace—the only innocent being in the writer's (stolen) apologue is a fool—the idiotic lamb, who does not know his own mother!" And then the critic, if in a virtuous mood, may indulge in some fine writing regarding the holy beauteousness of maternal affection.

Why not? If authors sneer, it is the critic's business to sneer at them for sneering. He must pretend to be their superior, or who would care about his opinion? And his livelihood is to find fault. Besides he is right sometimes; and the stories he reads, and the characters drawn in them, are old sure enough. What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables. Tremblers and boasters; victims and bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared Neddies, giving themselves leonine airs; Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; lovers and their trials, their blindness, their folly and constancy. With the very first page of the human story do not love and lies too begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop, and asses under lion's manes roared in Hebrew, and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan, and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit, no doubt. The sun shines to-day as he did when he first began shining; and the birds in the tree overhead, while I am writing, sing very much the same note they have sung ever since there were finches. Nay, since last he besought good-natured friends to listen once a month to his talking, the writer has seen the New World, and found the (featherless) birds there exceedingly like their brethren of Europe. There may be nothing new under and including the sun; but it looks fresh every morning, and we rise with it to toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, suffer, until the night comes and quiet. And then will wake Morrow and the eyes that look on it; and so *da capo*.

This, then, is to be a story, may it please you, in which jackdaws will wear peacock's feathers, and awaken the just ridicule of the peacocks; in which, while every justice is done to the peacocks themselves, the splendor of their plumage, the gorgeousness of their dazzling necks, and the magnificence of their tails, exception will yet be taken to the absurdity of their rickety strut, and the foolish discord of their pert squeaking; in which lions in love will have their claws pared by sly virgins; in which rogues will sometimes triumph, and honest folks, let us hope, come by their own; in which there will be black crape and white favors; in which there will be tears under orange-flower wreaths, and jokes in mourning-coaches; in which there will be dinners of herbs with contentment and without, and banquets of stalled oxen where there is care and hatred—ay, and kindness and friendship too, along with the feast. It does not follow that all men are honest because they are poor; and I have known some who were friendly and generous, although they had plenty of money. There are some great landlords who do not grind down their tenants; there are actually bishops who are not hypocrites; there are liberal men even among the Whigs, and the Radicals themselves are not all Aristocrats at heart. But who ever heard of giving the Moral before the Fable? Children are only led to accept the one after their delectation over the other: let us take care lest our readers skip both; and so let us bring them on quickly—our wolves and lambs, our foxes and lions, our roaring donkeys, our billing ringdoves, our motherly partlets, and crowing chanticleers.

There was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine-article, was an honor and a privilege, and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time, and the houris of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy waistcoats; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes, for the expected darling); when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the delight and triumph of satire; when the acme of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square) to dine at the Piazza, go to the play, and see Braham in "Fra Diavolo," and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the Cave of Harmony. It was in the days of my own youth then that I met one or two of the characters who are to figure in this

history, and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarized with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those honest days, with some young fellows of my own age, having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for Welsh-rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed that intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John the waiter made room for us near the President of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?

The goes of stout, the Chough and Crow, the Welsh-rabbit, the Red-Cross Knight, the hot brandy-and-water (the brown the strong!) the Bloom is on the Rye (the bloom isn't on the rye any more!) the song and the cup, in a word passed round merrily, and I daresay the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustache, dresed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustache with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my school-fellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father—that's my father—would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here—Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room twirling his mustache, and came up to the table where we sate, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses toward one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking toward Nadab, and at the same time called upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I dare say I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the Critic, and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere, that my laughter shrank away ashamed; and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute—young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the Colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow, and pointing out a half dozen of people in the room, as R. and H. and L., &c., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and writing on his card to Hoskins hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman, who was quite a green-horn: hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A ladies' school might have come in, and but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now,

I warrant Messieurs the landlords, their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them: so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple Colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see in his ravishment over the glees.

"I say, Clive: this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord; may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment? What are their names? (to one of his neighbors) I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out; except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this must be quite as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry and water—("I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. "It plays the deuce with our young men in India." He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at the Derby Ram so that it did you good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the Old English Gentleman, and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song; it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room; King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, &c. The Colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus—Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay, ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay. And when coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out—

"A military gent I see—And while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindostan.
And by his side sits laughing free—A youth with curly head,
I think you'll all agree with me—That he was best in bed. Ritolderol," &c.

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder, "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy—ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man—the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab; sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me Hhonor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collars, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice—may I put down your hhonored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel, "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; while methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been, if, in that place, my own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of "Wapping Old Stairs" (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it), and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good-nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the naïveté and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high amid the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," says Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you: I drink your health and song, sir;" and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakspeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and turning

round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Greyfriars to hear him, Heaven bless me, thirty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterward, and served me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair; we could see he was thinking about his youth—the golden time—the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old, ay, older than the Colonel.

While he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck-trowsers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the Captain had sidled up without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the Colonel's song, not inharmoniously; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccup, and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad, it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbor the Colonel; "was a Captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad, I will," says the Captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man, settling his face into that horrid grin, and leering, as he was wont, when he gave what he called one of his prime songs, began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree, "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan!" said others.

"Go on!" cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on?' Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down among Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash?"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. "Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, your hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—curse the change!" says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will never be—by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

"Aussi que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?" says King of Corpus to Jones of Trinity; and Jones gave a shrug of his shoulders, which were smarting, perhaps; for that uplifted cane of the Colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINS THE HERO'S PEDIGREE.

As the young gentleman just gone to bed at such an untimely hour is the hero of the following pages, let us begin our account of him with his family history, which, luckily, is not very long.

When pig-tails still grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue ribbon; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause; there came up to London out of a northern county, Mr. Thomas Newcome, afterward Thomas Newcome, Esq., and Sheriff of London, afterward Mr. Alderman Newcome, the founder of the family whose name has given the title to this history. It was but in the reign of George III. that Mr. Newcome first made his appearance in Cheapside; having made his entry into London on a wagon, which landed him and some bales of cloth, all his fortune, in Bishopsgate Street: though if it could be proved that the Normans wore pig-tails under William the Conqueror, and Mr. Washington fought against the English under King Richard in Palestine, I am sure some of the present Newcomes would pay the Herald's Office handsomely, living, as they do, among the noblest of the land, and giving entertainments to none but the very highest nobility and élite of the fashionable and diplomatic world, as you may read any day in the newspapers. For though these Newcomes have got a pedigree from the Col-

lege, which is printed in Budge's "Landed Aristocracy of Great Britain," and which proves that the Newcome of Cromwell's army, the Newcome who was among the last six who were hanged by Queen Mary for Protestantism, were ancestors of this house; of which a member distinguished himself at Bosworth Field; and the founder slain by King Harold's side at Hastings had been surgeon-barber to King Edward the Confessor; yet, between ourselves, I think that Sir Brian Newcome, of Newcome, does not believe a word of the story, any more than the rest of the world does, although a number of his children bear names out of the Saxon Calendar.

Was Thomas Newcome a foundling—a workhouse-child out of that village, which has now become a great manufacturing town, and which bears his name? That was the report set about at the last election, when Sir Brian, in the Conservative interest, contested the borough; and Mr. Yapp, the out-and-out Liberal candidate, had a picture of the old workhouse placarded over the town as the birth-place of the Newcomes; with placards ironically exciting freemen to vote for Newcome and *union*—Newcome and the *parish* interests, &c. Who cares for these local scandals? It matters very little to those who have the good fortune to be invited to Lady Ann Newcome's parties whether her beautiful daughters can trace their pedigrees no higher than to the alderman their grandfather; or whether, through the mystic ancestral barber-surgeon, they hang on to the chin of Edward Confessor and King.

Thomas Newcome, who had been a weaver in his native village, brought the very best character for honesty, thrift, and ingenuity with him to London, where he was taken into the house of Hobson Brothers, cloth-factors; afterward Hobson and Newcome. This fact may suffice to indicate Thomas Newcome's story. Like Whittington and many other London apprentices, he began poor and ended by marrying his master's daughter, and becoming sheriff and alderman of the City of London.

But it was only *en secondes noces* that he espoused the wealthy, and religious, and eminent (such was the word applied to certain professing Christians in those days) Sophia Alethea Hobson—a woman who, considerably older than Mr. Newcome, had the advantage of surviving him many years. Her mansion at Clapham was long the resort of the most favored among the religious world. The most eloquent expounders, the most gifted missionaries, the most interesting converts from foreign islands, were to be found at her sumptuous table, spread with the produce of her magnificent gardens. Heaven indeed blessed those gardens with plenty, as many reverend gentlemen remarked; there were no finer grapes, peaches, or pine-apples, in all England. Mr. Whitfield himself christened her; and it was said generally in the City, and by her friends, that Miss Hobson's two christian names, Sophia and Alethea, were two Greek words, which, being interpreted, meant wisdom and truth. She, her villa and gardens, are now no more; but Sophia Terrace, Upper and Lower Alethea Road, and Hobson's Buildings, Square, &c., show, every quarter-day, that the ground sacred to her (and freehold) still bears plenteous fruit for the descendants of this eminent woman.

We are, however, advancing matters. When Thomas Newcome had been some time in London, he quitted the house of Hobson, finding an opening, though in a much smaller way, for himself. And no sooner did his business prosper, than he went down into the north, like a man, to a pretty girl whom he had left there, and whom he had promised to marry. What seemed an imprudent match (for his wife had nothing but a pale face, that had grown older and paler with long waiting), turned out a very lucky one for Newcome. The whole country side was pleased to think of the prosperous London tradesman returning to keep his promise to the penniless girl whom he had loved in the days of his own poverty; the great country clothiers, who knew his prudence and honesty, gave him much of their business when he went back to London. Susan Newcome would have lived to be a rich woman had not fate ended her career, within a year after her marriage, when she died giving birth to a son.

Newcome had a nurse for the child, and a cottage at Clapham, hard by Mr. Hobson's house, where he had often walked in the garden of a Sunday, and been invited to sit down to take a glass of wine. Since he had left their service, the house had added a banking business, which was greatly helped by the Quakers and their religious connection, and Newcome keeping his account there, and gradually increasing his business, was held in very good esteem by his former employers, and invited sometimes to tea at the Hermitage; for which entertainments he did not in truth much care at first, being a City man, a good deal tired with his business during the day, and apt to go to sleep over the sermons, expoundings, and hymns, with which the gifted preachers, missionaries, &c., who were always at the Hermitage, used to wind up the evening before supper. Nor was he a supping man (in which case he would have found the parties pleasanter, for in Egypt itself there were not more savory fleshpots than at Clapham); he was very moderate in his meals, of a bilious temperament, and, besides, obliged to be in town early in the morning, always setting off to walk an hour before the first coach.

But when his poor Susan died, Miss Hobson, by her father's demise, having now become a partner in the house, as well as heiress to the pious and childless Zachariah Hobson, her uncle; Mr. Newcome, with his little boy in his hand, met Miss Hobson as she was coming out of meeting one Sunday; and the child looked so pretty (Mr. N. was a very personable, fresh-colored man, himself; he wore powder to the end, and top-boots and brass buttons, in his

later days, after he had been sheriff—indeed, one of the finest specimens of the old London merchant), Miss Hobson, I say, invited him and little Tommy into the grounds of the Hermitage; did not quarrel with the innocent child for frisking about in the hay on the lawn, which lay basking in the Sabbath sunshine, and at the end of the visit gave him a large piece of pound-cake, a quantity of the finest hot-house grapes, and a tract in one syllable. Tommy was ill the next day; but on the next Sunday his father was at meeting.

He became very soon after this an awakened man; and the tittling and tattling, and the sneering and gossiping, all over Clapham, and the talk on 'Change, and the pokes in the waistcoat administered by the wags to Newcome, "Newcome, give you joy, my boy;" "Newcome, new partner in Hobson's;" "Newcome, just take in this paper to Hobson's, they'll do it, I warrant," &c. &c.; and the groans of the Rev. Gideon Bawls, of the Rev. Athanasius O'Grady, that eminent convert from Popery, who, quarreling with each other, yea, striving one against another, had yet two sentiments in common, their love for Miss Hobson, their dread, their hatred of the worldly Newcome; all these squabbles and jokes, and pribbles and prabbles, look you, may be omitted. As gallantly as he had gone and married a woman without a penny, as gallantly as he had conquered his poverty and achieved his own independence, so bravely he went in and won the great City prize with a fortune of a quarter of a million. And every one of his old friends, and every honest-hearted fellow who likes to see shrewdness, and honesty, and courage succeed, was glad of his good fortune, and said, "Newcome, my boy (or Newcome, my buck, if they were old City cronies, and very familiar), I give you joy."

Of course Mr. Newcome might have gone into parliament: of course before the close of his life he might have been made a Baronet, but he eschewed honors senatorial or blood-red hands. "It wouldn't do," with his good sense he said: "the Quaker connection wouldn't like it." His wife never cared about being called Lady Newcome. To manage the great house of Hobson Brothers and Newcome; to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand of secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby-linen; to hear preachers daily bawling for hours, and listen untired on her knees after a long day's labor, while florid rhapsodists belabored cushions above her with weariseme benedictions; all these things had this woman to do, and for near fourscore years she fought her fight womanfully: imperious but deserving to rule, hard but doing her duty, severe but charitable, and untiring in generosity as in labor: unforgiving in one instance—in that of her husband's eldest son, Thomas Newcome; the little boy who had played on the hay, and whom at first she had loved very sternly and fondly.

Mr. Thomas Newcome, the father of his wife's twin boys, the junior partner of the house of Hobson Brothers and Co., lived several years after winning the great prize about which all his friends so congratulated him. But he was after all only the junior partner of the house. His wife was manager in Threadneedle Street and at home—when the clerical gentlemen prayed; they importuned Heaven for that sainted woman a long time before they thought of asking any favor for her husband. The gardeners touched their hats, the clerks at the bank brought him the books, but they took their orders from her, not from him. I think he grew weary of the prayer-meetings, he yawned over the sufferings of the negroes, and wished the converted Jews at Jericho. About the time the French Emperor was meeting with his Russian reverses Mr. Newcome died: his mausoleum is in Clapham church-yard, near the modest grave where his first wife reposes.

When his father married, Mr. Thomas Newcome, jun., and Sarah his nurse were transported from the cottage where they had lived in great comfort to the palace hard by, surrounded by lawns and gardens, pineries, graperies, aviaries, luxuries of all kinds. This paradise, five miles from the standard at Cornhill, was separated from the outer world by a thick hedge of tall trees, and an ivy-covered porter's-gate, through which they who traveled to London on the top of the Clapham coach could only get a glimpse of the bliss within. It was a serious paradise. As you entered at the gate, gravity fell on you, and decorum wrapped you in a garment of starch. The butcher-boy who galloped his horse and cart madly about the adjoining lanes and common, whistled wild melodies (caught up in abominable play-house galleries), and joked with a hundred cook-maids, on passing that lodge fell into an undertaker's pace, and delivered his joints and sweet-breads silently at the servants' entrance. The rooks in the elms cawed sermons at morning and evening; the peacocks walked demurely on the terraces; the guinea-fowls looked more quaker-like than those savory birds usually do. The lodge-keeper was serious, and a clerk at a neighboring chapel. The head-gardener was a Scotch Calvinist, after the strictest order, only occupying himself with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world, which event he could prove by infallible calculations was to come off in two or three years at farthest. Wherefore, he asked, should the butler brew strong ale to be drunken three years hence; or the housekeeper (a follower of Joanna Southcote) make provisions of fine linen and lay up stores of jams? On a Sunday (which good old Saxon word was scarcely known at the

Hermitage), the household marched away in separate couples or groups to at least half a dozen of religious edifices, each to sit under his or her favorite minister, the only man who went to church being Thomas Newcome, accompanied by Tommy his little son, and Sarah his nurse, who was I believe also his aunt, or at least his mother's first cousin. Tommy was taught hymns very soon after he could speak, appropriate to his tender age, pointing out to him the inevitable fate of wicked children, and giving him the earliest possible warning and description of the punishment of little sinners. He repeated these poems to his step-mother after dinner, before a great shining mahogany table, covered with grapes, pine-apples, plum-cake, port-wine, and Madeira, and surrounded by stout men in black, with baggy white neckcloths, who took the little man between their knees, and questioned him as to his right understanding of the place whither naughty boys were bound. They patted his head with their fat hands if he said well, or rebuked him if he was bold, as he often was.

Nurse Sarah or Aunt Sarah would have died had she remained many years in that stifling Garden of Eden. She could not bear to part from the child whom her mistress and kinswoman had confided to her (the women had worked in the same room at Newcome's, and loved each other always, when Susan became a merchant's lady and Sarah her servant.) She was nobody in the pompous new household but Master Tommy's nurse. The honest soul never mentioned her relationship to the boy's mother, nor indeed did Mr. Newcome acquaint his new family with that circumstance. The housekeeper called her an Erastian: Mrs. Newcome's own serious maid informed against her for telling Tommy stories of Lancashire witches, and believing in the same. The black footman (Madam's maid and the butler were of course privately united) persecuted her with his addresses, and was even encouraged by his mistress, who thought of sending him as a missionary to the Niger. No little love, and fidelity, and constancy did honest Sarah show and use during the years she passed at the Hermitage, and until Tommy went to school. Her master, with many private prayers and entreaties, in which he passionately recalled his former wife's memory and affection, implored his friend to stay with him, and Tommy's fondness for her and artless caresses, and the scrapes he got into, and the howls he uttered over the hymns and catechisms which he was bidden to learn (by Rev. T. Clack, of Highbury College, his daily tutor, who was commissioned to spare not the rod neither to spoil the child), all these causes induced Sarah to remain with her young master until such time as he was sent to school.

Meanwhile an event of prodigious importance, a wonderment, a blessing and a delight, had happened at the Hermitage. About two years after Mrs. Newcome's marriage, the lady being then forty-three years of age, no less than two little cherubs appeared in the Clapham Paradise —the twins, Hobson Newcome and Brian Newcome, called after their uncle and late grandfather, whose name and rank they were destined to perpetuate. And now there was no objection why young Newcome should go to school. Old Mr. Hobson and his brother had been educated at that school of Greyfriars, of which mention has been made in former works: and to Greyfriars Thomas Newcome was accordingly sent, exchanging—O ye Gods! with what delight—the splendor of Clapham for the rough, plentiful fare of the place, blacking his master's shoes with perfect readiness, till he rose in the school, and the time came when he should have a fag of his own: tibbing out and receiving the penalty therefor: bartering a black eye, per bearer, against a bloody nose drawn at sight, with a schoolfellow, and shaking hands the next day; playing at cricket, hockey, prisoners' base, and football, according to the season, and gorging himself and friends with tarts when he had money (and of this he had plenty) to spend. I have seen his name carved upon the Gown Boys' arch: but he was at school long before my time; his son showed me the name when we were boys together, in some year when George the Fourth was king.

The pleasures of this school-life were such to Tommy Newcome, that he did not care to go home for a holiday: and, indeed, by insubordination and boisterousness; by playing tricks and breaking windows; by marauding upon the gardener's peaches and the housekeeper's jam; by upsetting his two little brothers in a go-cart (of which wanton and careless injury the present Baronet's nose bears marks to this very day);—by going to sleep during the sermons, and treating reverend gentlemen with levity, he drew down on himself the merited wrath of his step-mother; and many punishments in this present life, besides those of a future and much more durable kind, which the good lady did not fail to point out that he must undoubtedly inherit. His father, at Mrs. Newcome's instigation, certainly whipped Tommy for upsetting his little brothers in the go-cart; but upon being pressed to repeat the whipping for some other peccadillo performed soon after, Mr. Newcome refused at once, using a wicked, worldly expression, which well might shock any serious lady; saying, in fact, that he would be damned if he beat the boy any more, and that he got flogging enough at school, in which opinion Master Tommy fully coincided.

The undaunted woman, his step-mother, was not to be made to forego her plans for the boy's reform by any such vulgar ribaldries; and Mr. Newcome being absent in the city on his business, and Tommy refractory as usual, she summoned the serious butler and the black footman (for the lashings of whose brethren she felt an unaffected pity) to operate together in the chastisement of this young criminal. But he dashed so furiously against the butler's shins as to draw blood from his comely limbs, and to cause that serious and over-fed menial to limp and suffer

for many days after; and, seizing the decanter, he swore he would demolish blackey's ugly face with it; nay, he threatened to discharge it at Mrs. Newcome's own head before he would submit to the coercion which she desired her agents to administer.

High words took place between Mr. and Mrs. Newcome that night on the gentleman's return home from the city, and on his learning the events of the morning. It is to be feared he made use of further oaths, which hasty ejaculations need not be set down in this place; at any rate he behaved with spirit and manliness as master of the house; vowed that if any servant laid a hand on the child, he would thrash him first, and then discharge him; and, I daresay, expressed himself with bitterness and regret, that he had married a wife who would not be obedient to her husband; and had entered a house of which he was not suffered to be the master. Friends were called in—the interference, the supplications, of the Clapham Clergy, some of whom dined constantly at the Hermitage, prevailed to allay this domestic quarrel, and no doubt the good sense of Mrs. Newcome, who, though imperious, was yet not unkind; and who, excellent as she was, yet could be brought to own that she was sometimes in fault, induced her to make at least a temporary submission to the man whom she had placed at the head of her house, and whom, it must be confessed, she had vowed to love and honor. When Tommy fell ill of the scarlet-fever, which afflicting event occurred presently after the above dispute, his own nurse, Sarah, could not have been more tender, watchful, and affectionate, than his step-mother showed herself to be. She nursed him through his illness; allowed his food and medicine to be administered by no other hand; sat up with the boy through a night of his fever, and uttered not one single reproach to her husband (who watched with her) when the twins took the disease (from which, we need not say, they happily recovered); and though young Tommy, in his temporary delirium, mistaking her for nurse Sarah, addressed her as his dear Fat Sally—though no whipping-post to which she ever would have tied him could have been leaner than Mrs. Newcome—and, under this feverish delusion, actually abused her to her face; calling her an old cat, an old Methodist, and jumping up in his little bed forgetful of his previous fancy, vowing that he would put on his clothes and run away to Sally. Sally was at her northern home by this time, with a liberal pension which Mr. Newcome gave her, and which his son and his son's son after him, through all their difficulties and distresses, always found means to pay.

What the boy threatened in his delirium he had thought of no doubt more than once in his solitary and unhappy holidays. A year after, he actually ran away, not from school, but from home; and appeared one morning gaunt and hungry at Sarah's cottage, two hundred miles away from Clapham, who housed the poor prodigal, and killed her calf for him—washed him, with many tears and kisses, and put him to bed and to sleep; from which slumber he was aroused by the appearance of his father, whose sure instinct, backed by Mrs. Newcome's own quick intelligence, had made him at once aware whither the young runaway had fled. The poor father came horsewhip in hand—he knew of no other law or means to maintain his authority—many and many a time had his own father, the old weaver, whose memory he loved and honored, strapped and beaten him—seeing this instrument in the parent's hand, as Mr. Newcome thrust out the weeping, trembling Sarah, and closed the door upon her, Tommy, scared out of a sweet sleep and a delightful dream of cricket, knew his fate; and, getting up out of bed, received his punishment without a word. Very likely the father suffered more than the child; for when the punishment was over, the little man, yet trembling and quivering with the pain, held out his little bleeding hand, and said, "I can—I can take it from you, sir!" saying which his face flushed, and his eyes filled, for the first time—whereupon the father burst into a passion of tears, and embraced the boy and kissed him, besought and prayed him to be rebellious no more—flung the whip away from him, and swore, come what would, he would never strike him again. The quarrel was the means of a great and happy reconciliation. The three dined together in Sarah's cottage. Perhaps the father would have liked to walk that evening in the lanes and fields where he had wandered as a young fellow; where he had first courted and first kissed the young girl he loved—poor child!—who had waited for him so faithfully and fondly; who had passed so many a day of patient want and meek expectance, to be repaid by such a scant holiday and brief fruition!

Mrs. Newcome never made the slightest allusion to Tom's absence after his return, but was quite gentle and affectionate with him, and that night read the parable of the Prodigal in a very low and quiet voice.

This, however, was only a temporary truce. War very soon broke out again between the impetuous lad and his rigid, domineering mother-in-law. It was not that he was very bad, or she perhaps more stern than other ladies, but the two could not agree. The boy sulked, and was miserable at home. He fell to drinking with the grooms in the stables. I think he went to Epsom races, and was discovered after that act of rebellion. Driving from a most interesting breakfast at Roehampton (where a delightful Hebrew convert had spoken, oh! so graciously!) Mrs. Newcome—in her state carriage, with her bay horses—met Tom, her son-in-law, in a tax-cart, excited by drink, and accompanied by all sorts of friends, male and female. John, the black man, was bidden to descend from the carriage and bring him to Mrs. Newcome. He came; his voice was thick with drink. He laughed wildly: he described a fight at which he had been present: it was not possible that

such a castaway as this should continue in a house where her two little cherubs were growing up in innocence and grace.

The boy had a great fancy for India; and Orme's History, containing the exploits of Clive and Lawrence, was his favorite book of all in his father's library. Being offered a writership, he scouted the idea of a civil appointment, and would be contented with nothing but a uniform. A cavalry cadetship was procured for Thomas Newcome; and the young man's future career being thus determined, and his step-mother's unwilling consent procured, Mr. Newcome thought fit to send his son to a tutor for military instruction, and removed him from the London school, where, in truth, he had made but very little progress in the humaner letters. The lad was placed with a professor who prepared young men for the army, and received rather a better professional education than fell to the lot of most young soldiers of his day. He cultivated the mathematics and fortification with more assiduity than he had ever bestowed on Greek and Latin, and especially made such a progress in the French tongue as was very uncommon among the British youth, his contemporaries.

In the study of this agreeable language, over which young Newcome spent a great deal of his time, he unluckily had some instructors who were destined to bring the poor lad into yet farther trouble at home. His tutor, an easy gentleman, lived at Blackheath, and, not far from thence, on the road to Woolwich, dwelt the little Chevalier de Blois, at whose house the young man much preferred to take his French lessons rather than to receive them under his tutor's own roof.

For the fact was that the little Chevalier de Blois had two pretty young daughters, with whom he had fled from his country along with thousands of French gentlemen at the period of revolution and emigration. He was a cadet of a very ancient family, and his brother, the Marquis de Blois, was a fugitive like himself, but with the army of the princes on the Rhine, or with his exiled sovereign at Mittau. The chevalier had seen the wars of the great Frederic: what man could be found better to teach young Newcome the French language, and the art military? It was surprising with what assiduity he pursued his studies. Mademoiselle Léonore the chevalier's daughter, would carry on her little industry very undisturbedly in the same parlor with her father and his pupil. She painted card-racks; labored at embroidery; was ready to employ her quick little brain or fingers in any way by which she could find means to add a few shillings to the scanty store on which this exiled family supported themselves in their day of misfortune. I suppose the chevalier was not in the least unquiet about her, because she was promised in marriage to the Comte de Florac, also of the emigration—a distinguished officer like the chevalier—than whom he was a year older, and, at the time of which we speak, engaged in London in giving private lessons on the fiddle. Sometimes on a Sunday he would walk to Blackheath with that instrument in his hand, and pay his court to his young fiancée, and talk over happier days with his old companion in arms. Tom Newcome took no French lessons on a Sunday. He passed that day at Clapham generally, where, strange to say, he never said a word about Mademoiselle de Blois.

What happens when two young folks of eighteen, handsome and ardent, generous and impetuous, alone in the world, or without strong affections to bind them elsewhere—what happens when they meet daily over French dictionaries, embroidery frames, or indeed upon any business whatever? No doubt Mademoiselle Léonore was a young lady perfectly *bien élevée*, and ready, as every well elevated young Frenchwoman should be, to accept a husband of her parents' choosing; but while the elderly M. de Florac was fiddling in London, there was that handsome young Tom Newcome ever present at Blackheath. To make a long matter short, Tom declared his passion, and was for marrying Léonore off-hand; if she would but come with him to the little Catholic chapel at Woolwich. Why should they not go out to India together, and be happy ever after?

The innocent little amour may have been several months in transaction, and was discovered by Mrs. Newcome, whose keen spectacles nothing could escape. It chanced that she drove to Blackheath to Tom's tutor's. Tom was absent, taking his French and drawing lessons of M. de Blois. Thither Tom's step-mother followed him, and found the young man sure enough with his instructor over his books and plans of fortification. Mademoiselle and her card-screens were in the room, but behind those screens she could not hide her blushes and confusion from Mrs. Newcome's sharp glances. In one moment the banker's wife saw the whole affair; the whole mystery which had been passing for months under poor M. de Blois's nose, without his having the least notion of the truth.

Mrs. Newcome said she wanted her son to return home with her upon private affairs; and before they had reached the Hermitage a fine battle had ensued between them. His mother had charged him with being a wretch and a monster, and he had replied fiercely, denying the accusation with scorn, and announcing his wish instantly to marry the most virtuous, the most beautiful of her sex. 'To marry a papist! This was all that was wanted to make poor Tom's cup of bitterness run over. Mr. Newcome was called in, and the two elders passed a great part of the night in an assault upon the lad. He was grown too tall for the cane; but Mrs. Newcome thonged him with the lash of her indignation for many an hour that evening.

He was forbidden to enter M. de Blois's house, a prohibition at which the spirited young fellow snapped his fingers, and laughed in scorn. Nothing, he swore, but death should part him from the young lady. On the next day his father came to him alone and plied him with entrea-

ties, but he was as obdurate as before. He would have her; nothing could part her from him. He cocked his hat and walked out of the lodge gate, as his father, quite beaten by the young man's obstinacy, with haggard face and tearful eyes, went his own way into town. He was not very angry himself: in the course of their talk overnight the boy had spoken bravely and honestly, and Newcome could remember how in his own early life, he had courted and loved a young lass. It was Mrs. Newcome the father was afraid of. Who shall depict her wrath at the idea that a child of her house was about to marry a popish girl!

So young Newcome went his way to Blackheath, bent upon falling straightway down upon his knees before Léonore, and having the chevalier's blessing. That old fiddler in London scarcely seemed to him to be an obstacle; it seemed monstrous that a young creature should be given away to a man older than her own father. He did not know the law of honor, as it obtained among French gentlemen of those days, or how religiously their daughters were bound by it.

But Mrs. Newcome had been beforehand with him, and had visited the Chevalier de Blois almost at cock-crow. She charged him insolently with being privy to the attachment between the young people; pursued him with vulgar rebukes about beggary, popery, and French adventurers. Her husband had to make a very contrite apology afterward for the language which his wife had thought fit to employ. "*You* forbid me," said the Chevalier, "you forbid Mademoiselle de Blois to marry your son, Mr. Thomas! No, Madam, she comes of a race which is not accustomed to ally itself with persons of your class; and is promised to a gentleman whose ancestors were dukes and peers when Mr. Newcome's were blacking shoes!" Instead of finding his pretty blushing girl on arriving at Woolwich, poor Tom only found his French master, livid with rage and quivering under his *ailes de pigeon*. We pass over the scenes that followed; the young man's passionate entreaties, and fury and despair. In his own defense, and to prove his honor to the world, M. de Blois determined that his daughter should instantly marry the Count. The poor girl yielded without a word, as became her; and, it was with this marriage effected almost before his eyes, and frantic with wrath and despair, that young Newcome embarked for India, and quitted the parents whom he was never more to see.

Tom's name was no more mentioned at Clapham. His letters to his father were written to the City; very pleasant they were, and comforting to the father's heart. He sent Tom liberal private remittances to India, until the boy wrote to say that he wanted no more. Mr. Newcome would have liked to leave Tom all his private fortune, for the twins were only too well cared for; but he dared not on account of his terror of Sophia Alethea, his wife; and he died, and poor Tom was only secretly forgiven.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL NEWCOME'S LETTER-BOX.

I.

"My dear Major—I most joyfully take up my pen to announce to you the happy arrival of the Ramchunder, and the *dearest and handsomest* little boy who, I am sure, ever came from India. Little Clive is in *perfect health*. He speaks English *wonderfully* well. He cried when he parted from Mr. Sneed, the supercargo, who most kindly brought him from Southampton in a post-chaise, but these tears in childhood are *of very brief duration!* The voyage, Mr. Sneed states, was most favorable, occupying only four months and eleven days. How different from that more lengthened and dangerous passage of eight months, and almost perpetual sea sickness, in which my poor dear sister Emma went to Bengal, to become the wife of the best of husbands and the mother of the dearest of little boys, and to enjoy these inestimable blessings for so brief an interval! She has quitted this wicked and wretched world for one where all is peace. The misery and ill-treatment which she endured from Captain Closky, her first odious husband, were, I am sure, amply repaid, my dear Colonel, by your subsequent affection. If the most sumptuous dresses which London, even Paris, could supply, jewelry the most costly, and elegant lace, and *every thing lovely and fashionable* could content a woman, these, I am sure, during the last four years of her life, the poor girl had. Of what avail are they when this scene of vanity is closed!

"Mr. Sneed announces that the passage was most favorable. They staid a week at the Cape, and three days at St. Helena, where they visited Bonaparte's tomb, and another instance of the vanity of all things; and their voyage was enlivened off Ascension by the taking of some delicious turtle!

"You may be sure that *the most liberal* sum which you have placed to my credit with the Messrs. Hobson and Co., shall be faithfully expended on my dear little charge. Mrs. Newcome can scarcely be called his grandmamma, I suppose; and I dare say her methodistical ladyship will not care to see the daughters and grandson of a clergyman of the Church of England! My brother Charles took leave to wait upon her when he presented your last *most generous* bill at the bank. She received him *most rudely*, and said a fool and his money are soon parted; and when Charles said, 'Madam, I am the brother of the late Mrs. Colonel Newcome.' 'Sir,' says she, 'I judge nobody; but from all accounts, you are the brother of a very vain, idle, thoughtless, extravagant woman; and Thomas Newcome was as foolish about his wife as about his money.' Of course, unless Mrs. N. writes to invite dear Clive, I shall not think of sending him to Clapham.

"It is such hot weather that I can not wear the *beautiful shawl* you have sent me, and shall keep it *in lavender* till next winter! My brother, who thanks you for your continuous bounty,

will write next month, and report progress as to his dear pupil. Clive will add a postscript of his own, and I am, my dear Colonel, with a thousand thanks for your kindness to me,

"Your grateful and affectionate,

"MARTHA HONEYMAN."

In a round hand and on lines ruled with pencil:

"Dearest Papa i am very well i hope you are Very Well. Mr. Sneed brought me in a postchaise i like Mr. Sneed very much. I like Aunt Martha i like Hannah. There are no ships here i am your affectionate son Clive Newcome."

II.

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germains, Paris, Nov. 15, 1820.

"Long separated from the country which was the home of my youth, I carried from her tender recollections, and bear her always a lively gratitude. The Heaven has placed me in a position very different from that in which I knew you. I have been the mother of many children. My husband has recovered a portion of the property which the Revolution tore from us; and France, in returning to its legitimate sovereign, received once more the nobility which accompanied his august house into exile. We, however, preceded his Majesty, more happy than many of our companions. Believing farther resistance to be useless; dazzled, perhaps, by the brilliancy of that genius which restored order, submitted Europe, and governed France, M. de Florac, in the first days, was reconciled to the Conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, and held a position in his Imperial Court. This submission, at first attributed to infidelity, has subsequently been pardoned to my husband. His sufferings during the Hundred Days made to pardon his adhesion to him who was Emperor. My husband is now an old man. He was of the disastrous campaign of Moscow, as one of the chamberlains of Napoleon. Withdrawn from the world he gives his time to his feeble health—to his family—to Heaven.

"I have not forgotten a time before those days, when, according to promises given by my father, I became the wife of M. de Florac. Sometimes I have heard of your career. One of my parents, M. de F., who took service in the English India, has entertained me of you; he informed me how yet a young man you won laurels at Argom and Bhartpour; how you escaped to death at Laswari. I have followed them, sir, on the map. I have taken part in your victory and your glory. Ah! I am not so cold, but my heart has trembled for your dangers; not so aged, but I remember the young man who learned from the pupil of Frederic the first rudiments of war. Your great heart, your love of truth, your courage were your own. None had to teach you those qualities, of which a good God had endowed you. My good father is dead since many years. He, too, was permitted to see France before to die.

"I have read in the English journals not only that you are married, but that you have a son. Permit me to send to your wife, to your child, these accompanying tokens of an old friendship. I have seen that Mistress Newcombe was widow, and am not sorry of it. My friend, I hope there was not that difference of age between your wife and you that I have known in other unions. I pray the good God to bless yours. I hold you always in my memory. As I write the past comes back to me. I see a noble young man, who has a soft voice, and brown eyes. I see the Thames, and the smiling plains of Blackheath. I listen and pray at my chamber-door as my father talks to you in our little cabinet of studies. I look from my window, and see you depart.

"My sons are men: one follows the profession of arms, one has embraced the ecclesiastical state; my daughter is herself a mother. I remember this was your birthday; I have made myself a little fête in celebrating it, after how many years of absence, of silence!

"COMTESSE DE FLORAC.
"(*Née L. de Blois*)."

III.

"MY DEAR THOMAS—Mr. Sneed, supercargo of the 'Ramchunder,' East Indiaman, handed over to us yesterday your letter, and, to-day, I have purchased three thousand three hundred and twenty-three pounds 6 and 8d. three per cent. Consols, in our joint names (H. and B. Newcome), held for your little boy. Mr. S. gives a very favorable account of the little man, and left him in perfect health two days since, at the house of his aunt, Miss Honeyman. We have placed £200 to that lady's credit, at your desire.

"Lady Anne is charmed with the present which she received yesterday, and says the white shawl is a great deal too handsome. My mother is also greatly pleased with hers, and has forwarded, by the coach to Brighton, to-day, a packet of books, tracts, &c., suited for his tender age, for your little boy. She heard of you lately from the Rev. T. Sweatenham, on his return from India. He spoke of your kindness, and of the hospitable manner in which you had received him at your house, and alluded to you in a very handsome way in the course of the thanksgiving that evening. I dare say my mother will ask your little boy to the Hermitage; and when we have a house of our own, I am sure Anne and I will be very happy to see him. Yours affectionately,

"B. NEWCOME.

"Major Newcome."

IV.

"MY DEAR COLONEL—Did I not know the generosity of your heart, and the bountiful means which Heaven has put at your disposal in order to gratify that noble disposition; were I not certain that the small sum I required will permanently place me beyond the reach of the difficulties of life, and will infallibly be repaid before six months are over, believe me I never would have ventured upon that bold step which

our friendship (carried on epistolarily as it has been), our relationship, and your admirable disposition, have induced me to venture to take.

"That elegant and commodious chapel, known as Lady Whittlesea's, Denmark Street, May Fair, being for sale, I have determined on venturing my all in its acquisition, and in laying, as I hope, the foundation of a competence for myself and excellent sister. What is a lodging-house at Brighton but an uncertain maintenance? The mariner on the sea before those cliffs is no more sure of wind and wave, or of fish to his laborious net, than the Brighton houseowner (bred in affluence, she may have been, and used to unremitting plenty) to the support of the casual travelers who visit the city. On one day they come in shoals, it is true, but where are they on the next? For many months my poor sister's first floor was a desert, until occupied by your noble little boy, my nephew and pupil. Clive is every thing that a father's, an uncle's (who loves him as a father), a pastor's, a teacher's, affections could desire. He is not one of those premature geniuses whose much vaunted infantine talents disappear along with adolescence; he is not, I frankly own, more advanced in his classical and mathematical studies than some children even younger than himself, but he has acquired the rudiments of health; he has laid in a store of honesty and good-humor, which are not less likely to advance him in life than mere science and language, than the *as in præsenti*, or the *pons asinorum*.

"But I forget, in thinking of my dear little friend and pupil, that the subject of this letter —namely, the acquisition of the proprietary church to which I have alluded, and the hopes, nay, certainty of a fortune, if aught below is certain, which that acquisition hold out. What is a curacy, but a synonym for starvation? If we accuse the Eremites of old of wasting their lives in unprofitable wildernesses, what shall we say to many a hermit of protestant, and so-called civilized times, who hides his head in a solitude in Yorkshire, who buries his probably fine talents in a Lincolnshire fen? Have I genius? Am I blessed with gifts of eloquence to thrill and soothe, to arouse the sluggish, to terrify the sinful, to cheer and convince the timid, to lead the blind groping in darkness, and to trample the audacious skeptic in the dust? My own conscience, besides a hundred testimonials from places of popular, most popular worship, from reverend prelates, from distinguished clergy, tell me I have these gifts. A voice within me cries 'Go forth, Charles Honeyman, fight the good fight; wipe the tears of the repentant sinner; sing of hope to the agonized criminal; whisper courage, brother, courage, at the ghastly death-bed, and strike down the infidel with the lance of evidence and the shield of reason.' In a pecuniary point of view I am confident, nay, the calculations may be established as irresistibly as an algebraic equation, that I can realize, as incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel, the sum of *not less* than one thousand pounds per annum. Such a sum, with economy (and without it what sum were sufficient?) will enable me to provide amply for my wants, to discharge my obligations to you, to my sister, and some other creditors, very, very unlike you, and to place Miss Honeyman in a home more worthy of her than that which she now occupies, only to vacate it at the beck of every passing stranger!

"My sister does not disapprove of my plan, into which enter some modifications which I have not, as yet, submitted to her, being anxious at first that they should be sanctioned by you. From the income of the Whittlesea chapel I propose to allow Miss Honeyman the sum of two hundred pounds per annum, *paid quarterly*. This, with her private property, which she has kept more thriftily than her unfortunate and confiding brother guarded his (for whenever I had a guinea a tale of distress would melt it into half a sovereign), will enable Miss Honeyman to live in a way becoming my father's daughter.

"Comforted with this provision as my sister will be, I would suggest that our dearest young Clive should be transferred from her petticoat government, and given up to the care of his affectionate uncle and tutor. His present allowance will most liberally suffice for his expenses, board, lodging, and education while under my roof, and I shall be able to exert a paternal, a pastoral influence over his studies, his conduct, and his *highest welfare*, which I can not so conveniently exercise at Brighton, where I am but Miss Honeyman's stipendiary, and where I often have to submit in cases where I know, for dearest Clive's own welfare, it is I, and not my sister, should be paramount.

"I have given then to a friend, the Rev. Marcus Flather, a draft for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, drawn upon you at your agent's in Calcutta, which sum will go in liquidation of dear Clive's first year's board with me, or, upon my word of honor as a gentleman and clergyman, shall be paid back at three months after sight, if you will draw upon me. As I never, no, were it my last penny in the world would dishonor your draft—I implore you, my dear Colonel, not to refuse mine. My credit in this city where credit is *every thing*, and the awful future so little thought of, my engagements to Mr. Flather, my own prospects in life, and the comfort of my dear sister's declining years, all—all depend upon this bold, this *eventful* measure; my ruin or my earthly happiness lie entirely in your hands. Can I doubt which way your kind heart will lead you, and that you will come to the aid of your affectionate brother-in-law,

"CHARLES HONEYMAN.

"Our little Clive has been to London on a visit to his uncle's and to the Hermitage, Clapham, to pay his duty to his step-grandmother, the wealthy Mrs. Newcome. I pass over words disparaging of myself which the child in his

artless prattle subsequently narrated. She was very gracious to *him*, and presented him with a five pound note, a copy of Kirk White's Poems, and a work called Little Henry and his Bearer, relating to India, and the excellent Catechism of our Church. Clive is full of humor, and I inclose you a rude scrap representing the bishopess of Clapham, as she is called—the other figure is a rude though entertaining sketch of some other droll personage."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

V.

"My dear Colonel—The Rev. Marcus Flather has just written me a letter at which I am greatly shocked and perplexed, informing me that my brother Charles has given him a draft upon you for two hundred and fifty pounds, when goodness knows it is not you but we who are many, many hundred pounds debtors to you. Charles has explained that he drew the bill at your desire, that you wrote to say you would be glad to serve him in any way, and that the money is wanted to make his fortune. Yet I don't know, poor Charles is always going to make his fortune and has never done it. That school which he bought, and for which you and me between us paid the purchase-money, turned out no good, and the only pupils left at the end of the first half-year was two woolly-headed poor little mulattos, whose father was in jail at St. Kitts, and whom I kept actually in my own second floor back-room while the lawyers were settling things, and Charles was away in France, and until my dearest little Clive came to live with me.

"Then as he was too small for a great school, I thought Clive could not do better than stay with his old aunt and have his uncle Charles for a tutor, who is one of the finest scholars in the world. I wish you could hear him in the pulpit. His delivery is grander and more impressive than any divine now in England. His sermons you have subscribed for, and likewise his book of elegant poems, which are pronounced to be *very fine*.

"When he returned from Calais, and those horrid lawyers had left off worritting him, I thought as his frame was much shattered and he was too weak to take a curacy, that he could not do better than become Clive's tutor, and agreed to pay him out of your handsome donation of £250 for Clive, a sum of one hundred pounds per year, so that when the board of the two and Clive's clothing are taken into consideration, I think you will see that no great profit is left to Miss Martha Honeyman.

"Charles talks to me of his new church in London, and of making me some grand allowance. The poor boy is very affectionate, and always building castles in the air, and of having Clive to live with him in London, *now this mustn't be and I won't hear of it*. Charles is too kind to be a schoolmaster, and Master Clive laughs at him. It was only the other day, after his return from his grandmamma's, regarding which I wrote you, per Burrampooter, the 23d ult., that I found a picture of Mrs. Newcome and Charles too, and of both their spectacles, quite like. I put it away, but some rogue, I suppose, has stolon it. He has done me and Hannah too. Mr. Speck, the artist, laughed and took it home, and says he is a wonder at drawing.

"Instead then of allowing Clive to go with Charles to London next month where my brother is bent on going, I shall send Clivey to Dr. Timpany's school, Marine Parade, of which I hear the best account, but I hope you will think of soon sending him to a great school. My father always said it was the best place for boys, and I have a brother to whom my poor mother spared the rod, and who, I fear, has turned out but a spoilt child.

"I am, dear Colonel, your most faithful servant, Martha Honeyman."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

VI.

"My dear Brother—I hasten to inform you of a calamity which, though it might be looked for in the course of nature, has occasioned deep grief not only in our family but in this city. This morning, at half-past four o'clock, our beloved and respected mother, Sophia Alethea Newcome expired, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. On the night of Tuesday-Wednesday, the 12-13th, having been engaged reading and writing in her library until a late hour, and having dismissed the servants, who she never would allow to sit up for her, as well as my brother and his wife, who always are in the habit of retiring early, Mrs. Newcome extinguished the lamps, took a bedchamber candle to return to her room, and must have fallen on the landing, where she was discovered by the maids, sitting with her head reclining against the balustrades, and endeavoring to staunch a wound in her forehead, which was bleeding profusely, having struck in a fall against the stone step of the stair.

"When Mrs. Newcome was found she was speechless, but still sensible, and medical aid being sent for, she was carried to bed. Mr. Newcome and Lady Anne both hurried to her apartment, and she knew them, and took the hands of each, but paralysis had probably ensued in consequence of the shock of the fall; nor was her voice ever heard, except in inarticulate moanings, since the hour on the previous evening, when she gave them her blessing, and bade them good-night. Thus perished this good and excellent woman, the truest Christian, the most charitable friend to the poor and needful, the head of this great house of business, the best and most affectionate of mothers.

"The contents of her will have long been known to us, and that document was dated one month after our lamented father's death. Mr. Thomas Newcome's property being divided equally among his three sons, the property of his second wife naturally devolves upon her own issue, my brother Brian and myself. There

are very heavy legacies to servants and to charitable and religious institutions, of which, in life, she was the munificent patroness; and I regret, my dear brother, that no memorial to you should have been left by my mother, because she often spoke of you latterly in terms of affection, and on the very day on which she died, commenced a letter to your little boy, which was left unfinished on the library-table. My brother said that on that same day, at breakfast, she pointed to a volume of Orme's Hindostan, the book, she said, which set poor dear Tom wild to go to India. I know you will be pleased to hear of these proofs of returning good-will and affection in one who often spoke latterly of her early regard for you. I have no more time, under the weight of business which this present affliction entails, than to say that I am yours, dear brother, very sincerely,

"H. NEWCOME."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

GHOSTS AND SORCERESSES OF INDIA.

THE superstitious fears which in Europe make the heart beat, the limbs tremble, the cheek grow pale, the brow bead with perspiration, the hair rise upon the head, are almost wholly unknown in India. The Hindoo, old or young, is not haunted by the vague, undefinable terror which makes the children of the English strangers hide their heads under the bed-clothes. He knows very well what he dreads; and that is neither sights nor sounds abhorrent to nature, but substantial and tangible inflictions—such as a sound drubbing. Colonel Sleeman tells of villages that are absolutely persecuted by the spirits of their old proprietors; and a native friend of his informed him, that in such cases he always considered it his bounden duty to his tenants to build a neat little shrine to the ghost, and have it well endowed and attended. Some go still further to propitiate the defunct proprietor: they have their leases made out in his name. The English authorities were much puzzled by this whim. On one occasion Mr. Fraser, who managed the settlement of the land-revenue of the Sauger district for twenty years, had drawn the renewal of a lease according to his own ideas, in the name of the head of the family; but this threw the party concerned into great consternation. He assured him that the spirit of the ancient proprietor was still dominant in the village; that all affairs of importance were transacted in his name; and that if the living estate-holder appeared in the lease otherwise than as the manager or bailiff of the dead one, the consequence would be the destruction of him and his.

There is, of course, no want of coincidental circumstances to confirm this belief. When Colonel Sleeman himself was in charge of a district in the Valley of the Nerbudda, a village cultivator came into disastrous collision with the spirit of the next village. This spirit was of so violent a temper, that the lands hardly fetched any thing, so difficult was it to find any body bold enough to risk his displeasure. Nevertheless, the cultivator in question, when plowing one day at the border of the two estates, was so foolhardy as to drive his plow a few yards beyond his own boundary, and thus add to his own about half an acre of the deserted land. That very night, we are told, his only son was bitten by a snake, and his two bullocks were seized with the murrain! The smitten sinner at once rushed to the village temple, confessed his crime, and promised not only to restore the stolen land, but to build a handsome shrine upon the spot to its true proprietor. The ghost was appeased: the boy and the bullocks recovered; the shrine was built, and is the boundary-mark to this day. At another time this same spirit was so tyrannical, with his whip literally of serpents, that the estate fell into a waste, although the soil was the best in the district. At length the governor, determined to shame the people out of their prejudices, took the lease himself, at the rent of 1000 rupees a year, and at the head of a procession of twelve plows, proceeded from his own residence, a dozen miles off, to superintend personally the commencement of proceedings at the perilous spot. Here Goroba Pundit—for that was his name—paused on the top of a gentle hill, crowned with a great and beautiful banyan-tree, the lands that had become his swelling in their neglected luxuriance around him. His attendants spread a carpet for him under that fine tree, and alighting from his horse, he sat down to preface operations by indulging himself with his hookah, and moralizing the while on the superstitions of men, as unsubstantial as the fragrant smoke that floated around and above him. "So beautiful an estate!" thought he; "so noble a tree!" and he raised his eyes and looked through the smoke at a branch of the banyan hanging like a canopy over his head, close almost to touching. On that branch there was coiled an enormous black snake! Goroba Pundit looked into the glittering eyes of the reptile without being able to move! But presently desperation gave him strength to break the enchantment. He started to his feet; sprang with one bound upon his horse; galloped madly down the hill; and never drew bridle till he reached home. Although afterward in office, as a native collector, nothing could induce him to revisit the beautiful estate, even after it had passed into other hands; but he was sometimes heard to execrate his folly in having neglected to propitiate, before taking possession, that awful spirit which had glared down upon him from the tree.

It might be supposed that "Christened men" are exempt from the interference of these pagan ghosts; but this is by no means the case. Mr. Lindsay, while in charge of the same district, made another attempt to overcome the prejudice of the people respecting this fine property. The lands had never been measured; and he was assured by the revenue-officers, as well as the farmers and cultivators of the neighborhood,

that the spirit of the old proprietor would never permit such a liberty to be taken with it. Mr. Lindsay, however, was a practiced surveyor, and he saw no difficulty in the case. To avoid accidents, which he knew would have a bad effect on such an occasion, he caused a new measuring-cord to be made on purpose for the adventure; and so provided, he entered the first field, his officers following in alarm and expectation. The rope was applied—and what followed? If the men of the village are to be believed, who related the circumstance some years after, it flew into a thousand pieces the moment it was stretched. At all events, it broke—that fact is certain; and Mr. Lindsay was taken ill the same morning, returned to Nursingpore, and soon after died of fever.

This superstition is not confined to the part of the country now alluded to; but in other quarters it receives different modifications. On the Malabar coast, every field of corn, every fruit-tree, is confided to the care of some spirit or other, by being dedicated to him; and from that moment the preternatural guardian feels himself responsible for the safety of the property, and punishes the smallest theft either with illness or death. One day, a man rushed up to the proprietor of a jack-tree, threw himself upon the ground before him, embraced his feet, and piteously implored his mercy.

"What is the matter," asked the proprietor in surprise—"what do you apprehend from me?"

"I was tempted," replied the man, "as I passed by at night, and took a jack from your tree. This was three days ago; and ever since I have been suffering unspeakable agony in my stomach. The spirit of the tree is upon me; and you alone can appease him." In England, we should probably have thought, "The fruit was doubtless unripe;" but in India, they reason as well as act differently. The proprietor picked up from the ground a bit of cow-dung, moistened it, made a mark with it in the name of the spirit upon the forehead of the penitent, and then put the remainder into the knot of hair on the top of his head. The thing was done; the man's pains left him instantly, and he went off, vowing to take good care never again to offend a guardian spirit.

The devils of India are quite as practical personages as the ghosts; and sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them. When there is no vested interest in the grave to refer the infliction to, it is tolerably safe for the victim to believe that his sufferings proceed from a devil. In like manner, when Hindoo science is at fault as to the natural origin of some disease, the doctor sees very clearly that it must have a preternatural one. Thus, in epileptic and other fits, and more especially in some obscure diseases, such as those of the liver and spleen, to which children are subject, the devils always get the blame. In Dr. Wiseman's curious and instructive *Commentary on Ancient Hindoo Medicine*, he gives a complete account of the doings of these anti-doctors, with a description of the treatment resorted to for casting them out. This treatment, in the present day, consists in great part of prayers and incantations, and when a cure is effected, it is set down as owing to the preternatural power of the doctors. The inconvenience of this is, that a man who has it in his power to cure is supposed likewise to have it in his power to kill; and when the death of the patient takes place, it is not unfrequently regarded as a murder. Numerous instances have occurred of medical practitioners on this consummation occurring being put to death by the incensed relations; and several are on record in which a father has stood over the doctor with a drawn sword by the bedside of his child, and cut him down the instant the patient died.

It frequently happens that in India, as well as in other countries, the devils do not act independently, but under the direction of some human being who has contrived to get one of them under control. Such human beings are of the female sex, and of that mature age at which they receive from the unpolite the disrespectful name of elderly or old women. There is this difference, however, between the belief of the east and that of the west: in the west, it was the spirit who bribed the woman with his services; while in the east, it is the woman who bribes the spirit with hers. She ministers to him by means of sacrifices, and pampers his unclean taste with the livers of human beings. She makes no scruple of digging young children out of their graves, and bringing them to life with the assistance of the expectant gourmand, so that the latter may feast on the part he covets.

The power thus acquired does not seem to be exercised on objects as important as one might suppose from these shocking preliminaries. Colonel Sleeman mentions the case of a trooper in the employment of Major Wardlaw, when the latter was in charge of the Seonee district. The fellow went to an old woman for some milk for his master's breakfast, and supposing her to be without any resource against his tyranny, carried it away without paying—intending, no doubt, to charge the major for it all the same. Before Major Wardlaw, however, had finished his breakfast, the dishonest trooper was down upon his back, writhing and yelling in an agony of internal pain. It was quite clear that the man was bedeviled, and that the old woman was the sorceress. She was immediately apprehended, brought to where her victim lay, and commanded to cure him. The old woman denied her guilt, but admitted that some of her household gods, without her knowledge, might have thought fit to punish the dishonesty. This would not do. The bystanders would take no denial; and, on their compulsion, she set about collecting materials for the poojah (worship). This being effected, she began the ceremonial; and before she had proceeded very far, the object was attained—the man was cured. "Had we not been resolute with her," says an eye-wit-

ness, "he must have died before the evening, so violent were his torments."

It is fortunate that the power of these sorceresses is confined as regards space; that is to say, if a man who has offended one of them escapes to a distance of ten or twelve miles, she is unable to harm him. A respectable native merchant having visited Ruttunpore on business, was one day walking through the market-place eating a piece of sugar-cane. He was so much abstracted in this pleasing employment, that he jostled unintentionally an old woman as he passed. Looking back with the intention of apologizing, he heard her mutter something; and straightway he became uneasy —for he was a man who knew a thing or two. He forced himself, however, to resume his occupation as if nothing had happened; but when raising the sugar-cane to his lips—although hardly a minute had elapsed—he saw that the juice had all turned to blood! The terrified merchant immediately collected his followers, left his agents to settle his accounts as they might, and was beyond the bounds of the sorceress's jurisdiction before dark. "Had I remained," said he, when relating the circumstance, "nothing could have saved me; I should have been a dead man before morning."

This conversion of the juice of sugar-cane to blood is not uncommon; but sometimes it is attended with more terrifying circumstances. At a fair held in the town of Raepore, there were two women, apparently not much more than of middle age, tempting the passers-by with some remarkably fine sugar-canes. A grave and reverend seignor, who afterward related the adventure, observed them. This gentleman, be it observed in passing, was the representative of a native prince, the Shahgur rajah, and described in perfect good faith what passed before his eyes. While looking at the women with the sugar-canes, there came up to them a stranger, like himself, who wanted to purchase. The price demanded, however, was exorbitant; and the man became angry, thinking they were trying to take advantage of what they supposed to be his ignorance. He took up one of the canes; the women seized the other end, and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price; the seller demanded double; and the crowd which had collected, taking part on one side or other, a considerable quantity of the usual abuse was lavished on the female relations of each other. While this scene was going on, and the cane still grasped between the principals, a sipahee of the governor came up, armed to the teeth, and in a very imperious tone commanded the intending purchaser to let go. He refused; and old Jungbar Khan, the relater of the story, who had by this time become much interested, told the soldier that if he so unreasonably took the part of the women, they—the bystanders—would befriend the man and see fair play. Upon this the functionary, without further ceremony, drew his sword and severed the cane through the middle.

"There," said he, "you see the cause of my interference;" and sure enough the horrified crowd observed a stream of blood running from the two ends of the cane, and forming a pool upon the ground! Whence came the blood? It had deserted the body of the would-be purchaser; the sorceress had drawn the stream of life through the cane, to gratify the foul-feeding devil to whom she owed her power; and the poor man fainted from exhaustion, and fell to the ground. So little blood was left in him, that he was unable to walk for ten days. So flagrant a case, occurring in the presence of a man so high in rank as the khan, could not be allowed to pass. The bystanders went in a body to the governor of the town to demand justice, declaring that unless an example was made of the sorceresses, the fair—at which it was seen no stranger's life was safe—would be deserted. The women were accordingly sewn up in sacks, and thrown into the river. But he whose appetite they had so lately ministered to stood their friend, and they would not sink. The governor, it was thought, ought to have put them to death in some other way; but he did not relish having any thing to do with such customers; in fact, he was afraid to meddle further, and ordering them to be released from the sacks, allowed them to go about their business.

The victim of such sorceries—or, as the skeptics of Europe will say, of his own imagination —does not always escape with a fainting-fit and a ten days' illness. When Mr. Frazer was in charge of the Jubbulpore district, he sent one of his chuprassies to Mundlah one day with a message on some official business. In the course of this expedition, the man, who was as tyrannical and rapacious as the rest of his class, bargained with an old woman for a cock she had to sell, and carried off his acquisition without performing his share of the contract. In due time he became hungry; and on arriving at a fitting place, he sat down under a tree to enjoy at his leisure the dinner he had so thoughtfully provided. Kindling a fire, he broiled the cock very nicely—first one part, then another, and another, till he had devoured the whole animal. After making so egregious a meal, he doubtless sat for some time full of a vague sense of happiness, and felicitating himself dreamily on the cleverness with which he had obtained so cheap and excellent a dinner. But here he reckoned without his hostess. He had no sooner renewed his homeward journey than he felt some compunctious visitings within; and they increased as he proceeded, till he thought the cock had come alive again in his internals. By the time he reached home he was shrieking with agony, and throwing himself upon the floor, he had every appearance of being at the point of death. In such circumstances, a man stands upon no punctilios with himself. He related every thing that had taken place; and it became only too clear that he was suffering from the vengeance of a sorceress.

It is possible that some of the Europeans present—for the room was soon crowded with spectators of all sorts—may have hinted at the illness being probably an indigestion, occasioned by his gluttony. But if so, the idle notion was dispelled in a very remarkable manner, for there was speedily heard a half-articulate sound, which would have made the lank hair of the Hindoos—if such a thing had been possible—stand upright with terror. It was the crow of a cock—and in the same room. All listened breathlessly, striving to believe that what they had heard was an illusion; but out it came again, a regular barn-yard chant—a distinct and indisputable "Cocki-lilli-la-a-a-w!" Whence did it proceed? Is it i' the air or the earth? All looked at one another as if with suspicion. But a third chant removed every particle of doubt from their minds: the cock was crowing in the man's belly! As the groans of the dying wretch grew fainter, the note of unearthly triumph swelled the fuller; till at length death put a period to his sufferings, and to the crow of the phantom cock.

Such are the ghosts and witches of India; and they present, it will be seen, some remarkable contrasts with those of Europe. Here we consider it sufficient punishment for any reasonable crime, to be haunted, as we call it, by a spirit; and even the innocent frequently spend a considerable part of their lives in a vague dread of this visitation. The Hindoo, on the other hand, has no notion of a spirit at all but as something that will bite, or poison, or cudgel him, or bring illness or death among his family or cattle. The witches of Europe were accustomed to sell their souls for a modicum of transitory power; while those of India propitiate the devil by sacrifices, and hire his services with blood-offerings. But in one thing the two systems of superstition are alike—it would be hard to say whether in the East or the West the imagination plays the more extraordinary and extravagant part.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE most notable event of the month has been the publication of the correspondence between the governments of Austria and the United States in regard to the case of M. Koszta, whose arrest at Smyrna and rescue by Captain Ingraham has been already noticed. On the 29th of August M. Hulsemann, the Austrian Chargé, addressed a note to Secretary Marcy, stating that the Austrian Consul-General at Smyrna, exercising the right guaranteed by treaties, had caused Koszta, a Hungarian refugee, to be arrested, and that Mr. Brown, the United States Chargé, had demanded his release, on the ground that he had taken the preliminary steps to become an American citizen—which demand Captain Ingraham had enforced by threatening to fire into the Austrian brig of war in which he was confined, unless he should be surrendered within a given time. M. Hulsemann represents this action as a serious violation of international law—first, as it was an act of war committed without the authority of the sovereign power of the nation which alone has the right of declaring war, and second, as it was committed in a neutral port of a power friendly to both nations. On these grounds the American government is called upon to disavow the conduct of its agents, to hold them to a severe account, and to tender to Austria a satisfaction proportionate to the magnitude of the outrage.

On the 26th of September Mr. Marcy replies to this demand in a long and elaborate dispatch. After giving a full statement of the facts of the case, Mr. Marcy proceeds to say, in the first place, that Austria had no right to seize M. Koszta on Turkish soil, even if he had been an Austrian subject, inasmuch as no nation has any right to enforce its municipal laws in the territory of any other; and in support of this position he refers to the fact that, in 1849, when Kossuth and his companions took refuge in Turkey, although their surrender was demanded by Austria, sustained by Russia, it was refused, and that refusal was fully approved by the representatives of all the European Powers, and was finally acquiesced in by the Austrian government itself, which made no attempt to effect their forcible seizure. Koszta was one of these refugees, and his case, with the others, was therefore fully discussed and decided then. Regret is expressed that Austria should thus revive a claim against the United States which had been repudiated by the general judgment of Europe. Mr. Marcy, having thus shown that international law gave Austria no right to demand M. Koszta's surrender, proceeds to say that the treaties between Austria and Turkey confer no such right, and this he proves by declarations of the government made at various times, and by the conclusive fact that the Turkish government itself has protested against the act of Austria as unlawful and a violation of its sovereignty. But even if Austria had such rights by treaty, they could only extend over her own subjects:—and Mr. Marcy, therefore, proceeds to show that M. Koszta was no longer an Austrian subject, inasmuch as he had been banished from Austria by the government, and forbidden to return under penalty of death. The Emperor of Austria was a party to the expulsion of the Hungarian refugees from Turkey. Besides, a decree was issued on the 23d of March, 1832, by the Austrian government, depriving of all civil and political rights every Austrian subject who should leave the dominions of the Emperor without permission. Koszta had left Austria without permission, and was, therefore, an unlawful emigrant, and his political connection with Austria had been therefore dissolved by the act of the government itself. Mr. Marcy, therefore, arrives at the conclusion that those who acted on behalf of Austria had no right whatever to seize M. Koszta: and that in doing so they committed an outrage which, upon grounds of humanity, any person, having the power, would be in duty bound to resist:—Captain Ingraham, therefore, in doing what he did for M. Koszta's release, would be fully justified upon this principle. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, Mr. Marcy proceeds to show that when thus seized M. Koszta had the national character of an American, and that the United States had, therefore, the right

to extend its protection over him if it should see fit to do so. By the rules of international law any person who acquires a domicil in any country becomes clothed with its national character, and thus entitled to its protection: and Koszta's case falls clearly within this principle, inasmuch as he had resided in the United States nearly two years, and declared his intention to make it his future abode. He had not lost his right of domicil by leaving the country, because he had left it only temporarily and on business, with the intention of returning. There may be a reluctance to admit these principles, on the ground that under it political agitators might come to the United States with a view to acquire a right to their protection, and then return to their former scenes of action to carry on their designs:—but this apprehension is unfounded, because their intent would be fraudulent, and would defeat all they could hope to gain by a residence here. The fact, moreover, that in accordance with the usages of Turkey, M. Koszta had placed himself under the protection of the American legation at Constantinople, and had received a certificate to that effect, is also urged as another ground of justification of the action of the American representatives.—Under these circumstances Mr. Marcy reaches the conclusion that the first aggressive act was committed by the agents of Austria, in seizing M. Koszta, and in converting an Austrian ship of war to an improper use; and that Captain Ingraham had thus a right to interfere at any time to arrest the consummation of the outrage. He had received information, moreover, of a design clandestinely to remove M. Koszta into Austria, in violation of the understanding that he should remain at Smyrna until the rights of the case should be decided; and this is urged in his vindication. Upon these grounds Mr. Marcy denies that Captain Ingraham's conduct was an act of war, and asserts that it was fully justified by the circumstances in which he was placed. As to the complaint that the act was committed in a neutral port, M. Hulsemann is reminded that this is not a matter with which Austria has any concern:—and he is assured that whenever Turkey shall complain of this violation of her neutrality all explanations that may be due her shall be promptly given. The government of the United States, therefore, declines to disavow or censure the acts of its agents, to tender any satisfaction to Austria, or to authorize the surrender of M. Koszta:—on the contrary, it expresses the confident expectation that he will be immediately restored to the condition he was in before his seizure in the streets of Smyrna.—The publication of this correspondence has excited very general interest throughout the country:—and we have given this full synopsis of its arguments, as it sets forth principles of great importance in regard to the rights of protection claimed by the United States.

The preliminary movements for the fall election in New York for State officers excite a good deal of attention, mainly on account of a division in the councils of the Democratic party. Their State Convention was held at Syracuse on the 21st of September; but on account of their inability to agree upon the course of action to be pursued, the two divisions met in separate conventions, and nominated two distinct tickets. The differences between them have their origin in the dissensions of 1848; as those who then supported Gen. Cass for the Presidency are not now willing to act with the friends of Mr. Van Buren. The national Administration is desirous of aiding in the union of the party, and regards with disfavor the action which has led to the division. The Whigs held their Convention at Syracuse on the 5th of October, Ex-Governor Hunt presiding, and nominated a State ticket. The election takes place on the first Tuesday of the present month.

The U. S. squadron, under Com. Shubrick, sent to the fishing-grounds on the eastern coast of British North America, for the protection of American fishermen, has returned. The Commodore left Washington on the 15th of July, and returned on the 5th of October. Only one case of the detention of an American fisherman by the British was observed, and in that case the vessel was in flagrant violation of the treaty.

Hon. Edward Everett has written a letter to Lord John Russell, in reply to the answer of the latter to the dispatch of Mr. Everett while Secretary of State, concerning the proposed tripartite treaty, guaranteeing to Spain possession of Cuba. It is a vindication of the positions taken in the former letter, and a reply to the objections which Lord John Russell had urged against it. The remarks in which the latter had indulged concerning the duty of the United States to conform to the requirements of international law, are very effectually met, by the citation of cases in which those laws have been confessedly violated by the British government. The letter is ably written, and has attracted very general attention.

A very large meeting was held in New York on the 22d of September, in honor of Captain Ingraham's spirited conduct in the bay of Smyrna. Resolutions were adopted declaring approbation of his acts, and calling upon the government to sustain him. Among the letters of apology from persons unable to attend, was one from Mr. Everett, expressing warm admiration of Capt. Ingraham's conduct, and reserving his judgment on the important questions of law that might grow out of the case.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of September. The State election, which took place on the 7th, resulted in the complete triumph of the Democratic ticket.—Governor Bigler was re-elected by a majority of about a thousand, and the Legislature is largely Democratic in both branches. Lieut. Beale, concerning whose safety some fears had begun to be entertained, arrived at Los Angeles on the 27th of August, having made the entire trip from Westport, Mo., in about fifty days. He reports the route traveled entirely practicable for a railroad, and in many parts abounding in wood and water. The party met with no hostility from the Indians. It is announced that the Indian difficulties on the Rogue River have ceased. Several duels, murders, and robberies are reported, but none of them present any remarkable features. The celebrated Kit Carson had reached California, with over nine thousand sheep from across the Plains. The miners were doing well, and fresh discoveries of gold in different parts of the State continued to be announced.

From the *Sandwich Islands* our advices are to the 17th of August. The small-pox continued to be prevalent. A good deal of feeling existed against part of the Ministry of the King, and public meetings had been held to urge the dismissal of the obnoxious persons.

From *New Mexico* we have intelligence to the 1st of September. The principal matter of public interest was the approaching election of a delegate to Congress, there being two candidates—Ex-Governor Lane representing the American interest, and Father Gallegos the Mexican. Governor Meriwether had arrived, and published his inaugural address, in which he assured the citizens that, so long as the chief executive power of the Territory should be wielded by him no distinction would be known between the

different classes into which the population may be divided; all were alike entitled to the protection of the laws, and would be held answerable to their behests. He promises to do all in his power toward the development of the resources of the Territory, which, with the advantages of climate and position, might soon claim her position as an equal in the sisterhood of States composing the American Confederacy. To accomplish this end, he invoked the harmonious action of the several departments of the government, and especially the support of the community at large, in his endeavor to enforce the laws.

In *Utah* serious difficulties have arisen with the Indians. In Utah County they have committed extensive and repeated ravages, and have killed several of the citizens. A party of one hundred and fifty men was organized to pursue them, and had succeeded in killing quite a number. The Governor, Brigham Young, has issued a general order, directing an abandonment of the smaller settlements, and a collection of the inhabitants and their cattle into the larger settlements, where the officers are to drill the militia, erect forts, and construct corrals for the cattle and horses. In other respects the colony seems to move on prosperously and harmoniously. Mining, especially for iron, is on the increase, and several woolen manufactories have been constructed.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 22d of September. General Tornel, Minister of War, died of apoplexy on the 10th. Señor Navarro has been appointed in his place. The President has issued a decree regulating the manner in which the Foreign Missions are to be filled: the salaries range from six to fifteen thousand dollars. Great damage has been sustained at San Carlos, in the District of Vera Cruz, from heavy rains. Telegraphic communication is to be established between Guanajuato and Guadalajara; and a railroad is to be constructed from Vera Cruz to Paso de Ovejas. The Indians on the frontier are pursuing unchecked their atrocities. An occurrence took place in July, in the neighborhood of El Paso, which rumor exaggerated into a commencement of hostilities between the Mexicans and Americans. It seems that an American named William McGee arrived at a town called Magoffinsville on the 2d of July, with several hundred cattle, on his way to California; and that while there eleven yoke of his cattle were stolen by Mexicans. Ascertaining where they were, in a herd belonging to a Mexican, he drove off the whole herd, intending to separate and retain his own, and send the others back. The Mexican owning the herd complained of him for stealing his cattle; and he was arrested, tried, and committed to prison. A party of forty-eight Americans crossed over and attempted his rescue, but were repulsed by the Mexicans, only eight in number, who defended the prison, killing two, and wounding six or eight more of the assailants. The frontier is very much exposed, and very heavy losses of cattle and property, and in some cases, of life, have been sustained by the Americans from the Indians.—A good deal of uneasiness has been created in Mexico by reports of the large number of troops sent to the frontier of the United States; and the Mexican government had taken active measures to increase the strength of its army in that direction. This step, in turn, having led to representations in the United States ascribing hostile intentions to Santa Anna, a letter has been published by the Mexican legation in Washington, designed to show that this step has been taken solely to protect the frontier of Mexico from hostilities and devastations, which the United States, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, had agreed to prevent.—Mr. Gadsden, the newly-appointed American Minister, at Mexico, presented his credentials to the President on the 18th of August. With his address he presented a copy of the Inaugural of President Pierce, and renewed the assurances which it contains of the friendly feelings cherished toward Mexico by the government of the United States; he said it was clearly the interest of both governments to maintain those relations of good-will and association which irregularities on the frontiers of the two republics might threaten to interrupt. In reply, Santa Anna expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments advanced, and his ardent desire that the friendly relations of the two republics might be preserved. He promised to do all in his power to facilitate the efforts to promote a good understanding between the two countries.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Difficulties of a serious character have arisen between the agents of the *Peruvian* government at the Chincha islands and an American ship, the Defiance. It seems that, on the 16th of August, four men belonging to the ship were fishing near her, when they were arrested and taken on board the Peruvian guard-ship and put in irons. When the captain of the Defiance went on board to learn the cause of their detention, he was told that one of them had violated the law by shooting a pelican, for which a fine of one dollar was imposed. The captain offered to pay the fine, but they refused to release the men, and kept them in irons and chained to the deck. A deputation of American shipmasters then waited upon the commandant of the port to confer with him on the subject, but he refused to meet them, and while they were retiring to their boats they were attacked by a force of sixty men, armed with fixed bayonets, and several of them were severely injured. The next day, as the Defiance was about to leave port, she fired a salute, upon which three armed boats from a Peruvian man-of-war came along side, and the officer came on board and demanded twenty-five dollars as the fine for discharging the gun. This was paid, and as the men were leaving the ship, the captain made some remark, at which they returned, and commenced a most brutal assault upon the fifteen or twenty unarmed persons on board, several of whom were very seriously injured, and the captain was knocked down, thrown into a small boat, and put in irons. The ship was at once abandoned to the Peruvian authorities, and a representation of the case was forwarded to Mr. J. R. Clay, the American Minister in Peru.——From *Chili* we have news to Sept. 1, but it embraces nothing of special interest. Various new laws have been proposed to Congress by the Executive, among which are those for reducing the duties on silk goods, permitting the export of copper, and for granting increased privileges to foreign vessels. A canal has been commenced for the purpose of conducting the waters of the Quillota River to Valparaiso.—For some years past, the Government of Chili has devoted a good deal of attention to the progress of science. In 1833, it gave authority to Mr. Claude Gay, a French naturalist, to collect data for a political and physical history of the country: twelve volumes of which have already been published. Soon afterward, a topographical and geological survey of the country was authorized, and is now in progress. Schools for gratuitous instruction in the mechanic arts, in agriculture, painting, and music, have also been established, and are now in successful operation. Information has recently been

received that an astronomical expedition to Peru has been authorized. Chili is thus acquiring high distinction among the nations for the encouragement she extends to science.——In *Bolivia*, as far as reliable intelligence can be obtained, the revolutionary movement was making but little progress. The papers mention a victory gained by the revolutionists in Calama, but it seems to have been of trifling importance. Chili has offered her mediation between Peru and Bolivia, but the latter requires as a condition precedent the surrender of Cobija and the reimbursement of the expenses of the war.

GREAT BRITAIN.

No events of special interest have occurred during the month in Great Britain. The Queen has paid a visit to Ireland, where she was received with profuse demonstrations of loyalty and personal attachment. The Exhibition at Dublin continues to be numerously attended. Lord Palmerston on the 27th of August officiated at the laying of the corner stone of the Athenæum at Melbourne, and made a speech having reference mainly to the advances made in modern times in the means of educating the masses of the people, and to the utility and pleasure of intellectual pursuits.——An investigation into the system of prison discipline followed at Birmingham has disclosed abuses of the most atrocious character. It appears that the Governor of the prison, Lieut. Austin, has adopted the severe system of treatment, and that his favorite modes of punishment were strapping against a wall, semi-starvation, dashing buckets of cold water over his victims, and cramming their mouths with salt to stop their cries. In this he has been aided by his subordinates, and it has been pursued for a long time without the knowledge of the public, although there is a board of magistrates whose business it has been to visit the prison regularly. No decision in the case has yet been reached. ——A letter from Lord Clarendon has been published replying to the Russian manifesto upon the Turkish question issued some weeks since. In this note the Earl of Clarendon shows that the claims of Russia, so far as they were just, respecting the privileges of the Greek Christians and the custody of the Holy Places, had been conceded by Turkey; that the invasion of the Principalities was an unwarrantable violation of Turkish territory, that the pretext of making it in consequence of the advance of the combined fleets was false, and that England only took up her position by the side of Turkey as the defender of that Power, on grounds of justice and public law. ——Lieut.-General Sir Charles J. Napier died on the 29th of August, aged 71. Few officers have seen more hard service or suffered more from the casualties of war than he. He was literally covered with wounds. He entered the army in 1794, and saw a great deal of service in the wars of the Peninsula and of the East.——The cholera has made its appearance in England, but not in a very destructive form. It seems to be making the circuit of the northern countries of Europe. In Russia it is very severe. ——Mr. Disraeli delivered an address on the 14th September before the Royal Agricultural Association at Aylesbury. It was mainly an argument in favor of the system adopted by the Association of distributing small rewards to industrious agriculturists of the laboring classes. He alluded to the changes constantly going on in every department of industry, and exhorted the farmers, whatever else might occur to them, never to lose sight of the great moral principles by which their conduct had been governed.—— The Bank of England has raised its rate of discount to four and a half per cent.——The meeting of the British Association was held at Hull. From its proceedings it seems that steps have been taken to establish a telescope in the Southern hemisphere for the observation of nebulæ; and, it is understond, that a vote for the necessary funds will be included in the estimates of next session. Dr. Bache, the director of the coast survey of the United States, has proposed a joint survey of the Gulf Stream by Great Britain and the United States: and the proposal has been forwarded to the hydrographer of the Admiralty. The American Minister, Mr. Buchanan, on his arrival at Liverpool, was invited to accept the compliment of a public dinner by the Chamber of Commerce. In his letter declining the invitation, he referred to the subject of free trade, and said that mankind seem at last to have discovered that narrow and unjust restrictions upon foreign trade, defeat their own object and are always injurious. He believed that all the unsettled questions between Great Britain and the United States were not worth six months' suspension of the trade between the two countries: it was greatly to be desired, therefore, that all those questions should be amicably adjusted. The greatest revolution ever commenced among men, so far as the interests of commerce and manufactures are concerned, is that now going on in China: and if it should result in opening a free access to that vast empire, Great Britain and the United States would have a vast field presented for their energy and enterprise. The rivalry to which this would give rise, would contribute greatly to the success of civilization and Christianity.

CONTINENTAL.

There is very little news of interest from any part of the Continent, except the extreme East, to which separate notice will be given. The prospects of the harvest were engaging very general attention, and giving rise to considerable uneasiness. The Prussian and Austrian governments have published the official reports which have reached them on the subject. In Prussia, although the harvests are not abundant, there is no scarcity. In the provinces, and in Posen and Brandenburg the crop of rye is good; in Pomerania, Saxony, and Silesia, it is moderate, and it is only Lithuania and Westphalia that it is bad. Very nearly the same is true in regard to wheat. In France a great deal of dissatisfaction had been created by the attempts of the government to control the price of grain by making large purchases on its own account, and by fixing prices, at which retail dealers were required to sell it. The Emperor and Empress had been spending some weeks at Dieppe.——In Belgium the marriage of the Duke of Brabant with an Archduchess of Austria, created great interest. In Austria the Emperor was affianced on the 19th of August to the daughter of the Archduke Maximilian of Bavaria. The Hungarian regalia, which disappeared during the Hungarian revolution, have recently been found near Orsova, concealed by being buried in the earth.——In Holland the States General were opened on the 19th of September by the King, whose speech spoke of the constant and gratifying progress of agriculture, manufactures, and the great works of internal improvement which had been commenced. The spirit of enterprise among the people was developing itself more and more, and where the general interest required it, was aided by the government. Railways and telegraph lines were rapidly extending. Commerce, navigation, and ship-building were prosperous. The finances of the country were in a gratifying condition, and new propositions for the reduction of the national debt would soon be submitted.

The relations of Holland with foreign powers continued to be friendly. The frightful ravages caused by earthquakes, and the action of the sea in the Malacca Islands were deplored; but they are said to have been alleviated in their effects by the measures of the government.——In Spain, the anticipated arrival of Mr. Soulé, the newly-appointed minister from the United States, gave rise to a good deal of discussion. Mr. Barringer had his audience of leave, at which assurances of mutual friendship were interchanged with Queen Isabella. A decree has been issued prohibiting the circulation of the London Times within the Spanish dominions, on account of its attacks upon the objects dearest to Spaniards. ——Advices from Athens give details of a terrible earthquake, which had destroyed the city of Thebes, and nearly ruined several neighboring villages. Some twenty lives were lost.——From Italy there is little news. The measures adopted by the Roman government increase in vigor; arrests continue to be made on a still wider scale in all the States, and the condition of the people daily grows more intolerable. A concession has been granted by the Tuscan government to a Paris company for a railroad of eighty miles from Florence to Arezzo.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

Fresh complications have arisen in the dispute between Russia and Turkey. The note drawn up by the Four Powers at Vienna, and forwarded by them as the basis of agreement between the two governments, was promptly accepted by the Czar, as stated in our last; but the Sultan insisted upon certain modifications, to which the Czar will not accede. It seems that the Vienna note did not differ in its terms, in any essential respect, from the ultimatum the rejection of which led to the departure of Prince Menschikoff from Constantinople, as it secured precisely the stipulations which he required. Of course the Czar at once acquiesced in it. The Sultan, however, urged the injustice meditated by those who had claimed to be his friends and allies—and through whose advice he had refrained from regarding the occupation of the Danubian principalities as a *casus belli*—in preparing this note without consulting him, and then requiring his acceptance of it. In a letter addressed to the representatives of the Four Powers, dated August 19, the Turkish government sets forth its objections to the note thus prepared. It assumes that the privileges of the Greek Church in Turkey have been secured and maintained solely by the active solicitude of the Emperor of Russia; and the admission of this, it is urged, would encourage Russian interference in these matters hereafter. No servant of the Ottoman family would dare to place on paper words which would thus tend to weaken the glory of institutions founded by a spontaneous movement of personal generosity and innate benevolence. The next point of objection is a clause stipulating a faithful adherence to the treaty of Kainardji, which was simply a treaty between the Sultan and some of his own subjects: the acceptance of the clause relative to this treaty would be, therefore, to admit the surveillance of Russia in a matter exclusively of domestic concern. The Sultan, however, declares he has no objection to renewing that treaty in a separate note. The third point relates to the permission conceded to the Greek rite to share in the advantages conceded to other Christian rites. While this participation in privileges granted to all communions of the Christian religion will undoubtedly be granted to the Greek church, the Sultan declines to make particular conventions or stipulations in their favor. He requires the modification of the Vienna note, therefore, so as to conform to these views, before giving it his assent. If they shall be adopted, he promises to send an embassador extraordinary to St. Petersburg, on condition of the immediate evacuation of the Principalities. He expects also a guarantee from the four great Powers against any future interference, or any occupation from time to time of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia.—On the 26th of August Count Nesselrode, on behalf of the Czar, addressed to the Austrian government a reply to the Sultan's demand. He begins by saying that when the Vienna note was presented to him by Austria, after having been approved and accepted by the courts of France and England, it was described as an ultimatum, on the acceptance of which by the Sultan the continuance of Austria's friendly offices was to depend; and that the Czar, in acceding to it, did so on the assumption that he should have no further changes and fresh propositions to examine and discuss. He could not consent, therefore, to permit the Sultan to modify the terms of the note, after having expressly renounced the power to do so for himself. He recommends that the Four Powers declare to the Porte that it must withdraw its modifications, and assent simply to the Vienna note, or that their protection will be withdrawn. He declares, further, that he will not assent to such guarantees concerning the occupation of the provinces as the Porte requires, nor promise to issue orders for their evacuation as soon as the Sultan's acceptance of the Vienna note shall have been received. In a second dispatch, the Russian government enters into a criticism of the modifications made by the Sultan, for the purpose of showing that they are entirely inadmissible. This is the state of negotiations at our latest dates. In Turkey, especially in Constantinople, there is a very strong popular feeling in favor of war, and preparations continued to be made, on an extensive scale, for hostilities. The troops are actively engaged in patrolling the banks of the Danube, and large forces have been collected at various points. The Sultan is said to have prepared a manifesto, appealing in the strongest language to the warlike feeling of the nation; but it has been for a time withheld, at the urgent instance of the friendly Powers. The Emperor of Russia, accompanied by his veteran councilor, Count Nesselrode, was to hold a personal conference with the Emperor of Austria at Olmutz, on the 23d of September, to which great importance was attached. Rumors, indeed, have already obtained currency that Austria has given the Sultan notice that she can no longer act in conjunction with the Four Powers, but must side with Russia. Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian general on the Danube, lately closed an order of the day by declaring that "Russia was called to annihilate paganism, and those who would oppose her in that sacred mission would be annihilated with the pagans."

CHINA.

From China we have accounts of the continued progress of the revolution, though they are somewhat vague and probably not altogether reliable. The rebels had gained possession of Amoy and also of two or three large cities in the west and north, and were believed to be on the point of marching against Pekin. Canton and its vicinity at the latest dates were comparatively quiet, although a good deal of alarm had been felt from the proximity of large bodies of the rebel force. The capture of Nanchang, the principal city of the Kiang-si province is confirmed, and the main body of the insurgents were moving southward.

Editor's Table.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—or the movement that goes under that name, may seem to some too trifling in itself, and too much connected with ludicrous associations to be made the subject of serious argument. If nothing else, however, should give it consequence, it would demand our earnest attention from its intimate connection with all the radical and infidel movements of the day. A strange affinity seems to bind them all together. They all present the same attractions for the same class of minds. They are all so grounded on the same essential fallacy of individual right, in distinction from the organic good, or social propriety, that the careful observer could have no great difficulty in predicting the whole course of the man or woman who once sets out on the track of any one of them.

But not to dwell on this remarkable connection—the claim of "woman's rights" presents not only the common radical notion which underlies the whole class, but also a peculiar enormity of its own; in some respects more boldly infidel, or defiant both of nature and revelation, than that which characterizes any kindred measure. It is avowedly opposed to the most time-honored proprieties of social life; it is opposed to nature; it is opposed to revelation. The first charge it might perhaps meet by the plea of reform; the second it would deny; the third, it would confess, not only, but even glory in the confession. Almost every other radical movement claims the Scriptures, in some sense, as its ally, and will stand upon the platform they offer, or seem to offer, until relentless progress causes it to lose its hold. Here, however, the "woman's rights" doctrine is peculiar. We never yet heard a passage of Scripture quoted, either fairly or perversely, in its support. Abolitionists have their pet texts. Fourierism will sometimes employ the dialect of the Bible. But this unblushing female Socialism defies alike apostles and prophets. In this respect no kindred movement is so decidedly infidel, so rancorously and avowedly anti-biblical.

It is equally opposed to nature, and the established order of society founded upon it. We do not intend to go into any physiological argument. There is one broad striking fact in the constitution of the human species which ought to set the question at rest forever. This is the fact of maternity. There is claimed for woman an equal participation in all the outward life of man. Nothing short of this will carry out the "great idea." Any argument, therefore, that halts in coming fully up to it, must affect the whole consistency of the cause it is brought to support. Every such flinching must admit somewhere some physical, and hence, some social or political difference which is fatal to the abstract claim, and shuts us up again to the same distinctions in kind, if not in degree, which have long grown up in society.

Now there *is* such a physical difference, involving, as a necessary consequence, the most striking differences of social and political position. It is not simply the sexual distinction in itself—but what we have called the fact of *maternity*. It is the design of God, expressed and carried out in nature, that a moiety of the human race should have a charge—a precious charge, a most honorable charge—but one which must, in the very nature of things, unfit them for the right and regular performance of those duties which the usages of all civilized and all Christian nations have ever assigned to the opposite sex. From this there arise, in the first place, physical impediments, which, during the best part of the female life, are absolutely insurmountable, except at a sacrifice of almost every thing that distinguishes the civilized human from the animal, or beastly, and savage state. As a secondary, yet inevitably resulting consequence, there come domestic and social hindrances which still more completely draw the line between the male and female duties. Any one may carry out this argument. Its greatest force is in its bare presentment. Around the nursing mother God and nature have thrown a hallowed seclusion. Society has framed her laws and usages in obedience to the Divine and physical ordinance. Every attempt to break through them, therefore, must be pronounced as unnatural as it is irreligious and profane.

But it is not in maternity alone that we see the Divine design. The whole *dual* constitution of humanity, with all the affections and duties that grow out of it, reveals the same great intent. This is not simply the perpetuation of the species, but the highest perfection of the earthly human state in the harmony of the domestic and the outer existence. There is an inner and an outer sphere. The first is as honorable as the second; it is even more intimately connected with the essential life, while the latter stands to it more in the position of a means to a higher ultimate good. Woman was meant to be the main influence in the one; man in the other. To this all civilization tends. Its recognition and establishment is ever in proportion to the advance of a pure Christianity. Destroy this dual life, and the merely physical or sexual distinction becomes a source of immeasurable mischief. Preserve the former, and the latter, instead of a hot-bed of sensualism, is converted into a fountain of the purest and most sacred affections of which our earthly nature is capable.

To denote this inner life of which woman is the guardian angel, no term could be better adapted than the one in most common use, and which must be etymologically the same in every cultivated language. It is the *domestic* life—the *res domi* in distinction from the *res foras*. The latter is the out-door life, the life abroad, the *forensic* life, or life of the *forum*, including in that term all political as well as judicial employment. Now we know that to a superficial thinker, the former may present the idea of the narrower sphere; and hence those logomachies about personal rights, and rank, and "equality and subjugation," which such a one would present as the real issues. If, however, there be any question of rank at all, the domestic is certainly the higher sphere; because, as we have said, it is more closely connected with the essential life, or the end for which humanity exists, and to which all that is outward or *forensic*, with all its imagined importance, is but a subordinate means. Men may *act* abroad, but they *live*, if they live at all, at home. The *State* is for the *Family*, the *forum* for the *domus*. The former would have but little value except as it is found in the protection, the refinement, and the elevation of the latter. And so we may say of the reciprocal influence. The best service that woman can confer upon the State, (and thus, through it, obtain the best security for her own personal rights and dignity) is by making the home what it ought to be. In the right education of her children, she exerts a far purer and more effectual political power, than she could ever wield

through the freest admission to the ballot-box or the caucus.

But we can only briefly present this aspect of the question, and pass *on*. The most serious importance of this modern "woman's rights" doctrine is derived from its direct bearing upon the marriage institution. The blindest must see that such a change as is proposed in the relations and life of the sexes, can not leave either marriage or the family in their present state. It must vitally affect, and in time wholly sever, that oneness which has ever been at the foundation of the marriage idea, from the primitive declaration in Genesis to the latest decision of the common law. This idea gone—and it is totally at war with the modern theory of "woman's rights"—marriage is reduced to the nature of a contract simply. Where the wife and the mother are equally engaged with the husband and the father in all the employments of the same *forensic* life, they may be styled joint partners in business, but are no longer "members one of another." And then follows the inevitable consequence. That which has no higher sanction than the will of the contracting parties, must, of course, be at any time revocable by the same authority that first created it. That which makes no change in the personal relations, the personal rights, the personal duties, is not the holy marriage *union*, but the unholy *alliance* of concubinage.

Already have we gone far in this direction, and unless our legislatures retrace their steps, there is danger of the mischief becoming past all remedy. We refer not now so much to direct facilities for divorce, as to another and more plausible mode of proceeding. It is one which imposes even on the most conservative mind by its plea for the defenseless. On the one hand, it presses into its service the rank individualism of the day, and on the other, appeals to that very feeling of chivalrous regard and tender respect for woman which its perverted notion of political equality, or rather political sameness, would ultimately destroy. It is very hard that the earnings of the long-suffering wife should be in the uncontrolled power of the brutal and intemperate husband. It is very hard that her association with him should make her, in any way, the suffering victim of his cruelty and crimes. Such cases do, doubtless, often exist, although jurisprudence in its ordinary and natural channels has done much, and may yet do more, for their relief. There is, however, at the present day, a danger in the opposite quarter, and one that threatens a far sorer evil. There is danger that laws giving the right of separate property, and of course the management of separate property, to the wife, may in time vitally affect that oneness which is so essential in the marriage idea. There is danger here that the reforming knife may cut into the very quick, and actually kill what it pretends to cure. In other words, let this kind of legislation, which is now so great a favorite, only proceed a little farther, until the personal and property interests of husband and wife become as distinct as those of any outward parties, and marriage is at an end. We may call it by what name we please; it is no longer the marriage recognized by the Church; it is no longer the marriage known to that common law of England and America which, with all its alleged barbarisms and feudalisms, was more distinctly built upon the authority of Christianity, and the Christian Scriptures, than any other system of jurisprudence the world ever knew. Let families be brought up with the clear knowledge that *this* belongs to the father, and *that* to the mother—that each party has its separate rights, its separate interests, its separate dealings with the world without—let this become the predominant feeling, we say, and the family itself, with all its sacred associations, will soon be numbered among the "things that have waxed old, and are ready to vanish away."

But the most grievous hardship, as urged by some, is the denial of what they are pleased to style political rights, or, in other words, the right of voting and holding office. This is connected with a wholly false idea of the political relation; and we might meet it, therefore, with a denial of suffrage being a natural right, and prove our denial by showing the inevitable absurdities which must result from the unrestricted proposition. But it is enough in the present case, and for our present purpose, to take issue on the question of fact. Women are the subjects of law, it is said, and should therefore be represented in its enactment. Political action should be coextensive with political allegiance. Now, without at present formally refuting this egregious fallacy, which is continually contradicted, and must be contradicted, in every government, even the most ultra radical and individualizing that exists on earth, we may say that in this country, and in every other in which there is a representative system based on popular suffrage, married women *do* vote—they *are* represented—they have a part in the political action, and just the part which is most conservative of their true interests, while it is least subversive of those ideas on which the family, and through it the whole social structure, must ultimately rest. The wife does exercise the right of suffrage. Through the husband, as the family representative, she casts a vote, and the only vote which is consistent with the oneness of that elementary political organism we may call the family State.

Some might style this a cavil, and therefore, in answer, we would beg our readers to extend to us the same indulgence they have often done before—in other words, permit a slight abstraction in the argument, as conducive to an eminently practical conclusion. Let us say, then, that every *organic* whole is such in the highest sense, by being composed of organic parts—that is, parts which are themselves severally each an organic unity, or membership, presenting more or less resemblance to the greater whole. Some of these may be entirely artificial; and of such our own General and State Governments present a beautiful illustration. Beside these, there are the lesser corporations of counties, towns, cities, and villages, forming organic parts of organic parts, each having its own diversity of the inner life, and yet each acting as a unit to all without and all above. Many of these municipal unities have given way, and are giving way, to an absorbing centralization, but ever to the injury of the general body politic, as well as the individual welfare. Now these may be called artificial organisms. There is, however, one of nature's construction to which we can not attach too high a value, and that is the family. We might, in a certain sense, maintain that the individual man himself is such a natural organic existence—a community of interests—sensual, material, spiritual animal, and rational, with outward relations and inward coherences, all under a sovereign will and a judicial reason, and thus presenting, what has struck the philosophic mind in all ages, a striking resemblance to the political state. But even thus viewed, the individual does not stand next to the larger civil organization. *The family is the natural unit in the State.* In any other sense it is a mere *accident* for secondary interests—an artificial existence, created

and dissolved like a railroad company or a bank charter, instead of being an *essential* and indispensable component of the general political life.

If this view be correct, it is the Family, the household, which should be immediately represented in the State, rather than the individual. It is the family that votes, and not the individual. Whoever deposits that vote, deposits it as the agent of the whole domestic community, just as the Member of Assembly represents the town from which he is sent, and the Senator the State by which he is delegated. Since, then, such voting can only be done by one member, the husband and the father is certainly the most proper person for that purpose. In fact, if we are to preserve at all the idea of the domestic and forensic spheres, this is a matter of absolute necessity. He represents this outward life, and is, therefare, the natural embassador of the little organism in its outward relations to other and similar communities.

But the husband may cast a ballot different from that which would be acceptable to the wife. What then? Shall there be separate voting? If so, the family is at an end. The domestic community is sundered, and the organic life expires. No evils arising from separate property would be so terrible, or so completely subversive of the marriage idea, as the separate voting of the husband and wife, the father and the mother, the outward and inner representatives of the family unity.

This, in fact, is the idea of the common law. The household is the true unit in the State. Certain other considerations of property may have modified its action and applications, but have not destroyed the principle itself. We are tempted to dwell upon this idea of household or family suffrage. It would certainly be better than any tests of property merely, since it would have a natural basis, and, in its representative idea, possess that universality which our democratic age demands for suffrage, while it would be in a great measure free from the evils and inconsistencies and inequalities that meet us in every other view.

There are two antagonists whom the modern advocates of "woman's rights" find especially in their way. These are, the common law and the Apostle Paul. A lingering regard for things once deemed sacred presents some check in respect to the latter, but even the Apostle not unfrequently comes in for his share of platform vituperation from the free tongues of the emancipated. Even he, it is more than intimated, did not understand the question. As regards the law, however, there is no such restraint upon their abuse. And yet it is a position that may be most triumphantly maintained, that in real respect for woman and her real rights, no system of jurisprudence ever went beyond the gallant old common law of England. This is especially seen in the laws respecting dower. The surviving husband is entitled to an interest in the real estate of the deceased wife, but only in case of there having been offspring of the marriage, and then only on the ground of guardianship to the wife's legal heir. The widow, on the death of the husband, takes one-third of all the real estate, without any conditions whatever. This embraces not only that of which he dies possessed, but also that of which he may have been seized at any time during the coverture. From the moment of the marriage, no act of the husband without her consent, no alienation, no debt, can ever bar her favored claim. So also she is entitled to one-half of the personal effects, whatever may be the number or nearness of the husband's collateral heirs. There are other special provisions of a similar kind, fully justifying the remark of Coke, that the widow is the favorite of the English courts, and that in these respects the common law is far beyond the civil.

It is true it styles her, in her married relation, a *feme covert;* and much attempted ridicule, as well as much reproach, has been cast upon the term. But he who reads the true spirit of the common law, must discover in it the same gallant and knightly idea. She is termed a *feme covert*, not as denoting the little value in which the law holds her, but as significant of security and protection. She is a *feme covert*, shielded not only from all legal claims that might assail her in the single state, but also—and which is of far more importance—from the forensic, out-door storm of political turbulence and corruption. Instead of exposing her to such scenes as have been witnessed in our elections, and mass meetings, and political conventions, it regards her as in the sacred inclosure of the inner or domestic life. The term is significant of peace, security, retirement. It is expressive, not of ignominy, not of forgetfulness, but of the most cherished respect, the most sacred honor. The law meant that such *coverture* should be to her a shield from more harm than ever came, or could come, from marital cruelty or neglect. No creditors can assail, no legal strife can interrupt her hallowed domestic duties. Away from mobs, and caucuses, and Syracuse and Baltimore Conventions, she is in a great measure safe from the moral malaria that must ever gather around such assemblies, and to which her own presence—degraded and unfeminine as she must inevitably become by such contact—would only add a deeper and more deadly taint. It is her higher office to keep watch over the ever-burning fire of the domestic altar; and while she faithfully performs this duty, no forensic "pestilence can invade her," no political "plague come nigh her dwelling."

The Apostle, too, if we keep out of sight his claim to an inspired guidance, might seem, in some things, personally harsh and unkind to women. At least, so some might regard his frequent injunction of domestic subordination, and his express prohibition of their taking upon themselves the office of a public preacher, although they were joyfully hailed as co-laborers in other services in the Church. There is here, however, another and higher aspect of the same idea on which we have dwelt before. The Church as well as the State, is composed of families, or may be regarded as having the family for its unit. It is the "*Church in the house*" with its altar, its service, its sacred instruction. Here, as in the other case, the interior religious life is especially intrusted to woman. The outward or embassadorial relations involved in the preaching and episcopal office belong to the other sphere. Any confusion here would destroy, not only that essential idea of harmony involved in the construction of the Christian Ecclesia, but also that sacred similitude through which the Apostle traces the bridal relation of the Church herself to her Spiritual Lord and Head. But what care these platform brawlers for sacred similitudes and spiritual analogies? It is not at all, as they would make it, a question of "equality and subjugation." A true spiritual equality, as we have seen, is best promoted by the Apostle's notion of keeping each sex within its allotted sphere. It is the only way of avoiding that unnatural mixture of habits, of office, of employments, of dress, which would soon bring on a moral degradation, and, through this, as abject a slavery of one to the other as has ever been witnessed in savage life. No fallacy could be greater than that which confounds *subordination* with ine-

quality. The first exists in the co-equal and co-essential tri-unity of the Divine Persons, and there could be, strictly, no oneness without it. So also may we say of the demand for perfect uniformity, or identity of pursuit. No mathematical proposition is more certain than the seeming paradox, that *sameness* here is separation, incoherence, dissolution—*diversity* is union, attraction, strength. The doctrine we condemn is essentially inorganic. Instead of that exquisitely harmonized instrument which comes from the right temperament of the sexual relations, it would make human life, at the best, a tuneless monochord, if not, in the end, a chaos of all harsh and savage dissonance.

"I suffer not a woman to teach," says the Apostle, with a clear reference to public preaching. And yet no man was ever farther from being a misogynist, or woman-contemner, than Paul. His writings, on the contrary, every where manifest the most tender feeling of regard for women, and especially Christian women, "his sisters in the Lord." How large a space do their names occupy in the closing salutations of his fervent epistles! "I commend unto you Phœbe our sister—Receive her in the Lord as becometh saints; for she has been a succorer of many and of myself also." "Greet Mary who bestowed much labor on us." "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa—salute the beloved Persis—salute Julia and the sister of Nereus." How admirably, too, does this feeling of Christian tenderness and respect manifest itself in his directions to Timothy? "Entreat the elder women as mothers, the younger women as sisters, in all purity." It is felt at once that this style is not in harmony with the coarse spirit which is predominant on the reforming platform. There is about it all a gentle savor of refinement, of delicacy, and Christian tenderness which we instinctively decide would be out of place in any of these hybrid conventions. How kind and manly, too, his regard for the "widows who were widows indeed"—holy and heavenly women—not scolding for "female rights" like some in our day, who, under a Quaker bonnet, can show more fight than many a brigadier-general, but "well reported of" for a very different kind of "good works"—"for having brought up children, for having lodged strangers, for having washed the saints' feet, for having relieved the afflicted, for having continued in prayer and supplications night and day."

Paul was doubtless well aware, that, as far as mere oratorical powers were concerned, some women might be able to preach better than some men. The beloved Phœbe to whom he intrusted his Epistle to the Romans, or those women of "unfeigned faith," the mother Eunice, or the grandmother Lois, who taught Timothy the Holy Scriptures, might have been more intelligent as well as more fluent evangelists than many of the male Corinthians. But had the Apostle, on this account, made them an exceptional violation of his great idea of the Church's constitution, he would have only put forth that same contemptible reasoning to which the public has been lately so abundantly treated from the platform of "woman's rights."

But with Paul there was more than the mere exercise of an ordinary sound intelligence. He possessed a power which enabled him to look down the stream of time, or, at all events, to see the operation of human nature as it would exist in all ages. Hence his graphic pictures which would almost seem to have been drawn from scenes that have been presented to our own eyes. How to the life he limns them? "Proud, knowing nothing, doting (or diseased) about questions and strifes of words—perverse disputings of corrupt minds, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings—from such withdraw thyself." Here him again in another strain: "I will, therefore, that women adorn themselves with *shamefacedness*"—did ever any one hear that text read or quoted in a woman's rights convention?—"with sobriety, with good works." "Let them learn in silence; for Adam was first formed, then Eve." Will any man infer from this that Paul had not as much true esteem for woman, and as high a sense of her true value in the family, the church, and the state, as Mr. Channing, or Mr. Burleigh, or Mr. Wendell Phillips—such a one has yet to learn the first rudiments of a question second to none in importance, if we may judge from its intimate connection with some of the worst forms of radicalism that infest our age?

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is still a popular dispute whether the Indian Summer belongs properly to the end of October or the beginning of November. But there is no doubt that about this season a dreamy haze vails the landscape, a summer softness touches the air, and the clouds at sunset cluster in the west with a gorgeous affluence that paints upon the sky the splendors of the tropics. The distant hills dissolve in the golden mist; the crimson maple flames with a softer fire: the tarnished golden-rods and cold blue asters steal an unhoped-for charm;—and a new Adam, lost in the luxury of reviving summer, might well dream that the year's circuit was completed, and that it would now ascend again toward St. John's Day and August. How cruelly would the winds that hurl the unhappy year down the steeps of winter shatter that dream! Scarcely is it begun ere it is over. It is the parting, hurried kiss of Nature upon the dying year. It is a rainbow arching the avenue by which it passes away. It is a moment of warm, regretful tenderness, in which, by mystic alchemy, the proud pomp of summer foliage is transmuted into beauty more brilliant, and is then hurled into the opening grave of the year, as King Cyax threw handfuls of jewels into the tomb of his daughter.

It is not easy to discover why the season is so called. Is it, perhaps, a name derived from early colonial experience? Is the brief, bright cluster of days called "Indian" Summer because they are a delusion, a vain promise, the smile of a painted savage? Is "Indian," here, synonymous with treachery, as in the case of gifts among children, where a present made, and then revoked, is called an "Indian gift?" This is, to our fancy, the reasonable explanation of the name. For you must remember, that in no other country is this season so remarkable and brilliant as with us;—and the early settlers, at first enchanted by the exquisite apparition, and then bitterly grieved at the evanescent mockery, would, surely, name it from their type of whatever was the most delusive, and call it the Indian Summer—Winter masking as Summer—the fiercest foe as the truest friend.

Yet we remember to have heard Mr. Webster give a different account of the origin of the name. According to his story, the settlers believed the haze and heat that mark these days to proceed from the prairies which the Indians were accustomed to burn at this season. The westerly winds prevailed at the same time; and thus the great mass of smoke,

and the fervor of endless reaches of fire, drifted over the plains and forests, and inoculated with June, despairing October. Perhaps the early settlers may have believed this story; but certainly we, later ones, need not give much heed to it. For in other countries where there are no Indians, and have been none within historical knowledge, there is yet the same season, although known under other names. The French call it the Summer of St. Martin; and the French novelists, who are always able to say difficult things, delicately speak of women who have reached that sadly-certain "uncertain" age, as just entering into the *été de St. Martin*—the Indian Summer of their fascination.

There is no more poetic strain in all the seasons. And it seems to have its correspondence elsewhere, in the decay of individual and of national life. After acute agony come often moments of serenity and self-consciousness, when all the mental powers are in perfect play, and mortal pains disappear. It is a brief interval—the line of clear sky between the cloud and the horizon, along which the sun blazes for an instant, illimitably glorious—then sinks forever. So, too, after years of ruin, the splendors of Imperial Rome revived, for a season, in Papal pomp. The culmination of the Roman Catholic rule in the world was the Indian Summer of the Rome of the scholar and of history. Twice that city has given laws to the world; but the decline from its second power to its present comparative imbecility was no less sudden than the fall of the year, from the warm beginnings of November, to the sharp frosts of midwinter.

In the country, the season, however splendid, is necessarily sad; for the pilgrim of the year understands that these bright days are the last green points of the pleasant summer along which he has been idly coasting, and that he must now stretch straight away into the barren winter. He gazes wistfully at the landscape; but its crimson gleam is only the hectic of disease. He steps into his boat, and floats far up into the hills, and out into the open meadows, upon an inland stream. Along its shore the maple burns, leaning far over to see itself below, until the flattered river crimsons and stops, like a loitering lover, into whose face his superb mistress gazes until he blushes. In the meadows beyond, the cranberries glisten—coarse, sour cranberries, not fulfilling the promise of their brightness; and the pickerel-weed and lily-pads move with the sluggish stream. The harvests are gathered from the fields beyond these meadows. There have been heavy wagons, overladen with the rustling dry shocks of corn, creaking along the roads under the spreading apple-boughs, and huskings in the barn, at evening, with the lantern, hung upon the pitchforks, stuck into the hay-mow. There are piles of apples heaped under the trees—good works of the summer, smelling sweet unto the Lord—and Canada crook-necks and pumpkins lie fat and yellow in the fields, precious deposits of the receding year.

But over all, like an "atmosphere of sleep," lies the dreamy haze. Nature, gazing upon the stripped fields, and the piled fruit, and the falling leaves—or hearing the creak of that wagon in the afternoon, and the rustling of the corn-husks as they pass, has fallen into a pensive reverie. We follow her; and as we gaze from the hill-top, or saunter by the river, we lose the detail of the landscape in its spirit, and seem to find in the aspect of the world a vague sadness, harmonious with that which lies deep in every heart. It is only a mirage that we behold—only the *fata morgana* of a season, sunk behind us in Time. Yet, as we gaze at the glittering phantom of summer, and recognize the form so familiar and fair, what wonder that we believe it has not deserted us, and refuse to allow that to-morrow will be winter? The air is fresh, and we rejoice. But we mistake the frosty kindliness of age for the eager sympathy of youth. Hear what Goethe says: "The year is dying away, like the sound of bells; the wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life."

Yet in the city no such sadness attends the declining year. You, gentle reader, and your friends, are all returning to town, where we have been so busily working for you, while you have luxuriated in the arms of the sea or the mountains. A constant stream of fresh health, energy, youth, and beauty sets toward the metropolis, from the end of the first hot September weeks until December. You have all been renovating your minds and hearts and bodies—every thing but your purses—at the pleasant places of summer resort. We, who sit in our city chairs while you are gone, are quite ready—have indeed been long anxious, for your return; for we have no doubt that you are going to do us a great deal of good. To tell the truth, it has been so very warm, so uncommonly hot, this summer, that our tongues have taken unwonted license, and have occasionally betrayed a state of mind which your influence will be sure to correct. You were going away, we think you said in July, for your health. You needed change of air, relaxation, quiet, and regular habits; the city excitements had quite worn you down; you must breathe a bit of salt air; you must fish, and shoot, and drink a glass or two of Congress water. Well, it was a good thing to do. Now, welcome home! Of course, at Newport, and Saratoga, and Sharon, and Niagara, and wherever else you may have been, you have been quiet and temperate. You haven't been extravagant—in wine, for instance, or summer cravats. You have never, of course, sat up beyond eleven o'clock, nor smoked more than two cigars a day. You haven't—we insult you by the mere suggestion—been drinking cobblers in the morning, and brandy-bitters before dinner, or a little absinthe; nor did you order some of that "ratherish" expensive Bordeaux at dinner. Of course not; people never do so at Watering Places. Then, at evening, you have undoubtedly been admirably discreet. What a privilege it must have been to watch your career. You danced quietly until ten or eleven, and then you sauntered calmly home, escorting your favorite Fanny —— and her mamma to their hotel. You did not encounter any of the "fellows" upon the piazza of your hotel, nor did they ask you to join them in some kind of beverage, and to take it rationally over a cigar. The fellows at Watering Places never do so at night. And then, not having smoked and drank, you went betimes to bed, slept the sleep of virtuous innocence, and awoke with the lark, and arose with the sun—singing. No headaches and opaque sensations for you! Not at all! You went into the country for recreation and health, and to invigorate your constitution by care and abstinence, so as to live longer and enjoy life more. And now, as you return, and the warmth of an Indian Summer day recalls the glory of the real summer, you are conscious that it was good to have been there, and to have done as you did. Happily you can not accuse yourself of having played the part of a Zany, in spending profusely and to

no purpose, and in injuring your health, rather than strengthening it. You are glad that you at least have ceased to be a child—in every thing, that is to say, but drinking milk. You are still fond of that simple beverage. Your habits addict you to it. You like dearly to indulge in that rural luxury, and you have often said that if there was one thing you liked better than another, it is "cream fresh from the cow!" Welcome home! You come into the arid, dusty city, like a green thing wafted by the autumn wind, from the fresh woods and dewy fields. It smells of summer; and we shall all be the better for it. Just see how the city improves every year, with the increased facilities for travel and rustication! Only don't you fear we shall become too pastoral? It would be such a pity if we should transplant too much of the simplicity and *gaucherie* of the country into our society! However, you are too discriminating for that. You will bring only the best things of the country into the city, as you take to it only the best civic things. You, good friends, who enjoy all the opportunities of both city and country, and who, when the leaves fall, turn from the spectacle of Nature to that of Art and human society, will surely bring with you to the city that sympathy, toleration, and heroism which are the best fruits that the woods grow, and the sea tosses up; and which, should you bring them, would make your return more truly welcome, and the Indian Summer more golden, than the arrival of many fleets of California steamers, with gold-dust for every New-Yorker.

Last month, as on several former occasions, we spoke of the Crystal Palace. But it would hardly be possible to speak too warmly of its great success. It was natural enough that last year the enterprise should have been regarded as an imitation of the great London Exhibition. "Has it gone so far," cried the desponding theorists, who fancy that we are consumed with an unreasonable admiration of things British, "Has it gone so far, that we must even imitate their industrial ideas; and content ourselves with a cheap, imperfect, second-hand triumph?" And, to say truth, the prospect had something of that appearance. The industry of the whole world had just met in Congress in Hyde Park. A spectacle unprecedented in history had been presented to the world. Mr. Cobden, and his friends of the Peace Society, had every reason and appearance on their side for supposing that all the spears and swords in the world were to be incontinently knocked up into plow-shares and pruning-hooks. The most incredulous and impracticable old Squire Western of a Tory in England might fairly have paused between his tally-ho's! and wondered whether there might not be a greater national glory than he had ever dreamed of, and, before he slid under the table at his fox-hunting dinner, he might have sung "Britannia rules the waves" to a new tune, and with a new meaning. There was something wild in the conception, and something unique in the complete triumph, of such an undertaking. It was singular in history. Rome and Greece, and all the old civilizations, showed nothing like it. The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was just as characteristic of the state of the highest civilization of the world at that time, as the Parthenon at Athens of an earlier epoch. And so the historian and the poet must regard it. And we ought all to understand that we have seen, in our day, another of the great monuments erected, which mark, to the outward eye, and in a palpable manner, the sublime advance of man and history.

When it was once done, it was easy enough to do it again. It was easy enough to found a periodical repetition of the Exhibition; and, from time to time, as human genius invented and elaborated still farther, to assemble the results of its skill, for public study and observation. The idea was not new; and to call another Congress of genius and industry before three, or even two, years had elapsed, seemed to be unnecessary, even if it were not a secret provocation to unhandsome comparisons. It appeared as if we were jealous of John Bull, and meant to dispute his crown in the matter, by showing that we could do as well, if not better than he. "Have we not the Fair of the American Institute?" cried indignant objectors; moved, perhaps, by a vanity more subtle than that of the proposers—the wincing fear of being behind in the race, "and what will your World's Exhibition amount to, but the American Institute, *plus* a few of the articles that have already done duty in Hyde Park?"

All this looked reasonable. But the movers in the affair were actuated, doubtless, by two convictions: first, that it would pay well; and second, that it would tell well. Let us add to these, the hope that so general a movement, and one attended with such popular prestige, would draw forth every kind of industrial result, and stimulate American enterprise by proving American ability. The matter fell into the hands of certain gentlemen, well known in business and social circles. They interested those with whom they had connection. The prospect was justly represented as in no sense a rival of the Hyde Park Exhibition. It was admitted to be suggested by that, of course. It was urged, that it would be different—that it might be superior. Gradually, after long lagging, like its London prototype, the preparations for building were commenced; and, with instinctive American speed, the speculation in Crystal Palace stock commenced. The fury of the speculation was, necessarily, no indication of any thing but our willingness to speculate. Such enthusiasms have little relation to any actual, or even supposed value in the speculation itself. A railroad to the moon, or a proposal to drain the Polar Sea through Symmes' Hole, would be fancy stocks of a very pretty character, and huge fortunes might be made out of such substantial projects, if the wheel was only made to turn. For a few weeks, Crystal Palace stock was one of the most "active fancies." No one denied that it was a *very* fanciful stock; but the gains of forty and fifty per cent. were equally agreeable facts. Wall-street has the precious secret of converting fancies into facts. The stock rose, at one time, to seventy or eighty per cent. above par. One gentleman, who had watched the building closely as it advanced, observed one day something he thought might injure the durability of the structure. It was only a fancy of his; but he walked quietly into Wall-street, and, selling out, pocketed a gain of fifteen thousand dollars.

There were infinite and vexatious delays. There were troubles of every kind. The Directors grumbled, and an indignant public scoffed. The English Commissioners arrived too soon, and had a hot and hard time before, and after, the opening. There were doubts about the building, doubts about the inauguration, doubts of every kind and degree. The stock tottered, and fell gradually toward par. Then came the opening, in midsummer, before the Exhibition was arranged. It did not at first "take." The saloons of refreshment in the neighborhood, the ice-creameries—the fat woman—the Lilliputians—the giants—the five-legged calves—and all the other baits set for the superfluous attention and admiration of the American people, languished. The

crowds would not bite. Those who entered the Palace were satisfied in the highest degree, but wearied. They saved their attention and their money for other and still other visits. The great heats came, and the city was deserted by all who could run away. All who remained only asked for air and water. The great results of American industry, *plus* those of the rest of the world, were of no value in comparison with a lump of ice. Had there been any self-acting fans, warranted to cool families of respectable size, or any heat-annihilator, or any object of attention due to the Genius of the Boreal Pole, there would have been a rush, even in the dog-days, to the Crystal Palace.

But the summer has passed now; and lies, lost in memory, as an impossible dream. The speculation in Crystal Palace stock has ended, and is stagnant, probably, forever. The fat women have ridden away upon the five-legged calves; and the weasel with three eyes and an elbow in his tail, beholds no admirers. But pure and beautiful, from all this wreck of fancy and live stock, arises the Palace—every day justifying itself, and outstripping expectation by the infinite and exquisite variety of the details, and the splendor of the whole. Seen at night, when it is illuminated by only thirty less than the number of burners that light the streets of New York, it is a scene more gorgeous and graceful than the imagination of Eastern story-tellers saw. An indignant public is naturally wearied with the constant duty done by Aladdin's Palace in illustrating our modern, and, especially, our American progress: but the visitor to the Crystal Palace at evening, sees something which even to his outward eye is as airy and exquisite as that structure of Arabian fiction. There is a delicious coolness in the atmosphere, and a light elegance in the lines that float before him, which are worthily surmounted and crowned by the dome. It is a dome of Oriental characteristics. But there is nothing in architecture more pleasing. It seems to have been borne in upon a zephyr, and the slightest breath would lift it away. Blown like a bubble, in some happy moment of a Jinn's inspiration, it floats over the whole, imparting an aerial grace, not to be comprehended without being seen.

Beneath, in cheerful rivalry, meet all the nations, as of old kings met upon a Field of Cloth of Gold. But this is a tournament of friendship; this is a joust of justice. Denmark sends the solemn group of Thorwaldsen; and France, her rarest and most delicate tapestries and porcelains; and England, her solid silver and earthen ware; and hydra-headed Germany, a hundred varieties in every kind; and Italy, Belgium, and Holland—each their best. While America, like a host of infinitely various hospitality, receives each with a kindred welcome—meeting the beautiful and the useful of every art and of every country upon its own ground.

But the whole is better than a part; and the true success of the Exhibition lies in its justification of the American pride. We have grown tired of hearing that we were such a great nation; but the Crystal Palace inclines us to tolerate the boast. It will teach us the high-minded humility we want, by showing us what actual and undeniable successes we have achieved. Lyons, and Manchester, and Paris, and Vienna must look to their laurels. We do not boast without reason, and the reason is here. We assure our country friends that they can not hear too much of the Crystal Palace;—or if they think they do hear too much of it, let them hurry to New York; and when they return they will sing loudest in its praise. To us, sitting in our Easy Chair, and studying the town, this great centre of interest has a myriad aspects and suggestions that we do not mean to miss.

We lately stepped down from our Chair, and ran to look at the deserted garden of the "United States," at Saratoga, and to the lovely paths of Goat Island, and the solitary Newport beaches. It is strange to come when every body has gone: it is rather mournful to pace along the roads where hundreds of carriages have just rolled by; and to lounge about piazzas where there was music a month ago, and streams of sparkling life. Every thing has a faded air. The people look, as people do the next morning. There is a "garland dead" appearance in the very fields, upon which late autumn lays a frosty finger. But it is only because there is such an unnatural rush of life for a very brief period. Quiet country nooks, where quiet city folks go to pass the heats, have no such to-morrows; they are always the same. They know no sudden rise of fashion and gayety; no melancholy ebb. They do not excite the mind and the memory with a thousand pensive thoughts. On the other hand, their uniform sobriety is, in itself, a little sad. They are like the country men and women who live among the lonely hills—taciturn and dull.

The world is not perfect without man; and the landscape craves some human sympathy. These quiet country nooks beget a grave mood. Your merry men come from cities. Ringing laughter would profane and startle these solemn echoes. Would your audacious jest pluck this reverend silence by the beard?

Or if a band of gay young people goes glancing over the hills and down the valleys on some summer morning—not as in Saratoga and Newport, with Parisian morning-dresses and delicate Cinderella slippers, but with stout shoes to defy the damp and the sharp stones—when they have passed on, and the stillness has absorbed that drop of youthful joy, the succeeding silence is even more mournful than that of the bowling-alley when the belles have gone to dress for dinner. It is not a sense of weariness and lassitude, and a consciousness that the tide will turn and rise again to-morrow. It is rather the thought that this was a momentary and evanescent gleam; that it is not in the order of the slow and silent life of the country; and a musing fancy follows that happy group, like a shadow in the sunlight, and sings a requiem for them to itself.

This is a morbid fancy, and bred of the solitude of gay places. It comes in with the autumn. Perhaps it is our revenge as we walk the paths where you have just bounded so gayly along. It is sentimental; but all reverie is apt to be so. But it is useful also, for it warns us when, as now, we are back again and seated in our Chair, to remind you when you pack your trunk for the summer, to remember that there is an autumn, and even a long, blank winter behind. It will make you more genial; it will make you enjoy your summer more: and if it should suggest—which we dare not do—that the same autumn may one day overtake your spring, and your summer prime, why, we shall think that it was not in vain we went gleaning in the fields you had already reaped, and that the corn we found was as useful as its flower had been beautiful.

We have never heard that there was any thing very exhilarating in a promenade through a hospital, nor that insane asylums were visited for relaxation and pleasure. But we might easily infer it from the character of several of the exhibitions that now claim

public attention in the city. Disease and deformity are offered as matter of recreation. We are invited to pay a shilling or two for the ineffable pleasure of seeing fellow-creatures distorted, or bloated, or fallen into conditions which it is melancholy merely to contemplate. There are descriptions in certain medical books that fairly make the reader sick. He can not endure to look at the plates. They are too much for decent nerves. But here is the same thing in living and loathsome examples, and we are called upon to pay; and huge pictures of a woman remarkable only for that which distinguishes swine; and another of a woman bearded under the chin; and others of men dwarfed and stunted in growth, or of some one who fell asleep years ago, and has never recovered consciousness for more than a half-hour since; or of an "unnatural being," with innumerable limbs and eyes—aim to cajole the interest of the idlers about town, and prey upon their purses.

There is something so disgusting in all this that it can hardly be treated in sport. No laughable joke can be made upon a woman who weighs eight hundred pounds. The idea is so repulsive that nothing ludicrous is associated with it. It is curious for scientific men, and painful for all. Do you not see that we are all insulted by such exhibitions? We are all outraged by such foul publicity given to the deformities of the human body. Have we no subtle self-respect? Why is the admiration which a man offers to a beautiful woman finer than that of the love she inspires in a brute? Is there no secret sympathy of delight in the perfection of his own human frame, in that admiration? Do we not honor in great men the altitudes of power and success which we instinctively feel lie in human capacity, in which we have a share? Now if this is so—if we do really glory in the greatness of men and the beauty of women, partly, at least, because it is human, and therefore, in some degree, ours, why have we not the corresponding grief at the opposite of these?

The truth is that we *are* pained. It is only women whose souls are fat and torpid, who can possibly delight in seeing a mountain of human flesh; and only men whose manliness has never awakened, who can enjoy the spectacle of a man who has slept for years, until he is only a breathing corpse. The thoughtful, the sensible, the humane, and the decent, pass by these frightful lures. And we should be sorry if we saw any of our country friends, who came to the city to enjoy in it the triumphant results of human genius and skill, turning aside to give their countenance to speculations upon the most deplorable accidents of human nature.

But when our friends do come to the city, we beg them not to scold if they stumble in Broadway as they climb over the Andes and Alps of building-lumber that obstruct the street. For out of all that heaping, and smoking, and mixing—out of those piles of brick, and board, and stone, a street will arise, which will well repay their children to come and see. The great superiority of foreign streets to ours in point of picturesqueness, has always been the massive front of palaces, broken into beautiful variety by the balconies and railings. In London, where palaces are comparatively rare, the club-houses take their place in street-architecture; and, with us, it is the hotels that are at once to give solidity and ornament to our thoroughfares. Broadway has changed in the last twenty years more than any similar important street in the world. And all the changes have been improvements.

"What are these splendid palaces?" a fresh emigrant might well ask, as he sauntered by the Astor, the Irving, Stewart's, the St. Nicholas, the Prescott, the Metropolitan, the Lafarge, the New York, the St. Denis, and the many marble and freestone stores that flank our great promenade. "Have you noblemen and royal people here, too?"

No, my good fresh emigrant, not in your sense. But noble men we have in profusion; and it is, in truth, for the royal people that these palaces are reared. Lately Laurino arrived from Rome, where he has lived for a dozen years. Rome is a city in which no houses have been built for a long time. We had not seen Laurino since parting with him, six years ago, in the piazza of St. Peter's. Seeing his name among the arrivals at the Prescott, we called to see him. There were the heartiest greetings exchanged, and we rattled off into busy conversation. We spoke of traveling, of Europe, and America.

"Isn't it remarkable," said Laurino, "that people throng across the water to see palaces? Why, there is not a palace in Italy so elaborately and exquisitely finished as this hall."

We made proper allowance for his patriotism, and for the newness of the house; but he was right at bottom. There is a lavish splendor in the decoration of these houses which might easily justify, to a man like our fresh emigrant, the idea that he had reached a land where the streets were paved with gold, and crops of diamonds and rubies were harvested in the back-yard. We hope that the people will keep pace with all this fine building, and that our beautiful houses will not put us to shame.

"I observe," said Laurino, "that the guests of this house treat it as no Italian ever treats his palace. They spit on the floor; they wipe their feet on the costly chairs and sofas; they nick the edges of the tables and other furniture;—I am afraid if there were portraits on the walls they would squirt tobacco-juice at the eyes, simply to try their skill. They may be very rich and very democratic, all these gentlemen; but the poorest and most aristocratic man in Europe would be more respectful of his house and furniture than they are of theirs. I hope they have not discovered a new way of telling the old story of Beauty and the Beast."

So our friend ran on in his flourishing Italian way—for he has lived so long there as to have acquired many very singular notions. But we thought, as we were going home afterward, and observed how like the stately homes of patrician pride the fronts of white marble hotels appeared in the moonlight, that there might be some reason in his warmth; and we resolved to speak to you about it, and ask your opinion.

Death has bruised the heart of our summer and autumn; not a great solitary death like that which a year ago bore off our grandest of statesmen and orators; nor yet a group of deaths like that which came with the fierce crash at Norwalk (now almost forgotten); but a multitude of deaths with a blazing sun and black pestilence for executioners. Mortality among us seems to have taken on the great strides of our growth, and its march is becoming assimilated to that of our expanding nationality. Cities die in a day, as they grow up in a day, and the graveyards take on the huge proportions of our marts of commerce.

It is late now to draw any moral from a story which is grown old, and of which the simple telling carries larger weight than any added reflections. We note it down here as a part of the subject matter which

has most dwelt upon the summer thought of the people, and which will leave a sad and sombre trail of mournful memories for a quarter of a century to come.

The great city too, which with its vast advantages of position and of commerce, was growing into the proportions of a metropolis, with its society, its fashions, its accredited habits, its municipal order, its religion will, we fear, slip back a pace or two into that unformed outpost of business, where men will stop only for their trade, and from which they will hurry away for their homes and their pleasure. Indeed it has long been a striking peculiarity of New Orleans, above even all other American cities, that it has worn no air of home; its citizens have worn the bustle and the nervous activity of men who were only *staying* a little longer; its palaces of abode have been hotels; its exchange has been in the strangers' bar-room; its churches have been like missionary stations on the edge of barbarism. Only some small portion of the city—and that portion a foreign portion, where a foreign language and foreign habits have prevailed—has shown an air of domesticity, and curtained home-like windows, and the smoke of kitchen fires. We do not doubt that this portion remains even now undisturbed in the midst of the stalking pestilence; and that the weazen-faced old gentlemen who have for twenty years smoked their cigars around the St. Louis Exchange, or upon the esplanade by the Cathedral, puff bravely on up to this day.

Every climate must have its distinctive race; and though Yankee blood can brave very much of danger, it can never successfully combat the pestilential vapors of New Orleans.

In our own city too, where death has been doing its work fearfully, it has cut down only those who had grown up in countries where no such burning sun was known; nor do we think that a single case is recorded, which reasonable precaution might not have prevented. This effect of a burning sun is understood in the southern cities of Europe, and in the East; and even foreigners escape in those regions from a sun far more intolerant than our own. But we will not dwell upon a gloomy, and a gone-by theme.

AUSTRIA has come again upon the theatre of observation, by reason of her strange action in reference to a Hungarian refugee. The mouths of people have been full of indignation, and even the quieter world of Europe has expressed strong sympathy with the subject of Austrian seizure. It is curious indeed to observe how the little journals of Switzerland (which we happen to have just now under our eye) rally strongly to the defense of the American action, and greet with infinite good-will the disposition to protect from Austrian aggression an escaping republican. Whether the present difficulty between one of the cantons of Switzerland and the Empire of Austria has not some connection with this quick and fervent expression of feeling, is indeed quite another question.

It would seem almost as if Austrian action in this matter were about to precipitate that exercise of American influence upon the political affairs of Europe, which has so long been anticipated—half with dread, and yet with a certain measure of pride. It is quite sure that the name and action of our nation are becoming more and more a standing topic with the journals of central Europe; and where, ten years ago, you saw only mention of the United States as a kind of subsidiary province to Great Britain, spoken of in the same type and terms with which they would speak of Madras, or of the Bahamas, you now find a weekly column of American advices, and this far-away nation giving staple for editorial discourse. Even within three or four years, the change in the aspect and conduct of Continental journals is most surprising. Traveling strangers moreover, to the interior parts of Europe, who hail from the United States, and who four or five years ago were reckoned only as a kind of off-branch of Englishmen, differing from them chiefly in being less civilized and in having no queen, are now generally accredited a nationality of their own. They are supposed to have their own topics of conversation, their own individuality of thought, their own determination of character, and possibly, nowadays, their own concern in what regards the welfare of the human race, or of downtrodden nations, even upon the Continent of Europe.

It is most earnestly and seriously to be hoped, in this growing cognizance of our rank, and identity, and force, that no rash or unseemly step may be taken; and that our first expression of opinion, in reference to European politics may be such as shall carry weight by reason of its dignity, and its undisguised sympathy with the march of freedom.

In this view it is more than ever important that our ministers and agents abroad should have such share of manliness and decorum, as may kindle respect, and may create that sort of fraternization with the best deserving of Europe, as shall extend our influence, and add to the national honor.

Nor is it to be forgotten in this connection, that *manner* has a value with the most worthy of European observers, and that the audacity and *brusquerie* of the street is not considered the best proof of real humanity or of sterling Republicanism. It is not reckoned that Marat was any better a democrat by reason of his grossness, or Vergniaud the less deserving by reason of his suavity. Indeed the American who assumes a noisy disregard of such modes of society as have grown up in Europe with centuries, will find himself in nine cases in ten, at once debarred from communication with the best thinking men of the old world.

We are led into these remarks the more readily, from the fact that the old world is just now full of our countrymen, and since the Continental baths and summer resorts are becoming to us only a more distant Saratoga and Newport. Indeed we are looking forward to a day not very far off, when newspaper correspondents will give us the same piquant personalities at the foreign springs, which they now give us at home. Already the *Hôtels de New York*, and *des Etats Unis*, are multiplying in the Continental cities, and old established houses are spoken of as frequented by Americans, as in former days they were spoken of, as frequented by English.

APROPOS of this summer visiting of our countrymen, it may be mentioned that the North Star, Mr. Vanderbilt's steam yacht, has been ordered away from the harbor of Civita Vecchia, and (as the papers say) met with no better reception at Naples. The truth is, she arrived off the Roman sea-port just as the Papal powers were in great apprehension of the new Mazzini plot, and the sight of a huge steamer bearing the bodeful flag of stars and stripes was too much for the disquieted nerves of the authorities. That the same tremor should have overtaken the Neapolitan government is no way surprising, in respect of a Power which is as eminent for cowardly weakness, as it is for blundering stupidity.

In British waters it would seem that American craft have lost somewhat of the prestige which the "America" gave two years ago. An American yacht

has been beaten in Southampton waters, and to make matters worse, our steamers have met with such mishaps to machinery, as have again put the Cunarders on the front list. There is nothing to be done, but to put new zeal to the work, and to equip our hulls with the strong engines they make at Glasgow. It is to be observed, however, that while the Silvie was losing ground at Spithead, an American clipper ship, the Sovereign of the Seas, was loading in an English port, under English charter, with the most valuable cargo ever freighted upon a single merchantman, bound for the English ports of Australia.

It is not to be doubted that with the *habilité* which the French have always shown in the arrangement of all kinds of fêtes, the World's Fête which they have undertaken, will come up even to the colossal proportions of that of London, if it does not go beyond that. The Emperor is understood to have embarked his most ambitious wishes in connection with the scheme; and he will endeavor to make that year of his empire memorable which witnesses the Fête of Industry, as well as that other one (not very far off) which sees the completion of the magnificent fabric of the Louvre.

Meantime the gayeties of the French capital have become transferred to the little watering-place resort of Dieppe, where it is understood that the Empress is to make a stay of a few weeks for the benefit of her health. The Emperor accompanies her; and seems, in the quiet town of Dieppe, at a large premium. Foreigners throng the streets and lodgings of Paris, although the usual autumn season is hardly commenced. Indeed, all over the Continent of Europe, there are complaints of the plethora of travel. The hotels are crammed to their utmost (we speak of mid-September); no good quarters can be secured in either the Swiss or the Rhenish inns without the expensive precaution of an *avant courier*. The journals even speak of a party of English ladies spending the night in their *char-a-banc* at Chamouni, for want of a better shelter in the crowded town. Every exigence of out-houses and garrets is brought into requisition, and every cast-off carriage is re-vamped for the press of visitors, yet still there is lack of accommodation, both at inns and upon the road.

Among the topics of the British press of the past season, may be specially noted the Queen's progress through Ireland, to the Great Exhibition, and thence to Scotland, where she has been making her third or fourth visit. We say, it may be specially noted, since it has filled whole columns of the British papers, and offered choice subjects for the limners of the illustrated journals of all classes and degrees. It is to be hoped, if the Queen continue up to the close of life the nomad spirit which she has manifested hitherto, that the very commonness of her journeyings will forestall that languor and prolixity of description, by both pen and pencil, which now follow her up as closely as the Prince's best beagles his game.

It is understood that the Queen's move-about-ativeness (as Mr. Willis would say) has become prolific subject of talk among the quiet people of the kingdom; and there are many who stoutly condemn her apparent proclivity toward fêtes, and money-spendings of various sorts. The Queen, however, has much the best of the argument; and if a people as large and as rich as our reverend friends the British choose to keep afloat the extravagant bauble of monarchy, they must not quarrel with the "bobbings about" which the bauble may happen to display. There is surely as much reasonableness in going to Scotland and Ireland, and all about, in Victoria (who has her own surname), as in any other gallant lady who is the mother of so strong a troop of children; and if the nation that has adopted her as Sovereign, can not suffer her to go without lavishing thousands on her steps, the error lies in the system of such adoption, and not surely in any willfulness or extravagance of the Queen.

In contrast, by-the-by, with this summer journeying of Victoria, and with the noise that belonged to the English visit of the Prince of Prussia, we may be permitted to allude, without offense, to the exceedingly quiet manner in which ex-President Martin Van Buren has rubbed off his summer trip upon the Continent. It is true that he had retired from his delegated power, and it is true that he was born to no great position, but came to it in virtue of his own effort, industry, and ability. Yet he held the executive chair over a nation, whose ships could float all the kings, and nobles, and regalia of the world—whose empire shows at once greater breadth and vitality than the half of them all together; whose power, too, in the years that are speedily to come, will be a power listened to, and looked for, from China, and round to China again; and whose force lies in the energy, industry, and genius of intelligent, free-acting citizens, knowing no formulas of prerogative—acknowledging no system of castes, bowing to no accident of birth, sustained by no splendor of heirship, but dependent only and proudly (before Heaven) on *themselves*.

Yet, as we said, the late President of this nation takes a run through Europe, with scarce more than casual mention. Here and there, an enterprising hotel-keeper arranges that his name should be chronicled as ex-President; here and there a shop-keeper tells his Russian or English customer, that the President of the American Republic has purchased such and such things; and at odd intervals, a courier, or a coach-driver, with an inkling of his presence, boasts of serving him, the next day. But further than this, the trip of the late President has been as easy and pleasant as a summer's cloud.

This is well: it is well that our force should work out all its energies quietly and insensibly, by the *collective* energies of all; it is well that the *individuation*, which is the distinctive mark of monarchies, should go out with us; and it is well that the nationality should absorb individual forces and names, so that we might be kept from idols.

It would be curious to consider what might be the result of a visit to Europe from an acting American President; a thing which, in this day of nine days' crossing, is not surely beyond the pale of all probability. It would be curious to watch what attentions might overtake such a visitor, and what acceptance might be given to them.

One thing he might hope bravely to escape—to wit, the following of office-seekers; nor can we recall at the present moment another mode in which this pursuit could be evaded. It would be not only curious, but interesting, to contrast pointedly the plainness and simplicity of our executive forms, with the tinsel and trappings of even the smallest duchies of Europe.

We venture to drop here, in the drift of our Easy-Chair reflections, another fragment from our foreign friend, whose letters we have already made serviceable:

"If you come to Switzerland away from your desk, don't count on finding any Winkelrieds, or Tells, or indeed any gentlemen of that stamp—least of all among innkeepers. I don't know but I am un-

just, or prejudiced; but it seems to me that in no quarter of the world have I ever met with entertainers so resolutely bent on obtaining the largest price for the smallest quantum of comfort as in Switzerland. Nor do I say this in disparagement of the hotels themselves, which (many of them) are the neatest and best-ordered in Europe; but I speak of the *moneyed* disposition of those who have their control —measurable as they are, in the majority of instances, both soul and body, by sixpences or gold coin.

"This disposition belongs not only to the fraternity of innkeepers, but to the Cantonal governments themselves. Thus, in several quarters, I find a strange ordinance forbidding a muleteer, or a man with saddle-horses, to take a back fare; yet requiring a double fare of every person he serves. Thus, in going from Martigny to Chamouni you pay both ways —that is, for two full days' services. In returning, you can not avail yourself of a return muleteer, but must again pay a double rate to an enterprising mule-driver of Chamouni. This will serve only as a type of the progressive and aggressive spirit of this mountain people. The *diligence*, *malle-poste*, and all that comes under the control of the constituted authorities, evinces, if possible, even more of a money-getting spirit.

"Do not think from this that traveling is any way extravagant in Switzerland: with all the drawbacks it is as cheap as in any part of Europe, arising from the exceeding cheapness of *materiel*, and in spite of all the systems of petty extortion. Were Switzerland all within a vast inclosure, to enter which would require an enormous fee, no man who had once been there could hesitate, I think, to pay it a second time. But the sight and the knowledge of every-day efforts at extortion, kindle a vexation that does not accord with the view of the grand things which burst upon you at every hand. The Swiss are small; but their country is very great.

"If you have any idea that Mont Blanc (which by the way is not in Switzerland, but in Sardinia), and a few other mountain heights, make up all that is to be seen and to be remembered after six weeks within the Cantons, you are vastly mistaken. There is something more, in the presence of the glaciers, and bald precipices streaked with the paths of avalanche, and snows lasting through centuries, which grows into a man's thought, and enlarges somehow his meditative capacity, and begets in him a respect for the grandness of nature, which dwarfs and almost extinguishes whatever he may once have thought of the grandness of persons.

"It is not enough by half to say either with pen or pencil that the mountains are high hereabout: you must come and stand under them, and measure yourself by them; or you must toil up, and shudder at the thunder of a few ice-flakes, which they will fling off by a kind of insensible perspiration; you must look down from them on towns turned to child's toy-shops, and church steeples grown less than your staff; and linger through a storm gathering, and bursting with faint crashes below you.

"I have often wondered what sort of an idea a man would have of Switzerland, if he could read all the home-letters of a summer's bevy of travelers. I am sure it would not be so good as he would get by one ten minutes' look from the *Hôtel des Bergues*, at Geneva, upon the jutting lips of Mount Blanc and his chain, though the chain is sixty miles off. Snow, to be sure, is always snow, and nothing but snow: but to see it sparkle from fifty miles away, three miles aloft in the heavens, in a sharp, hard, positive peak, that has bleached there any time these last ten centuries, is a thing so unusual, that you doubt, and wonder, and are charmed—all together.

"It is the absurdest thing in the world to attempt to convey to you by description, any idea of that Swiss landscape which lies under the windows *des Bergues*: and yet with an idle half-hour on my hands, and that *cacoethes* of the pen which infects all new-come travelers, I will even try.

"First is a street, clean, well-paved; on its further side a balustrade warding off the singularly blue waters of the lake, just where the lake circling the little island of Rousseau, narrows and quickens, and becomes the Rhone. The flow is swift, but so unbroken that your eye dives straight down through its glassy surface, and sees the fish and the pebbles at the bottom. The island of Rousseau is tufted with a copse of willows and lindens, presided over by a Lombardy poplar: and when the sun is in the west, the shadow of these trees stretches across to the further quay, where the steamers are moored, and where the old Genevese city begins. There are tall houses at the first, and then all-shaped roofs, and chimney-tops, tier above tier, until the quaint twin towers of the old Calvinist Cathedral crown them, and stand in gray relief against the hazy cliffs of the nearer hills of Savoy. These hills are bold, and bound the horizon, as you look southward, with their broken line of slope and precipice. But when your eye ranges toward the east, the hills dip in an easy, flowing line that blends almost with the wooded shores of the lake; and then rise again into a conical mountain, which stands like an advance-sentry of the great white Alpine camp, whose tent-tops break into the sky beyond, and glitter in the sun.

"Thus it is between the gradual slope of the fronting hills and the conical mountain to the left, that you see the chain of Mont Blanc: the monarch himself hangs a rounded hulk of silver, just where the hills of Savoy begin to droop; then follow the fellow peaks, some rounded like the monarch, and only distinguishable by their lesser height; others sharp, and showing at this distance the bare streaks of precipice where the snow will not stay; others cleft in great gaps, where the green glaciers lie and reflect the sun more brightly than the snow; and others still in the shape of crags of irregular shape, with snow only resting on them in blotches, which, if your eye is not well taught, you will take for lingering remnants of white cloud.

"It happened to me the other day to catch this Alpine view, when all the rest of the horizon was clouded, and a light rain falling. Only there, looking eastward, was a vista open: every peak was as distinct as the trees upon the island; and every peak was lit up with the sun, streaming through openings I could not see. The effect was magical; and the mountain rampart flashing in the light of another sky, seemed like the walls and towers of some such Celestial City as Christian saw on his way toward Beulah.

"The distant views are, I should say, the more pleasing; but certainly the near views are the more startling and astonishing; your traveler who never sees any thing wonderful, can, perhaps, amuse himself with a 'pish' or a 'pshaw,' or a 'very pretty,' at a sixty-mile view; but perch him on the Rhigi, or at the foot of the Yungfrau, after a stout climb of five hours, to scale the Wengern Alp, and his conceit will be frozen out of him utterly. I think it is Kinglake who says in his book of Eothen, 'You can not mock at the Sphinx.' I should think a man could not mock at the Yungfrau!

"It seems to me that in heathen time, the people who dwelt in the valleys of Switzerland, must have worshiped the mountains: they impress one with a kind of awe that belongs to a superior presence; you look at them dreadfully. They bear the clouds in their arms like children; and fold them when they come back, truant-like, to their bosoms. Again they seem like giants, shouldering the glaciers, and jostling them, and breaking them wrathfully in avalanches.

"This you feel specially when you stand upon the heights of the Rhigi, and see the great brotherhood of the Bernese Alpine giants behind you, and yet close by you, in serried ranks, colossal, gaunt, cold, pushing their craggy foreheads into the middle heavens—with no hamlet, and no foot-place of man upon all their skirts, their valleys crowded with billows of ice, and their bald heads bared to the tempests. And turning from these (only a shifting of the eyes), you see such outspread beauty of meadow and lake—forest and sloping hill-side, as would entrance you amid the ruralities of England. Only, prepare yourself for bewilderment, by reason of the great stretch of meadow, and the multiplying of the lakes. I will not dare to tell you of the acres of green fields you will see, nor the number of the lakes. But the first, with all their wideness and their beauty, seem like the green tint of a child's toy-country; and the lakes like little dishes of polished silver; and yet they are both so nearly under you, as you stand shivering in the wind, that it seems as if you might hurl your Alpenstock straight down among the orchards, or fling a five-franc bit upon the bosom of either lake.

"I daresay every fresh traveler will tell you the same thing of the wonders which greet him hereabout; but no commonness of travel can bring tameness to the Alps, or make commonplace their grandeur. There are those at home who, in a spirit of worthy patriotism (which savors of profanity), will venture to compare the New Hampshire mountains with those of Savoy or Switzerland: just as some earnest Utican might talk of Trenton Falls in the same breath with Niagara. Pray, never listen to them. They are deluded—misguided. They should be commended to charitable societies—societies for the charge of incurable lunatics.

"Washington and Jefferson (I speak of the mountains) are great in their way; and he who climbs them on a summer's day will find it out. But to make them comparable with the heights that shadow the valleys of Switzerland, you must double and quadruple them; and after this, you must crush them and all their outlying valleys together, until the plain-land lies as high as the mountains; you must pour ice in their crevices for at least a decade of years; you must stretch out the northern summer for months, until the glaciers feel it, and run over in bounding waterfalls upon every mountain valley."

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us, as his "deposit" for the "Drawer," the following:

"Some two miles distant from our city, there resides a physician, somewhat noted for his penurious manner of dealing with all those who may chance to fall into his 'practice.' Let me cite one of the many incidents relating to this gentleman, which has happened during his residence here:

"Some time since, in settling an account with one of his neighbors, the following items were rendered in his bill. It should be mentioned that he had a field of buckwheat immediately adjoining his friend's house:

"Mr. —— ——	To Dr. ——, *Dr.*
"'To pasturing Bees on Buckwheat, from June to September	$ 63
"'To time spent in watching said ——'s Bees.	3 00
	$3 63

"Such an account was of course refused payment; but the Doctor carried it up into 'the courts,' one after another, but, after all, had the pleasure of paying all the costs, besides bearing the odium attached to such small proceedings."

Now this, which we are assured by our correspondent is *true* in all respects, is only equaled by a like story of a somewhat similar physician, in a certain town in the region of "Down East," which shall for the present be nameless. The story is entirely authentic, and is told in the dialect of those parts by a simple-minded narrator:

"I 'xpect you've hear'n tell of Dr. A——, hain't you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. You see, one day I met the Doctor at Simpkin's store, a-buyin' some groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my tongue was dreadfully furred up. So says I to the Doctor, says I:

"'My head feels a little acheish, like: what do you think I had better do?'

"'Why, friend S——,' says the Doctor, says he, 'the best thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet, and take a sweat; 'cause if you *don't*,' says he, 'like as not you may have a fever.'

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just a-thinkin' that a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away.'

"Well, I did; I went home, and took a bowl-full of tansy-tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, 'tain't no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was.

"Well, a day or two afterward I met the Doctor; and after a little talking, says the Doctor, says he:

"'Neighbor J——, I've got a little bill ag'in you!'

"I looked at him *clus*, and says I, '*A bill*, Doctor?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store the other day.'

"What do you think he had gone and done? He'd act'ally charged me tew dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself.

"'Well, Doctor,' says I (for I didn't want to appear small, you know), 'it's all right; I'll bear it in mind.'

"Well, a few days after, the Doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and somehow or 'nother one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, ef you don't drive that linch-pin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off.'

"Says he, 'Thank you,' and he took a stun and driv in the pin.

"Well, I went into the house and jest made a charge of it; and when he came along the next time I presented him the bill:

"'Hello!' says the Doctor, says he: 'what on airth is *this* for?' says he.

"'Why, it's for *advice*,' says I.

"'Advice!' says he—"what advice? I hain't had none o' *your* advice.'

"'Why, for driving in your wheel-pin, and I've

only charged you two dollars twenty-five cents; and of I hadn't given you the advice, it might have cost you twenty times as much.'

"'Well,' says the Doctor, 'the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents.'

"'That's all you owe me,' says I.

"'Well, I'll bear it in mind,' says he.

"And I 'xpect he will: he's as tight as a candle-mould, the Doctor is, and I guess he is *able* to bear it in mind!"

We confess to a degree of pleasure in the perusal of these "diamond-cut-diamond" anecdotes. They indicate that order of "compensation in nature," by which meanness so often is "overcome of itself." And, in this connection, we will close with "one more of the same sort," which is related of a Mr. S——, an honest and highly-esteemed grocer, for many years a resident of one of the larger towns of New Hampshire:

It seems that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. S—— had gone to the desk to get change for a note which had been handed to him by his "customer." While standing at his desk, he happened to turn his head, and saw, in a looking-glass which was suspended near him, a stout arm reach up and take down from the shelf a heavy "white-oak" cheese and deposit it in the bag!

Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as many a less reflecting person would have done, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change, as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretense of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, he took hold of it, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, bless me! I must have reckoned the weight wrong!"

"Oh, no," said his "customer," "that can't be so, because I counted *with* you, you know."

"Well, well," said Mr. S——, "we won't dispute about the matter, it is so easily settled by just putting the bag in the scales again," which he proceeded at once to do.

"There," said he, "I *told* you so. I *thought* I must be right. I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds: however, if you don't want the whole, I'll take a part of it out: it don't make any odds to *me*."

"No, no!" said the victim, struggling in the wicked trap which he had set for his neighbor, and stopping the hands of Mr. S——, on the way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for his dishonesty by receiving "skim-milk" cheese at the high price of wool!

Book-borrowers, who forget to return the volumes which the kindness of friends enables them to read, should peruse the following lines, which, it is said, were written more than sixty years ago. They are as apposite, however, now as they were at that remote period:

"If I this book do lend to you,
Or you of me do borrow,
So soon as you have read it through,
Pray bring it home the morrow.

"Then after which, if you do want
To borrow yet another,
Just come to me, and you shall see
That I can lend the other."

"*A Constant Reader of Harper's Magazine*" sends us the following "*Story of an Eccentric Preacher*," which will be known to hundreds to be authentic, in the town where the subject of it resides and officiates:

"His congregation, with few exceptions, were regularly (or rather irregularly) too late at the church. The pastor reproved, he even 'scolded,' but all in vain. At last he determined to mortify the laggards. So one Sunday morning he arose, exactly at the appointed minute, and gave out the hymn, which was a short one. The choir, and a few punctual worshipers, at once proceeded to sing it to an equally short tune. The preacher uttered a brief prayer, and then read a short chapter for the morning lesson, after which he took his seat, and waited patiently for the congregation to come in.

"After some time the house was filled, the most of the congregation wondering why the service had not commenced. The clergyman now arose, and announced the *second* hymn. While the choir were singing the last verse, the majority of the worshipers (newly arrived) began to adjust themselves for prayer. Some kneeled, others bowed their heads on the backs of the pews, while those among the congregation who happened to be the 'knowing ones' sat still.

"The preacher stood in the pulpit with his text before him, and watched his hearers as, one by one, they looked around to see why he didn't begin his prayer. After enjoying the success of his stratagem for awhile, he calmly said:

"'You may get up now, and take your seats. Our punctual friends, with your pastor, have had prayers. You will now hear the sermon!'

"That congregation," adds our "Constant Reader," "were punctual, to my own knowledge, for at least three Sundays afterward." And he continues:

"This reminds me of an entirely reliable anecdote of Washington, which I have never seen either in a newspaper or in a magazine. It was told by the late venerable Reverend Ashabel Green, of Philadelphia, in a record penned by himself.

"While Washington lived in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he used often to ask the good Doctor to dine with him. At one of these dinner-parties, the whole diplomatic corps were invited, and the precise hour of dining very particularly and plainly named on the card of invitation.

"Punctually to the moment, Washington, with the few who had assembled, took their seats at the table. The other guests came in one by one, and finally, toward the close of the dinner, the last man arrived. When he was seated at the table, Washington, with cheerful gravity, said:

"'Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the *guests* have arrived, but whether the *hour* has come!'"

One of those ready "turns" which some of the London papers are gathering together, and publishing under the heading of "*American Sharp Hits and Witty Sayings*," may be considered the following, which we commend to their receptacles:

Not long since, in a car running out of a pleasant town in the State of Ohio, a lady was assiduously distributing tracts, which were always graciously and courteously received by the passengers. The tract, however, which this female *colporteur* was circulating on the present occasion happened to be entitled, "*Give me thy Heart*," an excellent and popularly-written treatise upon the divine injunction.

This tract she presented to a very quiet looking gentleman, who read its title, and with a pleasant smile upon his face, said:

"I am sorry, but I really can't do it, madam; this woman sitting by me is *my wife!*"

The passengers burst out into roars of laughter, in which the tract-distributor herself could not help joining.

SINCE our acquisition of the "Golden State" of California, exciting incidents among the Rocky Mountains are much more frequent than formerly; but even now they are comparatively rare. How it will be when all the vast extent of our continent which stretches between us and the great Pacific is traveled over, we can not now conjecture. We shall doubtless know something more of this when the several surveying parties have returned home, and made their separate reports to the Government.

In the mean time, howbeit, here is a very amusing incident which happened to a traveling daguerreotype artist, who had halted for a little while, with two or three companions, his assistants, in the rear of their main company, for the purpose of taking some remarkable rocks, which had attracted their attention, and greatly excited their admiration.

They were busily engaged in transferring the strange, wild scene to their metallic plates, when a war-party of Indians suddenly sprang from behind the rocks, and, giving a frightful yell, advanced, with lances poised, ready for battle; when the artist, with a coolness and presence of mind which can not be too much commended, turned toward the advancing party his huge camera, and mystically waving over the instrument, with its apparently death-dealing tube, the black cloths in which his pictures were wrapped, held his lighted cigar in frightful proximity to the dreadful engine, whose "rude throat" threatened to blow any enemy out of existence!

The savages had heard strange stories of deadly mortars and Paixhan guns, which in one terrific burst could sweep away whole parties of red-skins; and, panic-stricken, they paused, but for a moment, then veered to the right, and with eyes intently fixed upon the dreaded instrument.

"But," says the account, "the strange mortar followed them, its dangerous muzzle ever keeping them in a straight line. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers from beneath the instrument. This was but the prelude of the death-waging storm that was about to burst upon them. They could no longer stand the shock, but with a simultaneous yell broke away toward the rocks. Bang! bang! bang! went the artists' guns after them. Strange and terrific sounds reverberated through the mountain gorges, and were echoed back by the cavernous rocks—yells, shrieks, and rumbling thunders!

"The smoke cleared away, and the artists were alone. No time, of course, was lost in rejoining the caravan; and, all danger being over, it often became the subject of merriment around the camp-fire, this novel charge upon savage Indians with a daguerreotype instrument!"

A GOOD and wholesome satire is conveyed in the following, in relation to that weakest of all affectations, the affectation of using what is called "big language," instead of those simple terms which are first presented to the mind of every person of common sense:

"A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished a company by asking for the loan of 'a diminutive argentcous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.'

"She wanted *a thimble!*"

THE wretched incoherency with which a man who is intoxicated endeavors to "wreak himself upon expression," which his thick and faltering tongue refuses to yield, is well exemplified in the following. The inebriate gives his wife this confused account of his present condition, and "how he came so:"

"Mr. Smith's grocery-store invited me to go and drink Cousin Sam—and, you see, the weather was dry—and I was very sloppy—so I said I didn't mind punching *one* drink—and it's queer how my head went into the punch though! The way home was so dizzy, that I slipt upon a little dog—the corner of the street bit me—and an old gentleman with cropped ears and a brass collar on his neck said he belonged to the dog—and I was, you understand—that is, I do' know nothing about it!"

Almost as clear as a companion tippler, on another occasion, who, in describing the manner in which he had driven some pigs from a corn-field, and the trouble he had in doing it, said:

"Would you b'lieve it?—every single one o' them pumpkins catched up a pig, and run through the devil as if the fence was after him?"

The "Eliver Olsworth" "b'iling her bu'ster" was nothing to this rapid transposition.

Is it not a very strange thing how errors of fact, how alleged sayings, which never occurred, become perpetuated? "I say 'Ditto to Mr. Burke,'" is a phrase which has almost become "classic," and was attributed to Mr. C——, a gentleman well known and respectably connected in this city, while standing upon the hustings on one occasion with Mr. Burke, at an election gathering held in Bristol, England. And yet Mr. C——, it has been abundantly proved, never made use of the expression; but, on the other hand, was a man of distinguished parts, who had no occasion to say "Ditto" to any body—not even so great a man as Mr. Burke.

Now, who has not heard of the "*Cotton-bags of New Orleans*," at General Jackson's famous and astounding battle there? And yet it seems, on General Jackson's own authority, there was not a single cotton-bag on the field during the whole of that eventful contest! A writer in a Southern journal, in an exceedingly interesting account of a visit which he paid to General Jackson in 1839, says:

"I longed to hear him speak of his great battle; and one of the greatest battles, too, of modern history—the crowning exploit of his military life—the battle of the 8th of January, before New Orleans.

"He had just returned from his last visit to that city, and lamented the decease of most of his old compatriots since that battle. He graphically described the field, the '*fortifications*,' as he laughingly termed them, and *the victory*, in a manner that I can never forget.

"'Mr. Eaton,' said General Jackson, 'has greatly erred in his description of the American works. He says I had "strong breast-works of cotton-bags." *There was not a single bag of cotton in the field, sir—not one.* I had some store-boxes and sand-bags, or bags filled with sand, and these were extended along the lines; but at the close of the action, when the British surviving General-in-command came riding up on an elegant horse, to surrender his sword, I heard him exclaim, with mortified surprise:

"'*Barricades!*—why, I could leap them with my horse!'

"'I laughed heartily,' added General Jackson, 'at his astonishment, for so he could; and, besides, on *one* wing the works were not completed. I had nothing there but a corn-field fence (if the British had only known it) to turn. But by keeping my men

constantly throwing over ladders and fascines on the works, the British were deceived.

"'I never had,' continued General Jackson, 'so grand and awful an idea of the Resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat—our men were even then in hot pursuit of the flying enemy—I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible, as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action.'

"General Jackson justly regarded this action as the most glorious achievement of his life. That victory was as glorious to his country as to the 'Hero of New Orleans;' yet the *strategy* of the General in this masterly battle has never been duly appreciated."

"THEY SAY" there is a good deal of scandal always going on in small villages; that every body (he or she) doesn't mind his or her business. This may not be so; for "THEY SAY" himself is a great scandal-monger, and has done a deal of mischief in his time, by insinuating what he dared not distinctly charge or assert. But if there *be* any impertinent persons, male or female, married or single, in the thousand villages whither our Magazine finds its way, who do not find it convenient to "mind their own business," we commend to their careful attention the following lines:

"Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady,
If the *lady* don't refuse?
"Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?

"Is it any body's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

"Is it any body's business,
But the *lady's*, if her beau
Rideth out with *other* ladies,
And doesn't let *her* know?
Is it any body's business,
But the *gentleman's*, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

"If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling *any* where,
Is it any of *your* business
What *his* business may be there?

"The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it *any* body's business
What *another's* business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 'tisn't,
We should really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who *make* it so.

"If it *is*, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart:
But if *not*, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better, in the future,
To mind his own concerns!"

The "subject-matter" of these lines will remind our readers, who may have heard the anecdote, of the old maid, in a down-eastern village, who called, in her inquisitive way, upon a young and very pretty lady, a great favorite in the town, who (as she had "wormed out" of somebody with whom she had been tattling) was about to be married to a worthy young gentleman, living in the same place. She began her questioning adroitly:

"I hear somebody is a-goin' to be married. Who do you guess 'tis, now?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Couldn't you *guess* now; don't you think of *somebody* that's going to be married?"

"I guess *not*."

"Well now, Susan, s'posin' any body was to ask me if *you* wasn't engaged, and was goin' to be married 'fore long, what should I say to 'em?"

"Tell 'em," said Susan, "that you don't *know any thing at all about it*, and that it is *none of your business!*"

The "business" of "pumping" was over for that day—in that *quarter* at least.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Boston, once administered a like rebuke to a young gentleman (who mentioned the circumstance to a friend, from whom we derive it), which is not unlike the foregoing, in some respects:

"I happened," said the narrator, "to be on board a fishing-boat, far down in Boston harbor. We had got fairly at work, and the fish were biting splendidly, when I observed an old gentleman with his hat off—for the day was cloudy—his spectacles shoved high up on his forehead, sitting almost over the bow of the boat, which rose and fell with a heavy ground-swell, which threatened, at every up-and-down movement, to precipitate the old gentleman into the water: but there he remained, sitting partly upon one foot curled up under him, and drawing up, every now and then, a rousing cod. At length, however, the boat dropped so *very* low, that I couldn't resist the inclination to speak to him:

"'Dr. Beecher,' said I, 'if your foot should slip, you would fall over-board.'

"'If it *don't*,' I *shan't*,' said the old man, as he twitched up a 'four-pounder,' and laid him sprawling and struggling on the deck.

"My remonstrances were at an end, and my fears, too, for the remainder of the day. The Doctor "knew what *he* was about;' and I learned to 'mind my own business.'"

"WHENEVER you find a man that hates babies, you will be quite safe in hating *him*. No one that does not deserve to be shunned or disliked, ever shows an antipathy to babies. What! hate a little creature with a cotton-ball head, that can only manifest its joy by kicks and a kind of inarticulate gurgle; that, in anguish, can not tell the seat of its pain, but must endure martyrdom, while you are guessing out the source of its agonies; that has the holiest of all claims on human sympathies—utter helplessness, utter dependence! What! hate the little thing which you yourself once were, and from which you never would have grown to man's estate if your parents

had been, like you, a baby-hater! Fie upon you! Even dogs love babies, and will suffer them to bestride them, pull their ears, and buffet them by the hour, without responding to their annoyances with even a growl!"

We hope it may so chance that the man whom we saw in Broadway the other morning, walking behind a nursery-maid, with her little charge looking back over her shoulder, while he was making up the most horrid Chinese and other faces at the little darling, until its lip began to quiver, and its distended eyes to fill with tears, may read the above, and reflect thereupon "accordingly."

Apropos of children: here is an extract from a letter written from California some months since, which shows that where children are *scarce*, they are not regarded as nuisances, although found "crying in church." How the voice of that little baby, among those stalwart miners, and exiles from their far, far-distant homes in "the States," must have fallen upon many a heart rendered tender by distance and long absence:

"A brother, just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of Brother Owen, when a babe, in the arms of its mother, began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire.

"'Don't leave,' said the preacher; 'don't leave: the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, a long time ago, he left his distant home.'

"The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the audience were melted to tears."

THE following scene is reported to have occurred before the Board of Examiners some time since, sitting at Washington, for the purpose of passing upon the merits of official candidates. An eccentric and venerable gentleman, Colonel D——, of Virginia, is now before the Board:

EXAMINER. "Well, sir, will you be kind enough to tell us when you were born, and from what State you were appointed to office?"

COLONEL D——. "I was *born* in Old Virginia, and I was *appointed* from Old Virginia, sir!"

EXAMINER. "What is your age, sir?"

COLONEL D——. "My *age*, sir?"

EXAMINER. "Yes, Colonel D——, *your* age?"

COLONEL D——. "My age?—my age?—why, sir, my head is *silvered* with age, sir: sixty-seven, last August, God be praised.

EXAMINER. "What was your occupation before you came here, sir?"

COLONEL D. "I was a planter, and a gentleman, sir, before I came *here!*"

EXAMINER. "I presume you are familiar with the elementary rules of geography, arithmetic, and grammar—especially the latter?"

COLONEL D——. "Evidently, sir; evidently."

EXAMINER (*facetiously*). "Can you decline your office?"

COLONEL D——. "My office, like yours, sir, is a very common noun, of doubtful gender, in the *possessive* case, agreeing with *us*, understood, and both governed by salary."

EXAMINER. "Rule, sir?"

COLONEL D——. "One noun governs another in the possessive."

"LISTENING" EXAMINER. "We are satisfied, Colonel D——, with your knowledge of general principles; and you will, no doubt, be permitted to discharge the duties of your desk!"

Speaking of the law under which this Board of Examiners sat, a Baltimore journal remarked at the time:

"No doubt the law is a good one, and would be of some service, if really practical inquiries were made as to the general intelligence of the clerk, and his qualifications for his particular duties, and also as to his character and habits; but what could be more absurd than to arraign a gray-haired officer, and require him to conjugate the Latin verb *amo*, and to recite, according to the latest authorities, the definition of 'friths,' 'firths,' and 'capes,' and give in detail the principal zoological and ichthyological productions of the north of Europe, and the west coast of Africa?"

THAT "mad wag," *Punch*, once gave the following song, as having been sung before her Majesty the Queen by a Chinese lady. It seems very hard to understand; but if the reader studies it attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese. You must speak "broken China" when you read it aloud, as it now stands:

"Ohc o meto th ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo fthebe st.
'Twillpr oveam ostex celentt ca,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st.

"'Tiso nlyf our sh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy!"

"ONE hears strange things," writes a Western editor, "at the polls at a popular election." As one is about occurring in our own Empire State about this time, we shall take the liberty to record the one cited, "on the present occasion," in the "Drawer:"

"A friend of ours, on Monday last, at one of the precincts in the Fourth District, was asked by a son of the Emerald Isle:

"'How are ye going to vote?'

"'I shall vote *straight*,' was the reply.

"Taking him for one of his own stripe, the interrogator, in that sonorous whisper so peculiar to politicians in a crowd, observed—

"'Don't vote for L——; he sends fifty of our folks every day to the penitentiary; and in less than two years he would have the whole party there!'"

ONE of the huge granite boulders on the summit of Mount Washington, we perceive by the newspapers, has been selected and set aside for the apex, or crowning-stone of the Washington Monument; and it will soon be on its way to the National Capital.

How fit a termination of that colossal structure—five hundred feet and upward in height—now rising to the name and honor of the "Father of his Country," would be that stone, now holding closest communion with the clouds of heaven, transferred to its place, hundreds of miles distant from that mountain-peak, that now uplifts his honored and beloved name!

Ay! and when the noble Herculean statue of Columbus, chiseled from the solid rock that crowns the highest western peak of the Rocky Mountains that looks upon the vast Pacific, so beautifully and eloquently alluded to by Colonel Benton, shall have been sculptured, what a spectacle will this great—this *United Nation*—present!

"*Esto perpetua!*" must be the prayer of every true American.

HERE is an extract from an "*American Dictionary of Scientific and Useful Knowledge*," which is almost

equal to a passage from the English work, which we quoted some months ago from *Punch:*

Q. "What is geology?"

A. "The science of breaking stones."

Q. "Where are its professors most numerous?"

A. "At Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing."

Q. "What is a geologist's capital?"

A. "A pocket-full of rocks."

Q. "What description of stone has been most sought after?"

A. "The Philosopher's Stone."

Q. "Has it ever been found?"

A. "Very frequently."

Q. "Where?"

A. "In a horn."

Q. "Where deposited?"

A. "In a hat."

Q. "From what does it proceed?"

A. "Quartz."

Q. "What is a petrifaction?"

A. "Rather a 'hard party.'"

Q. "Where does granite lie?"

A. "In beds."

Q. "What is a stratum?"

A. "A layer of any thing."

Q. "Will you mention one?"

A. "Yes: a hen."

Q. "Mention another."

A. "A ship: she 'lays-to.'"

Q. "What is a flint?"

A. "A miser's heart."

Q. "Can you break it?"

A. "Yes—certainly."

Q. "Will you describe *how?*"

A. "Open his chest."

Q. "What is chalk?"

A. "The *milk* of human kindness."

THE following amusing incident, which occurred in the early history of a now flourishing Western town, is worthy of being perpetuated and preserved in this receptacle of ours:

"Lawyer H—— was employed to attend a suit for a Mr. D——. The whole matter occupied the lawyer's time for the space of just fifteen minutes, for which he charged him the sum of ten dollars. As the patient (elsewhere mentioned), told the Doctor who prescribed for him, the client promised to 'make it all right' with the lawyer.

"About three months afterward, Lawyer H—— called upon Mr. D—— to sink his well one foot deeper; remarking, at the same time:

"'You can't 'come it on me' *this* time, because I have an exact admeasurement of the distance from the spout of the pump to the floor of the room wherein it stands.'

"Mr. D——, in the course of a day or two, when Lawyer H—— was absent from home, went up to his house to sink the well. He raised the pump, and sawed off one foot of it, put it back (he didn't dig any of the dirt out, don't you see,) and presented his bill to the lawyer for ten dollars. Lawyer H—— cheerfully paid the bill, when he found that the spout of the pump was just one foot nearer the floor than it was before!"

Now the old adage "Look before you leap," was not worth a cent in a case like this; but if the lawyer had measured from the top to the bottom of the well, he would have realized that "the well of Truth is very deep."

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member they were discussing. A gentleman-friend presented himself, and by common consent, the question was referred to him:

"It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris, and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him (which, by the way, he had the address to hold for some time in his own, for purposes of examination), he replied at last:

"'I give it up. The question is too hard for me; but *ask the poor*, and *they* will tell you, that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives!'"

Let our fair readers remember the "giving hand" in the bleak days of winter, which will soon be upon us, and when even the elements become the enemies of the "poor and needy."

THE following reaches us from a correspondent, who sends it to us as a good specimen of "Western Wit:"

"Some few weeks ago, while the New York Legislature was in session, a Kentuckian was dining at a hotel where many of the members were boarding. The members were employing freely at the table the terms by which they designated each other in their debates, as thus: 'Will the 'member from Oneida' have the goodness to pass the bread?' 'Will the member from St. Lawrence please hand the salt?" &c., &c. The Kentuckian was not a little disgusted, as he is apt to be with any thing that savors of affectation; and in stentorian tones, he called to one of the waiters:

"'Will '*the member from Africa*' be so good as to hand me that dish of ham?'"

The same correspondent tells a good story, although at somewhat too great length, of a Western steamboat captain who hired, "off-hand" a shiftless fellow, at one of the ports on the river, to go as a hand on board his boat to New Orleans, for "forty dollars, *and found*;" giving him, in advance, five dollars, to supply an urgent present necessity. The new hand was to be on board in the morning "before the first chickens crowed;" but he never made his appearance.

Long after, the captain discovered him at a wooding-station, jumped ashore, collared the dishonest "hand," and asked him the reason why he had not kept the engagement.

"What was the terms?" asked the fellow, with the utmost coolness and indifference.

"Forty dollars a month, and found," replied the captain; "you knew the terms well enough."

"Very well," replied the recussant, "did you *find* me?"

That was a poser! The captain *hadn't* found him until now, although he had looked for him at every port and stopping-place, on all the rivers he had traversed.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. TIMMINS.

"GENTLEMEN—When your Magazine for September came out, and I went into a book-store on the corner of the street in which I live to get a copy, the first thing I looked for was to see whether you had put in my piece; and I took it home before I *did* look at it, too: and I was very glad when I found it, and still more pleased that you liked my scribblement. I felt flattered, and *am* flattered; and I mean to try to justify your praise, if I can.

"It was a very hot night, and I had just come home from the store: and while my wife was get-

ting tea ready, and the children were playing out in the yard, I read over it again and again: it looked so different in print from what it did in my handwriting, which is far from handsome, but is very plain, I think, or your printers would have made some mistakes in it; but I don't see a single one. The man who corrects your types must know *his* business well, I am sure.

"There is a peculiar smell about some new books to me; and there is nothing that touches Memory with me like that, unless it is the scale of taste in an apple, or other kinds of fruit. I have come across some apples and pears in the city sometimes, that have taken me back forty years, when I had to live in the country, and pick the same kind up off the ground in the orchard, when there had been a high wind to blow them down.

"But the smell of the fresh leaves of your book took me back, in memory, further than almost any thing else that I remember. My father was a hard-working farmer, in the far-off 'rural districts,' and he was not a rich man; far from it; and 'we boys' had to 'earn our bread by the sweat of our brows' literally. But both my father, and 'one of the best of mothers'—as, thank God, almost *every* man says of *his* mother—were determined that we should have an education.

"And now I come to the influence of smell, in the case of your book, upon my memory:

"Old Noah Webster's Spelling-book was my first acquisition; with its coarse, blue paper, and white-yellow sheep-skin back, and the strong 'paper,' or 'new-book odor,' which pervaded its leaves, when pressed open. This, together with the 'Third Part' and the 'American Preceptor,' was our first literary treasure: and a faint, wandering smell, or *rudiment* of smell," that floated up to my nostrils as I opened your Magazine, brought back to me the manner in which we procured them: how we cut with sickles the grass, when it was ripe, that grew in the corners of the crooked, zig-zag fences; and having bound it up in bundles, put it in the barn; and when we had gained the necessary leisure, threshed it out, winnowed the seed in an old fanning-mill, and then sold it for 'grass-seed;' and how, also, we parted the fresh bark from hemlock-logs in the swamp, piled it up to dry, and then sold it to a neighboring tanner; both of which operations enabled us to 'lay in' our school-books, as aforesaid, and, likewise, to purchase a copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and—strange juxtaposition—'Roderick Random.'

"All this came into my head, and it is now out of it. You can clip it out, or let it go in, exactly as you like. It is a reminiscence that interests *me*, and that is why I spoke of it.

"But there is one thing that I want to tell you about. I was thinking of it yesterday, and my wife and I have talked about it; and one of the most tender-hearted of our five children—a little girl of eight years—cried last night when I told her of the circumstance.

"When I go down to my store in the morning—and I always go early, summer and winter; for I find that if you begin the day well, you are always sure to continue and end it well—I have been for some eight months particularly struck with a faithful shoemaker, who has a few pieces of good sole-leather hanging by his door, and in a window some lasts and boot-trees, awls, and other parts of a cobbler's 'kit' of tools.

"In the summer time, when the weather was warm, his little boy) I should think he was about seven years old), when I went down, used to be riding a little wooden rocking-horse, with a pair of leather-lines that his father had evidently cut out for him; and many a time have I seen his father either come to the door to look at, and talk 'little talk' with him, or else regarding him wistfully and affectionately, as he suspended his shoe-hammer for a moment over his work in the shop inside.

"Somehow or other, seeing the little boy almost always there, in the cool shade of the early morning, in front of the little shop, and his father always so interested in his small sports, and so industrious and faithful himself, withal, that I began to take a great deal of interest in the shoemaker and his boy, myself.

"I went out of town for a week or more, on business; and when I returned, I took my usual walk in the early morning, and by the usual way, down to my store; and as I passed the shoemaker's shop, I saw that his little boy was absent from his accustomed place. The shutters of the window were partly closed, too; but hearing loud conversation within, it occurred to me that I would enter. I did so. A man, with a flushed face, and evidently excited, was holding in his hands a pair of old patent-leather boots, and as I entered finished a sentence with:

"'——And I left them with you with that promise. You said they should *be done* last night, sir; that's what you *said*—and I relied upon it. I could have *had* them done, if I had left them at the shop below.'

"'I know I *promised* them, but I have not had time. Since you were here, my little boy (you remember him, sir, when he asked you to let him see your watch, when you took it out the morning you left your boots), my poor little motherless boy—the only child, almost the only thing I had to love me—has died—and yesterday he was buried. I have not felt like work; I do not feel like work *now*. My heart is too heavy.'

"'Excuse me, my dear sir,' said his new customer (he was a father, you may depend on it), 'excuse me, I was not aware of all this; I have no fault to find with you. Do them when you can.'

"He laid down the boots, bade the shoemaker good-morning, and left the shop.

"He would have thought a good deal more of this apparently trifling incident, if he had seen what I had seen for months: the affection lavished by the poor shoemaker upon his only son, a little boy, left alone with him in the world, by his departed mother.

. . . . "'Figures' are good things in their way. I *like* figures myself. In the first place, they 'can't lie' (so they say), and I abominate a liar. A liar never did any good, in the 'exercise of his vocation,' under heaven, either to himself or any body else; no more than a man who utters profane oaths—the foolishest, the least excusable vice in all the world. But, speaking of figures, is there a greater bore to be found 'twixt sun and sun,' of a summer's day, than a man '*all* figures,' as I once heard an individual of this class called?

"Do you remember poor Tom Hood's Statistical Philanthropist, who, after canvassing the great metropolis of London, ascertained that there was a 'shirt and a quarter' for every man east of Temple-Bar, and 'a pair and a half of *average* breeches' for every man in London, save those *sans culottes*, who dispensed with them altogether.

"There was a remarkable specimen of these humane 'statists,' who was a member of the 'Mudfog Association.' He was not *only* a statician—he was an *economical* one, and he 'promulged' his views in the clearest possible manner. At a full meeting of the pellucid association, he stated that in a rigid and careful examination and permeation of the metrop-

olis, he had found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provisions to cats and dogs in the metropolis was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of pegs to secure the parts together (called 'skewers'—probably a corruption of *securers*), delivered daily with the provender, by coach, cart, or barrow, was thirty-six. Now, multiplying the number of skewers so delivered by the number of barrows, a total was obtained of *sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers!* Allowing that of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London; which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel-of-war, to be called '*The Royal Skewer*,' and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of England!

"Another 'statist' belonging to the 'association' had paid particular attention to another branch of statistics equally important. He had ascertained, from the most authentic data, that the total number of *legs* belonging to the manufacturing population of a town in Yorkshire was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool-legs in their houses was only a fraction over thirty thousand; which, upon the conceded and very favorable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all.

"From this calculation it would appear—not taking wooden or cork-legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person—that ten thousand individuals (one-half of the whole population) were either destitute of legs entirely, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes!

"Now I like to see long columns of figures that 'add up' to a good round sum, when they are in favor of our government, in a 'strong leader' in a political paper; I rejoice to see such a column in my bank account; and I absolutely *gloat* over an array of contributions to benevolent objects—such as the sufferers by yellow-fever in New Orleans, for instance; but save me from all such 'statistics' as these!

. . . . "Did you ever attend a '*Golden Marriage?*' Do you know what a 'Golden Marriage' is?

"I will tell you.

"When a man and his wife have lived together for fifty years, it is the custom in some countries, as in Sweden, and, I believe, in Germany, to hold a second wedding, at which all the old friends of both parties—their children, and their children's children, to the remotest degree—are invited to be present on the occasion.

"I was present at a 'Golden-Marriage' celebration in this city only a few weeks since; and I want to try to describe it to you.

"A gentleman who had been married for fifty years, all and every part of which had been passed in uninterrupted domestic happiness, sent out, in the name of himself and his aged companion, invitations to attend their 'Golden Marriage.' (You will find this pleasant and beautiful custom admirably described in a domestic novel called 'The Neighbors.') The evening arrived, and I was privileged, as an old friend, to be present.

"Fathers, mothers, children, grand-children, great grand-children, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and *their* children, were present. The aged couple, in excellent health, and with faces as happy as good hearts, and good deeds, and a consciousness of years well spent, could make them, imparting happiness to all around them, in the rooms, odorous with numerous flowers. Oh, it was a most beautiful sight; and I hope is a custom that may hereafter be followed by those married couples who are so fortunate as to live in perpetual peace and happiness together for half a century. How truly might that still 'happy couple' represent the lovely characters of 'John Anderson and his Jean:'

"'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
But yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And so are you in mine, John,
I'm sure you'll ne'er say no,
Though the days be gone that we have seen,
John Anderson, my Jo!

"'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
Life's hill we've clomb thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo!'

"I have somewhere seen a sentence in the 'Language of Flowers' like this: 'If you wish for *Heart's-Ease*, never look to *Mary-Gold*.' I rather think one 'party' that I knew, some ten years ago, have had occasion to wish they had not followed this advice. I am inclined to believe, too, that they will never celebrate a '*Golden* Marriage' again—although their first was one, literally.

The case was simply this: A good-looking, but ambitious, somewhat proud, and not over-industrious young man, paid his addresses to a 'young-old girl,' whose father was a very rich and very pompous man, the magnate of the village, so far as the possession of a large property went. The girl herself was haughty, proud, and exacting; but she had 'solid' charms, and they won for her a husband.

"I can't say that I envied her, or pitied him. A friend of mine, less than eight months after their marriage, was invited to their house to dinner. Every thing was very 'stylish,' but the repast was very frigid, and the 'married *woman's* eye' was playing incessantly.

"The husband, after the soup had been removed, directed the servant to hand him a piece of bread lying by a plate near where his wife sat. When it was brought to him, a glance from his wife told him that he had 'done something wrong.'

"'I beg your pardon, my dear,' he said; 'I am afraid I have taken your bread.'

"'If you have,' she replied, in a bitter, sarcastic tone, 'it's no more than you have done every day since we were married.'

"'I would not,' said my friend, 'for twice ten times ten thousand dollars, have had the feelings of that man at that moment, as he looked around, his cheeks suffused with shame, upon his guests; ending with an appealing look to the wife who had bought him with her own money!'

"I don't like *such* marriages, gentlemen. They are not *such* 'Golden Marriages' as I described a while ago.

"WILLIAM TIMMINS."

Literary Notices.

Homes of the New World by FREDRIKA BREMER, translated by MARY HOWITT, is published by Harper and Brothers, and will be eagerly read by all who possess the slightest curiosity to know the impression made on the celebrated Swedish novelist by the universal Yankee nation. We will say at once, that she looks at the homes of America in the most flattering light—with a few important exceptions, her descriptions are of the deepest rose-colored tint—she admires our institutions of government, education, and domestic life—and toward numerous individuals in different parts of the United States, whom she honored with her friendship, her heart appears to overflow with a perfect gush of enthusiasm. Miss Bremer arrived in New York in the autumn of 1849. After spending a few days at the Astor House, she becomes the guest of the late Mr. Downing, at his beautiful rural residence on the Hudson river. In the retirement of his family, she gains her first personal experience of American society, and becomes prepared for further observation of the character of the people. She afterward passes considerable time in Boston and its vicinity, makes the great Western tour, is domesticated in Washington, Charleston, and New Orleans, and spends part of a season on the island of Cuba. Her work consists principally of matter-of-fact details; she seldom indulges in speculation, scarcely in reflection; she advances no general views; lays no claim to the character of a political philosophress, or strong-minded woman; but with active perceptive powers and heart-warm sympathies, she contemplates the living panorama around her, and faithfully sketches such features as most readily appeal to her interest and curiosity. Her impressions of persons are given with the most transparent candor, and if she sometimes unnecessarily draws aside the vail of private life, it is certainly not in the spirit of gossip or scandal, but from excess of love. Among her portraitures are delincations of Emerson, Alcott, Theodore Parker, James Russell Lowell, William Henry Channing, and other celebrities of Massachusetts, revealing a curious development of quaint and original character among the New England Transcendentalists. Her pictures of life at the South, where she makes many warm friends, are of great interest, clearly aiming at both justice and kindness in regard to topics which few foreigners are in the habit of discussing with delicacy or moderation. We think Miss Bremer's book will, on the whole, be received among us in the same friendly spirit in which it is written. She no doubt often exposes herself to ludicrous comments by her extreme simplicity—she lays bare her heart too freely for the indifferent, mischief-loving spectator—she vainly endeavors to make lions out of very ordinary domestic animals—but she is so truly good-hearted—so child-like in her naïve affectionateness—so full of sympathy with the "Homes of the New World"—so earnest and truthful both in feeling and expression—so free from the characteristic vanity of a literary woman—so reserved in the recognition of her personal claims, that it would betray an unworthy sullenness not to accept kindly her unpretending sketches, although they sometimes run into exaggeration and caricature.

History of Liberty by SAMUEL ELIOT (published by Little, Brown, and Co.), is a continuation of the elaborate work on the subject, of which two or three volumes have already been given to the public. Mr. Eliot's plan is of the most comprehensive nature, including a systematic view of the development of popular liberty in different ages of the world. He brings great learning, faithful research, and indefatigable diligence to the accomplishment of his task. His prevailing tone of thought is marked by sobriety and moderation, while a deep religious spirit tempers the sometimes uninteresting details of his narrative. Without aspiring to be a production of genius, or of marked originality, the work is in a high degree creditable to the scholarship and good sense of the author.

A welcome contribution to American historical literature, from the same publishing house, is a new edition of WINTHROP'S *History of New England*, with notes and corrections by the indefatigable antiquary, Mr. JAMES SAVAGE of Boston. His habits of thorough investigation are displayed in these volumes to singular advantage. No point, however minute, escapes his attention. We should envy him as a model of patience, if we did not know that the enthusiasm which he brings to the subject, prevents his work from ever becoming a burden. His intimacy with the quaint productions of the olden time has given a certain raciness and unction to his own style, which is in excellent keeping with his theme, and which, after a little familiarity, becomes highly agreeable. It may be said of this work that the editor is no less happy in his author, than the author in his editor. They appear predestined to form the complements of each other.

Of reprints by Little, Brown, and Co., we have the *Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh* by his son, ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, in a form of typographical elegance which does satisfactory justice to that charming piece of biography.—An important enterprise of the same house, is the publication of *The British Poets* from SPENSER to MOORE in over forty volumes, with Lives of the Authors, and historical and critical notes by the Rev. John Mitford. Of this edition the *Poems* of GRAY, GOLDSMITH, and POPE have already been issued, in a style rivaling the most finished specimens of English typography. We have rarely seen more tasteful editions with an American imprint.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This stately volume is a reprint of the recent collection of Sir William Hamilton's writings, comprising his contributions to the Edinburgh Review on philosophy, education, and literature, together with important additions of new matter, and copious appendices supplementary to the discussions in the body of the work. An appropriate Introductory Essay by ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D., presents a luminous view of the progress of philosophical speculation from the dawn of philosophy among the nations of the East, to its latest developments in Continental Europe. The perusal of this essay will serve as a necessary preparation for the study of Sir William Hamilton, whose writings are rather critical than systematic—more remarkable for erudition than method—assuming a general acquaintance with the progress of philosophy on the part of the reader, and little indebted to the graces of style for facility of comprehension. Dr. Turnbull gives a rapid exposition of the leading views of his author, accompanied with critical and analytical remarks, showing considerable acuteness and familiarity with metaphysical studies. The portion of this volume relating to education possesses the greatest interest

for the general reader, while the student of the history of philosophy will find in the papers devoted to that subject an overflowing treasury of learning, ample quotations from writers eminent in their day, but now little read, and a store of critical suggestions, to which the merit of sagacity and subtle discrimination can not be denied, whatever may be thought of their value as contributions to positive doctrine. In the present state of metaphysical inquiry, the writings of Sir William Hamilton are indispensable for reference, if not for authority, and the American edition accordingly forms a welcome addition to the resources of the student.

A new edition of Professor DRAPER'S *Text Book of Chemistry* is issued by Harper and Brothers, after a thorough revision by the author, and extensive changes in certain parts of the work, especially those which treat of the imponderable principles. As a text-book for schools and colleges, this treatise is recommended by the clearness with which it sets forth the main features of the science, the simplicity of its method, and its freedom from superfluous details. Its practical utility is much enhanced by the number of woodcuts with which it is illustrated. The favor with which the previous editions of this work have been received is a guarantee for the success of the present.

Salad for the Solitary, by an EPICURE. (Published by Lamport, Blakeman, and Law.) A flavorous bowl of salad this, as was ever concocted by the amateur of intellectual dainties. Here are mingled in artistic proportions, all sorts of fragrant herbs, aromatic grasses, and bewitching condiments, affording a piquant afterpiece to the more substantial banquets in which the reader is supposed to have indulged. The author is a genuine lover of old books —the ancient smell of a black-letter folio hugely delighteth his nostrils—he inhales the atmosphere of a library as an odorous balsam—he lingers as an enchanted guest around the abundant board set forth in the writings of his quaint and venerable favorites —and from his liberal tastings and snatchings has produced a goodly collection of tempting viands, which show that his title of "Epicure" is no misnomer. The only exception to our praise of this unique volume is an ugly trick which the author has caught from plebeian scribblers, of putting the cart before the horse in the introduction of a quotation. "Says Snooks," "Says Scroggins," at the commencement of a sentence, is an odious Yankeeism, and the man who uses it should be indicted for an outrage on honest English.

Among the editions of classical authors which have proceeded from the pen of Professor ANTHON, we welcome the publication of *Selections from Tacitus*, comprising the "Germania" and "Agricola," and also extracts from the "Annals," with critical and explanatory English notes. The work is founded on the English edition of Dr. Smith, with a free use of the notes of Ruperti, Passow, Walch, Ritter, Wex, and Nipperdey. The notes are so copious and appropriate, as to supply the place of a dictionary to the advanced student. An essay on "The Style of Tacitus," translated from Bötticher, is prefixed to the volume, forming a curious and instructive study in philology. We rejoice in the increased facilities which this edition affords for the comprehension and intelligent enjoyment of the most vigorous and condensed, and at the same time, the most difficult of the Roman historians.

Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer—published in London by Pickering—is evidently the production of an American author, although we are not aware that it has previously made its appearance in this country. As its title imports, it is a collection of fragments, descriptive of personal experience, and embracing a rich variety of attractive topics. The scene of action is in Italy, where an invalid tourist records his impressions, and indulges in pensive contemplations and reflections on the mystery of life, on love, on books, on phases of character, and revelations of human nature. In delicacy and sweetness of expression, and in a pervading air of refined literary taste, the work compares favorably with the writings of TUCKERMAN—to which it bears a strong family-likeness—although it exhibits traces of greater depth of thought and feeling than is usual in the compositions to which that author has given his name. But whoever is responsible for the paternity of the volume, it is a graceful and pleasing production, and impresses the reader with a high sense of the author's cultivation and goodness of heart.

The Fawn of the Pale Faces, by J. P. BRACE, is a historical novel founded on the early annals of Connecticut, in connection with certain romantic Indian traditions. The plot exhibits very creditable powers of invention; and the style, without aiming at undue excitement, is generally chaste and pleasing. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a new work on social etiquette, entitled, *The Rhetoric of Conversation*, by GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, being a sequel to the previous production of the author on "The Principles of Courtesy." It presents an abundant variety of "bridles and spurs" for the management of the tongue, aiming to give "all the instruction as to the art and ethics of talking that the most ambitious aspirant after colloquial excellence could reasonably desire." The canons of good taste, as applied to conversation, are laid down with great explicitness, and enlivened with a variety of attractive and piquant illustrations.

The author of "The Wide, Wide World" has recently given to the religious public a Scriptural synopsis, entitled *The Law and the Testimony*, comprising a copious selection of passages from the Bible, in proof or illustration of the leading doctrines of revelation, as currently understood by evangelical Christians. It is the fruit of great Biblical research, and can not fail to prove an important aid in studying the Sacred Record. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.)

The Rational History of Hallucinations, translated from the French of BRIERRE DE BOISMONT, and published by Lindsay and Blakiston, is an opportune work, showing the effects of mental disease in producing or modifying the abnormal states, which are classed together under the generic term of hallucinations. According to the author, the existence of hallucination does not always imply insanity, but in certain cases may be regarded as a purely physiological phenomenon. He treats the subject in various points of view, as connected with philosophy, medicine, religion, history, morality, and jurisprudence. The translator has suffered too many French expressions to escape his notice.

Blanchard and Lea have published *The Book of Nature*, translated from the German of FRIEDRICH SCHOEDLER, by HENRY MEDLOCK, consisting of a collection of treatises on the different branches of natural science. The original work sustains the highest reputation in Germany—it has gone through numerous editions in England—and, with the corrections and additions of the American editor, forms a valuable manual either for academic classes or private study.

From Newman and Ivison we have several valuable works in the department of education, including WOODBURY'S *Elementary German Reader*, the most complete work of the kind ever yet presented to the American public; FASQUELLE'S *Colloquial French Reader*, composed of easy selections in prose and verse, and intended as a first book for translation; and OLIVER OLDHAM'S *Humorous Speaker*, consisting of a judicious collection of lively and fun-inspiring pieces for declamation.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued new editions, entirely revised by the author, of Sir CHARLES LYELL'S *Principles of Geology* and *Manual of Elementary Geology*. These two volumes, which in their original form constituted a single work, have now been remoulded into two independent treatises. The *Principles* opens with a comprehensive sketch of the progress of the science, and a series of essays, arguing that the forces now operating upon and within the earth are similar, both in kind and degree, to those which have effected the changes which have taken place in remote epochs. It then proceeds to treat in detail of the changes now in progress, occasioned by aqueous and igneous action, and of those that are taking place in the organic world; in a word, of the whole existing economy of nature, as far as it illustrates geology. The *Manual* treats of the component materials of the earth's crust, of their arrangement and relative position, and of the fossil remains embedded therein; and applying to the observed facts the principles deduced in the previous treatise from the existing course of nature, it brings to light the series of revolutions which the crust of the earth and its living inhabitants have undergone previous to the introduction of human beings. These two treatises, studied in the order recommended by the author, cover the whole field of geological research. Their value as scientific text-books is too highly appreciated by intelligent students to require any comment upon their merits.

Charles Scribner has published a new work, by J. T. HEADLEY, entitled, *The Second War with England*, comprising a succinct and lively sketch of the events of that contest, with appropriate political reflections. In its tone it is highly patriotic—glowing with attachment to the Federal Union, and warmly opposed to the advocates of British interests, whom it criticises severely, though without asperity. The chapters devoted to the barbarous practice of privateering, which is viewed with a too lenient eye, and to the shameful atrocities committed on the Dartmoor prisoners, contain a good deal of novel matter, and will be read with interest. Mr. Headley's style in this work is more chaste and simple than in his former productions which treat of military affairs, though it has lost none of its animation and vigor. In spite of the abundance of books and pamphlets which have been written on the war of 1812, these volumes present a better connected narrative than any which have preceded it, and worthily fill a vacant place in our historical literature.

Charles Scribner publishes an important work on *Venice*, by EDMUND FLAGG, giving a historical sketch of the City of the Sea, from the invasion by Napoleon in 1797, to the capitulation to Radetsky in 1849; with notices of its present condition, and contemporaneous views of the Peninsula. The events of the late revolution are described with great vividness, though often with a carelessness of diction that must call down the censure of fastidious critics. This, however, is in part atoned for by the glowing vitality, and the humane and liberal principles which inspire the work throughout.

Genius and Faith, by WM. C. SCOTT (from the same publisher), is the title of a neat volume, treating of poetry and religion in their mutual relations. It aims to exhibit the harmony of the prominent features of the Christian system with all the higher exercises of human genius. In the opinion of the author, a disguised practical infidelity pervades a large portion of our current literature; and although its arguments have been exploded, its spirit still lives, and lurks unperceived in the shadowy regions of poetry and romance. This element is combated in the volume before us, with earnestness, and not without effect. Many of the author's views will fail of commanding general assent, but no one will call in question the air of deep and sincere conviction which breathes through his work.

Egeria is the suggestive title of a new work by W. GILMORE SIMMS (published by E. H. Butler and Co.), consisting of a collection of original aphorisms on various topics of morals and literature. The fruit of a long and familiar intimacy with society and letters, it presents many striking, pregnant thoughts, clothed in a transparent and attractive garb.

A new selection from the humorous writings of N. P. WILLIS, with the fantastic title of *Fun-Jottings, or Laughs, I have taken a Pen to*, has been been brought out by Charles Scribner. It contains a variety of fluent narratives, sparkling with the characteristic brilliancy of the author.

Harper and Brothers have issued BEAUCHESNE'S *Louis the Seventeenth*, in a complete English translation, presenting a full history of the unfortunate Dauphin from his birth to his imprisonment in the Temple, and his subsequent death. The author is an earnest partisan of the old French monarchy; the horrors of the Revolution have acted powerfully upon his imagination; he is alive to every romantic element in the fortunes of the falling dynasty; but he has evidently investigated his subject with discrimination and good faith; no circumstance, however trivial, is permitted to escape his attention, and writing with united judgment and enthusiasm, he has produced a narrative of rare beauty, as well as touching pathos. The popular character of this work can not fail to insure its wide circulation among the reading millions of this country.

The Powers of the World to Come, by GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. (published by Robert Carter and Brothers), is a new volume by that celebrated divine, giving a practical survey of what has been termed the Eschatology of the Scriptures, or the realities which, according to Divine Revelation, we are to meet beyond the grave. It presents the more solemn and appalling aspects of Christianity, which are illustrated with the glowing rhetoric and exuberant imagery for which Dr. Cheever is justly famed.

The Mud Cabin, by WARREN ISHAM (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a discussion of the character and tendency of British Institutions as illustrated in their effect upon human character and destiny. It is composed of facts and reflections derived from careful investigation and research, and for which the severest scrutiny is challenged. The observations of the author in his excursions among the rural villages and mud hovels of England, the statements which he advances in regard to the educational and intellectual condition of the rural population, and the vivid pictures of oppression and suffering which he draws, are adapted to win attention from every thoughtful mind, and can not be pondered without a wholesome effect.

The Romance of Abelard and Heloise, by O. W. WIGHT (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a

modern version of an old story of love, crime, and wretchedness. Though frequently handled, it is by no means worn out, and in the present rendering, is not without a certain interest, in spite of numerous affectations and puerilities of thought and style.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have published a treatise on *Civil Liberty and Government*, by FRANCIS LIEBER, intended as a completion of the author's previous work on "Political Ethics," especially of that part which relates to liberty. It is a profound, elaborate, and comprehensive discussion of the subject, and needs a larger space to do justice to its merits than we can now command.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields are the publishers of a new juvenile work by HAWTHORNE, entitled *Tanglewood Tales*, and intended as a sequel to "The Wonder Book," which has made so many children open their eyes wide in an ecstasy of delight. These stories are founded on ancient classical legends, and are metamorphosed to suit the tastes of modern times, with the inventive skill and tact which gives them the character of original creations.

The Roman Traitor, by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT (published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia), is a successful specimen of perhaps the most difficult species of fictitious composition—that of a romance founded on fact in the annals of classical antiquity. For accuracy of delineation, splendor of diction, and the dramatic use of historical personages, this novel is not surpassed by any modern production of its kind. It establishes the shining fame of the author in the sphere of imaginative creation, as it has been already signalized in the composition of historical sketches and descriptive narrative.

The same publisher has issued a novel entitled, *The Forged Will*, by EMERSON BENNETT, containing many elements of popular success. The scene is laid among the haunts of crime, poverty, and wretchedness in New York, describing situations which always challenge the interest of the reader, and almost supply the place of genius and artistic skill in the construction of the narrative.

An important and seasonable work has just been published by Harper and Brothers, entitled, *History of the Insurrection in China*, translated from the French of CALLERY and YVAN, with a supplementary chapter on the most recent events, by JOHN OXENFORD. One of the authors, M. Callery, was once a missionary, and afterward interpreter to the French embassy in China, and has written several works connected with the history of the Chinese language. M. Yvan is the physician to the French embassy in China, and the author of an interesting book of travels in various parts of the globe. In preparing this volume, they have not only embodied a quantity of fragmentary information, obtained by consulting the archives of their embassies, into a continuous narrative, but have introduced so many lively descriptions of locality and events, as to give it the fascinations of a romance, while it faithfully portrays the history of the rebellion, and presents many graphic and humorous pictures of Chinese manners. Whoever wishes to obtain a correct view of the present anomalous condition of the Chinese Empire, should not neglect to make acquaintance with this interesting volume.

Charles Auchester is the title of a late English novel (reprinted by Harper and Brothers), illustrative of a life devoted to the enthusiastic cultivation of musical art. The characters are supposed to have been taken from real life, and to represent the romance in the history of several eminent composers and artists. Among those who are brought upon the scene is the celebrated Mendelssohn, whose rare, enthusiastic qualities are set forth in a brilliant and impressive light. The novel contains many admirable specimens of character-drawing. Its narrative portions, although unequal, are for the most part of a superior order of composition, and exercise a certain strange, weird charm over the imagination of the reader.

At a meeting of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, held June 17, 1853, on motion of the Secretary of State, it was resolved unanimously, that BRODHEAD'S *History of the State of New York* be placed on the list of books recommended for purchase by Academies.

Of Miss BREMER'S *Homes of the New World*, which we have noticed above, the *London Examiner* remarks:

"The worst part of Miss Bremer as an authoress is her sentiment, which is not in the least unwholesome, but which is extremely weak. She has a warm, true heart; has acute perceptions of every thing that lies within a certain (not very wide) circle; is quick to observe the pleasant oddities and humors of the things and people that surround her, and observes all things in a genial, kindly way. She is herself also very individual, very delightful, and, we can hardly doubt, one of the honestest and best women that ever used a pen. With such merits, what a pity to have to set about finding fault! She might be not only popular, but really great among authors, if it were not for the heavy drawback of her sentiment.

"We should have misled our readers if we had not pointed out very distinctly a defect which goes far to render the book before us indigestible; the defect, however, is entirely in the sauce that has been poured over the meat, and not in the meat—not in the reality and substance of the book itself. They who, in spite of the oil can eat the fish, will find it choice and delicate. If this work displays largely Miss Bremer's single fault, it displays yet a great deal more largely all her merits. It raises our admiration of her character, and supports our faith in her substantial good sense and shrewdness. Expunge the sentiment, and here there remain still two thick volumes of impressions of America which are among the very best that have been published. Miss Bremer visited the North and South, the Negroes, the Indians, and the Cubans. She is amiable to a fault, yet quick-witted—the very woman to make an honest, useful, and effective chronicler."

We find the subjoined notice of a recent American book in the same journal: "A volume of great variety and originality is *The Old House by the River*, by the author of 'The Owl-Creek Letters,' containing a series of stories and sketches of real life in America, by a writer who is evidently an admirer of Washington Irving, and has caught some of the genial spirit and pleasing style of that delightful author."

The *Edinburgh Review* has now for editor, Mr. CORNEWALL LEWIS; the *North British*, Professor FRASER; the *British Quarterly*, Doctor VAUGHAN; the *Westminster*, the *tres juncti in uno* of CHAPMAN in the Strand, BRAY of Coventry; and Miss EVANS, translatress of STRAUSS'S *Life of Christ*.

A new work by M. PROUDHON, entitled, *Philosophy of Progress, or the Program*, is announced to appear.

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. I.

Mrs. H.—Do you dance, Mr. Green? Shall I introduce you to a partner?
Mr. Green.—I thank you, Madam. But I don't dance. I'm a talking man.

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. II.

Mrs. H. introduces Mr. Green to two famous talkers, Miss Snooks, the charming Poetess, and Miss Fusby the Conchologist.—Mr. Green wishes he could cage

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. III.

Mrs. H.—Shall I introduce you, Mr. Smythe, to a most delightful Young Lady? She dances beautifully.

Mr. S.—Aw thank you. But Aw don't dance

Mrs. H.—She converses charmingly.

Mr. S.—Aw don't converse. Aw don't do any thing.

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. IV.

Mr. Sawbones.—Oh, Miss Jones, I wish you had been at the Hospital to-day. A most beautiful operation. Dr. Mott cut out a lovely tumor, half as large as your head. I wish you could have seen it.

Miss Jones.—Oh, Mr. Sawbones, that would have been *so* nice.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade and Negligée Costumes.

COSTUMES for the Promenade furnish at this season more of interest than any other. We therefore present another style of Cloak, the Saragossa, the beauty and convenience of which will probably secure for it a prominent place in public favor. Like those which we described last month, this cloak is fabricated in both cloths and velvets of all the prevalent colors. Cloths, however, take the precedence; and various shades of browns are in favor. The yoke is fitted smoothly to the figure, and sweeps from the decided fullness of the shoulders to a point in front 13 inches deep. At the back it is 10½ inches from the back to the lower edge. The collar is 3½ inches in width. The skirt droops slightly, forming a trifling peak on back and front; its average depth is 22 inches. It is box-plaited at the back, but in front is only fulled. One plait behind and one in front of the shoulders give almost the appearance of a sleeve, when the arm is raised. The arm-holes are only a quarter circle curve slit in the cloth. At the arm-holes and upon the back of the yoke are placed bows of galoon. The yoke, the collar, and the bottom and front edges of the skirt are ornamented with a graduated trimming of the same material. The lining is of quilted taffeta. The dress is composed of rich plaided poplin, with very full skirts. The corsage and sleeves are similar to those described in our report of last month.

We present in the same illustration a MORNING ROBE, the elaborate embroidery of which fits it admirably for a bride's negligée. It is composed of Cashmere of a faint corn-color, faced with white satin, the outer edge of which is cut in Norman scallops. This portion lies smoothly upon the figure; the remainder being full, and when confined by the girdle, forming several folds. The girdle is a heavy silk cord with tassels. The back is shirred, and furnished with drawing strings to adapt it to the figure. The sleeves are slashed at the wrist, and cross-laced; they are ornamented with white satin, which, as also the front of the robe, is embroidered with groups of roses and lilies, in corn-colored silk. The robe is fastened with loops and buttons. Underskirts of cambric embroidered; the sleeves of Honiton point-lace.

As a pendant to this negligée toilet, we give an illustration of a coiffure, which is extremely graceful. The hair may be arranged either in double bandeaux, as in the full-length figure on the previous page, or as in the accompanying head, in three curls, confined under the hair back of the ears, and partially covered with a lace coif, like that which we

FIGURE 3.—COIFFURE.

illustrate at the foot of this page. This coif, as will be seen, is of point lace; but there are some patterns of Mechlin lace which are scarcely less beautiful.

Want of space precludes us from furnishing an illustration of BONNETS. We observe in general that they are worn with open fronts, sitting far back upon the head. Those which are most admired are somewhat smaller in the brim than heretofore. Feathers and flowers intertwined with blonde form the ornaments.

Several beautiful styles of Opera Cloaks have been received by Mr. BRODIE, some of which he purposes illustrating in future issues. One of these is peculiarly elegant. It is of white Cashmere, circular, lined with taffeta, and quilted. This is prettily shown by its being turned back where the cloak passes over the arm. The trimming is of satin quilling, or white crochet gimp, of the richest description. An appendage, which may be at pleasure worn as cape or hood, forms its characteristic feature; when as the latter, it produces a dignified appearance, somewhat resembling the stately effect of the Spanish hood. This is finely terminated by a tassel depending from the point of the hood, which falls upon the breast.

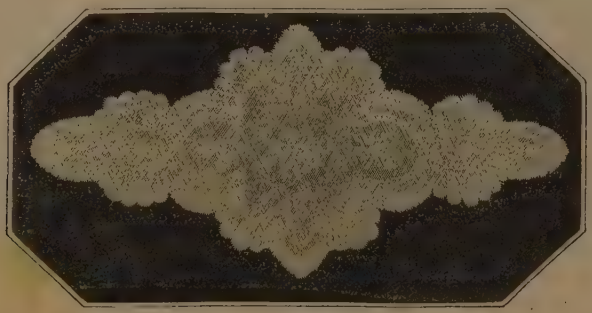

FIGURE 4.—COIF OF POINT LACE.